CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE

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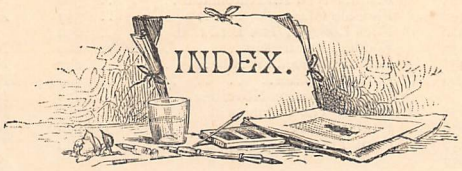

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(*Drawn by* N. PRESCOTT-DAVIES.)

A WINSOME MAID.

SEPARATED: A DIVIDED STORY.

I.

I WAS very much displeased when Phina came to me with the news that she was engaged to Eustace Manvers.

It seemed so sudden; and he was the one man amongst our acquaintances whom I should have wished my sister *not* to choose; but as my wishes had not been consulted, I shut my lips tightly, and said nothing. But Phina's flashing dark eyes read the dissatisfaction in my face, and in a moment her arms were round me.

"Now, little sister, don't be cross. I know Eustace is not a bit like your dear sedate Robert; but, you see, you and I are so unlike, that it is unreasonable of you to expect me to choose a man of Robert's stamp."

I began an indignant defence of my absent Robert, but Phina waxed more eloquent.

"Yes, yes, I know he is a model husband, the dear old slow-coach. But you know, Christine, if I were really bound to such a quiet, easy-going man, I should positively grow to hate him in time. I could *not* settle down for ever in a quiet country place; I want to *live*, not to stagnate. Eustace and I mean to travel a great deal; we shall be *together*, and see all the glorious sights and wonderful places of which I have dreamed. Yes, I know we shall be happy; so don't look grave over it, little sister."

"Life is not a dream; it is a stern reality, as you will find," I answered shortly; but my impulsive sister was looking out at the sunset, and vouchsafed no reply.

Phina always called me "little sister," though I was several years her senior, and had been married three years; but it was no wonder she chose the appellation. We were so unlike—I so small and insignificant, and she so tall, graceful, and handsome.

Looking at the matter in a worldly sense, I ought really to have been proud and pleased at my sister's contemplated union with Eustace Manvers. He belonged to a good old family, possessed a comfortable little estate of his own, and was generally considered handsome. His claim to good looks I could not deny, as far as graceful contour of feature went; but to me the keen grey eyes, gleaming beneath thick fair brows, had an expression that marred the whole beauty of the face. There was that in their keen penetrating glance which made me intensely uncomfortable, and at the same time attracted while repelling me. I said so to Robert once, but he only laughed.

"Do you know, little wife, that you are an extremely nervous and sensitive plant? In one thing you and Phina are much alike: a man with a strong will, mingled with a certain animal magnetism, could make you do almost anything."

I repudiated the idea of such a thing at the time; but afterwards my eyes were opened to see that Eustace really had an influence over me, and delighted to make his power felt. From that time I began to fear as well as dislike him.

Eustace Manvers exerted all his most fascinating powers in the days that followed the announcement of the engagement, and made himself so agreeable that my old dislike began to fade away. If Phina was deeply in love with her *fiancé*, he certainly was as much in love with her; he seemed to take pleasure in every word that came from her lips, and watched her every movement with the most lover-like devotion any woman could desire. I did not wonder at this—it was so natural; for my sister appeared to grow more beautiful than ever as days went by. Her whole nature seemed etherealised; every little pleasure was a mine of wealth to her; every-day worries and troubles she laughed away. Her world had become glorified. With the beauty of our Jewish mother, Phina had inherited the passionate nature, and I trembled sometimes as I noted the intensity of her affection for the man she loved. Once I ventured to remonstrate with her, and bade her beware of setting up an idol in her heart.

"As if I *could* love him too much!" she said impetuously. "Do you think such a thing is possible, Christine? No; I am sure the God who implanted in our hearts the love for each other meant us to love with all the strength of our nature."

"Nevertheless, it is well sometimes to admit the possibility of a separation," I said.

"I cannot admit it. Nothing but death could separate us; and even that, to true hearts, is but a bodily separation. Now, don't croak, Christine; let me be happy. You were happy when Robert was your lover, and not your husband."

"I am happy now," I answered softly, letting my memory flit back to those glad days when Robert wooed me.

Yes; sweet as was the dawn of love's dream, I felt I would not exchange the deep calm joy of my wedded

life for my former freedom, light-hearted and glad as it had been.

As weeks passed by, I was conscious that a barrier had risen between Phina and myself. She no longer spoke to me of Eustace; if I mentioned his name, she apparently took no notice. I began to torment myself for having been so cold and unsympathetic that she could no longer confide in me. Sometimes I felt very jealous of Eustace and her growing manifestation of affection for him. It was Eustace first and last, and his diurnal visits were the culminating points of joy in days that were all happiness to her.

A few miles from our little village of Eltonbridge was a small country seat named the Priory—a quaint romantic building, reputed to be the oldest in the neighbourhood.

For many years the place had been uninhabited, the owner finding a difficulty in selling it, and not caring to reside there himself.

At last it was purchased by a Mr. Seldon, a wealthy manufacturer. The neighbouring families were at first reluctant to acknowledge a man who had made his money in trade; but Sir Alfred and Lady Joyce, of Joyce Court, called upon the new-comers, and the rest of their circle followed suit.

I was not at all prepossessed in favour of Mr. and Mrs. Seldon or their daughter, an only child. The daughter was certainly the most presentable of the three; but there was a brusqueness of manner and want of refinement that jarred upon my too sensitive nerves.

The Priory estate joined that of Eustace Manvers: which fact was sufficient to account for Phina's headstrong overtures of friendship towards Miss Seldon. They had been in their new home just three weeks when "Beatrice"—as Phina had already learned to call her—was invited to spend a few days with us.

With our house and grounds she was rapturously enchanted.

The gardens were "quite too lovely for anything," she declared. "Pa must come over and take pattern by them, as he meant to do up the Priory in tip-top style." My little two-year-old Bobby was "the sweetest cherub that ever breathed"; but unfortunately he did not appreciate the superlative appellations lavished upon him; he sturdily refused to let Miss Seldon nurse him, and screamed if she tried to kiss him. I could not understand the attraction this new friend had for Phina, nor how Eustace could share the infatuation.

On the last evening of Miss Seldon's visit we were sitting in the drawing-room, the windows widely opened; for it had been one of those overpowering days which sometimes burst suddenly upon us with almost tropical heat—a kind of recompense for the cold bleak spring which has made us doubt the possible approach of summer. Robert was dining out, and I was anxiously listening for his return; for the air was sultry and oppressive, and dark clouds were beginning to gather. Conversation had flagged; perhaps it was too much trouble to talk in such an atmosphere.

Miss Seldon broke the silence; she was never still for more than a few moments.

"Mr. Manvers, do you believe in mesmerism?"

It might have been fancy, but I thought Eustace started and changed colour.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Seldon."

"Do you believe in mesmerism, I asked—because I don't, and I don't think anybody will ever make me, either. Pa took us to some place in London once, and I would go up and let them experiment on me. Of course, ma was awfully shocked; but I was determined to see if there was anything in it. But it was no go; the fellow could make nothing of me, and at last he had to give it up as a bad job. Didn't I laugh, too!"

"Who was the gentleman who failed so ignominiously?" Eustace asked, in calm clear tones.

"I think he called himself Professor Latreille, or some such name."

"Ah! I have heard of the man. I am sorry he could not convince you of the wonderful power of his mysterious art; for it is a power—a marvellous power—in spite of your ridicule, Miss Seldon. I firmly believe in it; in fact, at one time I practised the art myself, and with no little success."

"Did you really? How interesting! And has the power left you, Mr. Manvers?"

"Hardly, I think; but long neglect and disuse——"

"Oh, do try and see if you can do anything! You may experiment on me if you like—now *do*."

Eustace crossed the room and stood in front of the entreating beauty. I turned my head away, for I was annoyed that the subject had been brought up, and mentally decided that it was the first and last time such an exhibition should take place in my drawing-room.

For a few moments there was silence, then the sound of Miss Seldon's suppressed laughter, which finally broke out into a loud "Ha! ha!"

I rose and closed the window; for the gardener was outside attending to some plants, and I was ashamed that he should hear such loud unlady-like tones. I looked at Eustace; he was very pale.

"You are the first woman with whom I have failed," he said at last.

"Try me," said Phina, who had been silent hitherto.

It might have been my foolish fancy again, but I thought I really did detect a curl of the lip as he turned away from Miss Seldon, and said in even tones—"I shall have a very easy task."

"Phina, I beg that you will desist," I said authoritatively.

"Nonsense, Christine!—it is only fun. Go on, please, Eustace."

When she spoke in that tone, I knew well from past experience that remonstrance was useless.

I was seriously displeased by this time—so much so that in my anger I forgot good breeding and courtesy, and deliberately turned my back upon the three inmates of the room.

Again there was dead silence, more heavy and oppressive than before.

How I wished Robert would come and put an end to this unseemly farce!

"'YOU ARE THE FIRST WOMAN WITH WHOM I HAVE FAILED,' HE SAID AT LAST" (*p.* 2).

A moment later I sprang from my chair at the sound of a fall, my exclamation of surprise being drowned by Miss Seldon's scream of fright.

Phina had fallen from her seat, and lay upon the floor, white and rigid. Eustace lifted her gently, but she made no sound.

In my fright and terror, my anger did not die down.

"You have been guilty of unwarrantable impertinence, Mr. Manvers. You deliberately set my wishes aside, and with this result. I hope——"

In the midst of my indignant tirade speech suddenly failed me. Those half-opened eyes were fixed upon me with a gleam of command which, without words, bade me be silent, and I dared not disobey. All my pulses were thrilling with a strange excitement; powerless and trembling, I stood, unable to move or speak.

It seemed like an hour—I dare say it was but a moment—then I heard the sound of a familiar footfall.

"Robert!" I cried, and the spell was broken.

"Will you kindly ring the bell, Miss Seldon?" said Eustace, in his suavest manner.

I was thankful to see my guest take her departure on the following morning. Phina was quite unnerved and prostrate for several days.

I nursed her carefully, and was at last rewarded by seeing the death-like pallor of her face give place to a faint pink tinge, which told of returning health. She was very silent during those days, and I forebore to tease her with needless conversation, and studiously avoided all mention of what had taken place on the evening of her sudden illness.

We had an engagement to dine at the Priory the following week.

"I think you had better remain at home, dear," I said.

"Oh, no; I feel quite well, and I really wish to go. I am longing to see Beatrice again," she replied.

Eustace had made his visits very short and infrequent during this time; but Phina made no remark, and expressed but little pleasure when told that he had called.

Of course, we went to the Priory. Phina determinedly refused to stay at home, even when Eustace added his entreaties to mine. Masons were already busy about the old place adding a new wing, which was to comprise a ball-room and billiard saloon. "Spoiling the place completely," as I said to Robert.

The dinner passed off much as such dinners do, save that there was an ostentatious display of silver, and a very poor display of brilliant conversation.

Afterwards, in the drawing-room, Miss Seldon sat on the sofa by my side, and detailed the merits and imperfections of several of the single gentlemen among the guests, each of whom, she said, "wanted her."

It has always been unaccountable to me that girls should be so fond of talking about the different men who have fallen in love with them, or "wanted" them, as Miss Seldon called it. I am very thankful indeed that no one but Robert ever "wanted" me, or, if anyone did, he or they never took the trouble to tell me so.

I am afraid Miss Seldon found me a very unsympathetic *confidante*, for presently she moved away and left to me my own comfortable corner, with no one near enough to speak to me. The soft cushions being very conducive to drowsiness, I fell into a doze for a few moments.

I was awakened by the sound of a masculine voice from behind the screen at the back of my sofa.

It was Major Thorn who was speaking—

"Savours rather of Americanism, doesn't it? Well, there's plenty of money, I suppose, and in these days cash covers a multitude of sins in the social world."

"True. I see Miss Seldon is creating a sensation among our marriageable gentlemen. If our friend Manvers were not already engaged, I should say that he was smitten."

I recognised the voice of my old friend Mr. Summerhayes, the rector.

"It is a thousand pities Miss Elkington fell in love with him," returned the major.

"He would never be so foolish as to think of putting Miss Seldon in the place of his betrothed, to say nothing of the dishonour. There is no comparison between them."

"Of course not, to our way of thinking; but the money might be a temptation. Miss Seldon is an only child, and the Priory grounds join the Manvers estate."

"Pray do not entertain the idea for a moment, major. Really our conversation is degenerating into gossip."

"Yes. Well, we will say no more—only I know a thing or two about Manvers which makes me suspicious. He is not as rich as you might imagine."

"What a splendid sunset!" said the rector.

Dear old man! I knew how he hated anything approaching scandal, and Phina was one of his favourites.

I spent a *mauvais quart d'heure* until Phina came, and sat down beside me. I noticed that her face was flushed, her hands trembled, and beads of perspiration stood on her forehead.

"Do let us be going, Christine," she said, with an appealing look in her dark eyes.

"Are you not well, dear?"

"Yes; but I want to go. Eustace thinks I had better," she replied.

"It is of no consequence to me what Mr. Manvers thinks," I answered crossly.

"But I cannot—oh, I dare not—stay," she said, standing up.

The eyes of the other ladies were turned inquiringly towards us, and, fearful of making a scene, I took leave of Mrs. Seldon, and departed.

I noticed that Eustace did not see us to the carriage, as was his custom on such occasions.

"What did you mean by saying you *dared* not remain?" I asked on the way home.

"Oh, nothing. My head ached, and I did not know what I was saying."

And yet she had told me that she felt quite well. The more I thought of it, the more convinced I became that Eustace Manvers, for some purpose of his own, had exercised what I mentally designated his "unholy powers" over my darling sister.

As the summer waned, I began to hope, and yet to fear, that Phina would come to me one day and tell me that she was going to be married. I hoped it for the sake of her own peace of mind; I feared because I believed that, whatever Eustace had felt at the commencement of the engagement, all his love for his promised wife had now died out of his heart.

There was no real necessity for long waiting. Phina had her own small fortune, and would be no burden to any man. As the weeks flitted by, I noticed that she drooped more and more. Sometimes she was silent and depressed, at others elated and excitable.

Eustace came as seldom as he consistently could, and I knew that all the neighbourhood was talking of his marked attention to Miss Seldon. She visited us often enough, and at times I could scarcely bring myself to be civil to her.

At last I could bear it no longer. If Phina was blind, it was time someone opened her eyes.

She listened to all I had to say without a single denial or interruption; but when, at the end, I besought her for her own honour's sake to give Eustace up, her fiery indignation burst forth.

"What right have you, Christine, or anyone else, to say that he no longer loves me? I tell you, jealousy and malicious tongues will never separate us."

"You are separated already in everything but the outward bond; and that, if you do not break it yourself, will soon be broken for you. Phina, dear, believe that it is only for your good I speak."

"I will never believe he has ceased to love me unless I hear it from his own lips. Christine, was there ever any insanity in our family?"

I was startled by the query.

"What makes you ask such a thing?" I inquired.

"I wish particularly to know. I was asked the same question myself once. You would not condemn a man for breaking his engagement if he believed the girl he loved had any tendency that way, would you?"

"Certainly I should. He should think of these things beforehand. In my opinion, a betrothal is as sacred and binding as marriage: 'For better, for worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health.' You know all the rest, Phina."

"You have not answered my question. There was some relative of ours who died insane, was there not?"

There was a peevishness in her tone which warned me to give a direct answer without further waiting.

"Yes, there was, Phina; but mind, I believe it was temper, and not insanity."

"How foolish you are, Christine! Tell me about it."

"It was our mother's mother. She was a Jewess, and very beautiful, but having a passionate and ungovernable temper. When her daughter—our mother, Phina—married a Christian and renounced the Jewish faith, she cursed her, and vowed never to speak to her again. It was the keeping this wicked vow, I firmly believe, that caused her reason to forsake her. Aunt Lena told me about it years ago; I think it would have been as well to have said nothing."

Phina sat silent for a time. Presently she asked—

"Do you think such things are hereditary?"

"No, I do not," I responded firmly.

To tell the truth, I had never given the subject a thought, and to have Phina asking such strange questions made me very uncomfortable.

How I wished that our dear father and mother had been spared! They could have governed this wild and passionate nature of my sister's, which was always causing me so much anxiety. Then it struck me how much Phina resembled the portrait I had seen of our grandmother.

I told Robert of all this, and he looked grave.

"We must not allow this, little wife. You and Phina shall have a holiday. You will forget all your little difficulties, and come home fresh and happy."

We paid a series of visits among old friends, and I was delighted to note the effect of a change of scene on the drooping spirits of my sister. Once more she was radiant and beautiful; and so numerous were her admirers, that I comforted myself with the thought that, should Eustace Manvers prove unfaithful, there would be no lack of candidates to fill his place. Only, if Phina loved him as I loved my Robert, it would be impossible to displace him for another. I could only hope her love, like her nature, was different from mine.

Alas for my hopes! As soon as we returned to Eltonbridge all her old restlessness and excitability returned. I knew, without asking, that she was helplessly, hopelessly miserable.

I could see that a crisis was approaching, and I hoped and prayed that it might speedily come, and end the unendurable suspense.

Little did I think how terrible that crisis was to be!

I had been to see my friend Mrs. Summerhayes, and had prolonged my stay beyond the hour for making fashionable calls; but in the country we do not adhere strictly to fixed rules—in the case of intimate friends, at least.

The day had been dull, and it was unusually dark for the hour. I did not mind the short walk, but the chill greyness which wrapped the landscape in gloom had a depressing influence, and I hurried along, anxious to reach the more congenial atmosphere of my bright happy home.

"SHE TURNED TO ME WITH A LOUD WILD LAUGH" (*p.* 6).

"SHE LOOKED ROUND AS WE ENTERED" (*p.* 7).

The hall door stood open, and not a sound could be heard.

A sudden sense of desolation fell upon me as I entered the dark drawing-room, hoping to find Robert or Phina there. The room was deserted; but even in the fading light I could detect an air of unusual disorder: chairs were disarranged, and a choice vase on a little table had been knocked over on its side.

"Bobbie has been here," I said to myself, trying to shake off the feeling of oppression and apprehension.

As I turned to cross the room, my foot struck something small and hard. I stooped and picked it up.

It was Phina's engagement-ring, battered and crushed.

Then I knew that at last the crisis had come.

My poor darling!

I rushed up the stairs to my sister's room. It was ablaze with light; and there, seated before the looking-glass, her white arms and neck glittering with jewels, was Phina.

She turned to me with a loud wild laugh.

"He will never find another as handsome," she cried. "Am I not more beautiful than she? Yes, I know I am; but we are separated now—separated!"

She uttered the last words with an unearthly scream.

Paralysed as I was with terror, the dreadful truth dawned upon me—my sister had lost her reason!

Two days later, Eustace Manvers called. Doubtless the news had spread, in spite of my precautions, and he had come to condole with us in our calamity. I was too weak and unnerved to go down at once; but when Robert had been with him for about ten minutes, I summoned all my courage and entered the morning-room.

"I have seen it coming on for a long while," he was saying as I went in.

"Your perceptions are unusually acute," I said, without a word of greeting.

He looked uncomfortable, and stood up as if anxious to go.

"I have been explaining to Mr. Fielden that under the circumstances it will be advisable to consider the engagement between your sister and myself at an end. It would be folly to continue it."

"Are you sure it was not at an end before this happened?" I asked, looking him fully in the face.

He turned a shade paler, but gave no answer.

"I found this on the floor the evening my sister was taken ill. I will return it to you."

I handed him the battered ring as I spoke.

If I wanted confirmation of my suspicions, I had it in his face as he mechanically took the ring, and without a word to either of us, left the house.

The interview had been too much for me. I felt a throbbing in my head; the room seemed whirling round me; Robert's arms were about me, then they seemed to lose their hold, and I fell—deeper and deeper—into an abyss of darkness.

II.

I MUST apologise for intruding my uncouth narrative in the midst of a story so ably told; but Mrs. Fielden insists that I alone can finish what she has begun.

I am a plain, homely man, and writing is a new thing to me; therefore, what I have to say will be told in as few words as possible.

When Mrs. Fielden, with her invalid sister and an attendant, took a small house in our quiet watering-place, I called upon her—partly because her husband was an old friend of mine, and partly because I had

heard her sister's sad story, and was anxious to gain a few more particulars.

Some years ago I was in the medical profession, but the death of a relative leaving me comfortably provided for, I decided to leave the somewhat crowded arena, thereby making elbow-room for some young fellow who needed the proceeds of a practice more than I did. I had known Eustace Manvers, too, in days gone by, therefore the affair had more than an ordinary interest for me. Mrs. Fielden was very grateful for my visits, and by-and-by I ventured to ask for an interview with her sister, to which, rather unwillingly, she consented.

Shall I ever forget the first time I saw Phina?

She was sitting by the window, looking listlessly out at the dancing waves. She looked round as we entered, and her large, dark, mournful eyes met mine. The depths of their sad appealing seemed to say, "Save me from myself!" and from my inmost being the determination arose to save this radiant young creature from the terrible fate that hung over her.

She responded to my greeting in a quiet, inert manner, and then sat silent, scarcely removing her eyes from my face, whilst Mrs. Fielden and I carried on a somewhat desultory conversation.

The clock struck four. As it did so, the pallid hue of Miss Elkington's face changed to a deep crimson, her hands trembled, and her eyes grew bright.

"We had better go," said Mrs. Fielden uneasily.

"Pardon me—I wish to remain. I think I can be of service," I answered, in an undertone.

Miss Elkington had risen to her feet, and was talking to herself in an incoherent manner.

I crossed the room, laid my cool hand on her fevered wrist, and looked fixedly into her eyes.

"Bring me a basin of cold water," I said to the attendant, without moving my eyes from my patient's face.

With the water I laved face, brow, and hands.

The effect was magical.

The flush faded, the trembling ceased, and the eyes assumed a natural expression.

"I feel better now," she said softly.

"I think she is safe for this evening," I said to the attendant; and wishing Mrs. Fielden farewell, I took my leave.

Strange memories of my old life as a medical student came back to me that night. I remembered how I had once made insanity and its connection with nervous disorders my especial study, and had evolved some rather curious theories from it—theories which had been much ridiculed by some of my colleagues, but which were, I was convinced, perfectly feasible.

Then I remembered when my dearest friend and fellow-worker, Arthur Vane, had broken down in a course of study, and how I had nursed him in his terrible nervous affliction. Yes; and my theories and treatment would have been effectual; but one dreadful day he was taken from me, and carried away to some place of confinement.

"Insanity," the doctors called it. I knew it was no such thing.

"The doctors will soon find out," said my fellow-students.

Alas! before they had time to study the case Arthur died.

It was rather strange that all these old memories should come crowding my brain after my interview with Miss Elkington; yet the more I thought of her the more I became convinced that she was no more insane than myself; and when my memory reverted to Eustace Manvers, as he had been years ago, I felt I had the clue to much that was unintelligible to other medical men who had studied the case.

I set myself to study her temperament. It was, as I had surmised, highly nervous and sensitive: an Æolian harp could not have responded more readily to the passing breeze than the pulsations of her highly-strung nerves to the will-power of the man she had loved so passionately. He had swept the strings of this human harp with no light hand—hence the result: the strings jarred out of tune; but, with God's help, I knew and felt I could set them once more to sweetest music.

I persevered in my method. Mrs. Fielden, delighted with the result of my first experiment, placed her sister entirely in my hands.

I persuaded my patient to take short drives or walks, encouraged her to talk on trivial subjects, and to notice people and things about her.

The attacks of wildness grew less and less, and at length a touch or a word from me was sufficient to ward them off completely.

I am aware that in some cases I should not have been so successful. In this instance I thoroughly understood the temperament, was well acquainted with all the circumstances, and above all, was doggedly determined to succeed at all costs.

It was a work of time, but the day came when my efforts were crowned with success. I saw my patient mingle with the people around her with all the ease and self-possession of a well-bred woman—her smile as sweet and her manner as composed as that of her sister or any other lady.

"You have worked wonders; we can never repay you," Mrs. Fielden said.

"I will ask for my fee another time," I replied enigmatically.

I did not mean to be premature; but Mrs. Fielden began to talk of going home, so I had no alternative.

I had no well-rounded phrases at command—no honeyed words or flatteries. I simply went to Phina, and asked her plainly if she would be my wife.

"I must tell you something before I give you an answer," she said; and I listened patiently to what she had to say.

"When I became engaged to Eustace Manvers, I loved him with all the intensity of which my nature was capable. You do not know—Christine does not know—what happened on that dreadful evening when the engagement was broken off. I was alone in the drawing-room, and he came to me—as he had come so often—with a cruel mocking smile and stinging words, instead of the caresses and tenderness he had formerly

lavished upon me. Then he told me he had ceased to love me ; for I was mad, and it was impossible to love a mad woman. I got angry at last; I pulled his ring from my finger, and flung it away. But he knew his power over me : no bird caught in a net was more helpless than I. He made me believe that I was really mad, and then he left me. Just as he had told me I should do after he was gone, that I did ; some unseen power urged me on. I cannot tell you all I endured ; but the spell he cast over me is broken for ever, and by your hand. I cannot love as I loved him ; all the fire has died out of my nature ; what affection I have is yours. If you are content to have me thus, I will be your wife."

"I am content with love without passion," I answered. "But one thing I must tell you : Eustace Manvers is not the only man who has a strong will ; and, Phina, I mean to *make* you love me."

What I read in the tender pathos of those dark eyes was sufficient answer for me.

When Mrs. Fielden returned to Eltonbridge, it was with the distinct understanding that I was shortly to follow, and claim Phina as my own.

We were married with what Mrs. Fielden called "indecent haste" ; but I was glad to get it quietly over, and to carry off my wife to new scenes and sunnier climes.

She grew brighter and more beautiful every day, and I was so happy that I never once thought of asking her if she had learned to love me. She was always sweet and gentle to me, and what could a plain, homely man like John Leslie desire more than that?

One morning, when we were walking along the Rue du Beaune, Paris, we came face to face with Eustace Manvers.

I felt Phina's grasp on my arm grow more firm, but she walked bravely on, after looking fixedly at her former lover. Neither of us returned his polite bow. When we were in our private room at the Hôtel de l'Elysée, free from interruption, I looked at my wife, to see what effect this unexpected encounter had had upon her.

Perhaps she read in my face the question my lips would fain have asked ; for she looked up at me with a glad smile, and said—

"I am so thankful, John, that I am your wife, and not his. I cannot understand how he could ever have gained such influence over me."

"Shall I tell you the secret?" I asked. "Eustace Manvers is one of the most clever mesmerists I ever knew, and in you he found an easy subject. You were too nervous and sensitive to resist."

"I wonder if he practises his arts on his wife?" Phina said dreamily.

"He has no wife."

"But, John, when we were married it was reported in Eltonbridge that the next wedding would be that of Mr. Manvers and Miss Seldon."

"Yes ; but that happy consummation has not yet taken place. I believe he went so far as to offer himself to Miss Seldon."

"Yes?"

"Well, she refused him."

GARDENING IN DECEMBER.

BY A PRACTICAL GARDENER.

DECEMBER is a month of few flowers, at least of those that appear naturally in the garden. But the amateur gardener, whether in town or country, may have choice specimens to adorn his table, if he so wishes. Where means are at command, and ample time is given to the plants, forced bulbs, violets, and many other things may be obtained.

It is not, however, everyone that can thus indulge his hobby for gardening, and the majority of flower-lovers have to rest content with things that require far less attention.

The chrysanthemum is a poor man's flower. It thrives as well in the suburban districts of large towns as in the pure country air. It belongs rightfully to November, gilding the month of fogs with brilliant colour ; but the flowers may be gathered through the present season if the cuttings are struck in March. Gardening is, it must be remembered, a recreation that demands patience and perseverance. If things fail at first don't get discouraged, as one in time learns the likes and dislikes of the various things from many quarters of the globe that find a home in the small border or the humble greenhouse. Even the varieties that bloom in November may be had in perfection now by striking the cuttings in August, whereas the show blooms are produced on plants struck the previous November.

To get flowers in December simply means striking the cuttings later in the year. A few varieties are in full beauty naturally in the festive month, and the most popular is Princess Teck, a very old but worthy

kind, the flowers white, beautifully incurved, and produced with great freedom. Then one may have the tasselled kinds, usually known as the "Japanese"—waving masses of florets, flung about in a charmingly

CHRYSANTHEMUM—LADY SELBORNE.

irregular way, a kind of flower that sends the artist into raptures of delight.

Of such a type, Golden Gem, rich orange touched with red, Ethel, pure white, Pelican, creamy white, and White Ceres may be mentioned as of great merit. Grow the plants on with little stopping of the shoots, pinching them back when about four inches in height to encourage side growth. It is advisable to reduce the shoots, otherwise they will be unduly crowded, ill-ripened, and the flowers consequently poor. It must not be expected that they will rival the large specimens to be seen at exhibitions, for these are produced by high feeding, an elaborate system of disbudding, and untiring energy throughout the year.

A little greenhouse attached to the house will shelter a host of beautiful things, but none more charming than the gay chrysanthemum, the joy of the Japanese and the pride of English gardens. Whilst this Eastern flower is before us I should like to draw the attention of my readers to its beauty as a wall shrub. It may appear at first sight a mad freak to plant it against a wall, but last year the writer was pleased to see in quite a small garden in Hammersmith a wall smothered with blossom, a perfect covering of the brightest colours.

The secret is to choose good, strong, well-ripened plants, and put them out in the month of March, at the base of the wall, in rich, well-prepared soil. Leave a space of from two feet to three feet between each example, and the bottom of the wall may be beautified with the dwarf-growing pompone kinds, such as White Travenna and St. Michael, which has rich golden-yellow flowers.

Very careful selection is necessary, as the plants have to fight against the trials of an English winter. The incurved and reflexed classes are of peculiar value, the flowers throwing off heavy rains, which quickly spoil the more lumpy blooms. It is wise in the event of unpleasant weather to throw a canvas over the wall; or, better still, fix a coping board to the top, on which the curtain can be adjusted. Protection will be afforded the flowers when necessary, and on fine days the curtain can be easily drawn up.

My selection of varieties for walls would be, of the incurved and reflexed classes, Mr. George Glenny, bright primrose yellow; Princess of Wales, blush; Venus, pink; Nil Desperandum, bronze; Golden Empress, Jardin des Plantes, deep yellow (a lovely kind); Golden and Pink Christines; and King of the Crimsons, deep crimson.

Of the Japanese section choose Peter the Great, yellow; Margot and Bouquet Fait, two well-known kinds; Mons. Mousillac; Elaine, white, and Jules Lagravère, which is the king of outdoor chrysanthemums. Its deep purple marone flowers keep in perfection over a long season, and their colour is rich and telling. The soil at the base of the wall must be enriched by a liberal addition of manure, and well trodden about the roots of the plants. With the exception of the pompones, which should have six shoots to each plant, reduce those of the other varieties to four, and they must be nailed to the wall as in the case of ordinary climbers.

Do *not* top the branches, but carefully train them out. During the summer give liquid manure, water occasionally, and syringe the plants in the evening. This refreshes them, and removes dust from the leaves. They will continue to bloom throughout November and December, unless the weather is exceptionally wet. Damp kills more flowers than frost.

A small greenhouse is a blessing. One may have in it the Christmas rose, *Helleborus niger*, and this is the most precious jewel of December. It is the flower of the festive month, and an appropriate table adornment. Why the hellebore is not more grown by amateurs is to me a mystery! It is perfectly hardy, and the white flowers are of great beauty. Except perhaps a stray primrose, or the fragrant coltsfoot, it stands alone in dreary December. The plants may be purchased, if of ordinary varieties, for about ninepence each, the price varying according to their size.

There is a host of kinds, differing merely in degree from each other, and from this imposing throng may be selected Altifolius, which blooms early, being in perfection in late November; the pure white St. Brigid and Major. One variety would be sufficient in small

gardens, and my choice would be Major. Its flowers are large, of the purest white, and a spreading clump in the garden is full of charm. But please remember that it is necessary, in order to protect the flowers from heavy rains, to place over each clump a handglass, putting this on when the buds first show themselves in the thicket of leafage. They will then expand in fresh beauty, unsullied by the treacherous weather of December.

The Christmas Rose, like the homely Hepatica, strongly dislikes disturbance at the root. Amateurs are strangely fond of killing their plants with kindness. The Hellebore, once at home in a light, loamy, well-drained soil, should be left alone for a few years. An ideal staple for it is loam mixed with sufficient leaf mould to make it moderately light; but it is unnecessary to provide such a diet when the ordinary soil of the garden is deep and moderately rich, not a

CHRYSANTHEMUM—MADAME DESGRANGE.

medley of brick ends and broken glass, the usual condition of small plots, in the suburbs of large cities in particular.

I can tell of another way to get an abundance of Hellebore flowers in winter. Lift a large clump from the open ground, remove a little of the rougher portion of the soil, and place it in an ordinary market basket. Fill up with cocoanut fibre refuse, which may be purchased cheaply at a neighbouring florist's, and place it in the warmest corner of the greenhouse. Keep the fibre moderately moist, but not too wet. You will be rewarded by splendid flowers, as pure as the driven snow, and with nice long stalks.

When the beauty of the "winter rose" is over, place the clump out of doors, protecting it from frost with a mat, and when the ground is in working order again, transfer to Mother Earth. This clump must not be lifted again the following year, but if you have, say, two or four clumps, you can ring the changes upon them. The forcing treatment is too much for them every December.

A bright, hardy plant this month is the Winter Cherry, known botanically as *Physalis Alkekengi*, which belongs to the same family as the potato, and was introduced into England from Southern Europe in 1548. It does not flower in winter, although in full beauty now. This arises from a large calyx of scarlet colour enclosing the small tomato-like fruit, and these calyces hang on the shoots like little Chinese lanterns.

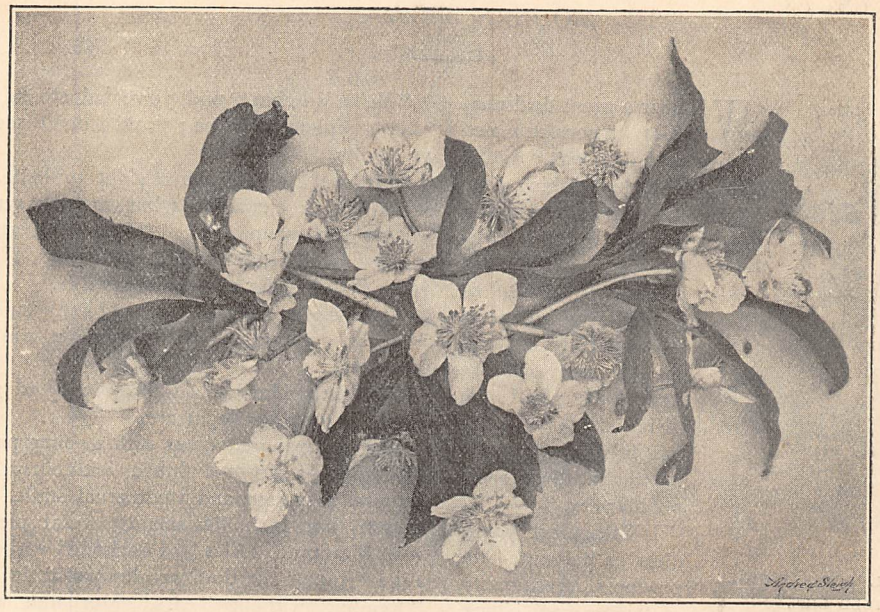
Good plants cost from sixpence to one shilling each, and must have a warm light soil. Damp and shade are fatal. A large clump makes a brilliant picture of colour, and the shoots, with their gay-coloured calyces, last, when cut, and used like everlasting flowers, over twelve months. I was in a drawing-room recently where several spikes were placed in a large epergne, and I was astonished to find that these were the same "sprays," if I may so call them, that I had given the hostess fourteen months ago. They looked as fresh as when first gathered, and brighter in aspect than many flowers.

Once a good clump is secured, the plants may be divided in the spring and exchange made, if possible, with friends for other things.

One of the most beautiful berried shrubs this month is the popular Fiery Thorn. It is not expensive. At a respectable nursery a good plant can be purchased for two shillings, and it is money well expended. The Thorn will succeed in either a north or east aspect, and if you can get the variety named Lælandi, which costs no more, it will be an advantage, as the berries are borne more freely. I have not yet described the Fiery Thorn.

Firstly its proper name is the *Pyracantha* or *Cratægus pyracantha*, and it belongs to the Thorn tribe. Its shoots are covered in the dull time of the year with a profusion of orange-scarlet berries, thickly massed together, and very brilliant in the weak sunshine of a winter's day. It has a fine aspect when planted against an old wall, and in the early summer its white flowers are pretty, standing out in contrast to the deep green evergreen leafage.

This fine wall Thorn will succeed in ordinary soil, and when established grows quickly. The feathered songsters rather appreciate its gaudy fruit, which provides a splendid banquet in the hungry winter



CHRISTMAS ROSES.

season. It is unkind to drive them off, but it must be done in the interests of the garden. Provide other food to tempt them from the Thorn berries. Throughout the whole of the year the Cratægus is presentable. Its rich green leafage is strikingly handsome, and in the winter the shoots are a blaze of colour with the bright fruit.

Now as to a good climbing plant for the winter. My selection is the Winter Jasmine, which, when purchased, should be described as *Jasminum nudiflorum*. It will live in gardens of all kinds, town or country, even in backyards where one would consider plant life impossible. But there, amid uncomfortable surroundings, the leafless shoots of this climber are throughout the winter brightened with yellow flowers. If an Ivy happens to be climbing near, intermingle the twigs to get a rich contrast of colour—deep green foliage against intense yellow.

An excellent specimen may be purchased for about one shilling or eighteenpence. It is a mistake to buy a weakly plant for the sake of a few pence. When vigorous they grow at once, and soon clothe the wall with beauty. Last winter a wall in a suburban garden was a sheet of yellow—a glorious feast of colour, and a perfect picture. Such splendid results are easily obtained. It is only necessary to plant in a good soil and keep the shoots carefully trained to the wall.

Doubtless many amateur gardeners are caught napping in the winter, and their plants get frost-bitten. This is serious; but death may be averted by keeping the afflicted things quite in the dark until they have recovered, not plunging them at once into strong heat or exposing to bright sun. The temperature should be just sufficient to prevent further catastrophes. When the leaves have revived, gradually accustom the plants to the light, and water carefully. Unless plants are quite hardy they must be kept in a warm corner during periods of severe frost. Remember also that if the foliage is kept dry and the soil not too wet plants are less liable to suffer from frost. The greenhouse can be sufficiently heated with a small oil stove, which will enable "geraniums," fuchsias, and similar things to be kept throughout the winter in health.

Little work has to be done in the garden during this month. All bulbs, such as hyacinths, tulips and daffodils, not yet planted must be got in without delay when the weather is favourable. Hardy plants may be put in, but everything depends upon the condition of the soil.

Frequently in December it is impossible to do much work in the garden, but there is no need to be idle. Get out a list of annuals you want for sowing in the spring, and make labels or sticks for flowers from deal laths.

As regards the plants in the greenhouse, give water cautiously during the winter months. It must not be sprinkled about as in summer. Sunshine is now too weak to dry up superfluous moisture quickly, and a small oil stove does not give out a very strong heat.

Remove decaying leaves and flowers; keep everything sweet and clean. Cleanliness is important in the culture of flowers. On fine, warm mornings admit a little air to sweeten the atmosphere; December is not always a month of frosts and cold winds.

THE MODERN SERVANT GIRL.

"A NICE GIRL, BUT SHE STOLE AND TOLD LIES."

WE hear a great deal now about "service not being what it was," and I cannot help thinking that there is some truth in the statement. Without committing myself to "Reactionary" or "Retrograde" views in general—without laying all the blame on the School Board—I am disposed, for reasons which I will proceed to explain, to echo the popular cry.

It is against young girls as servants—the products, presumably, of "improved education"—that I bring my charge. I do not want to complain of servants in general, for I have received from them in my life more kindness than I can ever repay; it is against the raw, untried, unapprenticed article that I inveigh. For five years I have suffered from a succession of these. They have been of all kinds: quick, slow, active, lazy, pleasant, sulky; but one and all incompetent to do the work they professed to do. When I have exhausted the resources of London, I have tried the country—for the unknown is always desirable. The results have been equally disappointing. While disclaiming any tendency to Mrs. Carlyle's spirit of romancing, and with no such awful revelations as hers to disclose with regard to either girls—or insects—I think I may safely say that, with rare exceptions, the young servant girl, under present conditions, is, to use a colloquial but expressive phrase, "more trouble than she is worth."

I began with a little damsel of sixteen, named Martha, who came to me from a large well-managed orphanage in the East End. In many ways she was vastly superior to her successors, being willing and obedient; but she was absolutely devoid of method. This, I will allow, was not altogether her own fault, for she had been "driven" like a machine all through her short life. One day had succeeded another at the orphanage with monotonous regularity, and the girls had been taught everything except to teach themselves. Martha, probably as a result of this training, was easily depressed; she took a saddened view of life, and everything made her weep. She could supply no originality, or even "gumption."

"What shall we have for dinner?" I once asked her vaguely, and waited for a suggestion.

Martha's eyes grew round as she revolved in her mind the dinners of the preceding days.

"Ye've 'ad chops, and ye've 'ad steaks," she said, after a prolonged pause; "and I don't see what else ye *can* 'ave."

Martha's kitchen was a sight to behold, and she never had a clean face; but she was sympathetic—almost too sympathetic. If I inadvertently complained of a headache in her hearing, I was always reminded of it for a week afterwards.

"Got the 'edache agin, m'm?" she would say as her morning greeting. "It *is* miserable, ain't it, to feel like that?"

Poor little Martha! I never enjoyed good health until she took her departure.

My next experience was with a young person named Marianne—a girl of eighteen, with curly brown hair, a round rosy face, and a perpetual smile. I flattered myself that I should spend several pleasant years with Marianne. Alas! I reckoned without my host. Like "Jane," in that well-known little work called "Reading without Tears," Marianne was "a nice girl, but she stole and told lies." She stole as unblushingly as Topsy, and told lies with at least equal ingenuity. She had also other affinities with Topsy, for one could not overcome a certain liking for her, notwithstanding her faults. She was *so* good-tempered, and directly after a severe reprimand would come up again smiling so sweetly. "The more you

"CHEAP 'DREADFULS.'"

"'MY 'ED'S ALL OF A GOGGLE, AND MY LEGS ARE ALL OF A FUR.'"

squeezed the bolster on her" (and it needed a deal of squeezing!) "the more she looked round the corner of it." Reproofs rolled off her like water off a duck, and she was always pleasant and amiable. She was very fond, too, of reading—a pursuit which I encouraged until I found it hopeless to elevate her taste. Many servants, I have noticed—and many mothers too, for that matter—appear to think that "reading" is a virtue in itself, entirely independent of the thing read; and Marianne was addicted exclusively to Dream Books and cheap "Dreadfuls." Her character cannot be better shown than by the fact that her first month's wages went in buying a showy gilt Albert watch chain, which, as she possessed no watch, and her only pair of stockings showed large holes, seemed rather superfluous. Even Miss Ophelia herself would have given Marianne up, and yet to this day I occasionally regret her.

My next attempt was of a very different kind. Susan was as fragile as Marianne had been big and strong. She was seventeen; neat, and precise; and she gave herself all the airs of a little old woman. Poor girl! she was not particularly robust, but no confirmed out-patient of an hospital could have described her complaints more fondly than she did.

"My 'ed's all of a goggle, and my legs are all of a fur," she would say; adding, with a weak little smile, "I think it's carryin' the coals as does it."

Poor Susan was already an expert "class leader," and her school prizes, which she proudly showed me, were many and various. I couldn't help thinking that almost any walk in life would have suited this young woman better than that of a general servant. Her mother came to see me one day, to ask me if I couldn't manage to make the work easier—"Must she carry the coals?" for instance.

"Well, you see," I said, "I engaged her to carry coals, and she wouldn't be of much use to me, if I did all the work while she sat in the parlour."

Susan left at the end of two months.

"I feel better in meself, m'm," she said at parting, with the manner of a dame of sixty, "but my meals they lay *there*" (pointing to her chest); "and as for the meat, I can turn it round and round in my mouth, but swaller it I can't."

After Susan's departure I tried a registry office. Now, to my mind, registry offices are nets for the unwary. How often have we not entered their voracious maw, and paid ten, or even fifteen, shillings without getting any return! And the cheap registry offices are just as bad as the dear ones. After trying a few "high-class" offices with no result, I thought I would try another kind, and applied for a servant at a dingy little place near Tottenham Court Road, where the usual charge was a shilling only. A crowd of girls and women filled the small shop—and it was certainly not a pleasant-looking crowd. Girls with bold eyes and long straight fringes, and feathers of the Whitechapel type; women, on whose bloated faces drink was but too plainly written—a brazen, pitiful group! I paid the shilling, gave my address, and one of the nicest-looking of the waiting damsels was brought forward for interrogation. She was a pert, red-cheeked girl of twenty, with a dirty face, a frayed ulster, and a wild red fringe that obscured her eyes. I stated my requirements. The girl did not budge.

"SHE WAS A PERT, RED-CHEEKED GIRL . . . WITH A WILD RED FRINGE."

"Business 'ouse?" she inquired, without moving an eyelid.

"What's that?" I asked.

The woman in charge explained that it meant a shop.

The girl was dismissed—or, rather, dismissed me—with contempt; for mine is not a "business 'ouse." With two others I fared no better. They made the same query, and departed; and I departed too, leaving my shilling behind me. The shopwoman promised to send me a suitable damsel, but I need hardly say that no one came.

I may state in this connection that the real slum-girl is, like her better-educated sister, very contemptuous of service. I remember once sending a raw girl of fifteen from a starving family to a registry office, enclosing the necessary fee for her in an envelope. Subsequently we found that her mother had appropriated the fee, and drunk—so to speak—the clothes. Finally the girl refused a place I eventually got for her, because she had expected at least ten pounds a year, and was only promised nine pounds. She preferred a daily trudge to and from the factory at two shillings per week.

But to return to my own girls. After the failure of the registry offices to supply my wants, I advertised for "a strong country girl."

The numbers who answered my advertisement seemed certainly encouraging, and I congratulated myself—a little too hastily, as it afterwards turned out. All the applicants represented themselves as giants of strength, paragons of virtue, and of unflagging industry. I engaged the most promising, who, among her other virtues, boasted that she had never had a day's ill-health. At the end of three days I found her weeping in the pantry.

"What's the matter, Ellen?" I said.

"Oh, m'm, please, my legs is all of a tremble, and I think my 'ealth is bound to suffer if I stay. The fogs, they make me feel fainty-like."

"But I thought you said you were so strong."

"Well, m'm, I've 'eard say as 'ow the strongest goes off soonest."

I administered some sal volatile, and did the little work there was to do myself, sending the patient to bed. Next day I sent her out for an hour's run in the fresh air. She went out at 10 a.m., and did not return for twelve hours. At ten at night the invalid walked in smiling. She did not stay long after this. From experience of Ellen and the three girls that followed her, I have come to the conclusion that many girls come up from the country just for a week or two's jaunt in London, and get the fares for the proposed jaunt from the ladies who are foolish enough to engage them. Ellen and her successors seemed surprised that any work at all was expected of them. One of them proposed to leave after a week, saying plaintively—

"I couldn't live, m'm, where there ain't more things kep'."

Another, the second day, began to remark, "This ain't my work," which remark she made unceasingly, until requested to leave.

All these damsels seemed highly-educated, but one, named Amelia, "took the cake" in the matter of education, if not in house-work.

"Why, where did you learn to sweep?" I asked her one day, seeing her raise clouds of dust with a broom.

"Well, m'm, I ain't had much experience of sweeping, but I can do crool-work, and play the pianner beautiful."

"Well," I said incautiously, "it's a pity you don't take lessons in sweeping from little Jane next door. I don't know about her crewel-work, but she keeps the house like a new pin."

"*That* girl!" Amelia cried contemptuously, flourishing her broom. "I've been at school with 'er. Why, the girl's a perfect fool. She were past twelve year old, and couldn't move the decimal point."

I was bound to confess that though much more than twelve years old myself, neither could *I* move the decimal point—whatever that may be.

And here, before I close my paper, I would like to make a few general remarks. There should be some previous training required for service. In no other profession is no apprenticeship required, and yet, no one will deny that this requires an apprenticeship quite as much as any other. Girls are received into service, are paid wages at once, while all the time they may know nothing, or next to nothing, of their work, and what experience they do gain is generally at the expense of their employer. "Crool-work" and

"'I CAN DO CROOL-WORK AND PLAY THE PIANNER BEAUTIFUL.'"

"pianner playing," or even the power of moving the decimal point, are but poor substitutes for diligence and honesty in service. And the girls' mothers are to blame for this as much as and more than the Board Schools. The mothers, as I heard one of the wise among them remark, "bring their girls up too soft." They teach them nothing, and treat them as delicate plants, on which the wind must not blow too roughly. Yet they imagine that these useless incumbrances deserve high wages, while the incumbrances themselves, like Amelia, think that they confer upon you a high favour by remaining. But the learned Amelia was my last trial of her kind. Since then I have eschewed all dealings with young servant girls, whether ignorant or educated, and have got, instead, a nice, respectable, middle-aged woman, who has passed through the *sturm und drang* period of her life, and has had time to develop a conscience and understanding of her own, and to learn the first great principles of all useful service: not a mere smattering of badly-taught machine work, or an incomplete top-dressing of science and art.

THE SLEEVE OF CARE.

By C. E. C. WEIGALL, Author of "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," etc. etc. etc.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"NO, dear, *nothing*, positively *nothing*, will reconcile me to it," said Mrs. Humphreys, with feeble stubbornness and a suspicious quiver in her voice.

"Mother, dearie, I *am* so sorry, but it is inevitable —you must see that it is inevitable," answered Tessie, with quick vivacious utterance, and all the assurance of nineteen years. "How can we all go on living on one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and have meat to eat every day, or even a scrape of butter on our bread? Phyllis or I *must* go out as a governess, and it is only fortunate that we have both been decently educated, and fitted for the position."

"What will Raymond say?" said Phyllis, looking up with a sudden flash of mischief in her quiet eyes.

"What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?" quoted Tessie with fine scorn. "And what on earth has Raymond to do with the matter?"

"Oh, my dear, I did not say that when I was engaged to your poor dear father," put in Mrs. Humphreys tremulously.

"*Is* it the same? I ask you, dear mother, do you imagine that I am in *love* with Raymond?"

Tessie looked down at her mother with an amused smile.

"Tessie," began her mother plaintively; but the girl was speaking again in a meditative fashion, with her eyes wandering away to the quaint little street outside.

"Miss Dale told me that the test of being in love was blushing when you thought of the man you loved. Now, I ask you, Phyllis, did you ever see me blush when Raymond's name was mentioned?"

"I think, perhaps," said her sister cautiously, "that you care for him rather more than you think."

"Well, anyhow, '*revenons à nos moutons*,'" rejoined Tessie carelessly. "In spite of what the whole world says, I am going to help my family."

"What a dreadful thing it is to be sure," groaned Mrs. Humphreys wearily. "Are you *quite* sure, dear, that you have hunted everywhere to see whether a few bank-notes may not have been carelessly stuffed away by someone in your dear father's lifetime?"

Tessie shook her head, but her mother continued—

"I know that once when I was a girl I came across a five-pound note in an old book—a "Breeches" Bible or some such curiosity, and I think it quite possible, my dear, that I may have, perhaps—quite accidentally, of course, marked some book with a bank-note. What do you think?"

She looked so eagerly up from the sofa where she was lying, into her daughter's face that Tessie's eyes dimmed with tears as she answered her—

"No, dear, everything was overhauled when papa died; and, besides, since the sale we have not so many places left where notes might be hidden."

She took her mother's hand caressingly in hers, and looked down with intense pity at the frail, crape-gowned figure of the mother who had all her life through been thought for, and shielded from every trouble and anxiety.

It seemed to be so hard that now, at the very time when Mrs. Humphreys most needed comforts, she should be deprived of them at one blow. And Tessie's quick thoughts sped back to her father's death in the old home, and to their sudden discovery that the carelessness of their lawyer had deprived them of the greater part of their income; then to the sale of their treasures, and their arrival at the little furnished house among the Yorkshire hills and moors, where they had taken refuge.

Phyllis, on her knees at her mother's side, took the other white, diamond-ringed hand in hers, and pressed her lips gently upon it.

She was the silent, brown-haired daughter, whose insignificant features formed such a foil for Tessie's perfect beauty.

But, at the same time, Phyllis was capable of a good

deal of hidden wit; and, if she was a violet hidden beneath a stone of reserve, she was full of sweetness.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" wailed Mrs. Humphreys, "which is it to be? There is only a year between you, but Tessie certainly *looks* much the older. You know I really cannot imagine which of you I could spare the best. Of course Tessie is the life and soul of the house, and there are a hundred things that would go utterly to pieces without her; but then, again, what should I do without Phyllis when I had a headache?"

"The only thing to do," said Tessie solemnly, laying her slim fingers on her mother's lips, and looking across at her sister with a mischievous gleam in her eyes, "is to toss up. Don't look shocked, mother mine, but if anyone can boast of a shilling, hand it over at once. What! not even a shilling in this poverty-stricken household? Then it is indeed time that I should go out into the world and make my fortune."

She dived into her pocket and produced a penny, which she balanced on the tip of her pretty finger with a saucy air.

She looked so lovely standing in the June sunlight that Mrs. Humphreys could not repress a smile of maternal pride.

Tessie Humphreys was one of those perfect brunettes whose hair is caught with threads of burnished gold, dancing and gleaming among its coils.

Her eyes were melting grey, and the pure blue-white beyond the pencilled iris was clear with the brilliancy of complete health.

Her tall, slim figure was well proportioned, and active as a wild creature of the woods and fields; and as she stood, swaying slightly backwards and forwards on one shapely foot, she reminded one of a fair Diana, innate with life and happiness, caught and imprisoned in the shabby little room.

"Don't be so frivolous, Tessie; it is no jesting matter!" expostulated her mother.

"Heads, Phyllis—tails myself," she replied, turning her laughing face towards the spinning penny. "Tails, as I live! Then I must be immolated on the altar of ——. Oh! mother, dear, dearest mother, don't cry!"

For Mrs. Humphreys had burst into a flood of tears.

Tessie flung herself down by the shabby green rep sofa, and tried by words and caresses to comfort her mother, while Phyllis on the other side begged to be her sister's substitute, and valiantly declared her willingness to battle with the world.

After a few moments Mrs. Humphreys recovered herself and sat up, pushing back her hair with an attempt at a smile.

"Nonsense, my dears, I should feel just the same whichever of you two I had to part with. Tessie, after all, you are the one most fitted to battle with the world. God help you, my child!"

Tessie looked round the little room with a sensation of something like triumph at her heart.

She was another Hannibal, with her Alps uncrossed as yet, and she had the world before her.

The room looked particularly distasteful to her just then.

It certainly possessed in a great measure an atmosphere of poverty, for Mrs. Humphreys had insisted on selling everything that would realise any money whatsoever, and in reserving only their personal treasures.

The chairs were covered with green rep, darned in several places, and were of that depressing shape which is common to lodging-houses.

The coloured family pictures on the walls and the wax flowers on the chimney-piece had been removed, and their place filled by one or two of Tessie's delicate water-colour drawings, and by a few rare pieces of china.

Phyllis's embroidery lay on every available space, and decorated the "cosy corner" which the sisters had planned with so much delight. Scarlet flamingoes and blue peacocks wandered up the walls, and branches of apple blossom disguised the ugly painted mantel-piece, which even a Vandal would have scorned.

What could not be disguised were the ceiling and the wall paper, the former of which was adorned with a blue and brick-red centre-piece of colour-wash; the latter of which was a fine buttercup yellow, pricked out with magenta.

Mrs. Hogg, the landlady from whom they had rented the tiny house, had called it "very tasty," and neither Phyllis nor Tessie had found it in their hearts to crush her evident satisfaction.

"If I get much money," said Tessie slowly, "I will repaper this room, and mamma shall have sweetbreads twice a week."

This vista of wealth was so all-absorbing that none of the trio perceived a visitor march up the little street and ring at the apology for a bell, which was all that Woodbine Cottage possessed.

Helmdale was a little country town in the heart of the moorland, and as it was not the shooting season a stranger was considered such a curiosity that the whole place turned out to gape at him.

"Please 'um," said Mary Jane at the door, with a wide stare of astonishment (for she was a native of Helmdale), "there's a strange gentleman in the dining-room, asking for the missis."

As she spoke, she handed Tessie a card, on which was engraved the name of "St. John Baker."

"Who is it, dear?" said Mrs. Humphreys, her voice fluttering with nervousness.

Tessie set her lips in a hard firm line.

"It is Mr. Baker, mamma," she said, as she tore the scrap of pasteboard into a hundred pieces. "You lie still, and Phyllis shall give you a dose of your palpitation mixture. *I* shall see him, and if I don't 'wither' him before I have done with him my name is not Tessie Humphreys."

Her mother, at the mere mention of the lawyer who had wrought so much havoc in her life, lay back upon her pillow, white and shivering. And Tessie, with her head in the air, marched off.

"HE PEERED THROUGH THE TENDRILS OF IVY" (*p.* 18).

She opened the door firmly, and the man who was standing with his back to the window, turned round at her approach.

Her quick eyes saw that he was about forty, spare and dark, with a well-cultivated moustache, and those tell-tale lines about his eyes that speak of a life of dissipation.

He scrutinised her keenly, with some surprise, for he had never seen either of the Miss Humphreys; and Baker was exceedingly susceptible to feminine beauty.

And this scornful, beautiful girl, with the queenly head, and the pure pale colouring of a brunette, with the exquisitely arched lips, and the sensitive little nose, seemed to fulfil every requirement, every possibility of loveliness.

"Miss Humphreys?" he said in his smooth voice, as he came forward with hand outstretched, "how glad I am to make your acquaintance, and to assure you of my sympathy."

Tessie entrenched herself behind the table, the indignant colour flashing into her cheeks.

"I wonder that you dare come here to see us—your victims—when your very presence is an insult!" she said, tremulously.

Baker started a little, then passed his hand over his moustache, as if to conceal a smile.

"Really, Miss Humphreys," he said, his eyes devouring every detail of the beauty which indignation only heightened—

"Really, I am at a loss to understand your meaning."

"Your story was very plausible," went on the girl, with unconscious tragedy in her voice. "It was unlucky about the failure of that gold mine, and certainly remarkable that the bank should suspend payment on the same day. But why was our money played ducks and drakes with in that fashion? It should have been invested in some safe affair, especially where three helpless women, with no advisers, were concerned."

He winced under her words, and shrugged his shoulders uneasily.

"Really, Miss Humphreys," he expostulated,

"those investments, the Indian Bank and the Santa José mine, seemed to me so thoroughly reliable when I advised your using them, that a great part of my own fortune was invested in them, and has been swept away in their ruin."

"Then," cried Tessie, her eyes flashing with the indignation that was devouring her—"Then why, since our misfortune, in six short months have you set up a carriage and pair?"

She meant it for a master stroke, but he saw his advantage, and drew himself up haughtily.

"I fail to see by what right you are subjecting me to a cross-examination. All my eggs were not invested in one basket. And where one venture has failed, another has succeeded beyond expectation."

The light died out of Tessie's face. She had hoped to confuse him, but she had only succeeded in placing herself in the wrong, and she turned dumbly towards the door.

"Pardon me," said Baker, his hand already on the latch; "I only came to offer you my help—to inquire if there was anything that I could do for you. As my presence is, I fear, so distasteful to you, I will at once take my departure."

She looked at him, her eyes flashing back defiance. "We need no visits of sympathy," she said. "Thank God, we have the best of earthly blessings to us, health and—honour."

Without another word Baker opened the door, and the sound of his footsteps was heard dying away up the rough pavement of the little street. Tessie, left alone, stood still for an instant, her hands locked tightly together, till she had regained her self-control. Then, with an attempt at a laugh, which was half a sob, she rejoined her mother and sister in the little drawing-room.

"Don't ask me about anything, darlings," she said, in answer to their anxious faces. "He is a perfectly inexplicable brute, and I made no impression on him whatever. Now, Phil, let us retire to the kitchen to toast the muffins, and, after tea, we will set to work over the advertisement which is to do wonders, and to restore the fallen fortunes of this family!"

When St. John Baker had walked a few yards up the street, he stopped short, as if struck by some sudden thought. Then he turned, and retraced his steps towards the house he had just left.

His face was not looking its best at that moment.

"Just one more look at her," he muttered between his teeth. "Little vixen; I want to know her again when next I see her!"

He stole cautiously through the wicket-gate, and along the small border of stocks and Virginian creeper that ran along in front of the house, till he reached the kitchen window.

He peered into the drawing-room as he passed, and saw it was empty, save for the motionless figure of Mrs. Humphreys on the sofa. But when he caught sight of the two girls in their big cooking aprons, talking and laughing over the muffins, he drew himself noiselessly close up to the sash, and peered through the tendrils of ivy and the nodding roses, that hid him from sight.

"Such a horrid wretch!" he heard Tessie say in her clear voice. "What *can* he have come for, save to gloat over us in our poverty? And oh! Phyllis, he *is* so destestably ugly! Like this——"

And Tessie drew down her pretty mouth in a hideous grimace.

Baker smiled grimly, as he fixed his cruel eyes on the lovely face with the steady stare of a cat attracting an unfortunate mouse.

"Oh no, young lady, Tessie as they call you. So I look like that, do I? Well, well, perhaps so," he muttered. "Anyhow, some day when I have my foot upon your pretty writhing neck, I may perhaps see you kneel to me for mercy, and you shall find none!"

With which amiable speech he departed as he had come.

It was only when the two girls were together that night in the room that they shared, that they allowed themselves to look their future seriously in the face, and to indulge the grief that had to be so religiously hidden from their sleeping mother.

Tessie was sitting curled up in the window seat, with the masses of her lovely hair falling in thick waves upon her bare neck and arms, while Phyllis was kneeling at her side, her face half hidden in her hands.

"Oh, Tessie, what shall I do without you, for we have never been separated; no—not even at school," she said tremulously. "Do you remember how we used to share every little bit of trouble or joy, even then?"

"Oh, don't talk of those happy times," cried Tessie, with a suspicious quiver in her voice. "It is all so horrid now; and how I shall hate going out as a governess! But for all that, I know I shall do better than you would, for you are so sensitive, my little Phil, and not the least good in keeping troublesome children in order."

"Oh, no; I should never be any use as a governess. But don't look at the dark side, darling. Think of the masses of unpaid bills that you are going to pay, and the money that you will bring back to us at the end of the year!"

"I will try to!" said Tessie, dolefully, as she kissed her sister tenderly, and watched Phyllis climb up into the funereal four-post bed, which was a relic of bygone days.

But long after her sister's even breathing told her that she was asleep, Tessie sat motionless in her place, thinking deeply.

She did not regret the step that she had taken for one instant, or forget the help that she would be able to give her mother and sister.

But she thought of the dreary careworn governesses that she had known, and wondered whether she would ever become like them.

Then, rising to her feet hastily, she drew aside the blind to look out at the sleeping village.

The church clock was chiming midnight, and the moonlight fell upon the narrow street in a pale silver

shower, flooding the distant slopes of moor and covert.

It seemed to her like the long shadow of an angel's wing, and she fell asleep with a smile, for the peace and protection of the night had laid its holy mantle upon her heart.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"ONE, two, three—yes, three dresses and a coat. Oh, Tessie, your best gown is so shabby. Won't you have my new one? You know that I don't want it a bit here; no one sees what one wears in Helmdale, and perhaps Mrs. Magniac will like you to be well-dressed."

"No, thank you, Phyllis; if Mrs. Magniac does not like me as I am, old clothes and all, she must *dis*like me. As long as I do my duty to her two girls nothing else matters," replied Tessie, as she lifted her flushed face from the trunk she was packing.

Mrs. Humphreys was far too much overcome at the impending parting to do more than tremulously hold her daughter's linen to the kitchen fire piece by piece, for fear, as she said, of Tessie taking cold, and dying of inflammation of the lungs.

The advertisement which Tessie had answered, and which had proved apparently satisfactory in every way, was from a Mrs. Magniac, of Mervyn Court, in Hertfordshire, where her duties would be to act as governess and companion to two girls of twelve and sixteen, whose education had been neglected.

Her salary was to be a sum which seemed very large to Tessie's unsophisticated mind, and it was with very high hopes that she packed her neat gowns and meditated on the new life that was just opening before her.

She had fancied Mrs. Magniac's letters very short and business-like, but, as Phyllis had said in her quaint fashion—

"Much better be to the point, my dear; and after all what does it matter if she does *not* include tenderness in the salary?"

But when Tessie waved her last adieu to the ivy-covered little house, where the sparrows built round and under the latticed windows, she felt, with a choking sensation in her throat, that, after all, she was not as hard as she would gladly have made out.

And if she had not been ashamed to let the old driver see the mist of tears in her eyes that prevented her from seeing the three waving figures at the gate, she would have dearly loved to have had a good cry.

"Eh, missie, but leavin' home's ill wark," said old Jonathan, with a wag of his iron-grey head, and Tessie did not contradict him.

It was a long journey to Mervyn, and the girl was thoroughly tired out before the slow train stopped with a jerk at the little wayside station, and she roused herself into action, with the dismayed consciousness that there was a smut on her nose, and that her eyes were heavy with many tears.

A smart dogcart was at the station to meet her, and a groom, who gave her the first realisation of her dependence by the manner in which he studiously refrained from saluting her.

But he succumbed after a short time to Tessie's dignified manner, and ended by infusing an unconsciously large amount of respect into his tone.

"Is this Mervyn?" said the girl at last, as they drew up outside the park gates, at the foot of a gradual slope, winding away between rows of stately oak trees.

The remains of an ancient Norman castle lay on one side, green with the touch of age, and Tessie hardly heard the groom's reply as they sped up the avenue.

Mervyn Park had been recently rebuilt after a disastrous fire, but part of the original building still remaining proved it to be a Georgian mansion of considerable size.

The whole situation of the place was very grand, and the view from the summit of the avenue, where the slender brown deer fed among the trees, stretched over an immense area of wooded plain and hill.

The further side of the park was enclosed and railed off, and there the red deer made their home—wild, unapproachable creatures, whom no one, save their keeper, ventured near.

The groom delivered Tessie into the hands of a pretty young maid, who led her through innumerable corridors and passages to a charming south-facing room, dainty with fresh pink and white chintz, which she was told was her own special bedroom.

"Mrs. Magniac would be glad to see you, miss, so soon as you have had a cup of tea and are rested," said Ada as she departed with a smile, for Tessie's beauty had won her heart.

"This argues well for my future," said the girl to herself, as she glanced round her pretty apartment, noting, with quick eyes of pleasure, the bowl of roses on the writing-table, and the dainty fineness of the embroidered bed linen.

She hastened to arrange her hair and gown and to drink her cup of tea, and was quite ready when the smiling maid came to her room again, and informed her that Mrs. Magniac was in her boudoir and would see her at once.

"I hope as how you will always let me know when I can do anything for you, miss," volunteered Ada, as she gave Tessie into the charge of Mrs. Magniac's French maid Hortense. "I am the young ladies' maid, and I shall be always pleased to wait upon you."

Tessie smiled upon her, and then turned her thoughts to the meeting that lay before her.

"She's a sweet-looking young lady," was Ada's comment in the servants' hall that night; "but if she can get on with the mistress she'll be a saint upon earth. I'm sorry for her—that I am!"

When Tessie entered Mrs. Magniac's boudoir, she realised that never till then had she imagined what wealth and taste combined could produce.

The room was octagon in shape, and the colouring was that delicate green which suits so well the auburn hair beloved by the old painters. And on a lounge of

shaded chestnut and silver was seated the most beautiful woman that Tessie had ever seen.

The room was discreetly shadowed, and the light filtered in through delicate blush-pink hangings, but although Mrs. Magniac sat with her back to the light Tessie took in every detail of her figure—from the rich Oriental embroidery of her tea-gown to the masses of auburn hair turned back from the pale beautiful face, that looked as though it were carved in cold perfect marble.

Mrs. Magniac raised her pencilled eyebrows when she saw the slim black-gowned figure standing in the doorway.

Tessie was far too lovely to be a desirable inmate of the household, and the delicate peacock fan that she held in her hand fell unheeded to the floor as Mrs. Magniac reflected on what she had done in one brief instant of coldly calculating thought.

"How do you do? Pray sit down, Miss Humphreys," she said, motioning the astonished girl to a seat at a short distance from her lounge.

She scanned her in silence a moment or two, but even in the full light which fell upon her in that particular seat, no flaw could be observed in Tessie's complexion, and Mrs. Magniac was roused to anger.

"You are very young," she said insolently. "Surely you must have misled me as to your attainments. *You* cannot be the Miss Humphreys referred to in your letter, who has passed so many examinations?"

"I am indeed," said Tessie quietly. "I am sorry if you are disappointed in my appearance."

"Oh, no, no. Still, of course, my girls require firmness in their governess, and Lalla is sixteen; such a great, awkward, clumsy creature. I cannot imagine how I came to have such a child. But if you can lick her into shape, I will forgive you a great deal."

"I will do my best," said Tessie nervously, giving one rapid glance downwards at her pretty hands, and wondering whether they would be strong enough for such a task.

"Metaphorically I mean, of course," said Mrs. Magniac languidly, reaching out her hand for a massive cut-glass and silver scent-bottle, which infused a delicate, delicious perfume through the room as she opened it.

"And now let me describe to you your duties, which could not be accurately described on paper. Of

"'PRAY SIT DOWN, MISS HUMPHREYS.'"

course you will have to give my daughters the usual amount of lessons, and walk and drive with them. I shall require you to appear at luncheon with them every day, and to come down to the drawing-room every evening after dinner and give us some music, as we constantly need a piano accompanist. Have you a suitable evening dress of some simple fashion? If not I will give you one."

"I have plenty of gowns," returned Tessie quietly, although the woman's calm insolence was almost more than she could bear. "Would you care to hear me play, so that you may judge of my talent in that line?"

Mrs. Magniac bent her head and pointed to the piano that stood in one corner of the room, much bedizened with photographs and vases of flowers.

Tessie, every nerve throbbing with indignation, sat down and touched the notes with fingers that trembled at first, then, with sudden strength, drew music and passion from the ivory keys.

She played as she had seldom played before, the tears raining down her cheeks, full of the sorrow and the pathos of life, full of home thoughts, and of fear for the future.

She did not notice the door open softly, and it was only when she at last turned back into the room, trying to steady her voice and clear her blinded eyes that she saw that her audience was increased by a man, standing with his back to the fireplace looking at her with keen interest.

Tessie, thinking that it must be Mr. Magniac, rose to her feet, and her hostess, in a tone of evident annoyance, said hastily—

"Lord Chesney is a great admirer of music, Miss Humphreys; you must play to him again to-night. Now pray find your way to the schoolroom, and introduce yourself to the young people."

She bowed dismissal, and Tessie turned to grope her way to the door, thankful to find it opened for her courteously.

She gave one appealing glance up into Lord Chesney's face as she fled, and he returned to Mrs. Magniac's side, thrilling with the glance he had just received from a pair of exquisite, tear-dimmed eyes, and the thanks that had tremulously fallen from those perfect red lips, belonging so evidently to the governess of the house.

Chesney had reached the age of five-and-thirty years, and had passed through as varied a life as any man of his position and standing, but he never remembered to have met with a face that touched him so deeply by its simple innocence and flower-like loveliness as the face from which he had just parted.

"My new little governess is quite a pretty little thing and really plays remarkably fairly," said Mrs. Magniac with a careless laugh, though she gave one searching glance up into the dark, handsome face at her side.

"Yes, indeed," he answered, enthusiastically; "I could not resist the notes of that delicious symphony. She and Mark Corelli will be simply perfect to-night."

Mrs. Magniac vowed secretly that she would keep Tessie under her dragon-eye for the future. Artistic temperaments were so hasty in their impulses; but she felt sure that she could manage to arrange that Tessie should speak to no one save the great violinist that night, and he was at least fifty and detestably plain.

Mrs. Magniac was a woman who, having been used to admiration all her life, could not endure the thought of a rival in the field.

And, indeed, she had been known to refuse invitations to any house where she was not certain of being incontestably the most beautiful woman there. It was a nuisance that the new governess was such an undeniable beauty, but Mrs. Magniac was so perfectly unscrupulous as regarded her own personal wishes and desires, that she did not seriously fear any chance of rivalry.

Tessie soon recovered herself sufficiently to make her way to the schoolroom, and though it was with some trepidation that she turned the handle of the door, the two girls lounging round the fire guessed little at the storm that had been raging in the bosom of the tall, dignified girl, who entered the room with the carriage of an empress.

"How do you do?" she said cheerfully, as she looked into a pair of great black eyes, and then into two sullen blue ones, whose lack-lustre depths might have been pretty had they not been so devoid of any expression save that of obstinacy.

Lalla and Isobel shook hands, and the younger girl said glibly—

"I hope you have had a pleasant journey, Miss Humphreys. We heard you playing the piano in mamma's room. Was Lord Chesney there? We thought we heard him pass the door—he always walks so decidedly."

"Yes," said Tessie briefly, as she decided that certainly sharp-eyed Isobel would not be a companion to her mind, and that even Lalla, who looked obstinately determined to be sullen, was better than this pert little chit.

The two girls were so thoroughly untidy in their dress, their hair so rough, and their manners so unformed, that Tessie wondered in dismay where such girls could have been educated.

But Isobel speedily enlightened her.

"Do you know, Miss Humphreys," she said glibly, "you are the twelfth governess that we have had in three years. Mamma never can get on with them for very long; and before then, why we used to run wild among the stables and the back garden, for the nursery-governess who was supposed to teach us was really secretly engaged to the head groom. Oh, my gracious! it was a time when papa found it all out!"

"Isobel," said Lalla savagely, "what a fool you are!"

"Not half such a fool as you look, my love," retorted her sister; and Tessie hastened to turn the conversation into a more decorous channel.

She was simply appalled by the two pupils with

whom she would have to spend her life. Of course, there might be possibilities of good in both of them, but as yet they were securely hidden under a very disagreeable outer crust.

When Ada came to volunteer her services to help Tessie to dress, she confided a little of the history of Mervyn Court to Miss Humphreys' astonished ears.

"Oh, yes, miss, Mrs. Magniac usen't to care what happened to the two young ladies. She didn't seem to like having two such big daughters when she still looked so young, and was so much admired—and——"

"Perhaps, Ada," put in Tessie gently, "we ought not to discuss Mrs. Magniac's shortcomings behind her back. And if the young ladies have been neglected by those who were put over them, it is our duty to teach them better things."

"Oh, yes, miss," said Ada respectfully, as she fastened the last hook of Tessie's black grenadine gown and stepped back to get a better view of the whole effect, secretly thinking that no one would be able to approach the governess of Mervyn Court in looks that night.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE drawing-room seemed very deserted and large when Tessie crept down the stone staircase and pushed open the heavy door.

Dinner was nearly over in the dining-room, and she could hear the chattering hum of conversation as she waited, with her music in her hand.

Everything at Mervyn Court was on a grand scale, calculated to overcome the meek spirited.

And although Tessie had become accustomed to every luxury and refinement of ordinary life in her old home, the mosaic pavements and marble pillars of the big room filled her with a sense of desolation.

The ceiling was painted between the carved rafters as a blue firmament gemmed with stars, and the bosses of the pillars were sculptured angels' heads after Raphael.

But Tessie, as she wandered in and out among the malachite and gold tables and the brocaded chairs, longed with all her soul for the home-like shabbiness of Woodbine Cottage, where there were no Louis XV. suites, and no suggestion of sculpture and marble.

As the ladies trooped into the drawing-room each one scrutinised the shy figure by the piano with the coldly critical air that is born of long eye-glasses and much self-satisfaction.

Tessie, in her black gown, with the suspicion of silver gauze round the bodice, was so unlike the ordinary governess of every-day life, that each guest wondered in turn who was this lovely girl with the grave, dignified manner, towards whom Mrs. Magniac was so coldly rude.

"Lady Silverdale, may I show you my new Pompadour miniature?" said Mrs. Magniac, breaking into the little group round the fireplace, and taking captive a tall woman in a grey gown. "It is considered very perfect."

Then, as they bent over the table, she continued—

"That is my new governess—not very good style I fear; what do you say?"

"My dear, she's alarmingly pretty," said Lady Silverdale, laughing, "and we shall all have to look to our laurels when the men arrive."

"Indeed?" said Mrs. Magniac, casting one rapid glance into the mirror at her superb figure in the trailing emerald gown. "I don't think that we shall have much to complain of in that respect."

Tessie, when she found that neither by word nor gesture did Mrs. Magniac take any notice of her, turned hastily away to hide her indignant tears, and began to arrange with trembling fingers the music on the piano.

"Are you fond of music, Miss Humphreys?" said a pleasant voice at her elbow, and she looked round to find an elderly woman, in a high black silk gown, looking keenly and kindly at her.

"Since Mrs. Magniac has apparently forgotten us, I must introduce myself to you as Miss Lavinia Home, an artist, if not of great talent, of some celebrity."

"Oh, are you Miss Home?" cried Tessie eagerly, forgetting her troubles as she looked straight into the plain, kindly face of the little woman at her side. "How much I have wanted to make your acquaintance!"

Was this—could this be the lady artist who had won every distinction that could fall to the lot of living being, and whose picture of "Venus Sleeping" had been the rage of the whole season?

"How kind of you to say so," went on Miss Home cheerily. "I can see that you are new to your work, my dear: and, if you will take an old woman's word for it, don't let trifles discourage you, and remember that, though the whole world should ignore you, your position is always the same—nothing can prevent you from being a true lady. Do you think that if I had not happened to make a name for myself, I should be anywhere here but in the servants' hall? Mrs. Magniac is one of the most insolently proud women I ever met, and if you take my advice, my child, you will keep clear of her."

Miss Home nodded sagely, then took up her glasses and looked critically at Tessie's sensitive face, and resumed—

"You would make a perfect Diana, my dear, for my new picture, and if I may beg a sitting or two during the intervals of painting our lady hostess's portrait, I shall esteem it a real favour."

Tessie blushed with delight, and with a good-humoured smile Miss Home moved back to the group as the men came in from the dining-room.

"Miss Humphreys," said Mrs. Magniac languidly, as she glided up to the piano, "may I introduce to you Signor Mark Corelli?"

And Tessie looked up, to find the great violinist's eyes fixed upon her with patronising admiration. He was absolutely certain that this pretty little girl would make a hash of his accompaniments, but as she was so nice-looking it would not matter so much.

"Do you think you can play for me, Miss Humphreys?" he said good-naturedly. "I am very fiery when I am put out, so I warn you be careful, and do not murder the music of great men with your pretty white fingers."

He looked so like a shaggy giant that Tessie laughed merrily; then, looking up involuntarily, caught Lord Chesney's eyes fixed upon her with grave pleasure.

The rippling, silver chime of laughter had been so natural that it had seemed like a breath of fresh air to him in this atmosphere of affectation.

Mrs. Magniac saw his glance, and her full red lips closed firmly in a hard line that boded ill for the slim girl with the daisies at her waist.

"Play this!" said Corelli suddenly, as he seized upon his violin and thrust a sheet of paper under her nose.

It was new to Tessie, and she gave an alarmed look at it; then, with a new feeling of eagerness, she attacked the score with a force and precision that made the maestro start.

Here was a perfect musician, who must have been trained in one of the best schools of music, and he chuckled to himself with delight as the notes sobbed and swelled through the room, and the violin sighed like a spirit in pain under his magic touch.

A round of applause awaited them when it was over, and Tessie flushed with triumph as Corelli, completely ignoring his audience, stooped over her and clapped her on the back.

"Bravo! bravo! Most excellent, little musician!" he cried. "There is witchcraft in those pretty fingers. How I wish my engagements permitted me to remain longer here; it would be heavenly to play with thee every night!"

Mr. Magniac, a quiet, insignificant, bald-headed little man, with an aimless manner, wandered up to the piano and shook hands limply with the girl at this point.

"Thank you, miss—ah—hem—Humphrey; I—um—ah—have enjoyed it," he said; and then disappeared, with a vaguely-alarmed glance at his wife.

To Tessie's astonishment, she now saw seated at

"'BRAVO! BRAVO! MOST EXCELLENT, LITTLE MUSICIAN!'"

Mrs. Magniac's side upon the sofa a figure which instantly struck her as a familiar one.

And as he raised his head and stared at her she recognised the hard face of St. John Baker, who evidently had no intention of renewing his previous acquaintance with her, for no gleam of recognition came into his eyes.

She returned his glance haughtily, and the recollection of their last painful interview jarred upon her mind, and made her quiver with pride as she noted the insolence of his expression.

When the music was over and Tessie rose to retire for the night Baker was nearest to the door, but he paid absolutely no attention to her movements, and had it not been for Lord Chesney, who pushed forward to her help, she would have been obliged, laden as she was with heavy music, to open the door for herself.

She thanked him with an eloquent look, and hurried up to the schoolroom.

He was evidently the only true gentleman in the house—the only one who thought it the least necessary to be civil to the governess.

As it was still early she slipped off her evening gown and put on a soft white wrapper, a relic of her days of many gowns.

Then she went into the schoolroom, took up a book, and settled herself into an armchair for an hour's comfortable enjoyment.

The girls would, of course, have been in bed for some time, and as their room was next in the corridor to the schoolroom, they were still under her eye.

As the time crept on, Tessie heard the ladies come upstairs, and separate for the night outside the door.

She caught one or two laughing remarks about "the little governess," and Miss Home's gruff tones in reply—

"She's too pretty for her position, my lady ; and if I have a chance I'll do her a good turn, poor, pretty little creature."

"My good Home," cried Lady Silverdale's shrill accents, "she is far too pretty to get on in life, and our beloved hostess is jealous of her already ; she monopolises far too much of——"

"Hush !" said Miss Home cautiously, and they rustled away.

Tessie laughed a little to herself, though her cheeks were burning and her eyes full of indignation.

The light in which she was regarded in the house was far from being an agreeable one ; still, she could extract a good deal of amusement from its contemplation and from the jealousy of these fine ladies, who "made up" so carefully to conceal the ravages of years, but who could still be envious of a young girl without advantage of dress or position.

She sat thinking over the strangeness of human nature till the clock over the stables struck twelve, and she rose to her feet hastily and lighted her bedroom candle, preparatory to putting out the electric light.

As she did so she became aware that some stealthy step was creeping up the passage, and she heard the heavy breathing of a man outside the door.

"Lalla, Lalla, are you there ?"

She recognised in the hoarse whisper the voice of St. John Baker, and flinging open the door she faced him with an indignant face.

"What do you mean, sir," she said, "by daring to address *my* pupil at this time of night ? Miss Magniac long ago went to her own room. What right have you in the schoolroom corridor ?"

Baker started back when he saw the tall white-robed figure holding the candle above her head.

He had little expected to be confronted by Tessie, and the shock of the encounter at first deprived him of his self-possession.

"I really did not expect to see you here," he stammered.

"I should think not," said the girl, with withering scorn.

Every detail of the man's figure was so repulsive to her, from the diamond ring on his white, cruel-looking hand to the scarlet velvet of his smoking coat.

Her words stung him into coolness again, and he felt for his eye-glass, which in his confusion he had let fall.

"Really, Miss—ah—Humphreys, I believe ?"

"You know my name, sir, well enough, and you know also that had it not been for your villainy, or knavery, I should not have been occupying my present position in this house," returned Tessie haughtily.

"Enough of that nonsense," he said roughly ; then, falling into his usual smooth voice, he continued : "Really, your tone towards me is a little surprising, Miss Humphreys. I am on my way to my room after an exciting, and, let me say, costly game of billiards with my host, and seeing a light in this room at an extraordinarily late hour, I naturally conclude that one of my little friends is burning the midnight oil. *Voilà tout !*"

"The girls are, neither of them, very *little*," said Tessie in her most stately tone, "and if you will kindly allow me to pass, Mr. Baker, I will go to my room."

It was unfortunate that at this juncture Mrs. Magniac should have chosen the schoolroom corridor for a nocturnal ramble. But she had that day left a book upon the table, which she was most anxious to finish before sleeping.

And so it happened that she came upon the two figures at the schoolroom door with a suddenness that gave them no time for flight.

That her appearance was absolutely unpremeditated was evident from the complete dishabille of her attire.

She had donned a tea-gown which had long ago seen its best days, and her face wore an extraordinary look of incompleteness, the effect of the removal of every atom of paint and pearl powder.

"Miss Humphreys and Mr. Baker !" she said in a voice of astonishment, all the more angry in that they

had discovered some of the secrets of her toilette. "I am too much astonished for words."

"The meeting was purely accidental," said Baker in a voice of great annoyance. "I was merely passing the door and this young lady chanced to come out upon me unexpectedly."

He bowed and hurried away, knowing that his hostess would be far more grateful to him for his departure than for his excuses, and the two women were left alone together.

Mrs. Magniac, with lifted brows, surveyed her governess from head to foot.

"May I beg to state that I will not permit this conduct in my house, Miss Humphreys? It is not usually considered *respectable* to have a rendezvous with a gentleman at midnight."

The pure scorn of Tessie's beautiful eyes shone into her malignant angry ones.

"Do you think that I would do such a thing—above all, with such a man?" she said, in clear ringing tones of indignation. "Mr. Baker was in search of your daughter Lalla, and called her name outside the door."

Mrs. Magniac laughed unpleasantly.

"I suppose that you think I am a fool," she said. "However, so long as it does not happen again, there is no harm done."

She had suddenly remembered that the girl was a musical genius, and as such an invaluable possession for a woman whose great ambition in life was to make her house known for the talent and the brilliancy of its inmates.

"Good-night, Mrs. Magniac," said Tessie suddenly.

She felt that she could bear no more—that another word would utterly break her down.

It was such an unfortunate beginning to her life at Mervyn Court, and she wished with all her heart that

"'YOU LITTLE FIEND! YOU LITTLE MARPLOT!'" (*p.* 27).

she had gone straight to her own room, instead of lingering in the schoolroom.

"I am very tired, and I think that I cannot bear any more to-night."

No pity came into the hard eyes as Mrs. Magniac stared at the quivering, sensitive face, but she bowed and swept haughtily onwards to her own room.

It was only when Tessie was alone that she allowed herself to break down.

She realised her loneliness as she missed her mother's tender good-night kiss, and the warm touch of Phyllis's loving arms.

She was alone and homesick. But she was now a woman out in the world, vowed to battle in the field of life, and with all her strength she prayed that she might not be conquered in single fight.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

"LALLA, I do wonder how, at your age, anyone *can* be so stupid!" said Tessie in despair as she gazed at her pupil, sitting stolidly in a lump, with her elbows on the table. "This is the easiest bit of French that anyone could give you to do! A girl of your age ought to think *nothing* of it. Why, when I was ten years old I could have done more than this!"

"Then I suppose you were a genius," returned Lalla sullenly; "and I am not one, and what is more I don't want to be any different from what I am."

Tessie looked at her whimsically, and Isobel, who was always inclined to ingratiate herself with the "powers that be," said glibly—

"Lalla, how absurd; why, no one will marry you when you grow up if you look so dowdy and so stupid as you are now!"

Sudden passion flared darkly in Lalla's eyes, and proved, to Tessie's amazement, that Lalla had capabilities of beauty which only needed rousing to be developed.

"You little pert idiot!" she said, her mouth quivering with anger. "Do you imagine that no one admires me already? Do you——"

Then she stopped dead short, and took up her exercise book.

"Instead of abusing me, perhaps you will show me how to do it?" she concluded; and Tessie was too much taken aback to rebuke the impertinence of the words.

But when lessons were over, and the girls had departed to their various amusements, Tessie began to wonder over Lalla's sudden awakening to life. Had there been any truth in her half-suggested words, and if so, why did *she* connect St. John Baker with the girl's transient flash of beauty?

She must watch Lalla carefully, and above all, poor, neglected child, win her affection if possible; for by love and tenderness many a stony heart has been melted.

Presently she heard the girls' voices outside, raised in what was evidently a sharp quarrel; and into the room they came, jangling and arguing—Lalla in her outdoor clothes, and Isobel dangling her hat by its string.

"What *is* the matter, children?" said Tessie wearily. "And, my dear Lalla, what have you put your best clothes on for? Surely your old hat would have done for the garden."

For the girl, in a gown of some soft, clinging material, and a big black hat bright with Parma violets, looked wonderfully well, and Tessie again saw the strange look of beauty flit across her face.

"Well, Miss Humphreys," she began sulkily, "if you were as tired as I am of the dreary schoolroom and my old serge frock you would not be surprised at my taking every opportunity of escaping from both of them."

"It isn't that! It isn't that!" cried Isobel impishly, with a cunning laugh. "She's going to meet someone near the Red Deer Forest; I know she is, because I saw her with someone else in one of the glades yesterday."

If looks could have slain, Lalla would have killed her sister on the spot.

Tessie noticed that the girl's fingers were playing dangerously near a pair of sharp cutting-out scissors, and fearing a serious injury, she sternly despatched Isobel to her room, and summoned Ada to take her for a walk, so that she might have the field clear for action.

Lalla sauntered over to the open window, and knelt upon the window seat, letting her handkerchief dangle in the fresh breeze that was dancing in among the honeysuckle and the ivy.

"What are you doing, Lalla?" said Tessie, coming upon her suddenly, and scanning the landscape with an eager air of anxiety.

She feared she did not know what, but she knew that the main thing was at present to avert Lalla's suspicions.

"Seeing which way the wind blows," said Lalla curtly; "and as it is due south I think I will go out to the gardener's lodge about those geranium-cuttings mamma wished me to speak about. I will be home in plenty of time for lunch, Miss Humphreys."

And she sauntered out of the room.

This was always supposed to be one of Tessie's quiet hours when she was not expected to be with her pupils, so that in reality there was nothing strange in Lalla's behaviour.

Tessie sat down by the window, half hidden by the curtain, to watch; and presently she was rewarded by seeing Baker stroll out of one of the conservatories and walk up the avenue, and between the trees a glimpse of a bright gown straying under cover of leafage and fern towards the same destination.

It was what Tessie had dreaded, and she prepared for action with a beating heart.

It was the work of a moment to slip on her hat and leave the house by the avenue door.

But she walked very cautiously, as she did not want to scare her couple by coming upon them too soon.

She knew that it would be thoroughly necessary to

establish her conviction before coming upon the guilty pair, or Baker would, with his calm insolence, deny everything.

He was quite capable of laughing to scorn the very testimony of her eyes, and she was determined to risk no such affront.

She came up with them through the mist of foliage, where the pale green beech leaves wove their arms tightly round the richer green of the fuller oak.

They were walking arm in arm ; or, rather, Baker's arm was slipped round Lalla's waist, and she was half reclining with her head on his shoulder.

They paused under the oak behind which Tessie stood hidden, her cheeks burning, her eyes aflame with the knowledge of the man's villainy.

"Darling," said Baker in a low, caressing voice, which, however, was quite distinct enough to reach Tessie's ears, "has no one really ever told you before how lovely you are? Your eyes so dark and beautiful —true eyes of the south—and your lips, sweetest, dewiest rosebuds."

For an instant Tessie felt an overpowering desire to burst into a fit of laughter at the epithets so quaintly bestowed upon her pupil.

Were ever lips more unlike rosebuds than Lalla's two sulky ones?

But still, at that moment she looked almost pretty, with all the woman in her aroused to life, strange infatuation shining in her eyes.

Tessie felt a shiver of disgust pass through her as she saw Baker stoop down and press a kiss upon the girl's cheek. It was so carelessly done—so palpably unloving a caress, that Tessie realised at that instant the reason of Baker's pretended passion.

He cared nothing for Lalla, save that she was an heiress, and money was the one passion of his greedy soul.

"Mamma and papa will never consent," she said plaintively. "They would never allow us to be married. When I am too big to be kept in the schoolroom any longer mamma is going to take me up to London and marry me to a duke."

Through the oak branches Tessie caught the contempt that curled the man's lips, but he checked it at once.

"Darling, we will be married privately. Not a soul shall know it save we two. We will——"

"Mr. Baker, allow me to say that this young lady is in my charge," said Tessie with calm triumph, stepping out on to the sward, and taking Lalla's arm.

The girl fell back with a scream, and Baker uttered an oath so deep and so blasphemous that Tessie shivered.

"You little fiend! You little marplot!" he hissed through his clenched teeth; "what are you doing here?"

"I am doing what I shall have the honour of reporting to Mrs. Magniac later on," said Tessie, turning from him with the stately carriage of an empress. "Lalla, my poor, misguided child, do you know that that man is a villain? Come home with me."

Without a word Baker marched off up the sunlit road, and Lalla sullenly followed her governess, with a quietness at which Tessie marvelled.

"What made you do such a foolish thing, Lalla?" said Tessie at last, with grave gentleness. "Do you not know that it is terribly wrong to allow an unprincipled man to make love to you privately? And do you not know that none but an unprincipled man would have taken advantage of your youth?"

"No, I don't!" said the girl savagely. "He said that you were a regular meddlesome thing, and——"

"Lalla, I cannot allow you to speak to me in such a fashion."

"Oh! Miss Humphreys," broke in Lalla with a sob, "if you knew how dull I was before he came, and how little amusement I have had in my life, you would not wonder at my delighting in his love."

His love!

Tessie's lips curled as she thought of the sallow, dark face, and the restless, unlovely eyes of St. John Baker. What a mockery to call this clandestine affair by the name of the most hallowed gift that has been given to men, and which turns life into a heaven.

"Lalla, I entreat you to believe me," she said eagerly. "Wait a little longer—do not give your heart away until you have seen the world and the men in it who are worthy of love."

But Lalla was sullen once more.

"I will never give him up as long as I live!" she said.

And Tessie, in despair, left her, and knocked at the door of Mrs. Magniac's boudoir.

She had made up her mind to the unpleasant task of telling Lalla's mother, for she felt it to be her duty to allow no chance to slip of persuading the girl of her folly, and of showing up Baker in his true light to the inmates of the house.

At her gentle knock there was a laugh in the room that froze her with disgust, and Baker himself lounged out, and gave her a vicious nod of triumph.

"A little too late on the scenes, my young lady," he said under his breath; and strolled off down the passage, humming a snatch of song.

Mrs. Magniac was standing with her back to the window when the girl entered, and the soft light did not conceal the concentrated fury that was expressed in every beautiful feature.

"And so, Miss Humphreys," she said, with a quick movement of her jewelled hands, "you have been going to considerable lengths in my house under the impression that I was not aware of your behaviour. Your meeting with Mr. Baker that night was at least not accidental on *your* part, and the thought that now you are anxious to implicate my poor, innocent child on account of your disappointed envy and love——"

Tessie lifted her exquisite eyes from the contemplation of the diamond serpent that was flashing and

writhing on Mrs. Magniac's wrist, and fixed them on the angry woman's face.

"I cannot allow such an idea to remain in your mind for one instant, madam," she said. "Mr. Baker was the cause of my father's ruin, and since I came and found him here he has tried to be offensive to me in every possible fashion. I scorn to deny that I love him, for the feeling which dominates my whole heart towards him is—God help me!—the bitterest dislike. But can you not save Lalla, whom I found to-day——"

"I will not hear one single word," cried Mrs. Magniac, stamping her foot passionately on the ground. "Mr. Baker has already warned me of every word that you were likely to speak. You, a mere governess, with no style about you whatever, to imagine that every gentleman in my house is in love with you—to court their attention—to——"

"Mrs. Magniac, I can endure no more," said Tessie faintly, laying one trembling hand upon her heart. "I must leave this house to-morrow."

"Leave it, for goodness' sake," shrieked the fury. "I will send you your wages by one of the servants to-night, and I must request that you do not come down as usual to the drawing-room. Mr. Baker says he can no longer endure the marked way in which you pursue him and demand his attentions."

The girl bowed and hurried from the room, overcome with horror.

When she reached the outer corridor she caught sight of Baker lounging against the wall with a cigar in his mouth.

He waved his hand to her gaily, and disappeared down the wide staircase, doubled up with silent laughter.

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

EMBROIDERED BOOK-COVERS.

DECORATION FOR TWIN PRAYER AND HYMN BOOKS.

WHILST it is an incontrovertible fact that dainty and artistic bindings often stand in the way of the real use of books, yet there are few who can deny that beautiful exteriors, fittingly enshrining the still more beautiful thoughts within, add greatly to their pleasure in literature. Delicate bindings make the true following out of the Grolier motto, "for self and friends," little short of a heavy penance to many of us. Everyone feels that books are to read—not to look at. Everyone likewise feels that having gained some good from a book he should like others to have the same chance; and it is only the very selfish who do not wish to share pleasure with their friends. But there is no question that to find books we have treasured return, after many days, scratched and with bent corners is a severe trial of friendship.

In spite of all this, dainty coverings never fail to attract us. We like to see them about our rooms. In old days kings and queens, and a few of the nobility, were the proud possessors of books bound magnificently in embossed silver, highly decorated leather, gilded and silvered papier-maché, embroidered velvet and silk. Books *were* treasures in those times; now they are so innumerable that they are tossed about anyhow by half of their owners.

Women have during the last few years woke up to the fact that it is not alone the wealthy who can indulge their desires of seeing their favourite volumes in suitable garb. The costly, rare, old specimens of book-binding are in the hands of collectors, or in museums, and it is well that such is the case, for they are out of harm's way; but it is quite within any woman's power to make covers every whit as perfect as the old ones. These cannot have the interest of the antique specimens, but time goes on only too fast, and a century or two hence our embroideries will be treasured for the sake of past associations in their turn; meantime, we can enjoy them to our hearts' content.

The modern fashion of embroidering book-covers admits of great variation. It would seem that velvet and silk were the two chosen materials in the days of our ancestresses who followed the art. They indulged in a lavish use of gold and silver, and whilst conventionalised floral designs were general, yet figures and animals were not tabooed. There is a well-known, quaint old book-cover in the British Museum on which a stiff, unnatural rose-tree is worked; the red roses and leaves are quite out of proportion to the size of the tree. At the four corners of the front cover are deer in queer attitudes, and decidedly of the Noah's Ark build; whilst snakes and other creatures are seen in the midst of foliage, for the rose-tree grows in a park. On another book Tudor roses form the pretty, simple decoration. Both are from the old Royal Collection—one is the "Orationis Dominicæ Explicatio;"

the other, "De Antiquitate Britannicæ Ecclesiæ." The roses could be easily reproduced, but the deer and rose-tree could only be copied satisfactorily by an experienced hand.

The materials which are now most fashionably used are velvet, silk, satin, and silk brocades. All the best covers are made of one of these ; then come the linen and serge covers. These two simpler materials are much liked for books to be used in bedrooms, more especially the linen. Of quite a different style, but as charming as any of the most beautiful silken covers, are the embroidered parchment bindings. The smooth white surface is a good set-off to the delicately tinted decorations in silk. Not quite so popular, though more durable, are the bindings of coloured kid and chamois leather.

Many are the means employed in decorating all these covers. Silks of almost numberless shades are available, and these also vary greatly in make. A very soft, fine silk is used for the parchment work ; and the washing silks, which will stand boiling, are by many workers preferred to the flax threads, which, however, still hold their own for the embroideries on linen. Gold and silver bullion, cord and thread are not only employed for enriching coloured silk designs, but a whole decoration is occasionally carried out by their aid alone. Spangles, either of gold or silver, are freely introduced ; as are also "jewels," mounted and unmounted. The mounted jewels are generally large ; four of oval shape are placed one at each corner of a book-cover, and possibly a round one will be set in the centre. They are only seen on large books, the bindings being generally of velvet.

EMBROIDERED DESIGN ON WHITE AND SILVER BROCADE.
(*Photographed from a Design by Messrs. Vicars & Poirson, 104, Newgate Street, E.C.*)

A prayer book covered with red velvet of a quiet tone can be effectively worked with a gold cross outlined with gold thread. The cross can be done with silk or with bullion, and the corners ornamented in imitation of the pierced gilt ones so often seen on velvet books. For this decoration the bullion is better than silk; but some workers object to using it on account of the cost. Nothing is more suitable as a decoration for velvet covers than the Tudor rose. The designs in which this flower figures are manifold. It is charming, done in silver bullion, outlined with silver cord on dark-green velvet ; the stems and leaves done with green silk, and edged with cord. Yellow and white is a favourite combination. Here is a suggestion which a novice could carry out successfully. A cover of yellow velvet, just touched with a copper tinge, is decorated with appliques of white corded silk. A tracing is made on the silk, then it is laid on the velvet, cut out, and outlined with two rows of gold thread, the veining of leaves and marking of petals being also given with gold thread. Yellow silk is used for sewing down the gold thread. Only one thread must be sewn down at a time, and the silk stitches must be straight across it. Different effects are secured by using silks of contrasting colours for this purpose. On a soft golden-green velvet a design is wrought out with laid-work in gold and cream silks, and the outlines are of gold thread, sewn down with red silk. The thread is of a copper tint, and the warm effect is strengthened by the silk stitches. In laid-work the silk is carried straight across from one edge of a flower petal, for example, to the other. The whole petal is closely covered and the strands of silk are sewn down, four or five at a time, with long stitches at right angles, and at regular distances apart. Lattice-work and lace-stitches are sometimes done on this flat grounding in place of the right-angle stitches just mentioned. Laid-work should always be outlined. It is much used in Florentine and Venetian designs. Flowers must be conventionalised for the decoration of velvet book-covers. The introduction of the small oval and round jewels expedites the work ; they make a showy piece with very little trouble, but it is probable that their popularity will not be of a lengthened period ; so, if our book-cover is to be a real work of art which will be admired throughout several generations, the jewel embroidery should not be selected.

The thick corded silk and damask covers are even

prettier than the velvet. These materials lend themselves better to embroideries ; finer work can be done on them and the designs are usually more elaborate. White or delicately-tinted silks are preferred, though all colours are permissible. Conventionalised and naturalistic flowers are equally suitable on these fabrics, but there is no doubt that the former for all decorative work are the most artistic and satisfactory. We tire far sooner of naturalistic flower designs than of conventional. Tulips, roses, and lilies are some of the favourite flowers when conventionalised, forget-me-nots and violets being chosen constantly when naturalistic effects are desired. These last are charming as powderings on white or cream silk. If a rich brocade is in hand, only a little embroidery is needed. For instance, a white brocade with flowers woven with silver thread will have green foliage worked on it with silks, and the centres of the shaded pink flowers enriched with French knots or lace-stitches done with yellow silks.

White, silver-grey, and cream corded silks make lovely covers. One of the most taking decorations is a conventionalised tulip design with border, the colours used for the flower being cream and pale pink, with touches of the old-fashioned puce at the tips of the petals. The leaves are of shades of yellow-green. In the border the colours are repeated with the addition of silver thread. The ground may be sparsely sprinkled with tiny silver spangles. Now that reproductions of old embroideries are all "the go," puce shades are well to the fore in most pieces of work; they are more especially used on light-coloured and white grounds. Another style of ornamentation which is uncommon is the "lace design." The embroidery is done to look like old rose-point appliques. Naturally, the design must be arranged specially to suit the size of the books. A margin of the silk, an inch or less wide, shows beyond the edge of the lace. The embroidery is done in black silk on white, thick, corded-silk cover, or on white ground the lace may be white also. The design being much raised in parts, it stands out effectively without the contrast of colour. A pale shade of cream may be used to give the appearance of old lace, but no other colour must ever be employed, for coloured lace, except black, is a barbarism ; and on no account should gold or silver be introduced here. Louis Quinze designs of baskets and garlands of flowers are pretty for books of lyric poems and the lighter kinds of literature.

PADDED FLOWERS FOR LINEN EMBROIDERIES.

Small books are sometimes bound together, such as prayer-books and hymns, or two volumes of poetry. They are then bound so as to open in contrary directions ; the back of one lies parallel to the front edges of the other, so each must be perfectly covered before being attached to the other. These twin books are fashionable for wedding presents, more especially the prayer and hymn books. The reverse sides of books are generally decorated slightly. A narrow border with ornamental corners and a centre pattern are all that is requisite, except in the case of the double books, and these should be decorated in equally good style on both sides. The backs of all books are finished with narrow bands of work ; sometimes the title is added, or the name of the author. Monograms occupy the centre or left-hand top corner of some covers, and on others mottoes are given, but seldom in the best embroideries. These are mostly reserved for the linen or serge covers, to the consideration of which we now come.

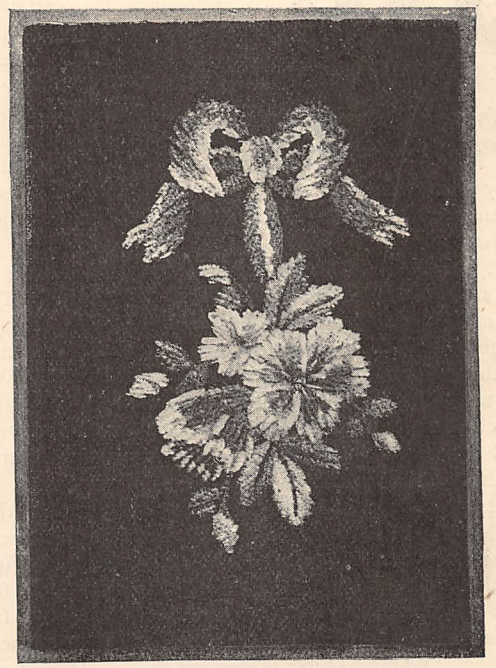
White and blue linen bear away the palm, but cream and a quiet red (Venetian) are also liked, and yellow is not forgotten. For designs, we have conventionalised and naturalistic flowers, but fruit (of many kinds) is the greatest novelty. Strawberries and cherries are mixed with flowers ; lemons and oranges are seen, as branches, each alone. Then there are plums, figs, and, of course, the ubiquitous pomegranates—the best of all fruits for decorative purpose, as artists, old and modern, all agree. Fruit and flowers are worked flat or in high relief—the latter is the mode of the moment. Flowers which are conventionalised are thickly padded, then worked with flax threads in one colour only, or white ; the petals are outlined with French knots, and the centres, which are flat, are filled in with lace-stitches. The leaves are only slightly raised ; one half of a leaf will be closely worked over padding, the other half will show the linen ground, being only veined and outlined. It goes without saying that several colours can be used in the work, but the blue linen with white embroideries are most fashionable. On the other hand, the fruit and flower designs, many of which may be adapted from old illuminated books, are carried out on white linen in natural colourings, even to the bright red strawberries and golden pips. On white, again, a bold foliage design done in white flax threads and outlines of rather thick cord is admirable. The border may be

of cord arranged as lattice-work with lace-stitches between. All the articles in a bedroom which can be embroidered should correspond in material, colour and design; these include writing-table sets, work-bags, footstool-covers and toilet-slips.

The parchment work is the most difficult of all, but it is well worth accomplishing. Glove needles are used for it, and the great point to remember is that no wrong stitches can be made without detriment to the whole piece, for the holes pierced with the needle, if beyond the outlines, will always show; so it is impossible to unpick work on parchment. Then the stitches must be close enough to each other for the work to look fine, but never so close that the skin is split. Satin stitch is principally employed on parchment, though French knots and lace-stitches may relieve the pattern. The lace-work is done on the satin-stitch grounding. Light sprays of climbers, like the wild rose and the honeysuckle, thrown on the parchment to look as natural as possible, make the daintiest decorations. As a general rule the shades of colour used are pale; a brightly coloured flower spray looks too showy. Delicate pink, water-blue, soft yellow-green and blue-green, cream and pale gold are the most appropriate. Sometimes richer colouring is desired, then a conventional flower piece—possibly an adaptation from a bit of old Florentine—is chosen. Rich blues and reds are then combined with cream, and light green added in small quantities. The outlines will probably be of two rows of gold, which are sewn *on*, never *through*, the parchment. The naturalistic flower pieces are not outlined at all and gold thread is not used in them. Borderings of forget-me-nots with their own foliage are done in their natural colouring. In the best examples of parchment embroidery the blending of the colours is so perfect, the gradations of shades are so subtle, that we are reminded of exquisite paintings rather than pieces of needlework. At the same time, the pureness of the silks and the extreme evenness of the stitches give all the sheen of satin.

Frames are used by all workers in embroidering book-covers of any value whatever. Light silks and parchment soil without the greatest care, and they must be fingered as little as possible while the decoration is in progress, and they should always be kept in a piece of muslin or linen between whiles.

Ladies often cover their books themselves, but this they can get done for them. Silk covers may be sewn on, in which case the inner side of the binding is lined with plain silk or satin of the same colour as the outside. The sewing must be very neat and just *within* the edge of the cover. The binding of the book itself must, of course, be quite plain, as any irregularities would show through the silk. Just the edges of the silk should be pasted and turned over the inside of the binding. The inside lining of silk or satin must be stretched over the thinnest cardboard obtainable, the edges only to be pasted down over the back of the card. It is then laid in the book and stitched to the outside cover. Another plan is to put on the outside cover, pasting the edges as before, then line with



DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY ON PARCHMENT.
(Photographed from a Design by Messrs. Vicars & Poirson, 104, Newgate Street, E.C.)

white paper with satiny surface. This paper must be a double sheet; one half lines the cover, the other is pasted over the first page of the book.

To go back for a moment to the silk cover. It should always be cut a good deal larger than the book; for one reason, it has to be put on the frame, and, again, large turnings make the covering process easier. Whenever possible, slip the silk, after having cut it so as to make this practicable, between the back of the book-binding and the leaves. When this cannot be done the silk must be doubled in and just caught with a stitch to the binding at top and bottom of the back of the book. The loose covers need no description. They are intended for railway time-tables and cheap novels.

E. CROSSLEY.

TOO TIGHT CLOTHING.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THERE is an old French saying to the effect that we must suffer if we would be beautiful. However true this may be as regards moral characteristics, it is certainly erroneous when applied to physical appearance. There is no beauty in deformity—and to the trained and observant eye there is something repulsive in the painfully distorted foot and the contracted waist—too often seen in those who faithfully follow the follies of fashion.

It is difficult to persuade some people that there is beauty merely in perfect health and vigorous life. Yet we cannot see a prettier sight than the healthy play of a group of children at an age when conventional clothing has not placed its restraints upon them. We do not think of the regularity of feature or of details of clothing at such a time ; we admire the activity and grace of movement, and—above all—the natural healthiness of the children.

It is to be regretted that, in his exhaustive work on the Philosophy of Clothes, Carlyle did not add a chapter on the influence of tight clothing on happiness. Perhaps he thought the dignity of his subject was too great for him to descend to a criticism of the follies in dress for which so many women (and men) suffer in silence. The first and main object of wearing clothes is to protect the body—to keep it warm in cold weather and cool in hot weather. Mere personal adornment was originally a secondary consideration. Clothes act in virtue of being bad conductors of heat and so preventing the too quick passage of heat to or from the body. Different kinds of materials are efficacious according to the slowness or quickness with which they allow the conduction of heat. Woollen materials are best (hence the value of woollen underclothing, which tends to maintain a very equable temperature of the body—so that we are better able to withstand sudden changes of weather, draughts, etc.), and an order of comparative merit through furs, silk, and cotton, to linen might be drawn up. But in this paper I propose to consider more particularly the influence upon health of tight-fitting clothing.

The more loosely clothing fits, the less it conducts heat, because a layer of air is interposed between it and the body—and air is an exceedingly bad conductor of heat. This protecting layer of air enables the body in winter to keep its normal temperature the more easily, because the heat given off at the surface of the body passes slowly through it ; whereas if the clothing fit too closely to the skin, heat is dissipated with much greater rapidity. In summer time, on the other hand, the air in which we move is not so warm as the objects upon which the sun's rays fall directly, and so the surface of the clothes may become much hotter than the air surrounding them. The advantage of the layer of air is obvious also in this case. Therefore we see that in hot and in cold weather, too tightly-fitting clothing defeats the first and great object of wearing clothes and tends to exhaust the bodily strength and make it unfit for work.

Again, the clothing must be so constructed as not to interfere with the freedom of the movement of any part of the body ; otherwise the due performance of some function is interfered with, so that injury results. There are two articles of clothing very frequently worn too tight. A small foot may be a desirable possession, but it is useless to attempt to obtain it by the compression of the foot by too small a pair of boots. Freedom of movement is at once impaired and graceful easy walking is a sheer impossibility. The victim of tight boots is self-revealed by the ungainly gait—a much more conspicuous infirmity than a large foot. In addition to the discomfort necessarily experienced, permanent injury may be caused to the structures of the foot. Deformity of the toes results, and one particular deformity, known as "Hammer toe," is often thus produced, the pressure of the boot causing the toes to override one another. The great toe becomes turned outwards, the ball becomes unduly prominent and walking becomes difficult. A commoner result of a tight shoe is the formation of corns. Whenever any part of the body is subjected to intermittent pressure, thickening of the tissues occurs at that spot, and a corn is the result—which is capable of causing extreme pain, especially if slightly inflamed. The ill-effects of tight shoes are sometimes increased by having the heel (which is generally much too high) placed almost under the middle of the foot and the climax of absurdity is reached by making the front of the shoe point sharply. By this type of shoe ingrowing toe nail—a most painful condition—is often induced.

The corset is also very frequently worn too tight. I recognise the futility of protest. I admit its usefulness, but I also assert its pernicious influence when too tight. As a means of support the corset is doubtless of use, but worn too tightly it presses down the diaphragm, and it interferes with the organs of digestion and circulation. It is notorious how frequently very tightly-laced ladies suffer from chronic indigestion. How often do they faint in church and other places where the heat may be excessive ! Nor is the effect of tight clothing confined to such complaints. The bones and organs suffer from its influence, and after death they are found to be deeply grooved corresponding to the points of pressure and greatly displaced. I have no doubt whatever but that many of the nervous complaints from which women suffer originate in this way.

Nor are men altogether free from this fault of tight-

lacing. Many wear tight belts, especially when about to engage in violent exercise. Rupture may thus be caused.

The frequency with which soldiers are affected has been attributed—no other cause can be assigned—to the tight tunic in which they are habitually dressed. Tight cravats are also injurious ; the neck should be loosely clothed. Tight garters interfere with the flow of blood through the veins, and a tendency to varicose veins results. How great the influence of tight clothing is, is shown by a comparison of the frequency with which soldiers and sailors suffer from diseases of the great blood vessels.

Pressure of clothing from its weight may also act injuriously. The full-flowing long skirts are suspended from the waist, which is thus tightly compressed.

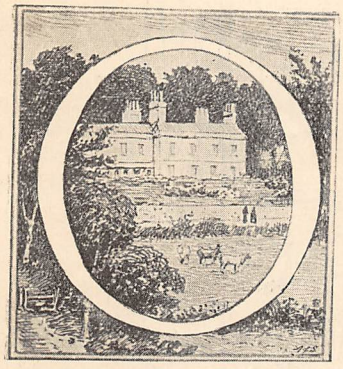
Lastly, tight gloves may cause much discomfort. I know of no more painful sensation than that produced by wearing a tightly-fitting pair of kid gloves on a cold day.

The only defence of tight clothing which has been offered is that it is a dictate of fashion and that it is artistic. It can never be too fully realised that a bust out of all proportion to a small waist is a defiance of the laws of symmetry, and its incongruity is its most definite and absolute condemnation. Any interference with the natural conformation of the body re-acts by interfering with some bodily function and when the bodily functions are hampered and checked, injury to some particular part generally results. Very often the general health suffers, and another victim is sacrificed to the ruthless dictates of fashion.

THE FORTUNES OF THE GREY HOUSE.

BY J. E. HODGSON, R.A.

I.



OUR village occupies a commanding position. It is scattered along the crest of a semicircular ridge, and if we take in one or two outlying houses and farms which seem naturally to belong to it, it covers more than two miles of ground. In the very centre of the semicircle stands the Grey House. There are houses to which any name seems appropriate, and you may call them Towers, or Granges, or Manors: it is all the same, and when a new occupier takes a fancy to alter the name to some other, that seems to do just as well. But the Grey House could never have had any other name. Standing on the crest of a hill, with its long frontage of flint and brick and its slate roof, it is seen like a landmark for miles around. Every coach-driver and carrier, every travelling showman and tinker —every creature, in fact, that moves along the roads and lanes, must know it well, and recognise it to himself as the old Grey House. What helps to make it conspicuous is its dark setting of massive trees—old elms and chestnuts, into whose leafy recesses no ray of sunlight seems able to penetrate. The knowledge of those trees must have been propagated for centuries amongst the feathered tribes, and carried into far distant lands. It is the first resting place of the nightingales when they appear in April ; there they assemble in such numbers that I have heard an inmate of the Grey House, though the most patient and long-suffering of mortals, declare that it was even possible to have "too much nightingale."

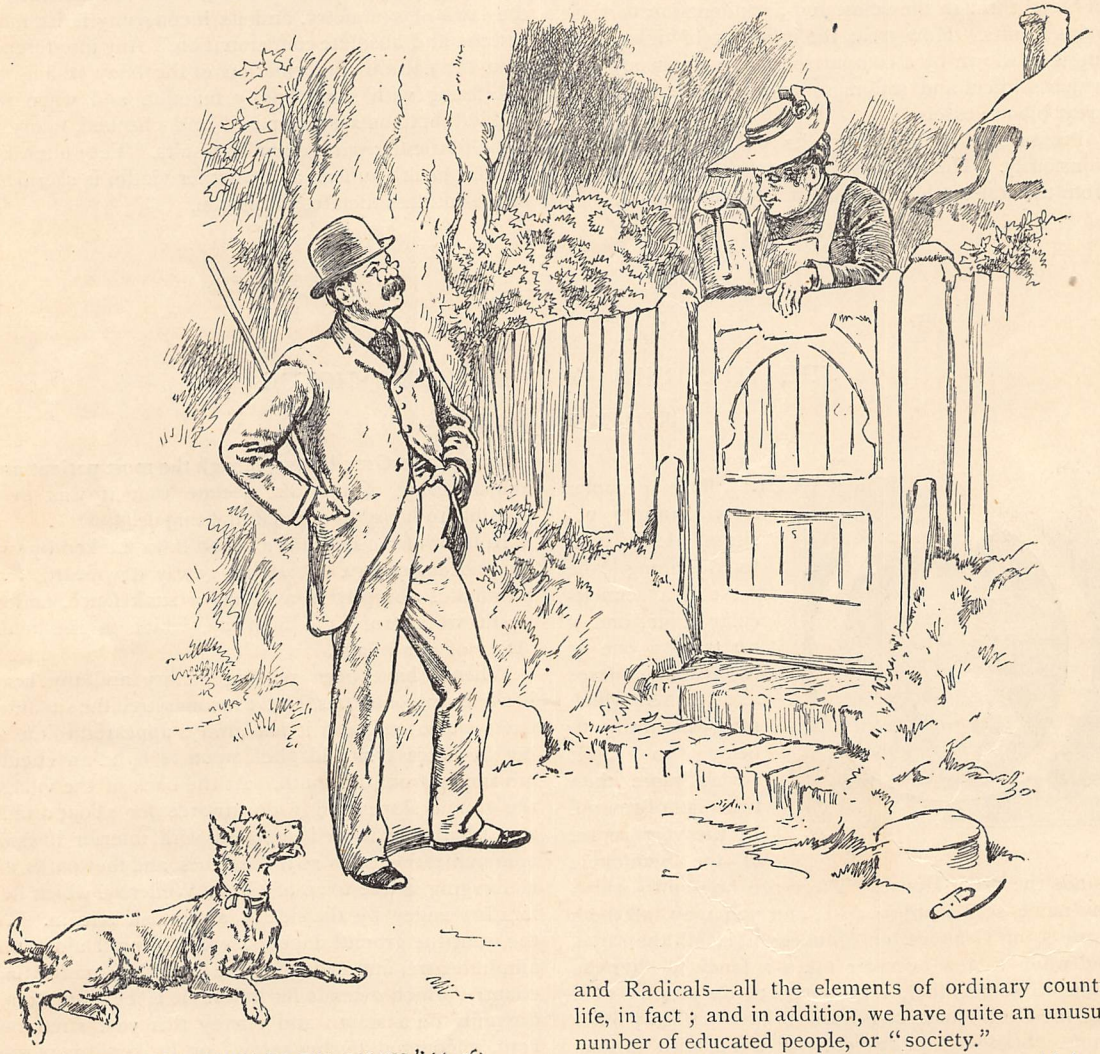
In front of the house is a broad lawn flanked by two magnificent cedars. It slopes gently downward, and terminates abruptly in a haha, or sunk fence, underneath which runs the highway, which is the main artery of our village.

When I have been reading history and my head has been full of battles, I have reconnoitred the situation from end to end, and it has always appeared to me to be the place I should pitch upon to fight an enemy advancing from the south. At the back of the village the ground slopes gently downwards for about a mile and a half. It is well supplied with interior lines of communication, such as roads, lanes, and foot-paths, all converging in the town of Great Wellerby, which lies in a low valley by the side of a sluggish stream. To the front the ground slopes steeply down all along the amphitheatre, and ends in a flat or slightly undulating country, which extends for miles. It is beautiful to sit dreamily on a stump and survey this vast stretch of land, chequered by hedgerows or broken by purple masses of beech woods ; to follow it through its "changing zones of light and shade," until the eye rests on the dim blue line of the Chiltern Hills in the extreme distance.

About the flanks of the position, strategically considered, I feel a little doubtful, especially about the right flank, where the land slopes tamely, and ends in an almost level road which leads straight into Great Wellerby. I have had misgivings that an enterprising enemy might give me trouble in that quarter ; but I feel a serene confidence that my centre would be quite impregnable.

The Grey House would, of course, be my headquarters. Seated on the verandah in front of the house, with a

powerful glass I could observe every manœuvre of the advancing enemy. The town of Great Wellerby in my rear, with its butchers', bakers', and grocers' shops and its public-houses, would, of course, be my base from whence I drew my supplies. I should plant a battery of guns on the edge of the haha, another in the churchyard on my extreme right, to command a



"SHE ALWAYS COMES TO THE PALING" (*p.* 36).

steep road which comes over the common, and a third in what is known as Fagg's Farm, which stands on a knoll on my extreme right; and with a good staff of *aides-de-camp* mounted on serviceable nags to carry my orders from flank to flank, and if necessary to gallop down to Great Wellerby for more provisions, I should await an attack with perfect confidence.

This digression—for I fear it is one—has been introduced for the benefit of military readers and students of Allison's "History," who will understand from it instantly the nature and lay of the land occupied by our village of Little Wellerby.

It is unlike others in some respects. We have our blacksmith, our shoemaker, two carpenters, our shop where they sell everything, from bacon to brandy-balls, our deserving families and our undeserving, our poor old women who struggle to exist on two shillings a week doled out to them by the parish authorities; we have church-people and chapel-people, Conservatives and Radicals—all the elements of ordinary country life, in fact; and in addition, we have quite an unusual number of educated people, or "society."

Little Wellerby is just one of those places which are very attractive to those who desire to lead a retired life, whether for health's sake or owing to pecuniary circumstances. To certain men after middle age there comes an inexpressible weariness of the great world; they have cast off all the frippery of false hopes and impossible ambitions; they have learnt to take a just view of the possibilities of life; what it can bring them in the way of comfort and enjoyment; and they long for communion with Nature, for rest and retirement, for the simple pleasures of gardening or farming an acre or two, for country life, in fact. Such men we have amongst us; and in their conversation, which turns, as country conversation mostly does, on

weather, crops, and sports, they give one strange glimpses, at times, of another life which they once lived, a life of restless ambition, toil, and strife.

This society used to find its centre and rallying place in the Grey House. I am speaking of days which have gone by, alas ! never to return ; memory only too promptly and readily calls up the image of better days. As I sit here and write, the phantoms flit before my mind's eye ; I see them and I hear them speaking, I even feel the iron grip of Colonel Maitland's hand. He was the straightest and stiffest-backed man I ever saw, even when over sixty. He walked with his chest forward and his chin raised, a picture of strength and elasticity ; but this rigidity, unfortunately for himself, was only physical. Mentally and morally he was made of very malleable material ; he could not say "No" three times in succession, and any schemer of average ability could get round him, and lure him into a ruinous investment.

Next in the procession comes Mrs. Maitland, who was beautiful with a beauty which could not grow old : which could only get dimmed as a landscape is dimmed after a long drought. She was highly cultivated, and there was an exquisite sympathy in her manner ; but Miss Betty and I (Miss Betty shall be duly introduced later on) long ago came to the conclusion that a mystery, and with that mystery a deep shadow, hung over Mrs. Maitland's life which was inscrutable to us.

These were the master and the mistress of the Grey House ; but the poetical charm which hung around it, and which seemed to pervade every part of it, which turned to music the rustling of the old elms and chestnuts, and made classic groves of the gloomy paths beneath them, was the presence of his three daughters. In speaking of the two eldest, Agnes and Rachel, I can find no epithet in general use as descriptive of the fair sex exactly applicable ; beautiful is quite inadmissible, and pretty hardly appropriate. If there were words which could express a combination of stateliness and grace, of a classic severity of countenance combined with sweetness of expression, and of extreme earnestness, as applied to life, with great mirthfulness and humour, those would be the epithets wherewith to describe Agnes and Rachel Maitland. The youngest, Mary, differed from them *toto cælo*. In the first place, she was quite surpassingly beautiful. She was fresh and rosy, with auburn air ; whereas her sisters were dark and pale, with something of their mother's slightly olive complexion. Mary did not seem to be genuinely earnest on any subject, and her mirthfulness had a hollow ring, as a thing put on. She was evidently her father's pet ; and whilst the two elder sisters were moving with their stately glide around the village on errands of charity, Mary would be riding or driving with the colonel.

From the position of the Grey House, it is visible from all the houses in its neighbourhood, and in its palmy days it was a brave sight which brought everyone to their windows when on a hunting morning the horses were led round to the front door. It was admirable to notice the patience and devotion of the grooms, who would lead them to and fro, though they champed at their bits and indulged in wild plungings and curvetings, out of sheer eagerness for what was coming. Finally, since watching is a tedious occupation, there would come a thrill which vibrated through the windows of the village when the colonel and his family made their appearance. I am speaking of long ago. The first to mount would be Mary on her piebald pony, then Rachel, then the colonel and, perhaps, his son, of whom we saw but little, as he went into the army, and served his first years on foreign stations. Both of these would be resplendent in scarlet and spotless breeches and boots. Then a phæton would drive up, with a pair of cobs, for Agnes, Mrs. Maitland, and any visitor who might be staying in the Grey House. And then the cavalcade would trot away along the drive, changing into black silhouettes, like the striking plain portraits we remember in early days, as they passed under the shadows of the elms and chestnuts, and then gleamed out again in scarlet and white, with the flash of polished harness and gleam of glossy beasts, until they emerged through the stone gates and went off to the meet.

There were greater occasions still, when there was a steeplechase or agricultural meeting in the neighbourhood. Then all Little Wellerby society would be requisitioned—as many as would come or could be persuaded to come. There were drags and brakes, with impatient horses, and jingling chains, and splinter bars ; footmen running about stowing hampers, and the colonel, slightly more excited and ejaculatory than usual, seeing that everyone was fitted to his most appropriate place.

Those were great days, truly ; but they lessened and grew dimmer as years rolled on. Mary grew up into a lovely girl, and married a soldier. She was only once seen at the Grey House after her marriage. We, of course, made a point of asking after her, and the response for two years or so was uniformly cheerful and favourable ; then we became aware of a painful sense of restraint in answering. What at first had seemed a natural subject to burst into in the first onset of conversation, became a delicate question, only to be approached furtively, with nice trimming necessary, so as not to appear indifferent, and yet not to stir up painful sensations. This state of things lasted awhile, and then we were definitely informed that Mary was ill. Mrs. Maitland was the first to disappear, then the girls, and then the colonel. Months passed before they returned, and in the interim we learnt that Mary was dead.

It seemed to me that the colonel was never the same man after that event. He had been a first-flight rider, sticking at nothing ; then he gradually gave up hunting, and acknowledged that he had lost his nerve. The loss of his daughter was a terrible blow to him, but other things were evidently amiss also.

Around the Grey House are one hundred acres of land, which it was once his hobby to cultivate and improve. It was a little domain where he could amuse himself at small cost ; but the time came when it seemed to be a burden to him, and he ceased to look after it.

Land would appear to be the noblest of possessions. Here are one hundred acres of the earth's crust, which, according to the laws of freehold property, represent a wedge-shaped segment of the same extending to the centre of our planet, which is the colonel's very own. He might if he pleased, or could, cut down along the lines of that segment, though it would be considered illegal to go beyond the centre, as interfering with the rights of Antipodean freeholders.

I find it a very fascinating idea that this planet Terra, as she swings round amid the star-dust and the ruins of exploded comets, is partly the property of me, John Smith, of Hatton Garden, and that in the event of gross negligence on the part of the managers of a comet which collided and did me damage, I should have valid grounds for an action, provided the defendants could be brought into court; or, indeed, a court could be found wherein the case might be tried. Some occult fascination there undoubtedly is in the possession of land, though it represents mainly an unalienable and indefeasible right to spend more money than you can afford: and we see the shrewdest men in matters of investments losing their heads and plunging into it. It looks so beautiful and so inviting; the lush green meadows spread themselves out, and all the discs of unnumbered flowers turn upwards to the sun; the hedgerows are tangled in festoons of blossom, and the sturdy oak and graceful ash spread their varied arabesques upon the sky. And yet this lovely land which poets, you gentle reader, and I also in a less degree, can find it in our hearts to rave about is, after all, a delusion: at least from the possessor's point of view. To him it is simply an incubus, a deadly and relentless possession, from which he cannot escape, and which slowly and surely eats him up. It is greedy evermore: feed it and lavish your money on it, and it will respond, oh, how bounteously! how beneficently! And then it cries for more. Feed it again and still again, and yet you never give enough, and perforce you must be satisfied with so little in return. May not an impatient freeholder sometimes lose heart, and say to himself, "I wish I could cut out my segment and send it, like a piece of wedding-cake, to the man in the moon"?

He who lives in the country gets an eye for land, as a doctor gets an eye for complexions. He sees at a glance that money is not being spent upon it. A peculiar look comes over it; and it came gradually over the hundred acres round the Grey House. There were fewer men about the gardens, lawns and paths began to look less trim and tidy, the gates and fences less secure, the cattle and the horses disappeared one by one, and it became evident to all that some deadly canker was eating into the heart of the grand old Grey House.

But its hospitality never ceased, nor did it become less genial, only there was a something none could define. It hovered overhead, like Horace's cares, *laqueata circum tecta volantes*. We used to say that Agnes and Rachel looked paler, but they had done that ever since their sister's death; and the dull trouble in their eyes was also not new. They ceased not in their care of the poor, of the sick and ailing, the aged and infirm, and they were as chatty and mirthful as before. And so things dragged on through the long hard winter of 1892-93. But with the first bird notes of spring it was bruited round the village that the Maitlands were leaving. Some believed, some disbelieved, until the matter was definitely set at rest by their own admission.

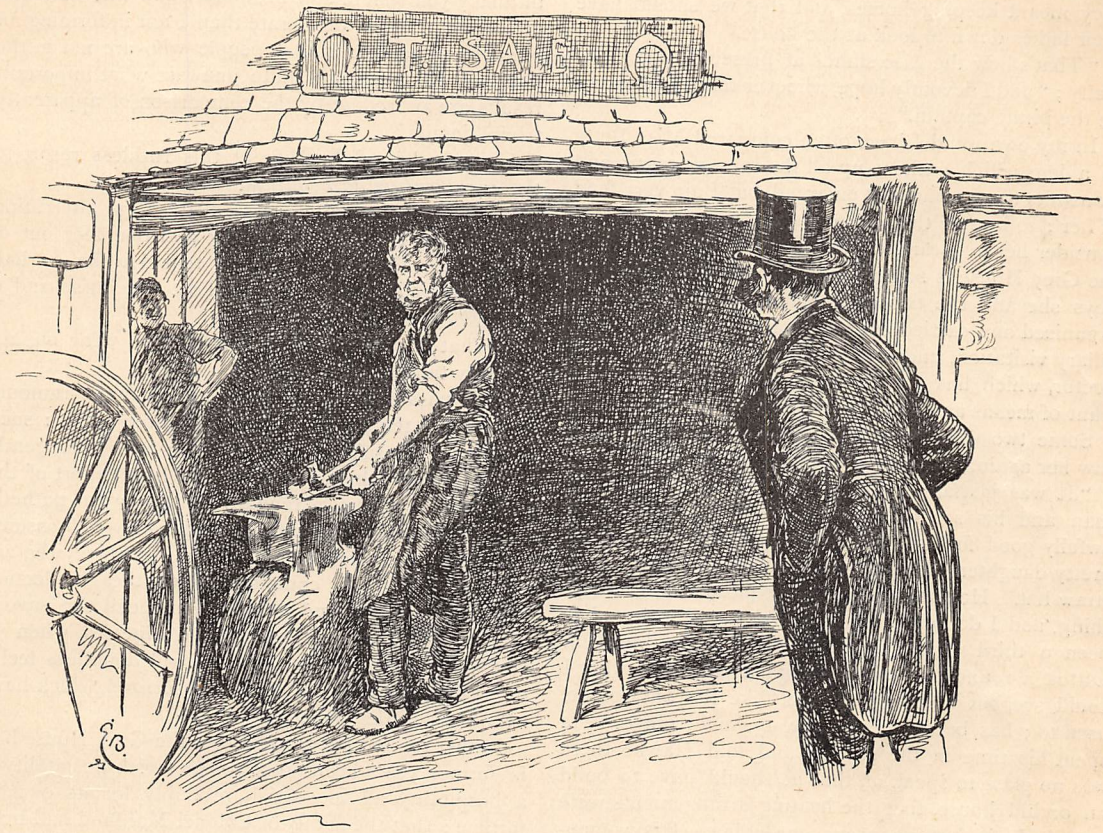
It was pain and grief to everyone in Little Wellerby, and I need not dwell on the sadness of it all, which culminated when the long painted vans drew up before that hospitable door, and we saw the furniture being stowed away; or a more bitter moment still when they departed, and over the lawns and paths and under the shadows of the elms and chestnuts was left a litter of straw, and shreds of paper drifting hither and thither in the wind.

The Grey House stood like a landmark over the wide landscape as before, but it was struck blind. Its sightless windows were obscured by a film of dull grey shutters, the doors were barred, and on the lawn was erected a hideous wooden placard, bearing this inscription: "This House to be Let or Sold."

II.

MY humble domicile stands on the outskirts of the common, to the extreme right of the strategical position I endeavoured to describe at the beginning of this paper, and when I sally forth for an afternoon walk, I usually follow the crest of the hill to Fagg's Farm, which stands at the opposite end of the arc. By this way I pass the Grey House, and some two hundred yards beyond it a pretty cottage, on the opposite side of the road, whose back windows overlook the view. It is built partly of flint, partly of brick and timber, and is covered with roses up to the eaves. On two posts at the entrance to a little garden, which lies between it and the high road, there is a partially-effaced inscription which suggests to the passer-by in a very hesitating way that the tenement is, or ought to be, called Rose Cottage. But no one in Little Wellerby knows it by that name. It is always spoken of as Miss Betty's; and when I stroll past it at the season of the year I am describing—namely, the month of May—I mostly see Miss Betty herself at work in the garden. She always comes to the paling and leans upon it, to tell me some piece of news. She is stout, not very young, and flushes easily after exertion; and I verily believe that suppressed news would be detrimental to her constitution. But in that respect she is very careful of herself, and does not allow the burden of a piece of gossip to weigh upon her longer than is prudent.

One afternoon, about six weeks after the Maitlands had "flitted," the necessity for such disburdenment had become so imperious that she would not abide until I came, but hurried round to my house. I heard her voice in the garden talking to my wife, and left my books to see what was the matter. She was rather heated and breathless, and had to be forced into a wicker chair and made to sit still whilst I expatiated



"DR. CRUNCH WENT TO SALE, THE BLACKSMITH" (*p.* 38).

on the baneful persistence of fine weather which allowed nothing in the garden to grow. This was apologetically intended to palliate the ragged appearance of a herbaceous border on which I pride myself; but Miss Betty's thoughts at the moment were not horticulturally bent. She broke in impatiently, as soon as she had recovered breath—

"What do you think?" she said. "There have been people to look at the Grey House—two separate lots."

"What like are they, Miss Betty?"

"Very unlike each other," she answered, "except that in each case there were two men. My perspicacity is not equal to the first lot—they beat me altogether. One of them was a tall fierce-looking man, with bushy black eyebrows, almost meeting, and black moustache and whiskers. He wore a tall hat, black frock coat and waistcoat, and dark trousers, and looked like a mixture of an undertaker and a pirate captain of the Spanish main. He would be exactly like the last if his chin was not shaved, and he had a belt with a big buckle, some pistols, and a basket-hilted sword. Perhaps he had concealed those things and was dissembling, as pirate captains do when they mean mischief. The other man was of inferior rank: probably his mate or henchman. He was dissembling also, and looked like a prize-fighter. He had very broad round shoulders, with a neck like my Jersey bull-calf, with the same creases on it—a strong stupid-looking fellow, who would obey his chief's orders to the letter, and make people walk the plank or chop them to pieces without hesitation. They stayed a long time in the house. When they came out, old Hawke wanted to show them the garden and stables; they did not care about those, but merely glanced round, and then trudged away in the heat and dust. When they went away, I told mother I had a presentiment of some misfortune.

"But the next lot was quite another thing. I was at the back looking at the cows, and heard the sound of wheels. I naturally ran round to see, and there was the trap from 'The Dragon' and such a nice—oh! such a nice—man in it, with a young fellow: I suppose his son. The father had a blue serge suit, and the young fellow was in grey and knickerbockers; they did look so nice! They were not a quarter of an hour in the house, and all that time they were in the billiard-room, because I could see them at the window. But they were an endless time in the stables and the farm buildings, and went all over the land. You know Griffiths' meadow? there is a shed in it; they stayed there everlastingly talking to Hawke, and I said to mother after they had

driven off and I had time to collect my thoughts, that they meant keeping horses, and that we should have their ladies down to look at the house.

"That's how the case stands at present," said Miss Betty; "and I devoutly hope, whoever takes it, it won't be the pirate captain."

In my own mind I have often compared Miss Betty to a lens which gathers up all the rays of gossip and transmits them somewhat enlarged, but I am very fond of her; to borrow the phraseology of extreme youth, I consider her a "dear old thing." Her solicitude about the Grey House is natural, seeing that in the Maitland days she and the two eldest girls of the house had organised and carried out a complete system of domiciliary visitation, under the guidance of the parochial doctor, which has very much fallen through now for want of means and hands to work it.

Some two days after the interview just described I saw her again, and she was bursting with news.

"It was just as I said," she exclaimed: "the nice man and his son's ladies came down. She looks awfully good form—I mean the mother—with such a pretty daughter, in a blue serge jacket and skirt and a straw hat. Hawke says they were pleased with everything, and I do hope they will take it. But there has been a third party; I can't quite make him out. Dittos, a round hat, a beard, and a pipe was what I could see, but he stood straight, like the old colonel used to; has been in the army, I should guess. He spent his time in the garden, and told Hawke there was no glass to speak of, that he should have to build an orchid house, that the heating arrangements were wretched—in fact, he means gardening. His womenkind have not come down, so perhaps that is off."

A few days later she had still more important—at least more definite—news to impart: namely, that the Grey House was let, it was quite certain, though she did not know who was to be the tenant.

It is easily imagined that all these rumours connected with so important a subject as the occupancy of the principal house in our village should cause no little stir in our small community; and Miss Betty being the recognised head-centre of the intelligence department, was daily surrounded by eager inquirers.

At length the actual facts were definitely ascertained, and I cannot forget the expression of Miss Betty's face as she threw her fat arms up, and exclaimed in a voice of despair—

"It is the pirate captain, after all. There is a rumour that he is a doctor. I should say, by the look of him, he must give very powerful medicines. Some womankind—I suppose his wife—came down to look at the house: a little spare woman, who jerks her skirts in walking. What such people want with such a place baffles conjecture and sets all prescience at naught."

"A brave phrase that, Miss Betty," said I. "But if you will pardon the apparent rudeness of the remark, you seem to have taken a prejudice against these people on imperfect grounds."

Miss Betty turned her face round to me with what was intended to be a stony expression.

"It grieves me," she said, "that after so long an intimacy you should still misunderstand me. No one is more careful or deliberate than I am in forming an opinion. The fact is that people who are not in the habit of observing are quite unaware what important results are arrived at by the comparison of apparently trivial details."

I simply bowed humbly at this ruthless resort to the *argumentum ad hominem*.

"I will not pursue this distressing altercation farther," she said. "I will only add one fact out of many: that the pirate captain told Hawke he had never seen company, and only kept one horse and a 'shay.'"

"What a pity! what a pity!" she went on, apparently talking to herself.

I will pass over all the rumours and counter-rumours which filled the air for the space of three weeks: such things are unsubstantial nothings; and this, gentle reader, is sober history. If we can by an effort of the imagination invest inanimate things with pathetic interest, the fate of the Grey House may well assume the aspect of a melancholy drama. And ye who are wont to dwell with complacency on the recollection of former favours, and who love to recall the savour of banquets long since eaten and digested, when ye shall have perused this narrative will doubtless feel a touch of sympathetic grief for the sorrows which have overtaken Little Wellerby.

I must remind my readers that the Grey House had in former years been noted for its lavish hospitality—a hospitality all too lavish, probably, for its owner's fortune: that the family of Colonel Maitland had been unremitting in all kind offices to the poor: and that the scale on which he lived and the land he cultivated had employed many labourers. And I will turn from that picture, and try to depict the present state of things.

The new tenant—a certain Dr. Crunch—had been in possession about a week, when Miss Betty came to pass the afternoon with us, and her narrative, which was carefully posted up to date, will best convey to the reader an idea of what had happened. It is, no doubt, a little jerky and discursive, but allowance must be made for the impulsive character of her mind, and her habit of presenting things to herself visually rather than by a process of ratiocination.

"You can't conceive, my dear," she began, turning to my wife, "the commonness and meanness of those people! they haggle with the poor people about a penny. Doctor Crunch went to Sale, the blacksmith, and told him he could not think of paying him three shillings a set for horse-shoes; he had never heard of such a price. You know what a fellow Sale is; he simply crossed his great hairy arms and said, 'that three shillings was his price, and if he objected to pay it he might shoe his horses himself.' It was downright impudence on his part, but he is savage because the doctor only offers young Tom, his son, twelve shillings a week all the year round to work in the garden and groom his wretched old horse; and he won't take that, of course, although he has been out of work ever since

the Maitlands left, except an odd job or two at cherry picking. But I must tell you about the moving in. That evening, by the bye, he came to the dairy ; it was just after milking-time, and I was there. He called me 'Miss' at every sentence, and said something about a penny each being too dear for country eggs. I was so wild.

"Well, you never saw anything like the furniture—painted deal for the most part—and two long narrow tables, I suppose meant for dining on, and any number of beds, all of the same pattern ; he must have put some in the billiard-room. There were four of them helping the van-men to move in : the doctor and his wife, and then the prize-fighter man, or pirate's mate, whom I call Bill Bones, and another more decent-looking man, who is, I should say, an old soldier. The mattresses were extraordinary. It was all Bill Bones and the old soldier could do to carry some of them. They were great huge rolls tied up with ropes, and what they were for I can't imagine."

"There must have been several tied together," said my wife.

"Oh, no ; they were all in one piece, and the rolls I should say were ten feet long. In fact," she went on, "at this moment a mystery hangs over the Grey House, and I am not going to risk my reputation by hazarding a solution ; we shall know quite soon enough."

Miss Betty soon solved the mystery.

She came running in one day breathless, and wringing her hands. "Oh, only think !" she ejaculated ; "it is too dreadful ! The Grey House is to be a private lunatic asylum !"

We made her sit down to get her breath and compose herself.

"Yes," she said at last ; "and I half suspected it. Bill Bones and the old soldier are the keepers."

"And the mattresses ?" said my wife eagerly.

"For the padded room, of course, where they put the violent lunatics, and when they make too much noise Bill Bones goes in and sits on them."

"But how could the colonel allow such a thing ?" I asked.

"Just as he allowed himself to be ruined," said Miss Betty, with tears in her eyes : "by not looking after his own affairs. He was tricked by his agent, who, of course, was bribed by the doctor. He never knew that the other people were after it—both of them rich men, it appears, one a great breeder of hunters and very well connected.

"The colonel in his careless way signed the lease without reading it, and the agent had left out the clause which would have prevented the Grey House from being used except for a private residence. Was ever anything so unfortunate ? I declare I shall never venture out of my garden, and certainly not take poor mother, with the roads filled with infuriated lunatics."

"No danger of that, Miss Betty," I said. "Bill Bones will be sitting on them."

Here she relapsed into silence and sat for a time rocking herself to and fro, to resume again, in a more pathetic strain—

"What will the poor people do ? With this long drought there is no hay, and many of the farmers don't mean to cut at all. Fagg is ploughing up his clover, and if it goes on like this there will be no barley. What will they do next winter ? Ah ! Agnes Maitland was an angel ; no one knows what she did, but we shall all learn before long."

And so ends the story of the Grey House. It looks forlorn and shabby, the paths and walks unkept, and one solitary ewe-necked raw-boned horse, not fit for a cab, roams about the paddock. But there are no infuriated lunatics yet. Colonel Maitland, having done one imprudent thing, is trying to correct it by another. He has brought an action to restrain Dr. Crunch from turning his house into an asylum ; but I fear he will lose his case.

Words by WILLIAM COWAN, M.A. *Music by* ERSKINE ALLON.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Allegretto, semplice.

mp

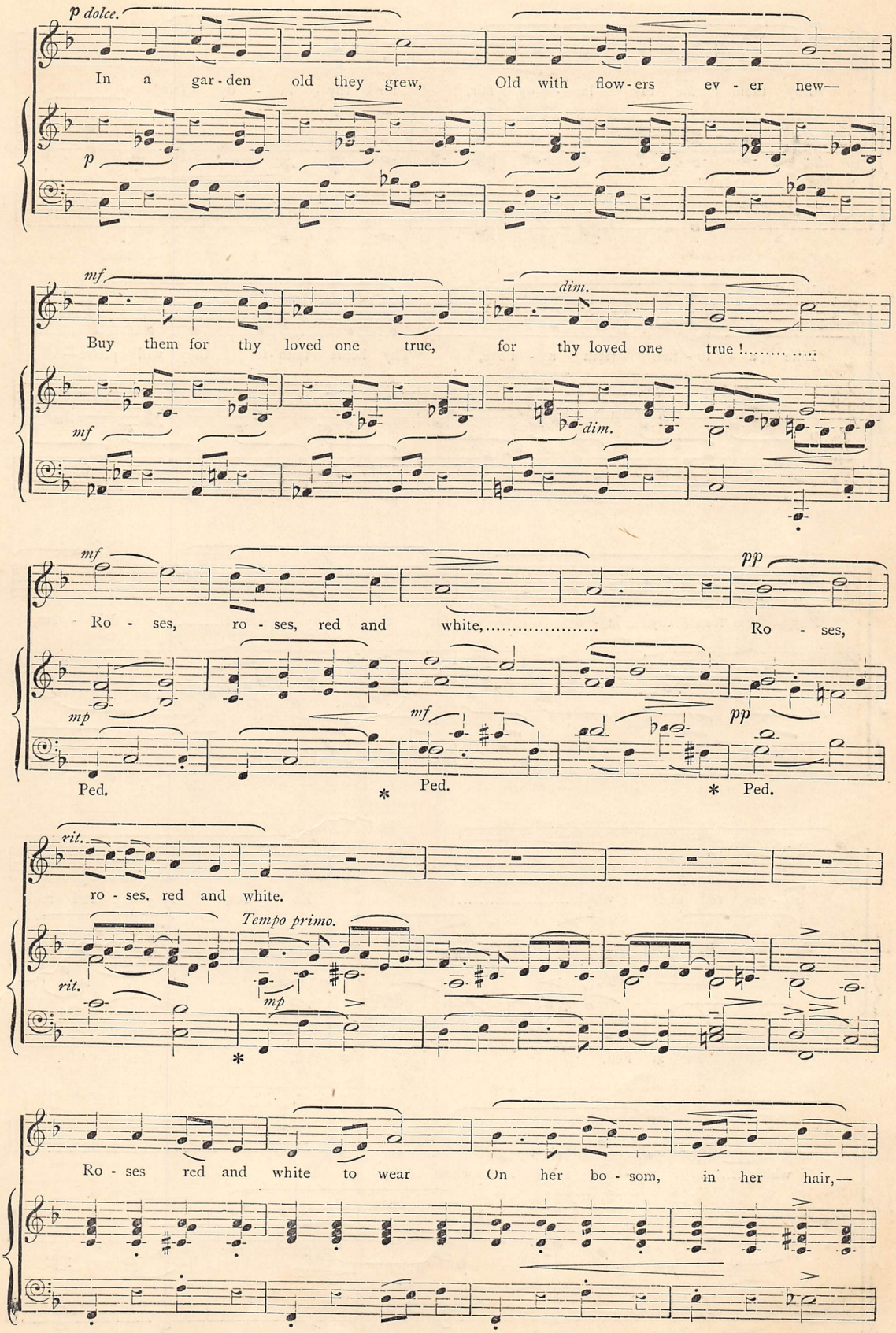
p

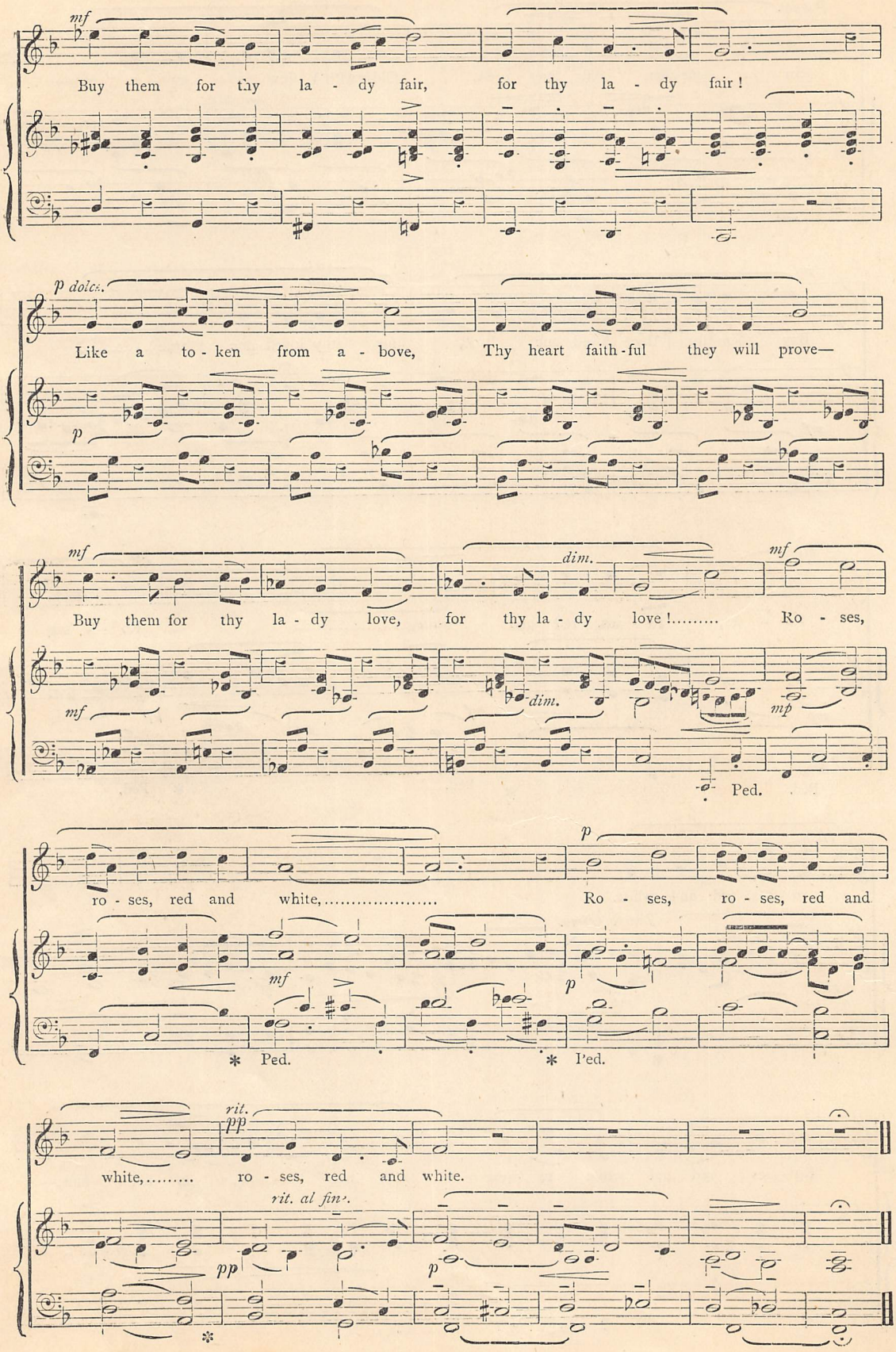
Ro - ses, ro - ses, red and white, They are sweet and fresh and bright—

p *mf*

mf *dim.*

Buy them for thy love's de - light, for thy love's de - light!


p dolce.
In a gar - den old they grew, Old with flow - ers ev - er new—
p
mf
dim.
Buy them for thy loved one true, for thy loved one true !..... .....
mf
dim.
mf
pp
Ro - ses, ro - ses, red and white,..... Ro - ses,
mp
mf
pp
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Ped.
rit.
ro - ses. red and white.
Tempo primo.
rit.
mp
*
Ro - ses red and white to wear On her bo - som, in her hair,—


mf
Buy them for thy la - dy fair, for thy la - dy fair!
p dolce.
Like a to - ken from a - bove, Thy heart faith - ful they will prove—
p
mf
dim.
mf
Buy them for thy la - dy love, for thy la - dy love!..... Ro - ses,
mf
dim.
mp
Ped.
p
ro - ses, red and white,..... Ro - ses, ro - ses, red and
mf
p
* Ped.
* Ped.
rit.
pp
white,..... ro - ses, red and white.
rit. al fin.
pp
p

MARGARET'S WAY.

By ANNIE E. WICKHAM, Author of "Two Women," etc.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

MR. FENHAM of Fen Court was dying.

The air of the room was heavy and faint with heat of the hottest hour of the mid-summer day. A golden brown bumble bee buzzed blindly in to knock his awkward body against the bedpost. The heat became greater.

A nurse fanned the gasping man with a more vigorous motion of her strong arm.

He lay with his face turned towards the open window. He could see the dusty road winding, a white ribbon, over the hill to the little town in the valley—the road his body would be carried to the grave.

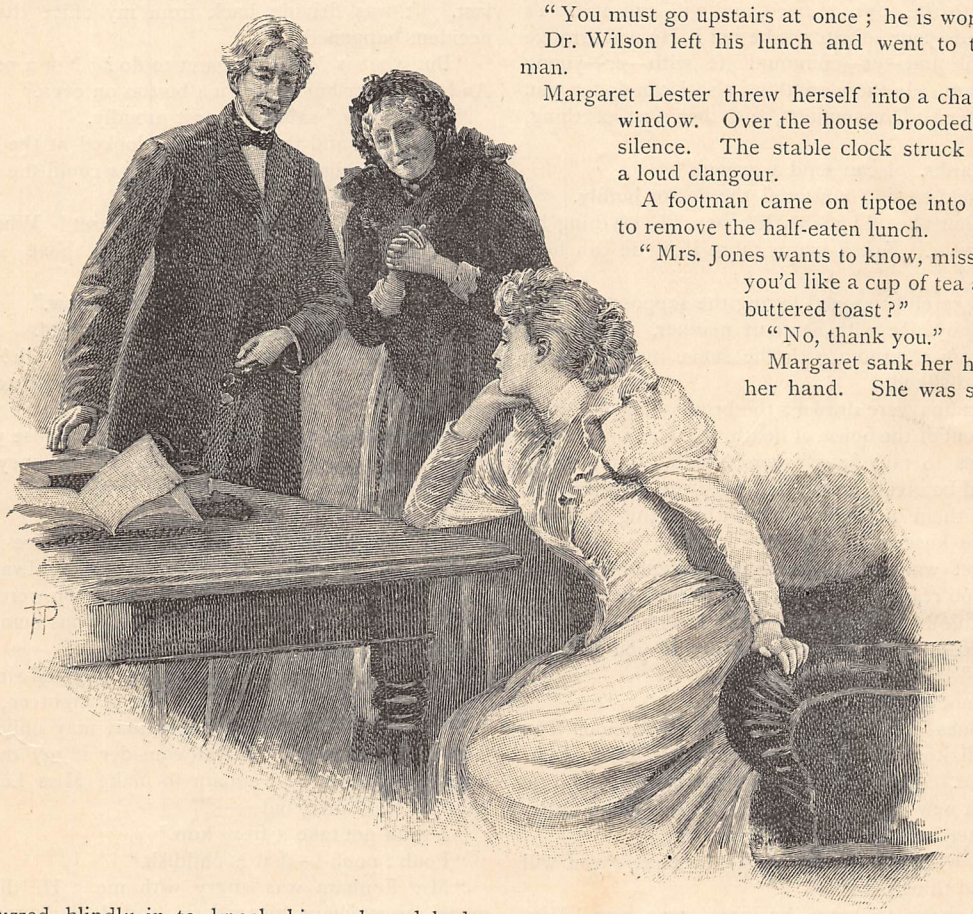
He muttered something.

"He wants to speak to you, miss."

A girl seated by the open window rose and drew near the bed.

"You must lean down, miss, or you won't catch what he says," the nurse said.

With a visible shrinking of her whole body, the girl bent her ear to the dying man's mouth.



"'BUT WHAT IS MISS MARGARET TO DO?'" (*p.* 44).

"Sorry — nothing for you — you angered — me— Mar——" The syllables died away in his throat.

"Tell the doctor to come up, miss," said the nurse hurriedly.

Margaret, nothing loth to leave the room, ran downstairs.

"You must go upstairs at once; he is worse."

Dr. Wilson left his lunch and went to the dying man.

Margaret Lester threw herself into a chair by the window. Over the house brooded a heavy silence. The stable clock struck one with a loud clangour.

A footman came on tiptoe into the room to remove the half-eaten lunch.

"Mrs. Jones wants to know, miss, whether you'd like a cup of tea and some buttered toast?"

"No, thank you."

Margaret sank her head upon her hand. She was sorry that she could not feel more sorrow for Mr. Fenham's death. He had taken her from her father's care, or carelessness, when she was a small child of three or four, to bring her up as his heiress to spite his only son, with whom he had quarrelled. Uncle Geoffrey—she had always called him uncle for want of a better title—had, in his way, treated her kindly. But Geoffrey Fenham was not the man to inspire either respect or love in those around him. She could only sigh that she felt no sorrow, and regret the angry words she had said to him a week ago. Not because they had cost her a fortune (Margaret was too young to know the value of what she had lost),

but because those words were the last she had said to him. It was horrible to remember that she and Mr. Fenham would never make it up in this world. Those few muttered syllables in the room upstairs were all that had passed between them since the quarrel.

A door was opened and shut. The nurse and doctor's steps came down the stairs, their lowered voices audible in the silence of the house.

"Mr. Fenham is dead, Miss Lester."

An awkward silence followed the announcement. Dr. Wilson cleared his throat and continued—

"Nurse Hannington will see to everything. I am returning to the town at once, and will call at Cole's office. He is your solicitor, is he not? He will arrange the funeral and—er—communicate with—er—young Mr. Fenham. Is there anything else I can do for you, Miss Lester? Dressmakers, and that sort of thing, eh?"

"No thanks. I can send a groom."

"As proud as sin," muttered the doctor huffily. "I wonder what the old man's left her. Everything he can, I'll swear. Not a penny more than he can help to his son."

He was careful to avoid letting the supposed heiress see his annoyance with her curt manner. He bowed himself from the room with the suave manner which Margaret disliked.

The curtains were drawn; the bright June sunshine was shut out of the house of death. Servants neglected their duties to talk in whispers about the mourning they would be given, until Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, scattered them to their work with cutting remarks upon "idle hussies."

Margaret wandered from one darkened room to another, too restless and miserable to read or work.

"Mr. Cole's come, Miss Lester. He's in the library and would like to speak to you. If you feel too upset——"

"I am not at all upset."

Mrs. Jones felt the importance of the occasion. The family solicitor was come to tell the heiress of her inheritance. Her spoilt and petted Miss Margie acquired a new dignity in her eyes. She spoke to her in a manner befitting the future mistress.

"Come with me, Jones," said Margaret, "you will understand things."

"You'll have to learn business ways now, Miss Margie," said Mrs. Jones, dropping the formal "Miss Lester," and returning to the name in use between them.

Margaret shook her head; but there was no time for Mrs. Jones to ask the meaning of the shake. They were in the library, and the little dried-up lawyer was shaking hands with Margaret.

"This is sad news, very sad news, Miss Margaret. Doubly sad for you, I am afraid."

His voice was as dry and thin as his body; but there was no mistaking the accent of kindness and commiseration running through it.

"I have been away for the last few days, or I should have come over and seen Mr. Fenham. I might have induced him to change his mind.

"He was sorry at the last," said Margaret softly.

"Did he write anything before witnesses? No! Um—m. That's sad; a great pity—a very great pity."

"Hasn't he left Miss Margaret anything, sir?"

"Nothing, I am afraid. A week ago he came to my office, had a new will drawn up, and it was signed and witnessed on the spot. I did my best, Miss Lester, to stop it, but—you know what Mr. Fenham was."

"Do you mean to say he's left Miss Margaret nothing? Not a penny piece?"

"By that will, nothing. And I am afraid it was his last. It was driving back from my office that the accident happened."

"But what is Miss Margaret to do? Not a penny! And she never having sewn a button on even."

"I can work," said Margaret proudly.

The lawyer and the old woman looked at the slight figure and childish, spirited face. How could she work? What could she do?

"Oh! Miss Margaret, Miss Margaret! Whatever did you say to him that he should have served you so?"

"I quarrelled with him. I am sorry now."

Tears gathered in her eyes and overflowed.

"Uncle Geoffrey, poor Uncle Geoffrey! Oh! I am sorry. I did not know I should never speak to him again."

"There, there, Miss Margie. I don't suppose you've aught to blame yourself for. Where's the money gone then, sir, if I may make so bold as to ask?"

"To his son."

"La! to Mr. Geoffrey? He'll see you've something, Miss Margie. Mr. Geoffrey was always as generous as the day. Well, I'm glad if you weren't to have it, Miss Margie, that Mr. Geoffrey has come into his rights."

"Mr. Geoffrey Fenham may have changed since he left home fifteen years ago, a boy of eighteen, Mrs. Jones. I should not raise hopes that may only meet with disappointment. I shall consider it my duty to advise Mr. Geoffrey Fenham to make Miss Lester a suitable allowance, but——"

"I shall not take it from him."

"Pooh! pooh!—that is childish."

"Mr. Fenham was angry with me. He did not mean me to have his money, and I shall not take it!"

"I understood you to say that at the last he regretted what he had done."

"Yes; but he did not say he wanted his will altered."

"Well, we need not discuss a contingency that has not yet arisen. I have cabled to Mr. Geoffrey Fenham and shall probably hear from him shortly. In the meantime you will continue to look upon this as your home, Miss Lester."

Margaret opened her eyes; she realised for the first time that Fen Court was no longer her own, that she was here only as a guest.

"Mrs. Jones, you will make suitable arrangements for the servants' mourning, etc. The funeral will take

place at three o'clock next Friday if that suits you, Miss Lester. And—your mourning—get everything you may require. Um—m!"

Mr. Cole coughed in a deprecatory manner.

"I will see to it all, sir," said Mrs. Jones before Margaret could speak.

"That is settled then. I want to speak to your husband, Mrs. Jones, before I go. Good-bye, my dear young lady. You may depend on me to help you in any way I can."

Mr. Cole followed Mrs. Jones from the room.

"This is a bad business for Miss Lester—a very bad business," he said when they were alone in the housekeeper's snug sitting-room. "He has not left her a farthing, and she has nothing of her own. Her scamp of a father spent every penny of her mother's money, and here she is thrown on the world at nineteen."

"I don't wish to say no harm of him that's lying dead, but I call it a shame, sir, a wicked shame, after Geoffrey's feeling it. I can't help saying it, sir. 'Tis a wicked, spiteful thing."

"I have always feared it. Look how he served his only son; sent him off without a penny for some boyish scrape, and never felt it as far as I could see."

"He was cruel, hard, and spiteful too. There was no pleasing him at times, and to think he should have served Miss Margaret so for just a bit of childish temper. But Mr. Geoffrey won't let her suffer; he's not like his father. How did you know where he was, sir? I thought he was lost sight of altogether."

"He has written to me from time to time. He has prospered in Australia. I always said his head was screwed on the right way."

"He'll see Miss Margaret don't suffer."

"I can't say about that, but from what I know of him I should say he will do what is right. Don't let the child get a maggot into her head about refusing to take an allowance from him."

"HUNDREDS OF POSSIBLE AND IMPOSSIBLE ADVERTISEMENTS" (*p.* 49).

all these years, when Miss Margaret's wanted for nothing, and he's always said she was his heiress, to go and leave it all away from her in a fit of wicked spite."

"To his own son, remember, Mrs. Jones; to his own son."

"He might have left her something without Mr.

"I'll do my best, sir, but she's as wilful as any Fenham when her mind's made up."

"Um! Well, send for your husband and let us arrange the details of the funeral."

The days passed in a whirl of milliners and dressmakers. Margaret hated the sight of black cloth before Friday came. The June sun shone upon Fen

Court with a scorching glare, yet she had to bear the stifling heat of the darkened rooms, to stand to be fitted in hot black dresses, to be draped in crape to the throat.

She murmured and rebelled, but Mrs. Jones was firm, and Margaret was silenced by the horror painted on that good lady's face when she proposed there should be no crape, and that print might take the place of cloth.

"No crape! Miss Margaret, whatever would people say?"

"Enid Seymour wore none when her aunt died."

"You'd never wish to deck yourself out like Miss Seymour did. She was the laughing-stock of the countryside, and her people must have been fair ashamed of her, decked out in white as she was, and the depths of winter, too."

"She says that black is a barbarism."

Mrs. Jones, who thought black the most respectable wear, sniffed contemptuously.

"Miss Seymour has queer ideas, miss. You'll never go and wear white now. I should die of shame to see you, that I should."

Margaret, whose courage was not sufficient to brave the conventionalities, allowed that she would not wear white. Mrs. Jones, afraid of what might be the result if she persisted, promised that the depth of mourning should be a little relieved.

The morning of the funeral came.

"Enid will be here by the one o'clock train. I am so glad," cried Margaret, waving a letter before Mrs. Jones. "I shall not be alone after all. Isn't it good of her to come—to leave London and all her gaiety?"

Mrs. Jones grunted.

"I suppose she wants to show herself off dressed up in some white, draggle-tailed garment."

"You are not to speak of Miss Seymour in that manner."

Margaret's grey eyes flashed, and her slender figure was drawn up.

"Well, well, Miss Margie, I didn't mean anything against Miss Seymour, but she does dress different from other folks, and——"

"She dresses beautifully, and I would dress the same if Mr. Fenham had allowed me. But, of course, country people can't understand that artistic style."

"Sakes alive! Don't tell me they dress like that in London, Miss Margaret."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

MISS SEYMOUR descended from the carriage with a slow, languid movement. Margaret's impetuous embrace and cry of, "You darling! How good of you to come to me!" met with a sad smile and a pat on the cheek from Miss Seymour's slender, ungloved hand.

She leant on Margaret's shoulder as though too fatigued to be capable of walking alone, and sank into an armchair with an exhausted sigh when they reached the dining-room.

"You must have something to eat, Enid, after your journey. You will come with me to the funeral? I have dreaded being alone, and everyone said I ought to go."

Margaret knelt by Enid's side, stroking her hands and gazing into her face with an adoring expression.

It was not a face that attracted many adoring looks. A quantity of black hair and a clear, pale complexion were Enid Seymour's only claims to beauty. Her eyebrows and lashes owed something to art; her eyes if opened wide might have been seen to be of the lightest grey, but Enid knew her failings, and only in moments of excitement were they opened enough to show their colourlessness. A nose that was neither better nor worse than the generality of noses, and a mouth thin-lipped and determined completed a not very attractive face. Her tall, thin figure was dressed in a white garment that trailed and clung about her feet; from her shoulders floated a long white cloak of some thin material; a broad-brimmed white hat with drooping white ostrich feathers finished a costume which was startling in the house of death.

"You are wearing black, Margaret!"

She might have said, "You are taking poison," so tragic was her tone.

Margaret blushed, and hung her head.

"They made me, Enid, they really did; and—and—people would stare so if I wore white."

"People!"

"I know you despise what people say; but I am not brave like you, and I should mind."

"You must conquer that foolishness if you wish to live for Art."

Margaret was not sure that it was for Art she wished to live; at present it was to please her darling Enid.

"Here is lunch. Let me bring it to you; you must be so tired after your journey. Just sit there and I will wait upon you."

In attending upon Miss Seymour's wants, Margaret forgot her own, and Enid did not remind her that she was eating nothing.

"Come upstairs, the people are arriving. Oh, why must I go to the funeral? I dread it."

Miss Seymour, who was enjoying the prospect of standing among the mourners, a white figure, the cynosure of all eyes, assured Margaret that it was becoming she should be present.

"Yes, I suppose I must," and Margaret put on the hat and heavy veil that Mrs. Jones had provided for the occasion.

Heavy steps came trampling up the oak stairs, and Margaret clutched Enid's arm.

"They have come."

The girl was shaking, her face colourless under the long black veil.

"Margaret!" said Enid sharply.

"Must we go down? Oh, there is Mrs. Jones to fetch me."

"I've brought you a glass of wine, Miss Margie. Drink it, there's a lamb; 'twill do you good. You must come down now, everyone's waiting. Good-

afternoon, Miss Seymour, I'm glad Miss Margaret's got a lady to be with her."

"Though she might have worn a more decent dress," Mrs. Jones muttered to herself, eyeing the trailing white gown preceding her down the stairs.

A piece of carving, the head of a rose, had been knocked off the banisters.

"Look!" said Margaret, pointing to the place. "They must have done it when they—carried—him—— How angry he would be. He said it was the best carving in England."

Two cousins of Mr. Fenham, elderly men, had come to the funeral of the man with whom they had quarrelled many a year ago. They stepped forward to shake hands with the heiress; no hint had yet been given that her inheritance was nothing.

"My wife was sorry she could not come," said Mr. Thorpe, the elder of the two, "but we hope you will pay us a long visit; and you must look upon us as relations, you know. You must not be ceremonious, but just come to us when you like. You'll always be welcome."

Mr. Cole interrupted the jovial tones and stream of talk.

"We are ready to start, Miss Lester."

He led her to the carriage, followed by Miss Seymour, whose white garments made a stir among the servants, officials, and the few men whom business or duty had brought to the funeral of quarrelsome Geoffrey Fenham.

The churchyard where the Fenhams were buried belonged to the parish church of the little town of Lessington, a mile and a half from Fen Court.

It was a hot, dusty drive. The funeral procession was grey with dust long before the town was reached. Groups of persons were scattered along the country road, and many were the curious glances directed into the carriage where Margaret and Miss Seymour sat. Margaret cowered back and begged that the carriage blinds might be drawn down; but Enid said that she would be stifled, and devoted Margaret would suffer anything rather than inconvenience her friend. So she said no more, but shrank into her corner; and Enid, in her strange white garments, with drooping head and pensive face, enjoyed the wondering glances of the gazers with a carefully indifferent expression.

The churchyard was reached and the procession halted.

Margaret gasped, and clutched Enid's hand. She *realised* that they had come to bury Mr. Fenham; that the strong man with fiery eyes and sarcastic tongue, whom she had seen every day of her life, was lying within that six feet of oak, his wounding tongue silent for ever, his eyes closed: or were they staring up unseeing to the coffin lid?

Margaret shuddered and began to sob.

The church was filled with people: some come to pay a last mark of respect to the great man of the neighbourhood, others out of curiosity to see who were there. Enid, in her white dress, supporting Margaret's sobbing form, felt and enjoyed the stir and murmur that ran through the crowd as they followed the coffin up the aisle. Margaret's hysterical sobs were heard throughout the church, and called forth pitying remarks and the little kindness that was ever felt towards Geoffrey Fenham.

"He must a' been good to her for the lass to cry like that," said one woman. "He was a hard 'un and a spiteful 'un was Squire Fenham, but the lass must be fond of 'un to sob like that."

"Gals 'll cry for aught and she's got all his money, they say; not a penny has he left to his son," said another.

Margaret alone shed a tear for Geoffrey Fenham. Mrs. Jones would have cried in a composed manner with a very white pocket handkerchief held to her eyes, if she had not burnt with indignation against the dead man.

"After what he's done to Miss Margaret I couldn't have squeezed up a tear if you'd paid me a thousand pounds for it," she said afterwards to her husband. "I felt like a stone, and to hear that poor lamb's sobs just made me wilder against him."

Geoffrey Fenham was laid to rest beside his fathers, and the mourners returned to Fen Court. Margaret dried her tears and looked timidly at her companion.

"I am sorry I cried. I could not help it."

Enid, who felt that Margaret's sobs had been the finishing touch that gave feeling to the scene and won sympathy from the crowd, held up her long white hand to check Margaret's self-accusations.

"Dear heart, I sympathise," she said softly; and Margaret felt that never had there been such a friend as Enid.

"What should I have done without you?" she said, rubbing her cheek against Miss Seymour's shoulder. "It was good of you to come. What shall I do when you are gone?"

"I can stay with you if you wish, dearest."

"But I do not know what is to become of me. I——"

The carriage stopped before the door, and the words were checked upon her lips.

A small company assembled in the library to hear the will read. Mr. Thorpe and Mr. Ranger curious to know what Geoffrey Fenham might have left in the way of legacies, and how much he might have encumbered the entailed estate to annoy his son. Enid, with drooping eyelids and folded hands, sat beside Margaret, who occupied the place of honour on Mr. Cole's right. At the farther end of the room, seated upright in straight-backed chairs, were Mr. and Mrs. Jones, perspiring with nervousness and the heat of their thick black clothes.

Mr. Cole cleared his throat and opened the rustling parchment.

"Young Mr. Fenham regrets that he could not be here for his father's funeral. He sailed yesterday from Sydney, and will be in England on the 20th of next month," said Mr. Cole in his small dry voice.

He put on his spectacles, turned to get a better light upon the will and began to read.

It was as short as a lawyer would consent to make it. To Mr. and Mrs. Jones—Mr. Cole coughed and

glanced at their expectant faces—was left five pounds apiece. They had stolen from him sufficient to live upon in comfort for the rest of their lives, therefore they did not require a larger legacy, the will said. Mr. Jones smiled painfully, and Mrs. Jones looked indignant and opened her lips to speak. But Mr. Cole hurried on with the reading, and Mr. Jones nudged his wife to be silent. To his only son Geoffrey Fenham was left everything. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, with their five pounds each, were the only legatees.

Mr. Cole folded up the will and looked round at the surprised faces.

"Is that all? Is there no codicil?" said Mr. Thorpe, the first to speak.

"This is Mr. Fenham's last will, made last Monday week at my office. Driving home from making this will he was thrown from his carriage, and, I believe, only recovered consciousness a few seconds before his death."

"Has he left Miss Lester nothing?"

"I am sorry to say—nothing."

There was a pause, and all eyes turned on Margaret.

"But this is monstrous," said Enid, leaning forward, her light eyes opened wide and fixed upon the lawyer's face; "do you mean to say that Margaret is to have nothing, after all these years that he has called her his heiress?"

"Miss Lester is not left one penny."

"It is like Geoffrey Fenham," murmured Mr. Thorpe.

"I protested against the will, but Mr. Fenham was resolved," said Mr. Cole, with a shrug of his thin shoulders.

There was a pause, and all looked at the deposed heiress, who appeared the least concerned at the loss of the fortune that was never hers.

"I must work," she said, in her fresh, clear young treble, answering the unspoken thoughts of those around her.

"My lamb, what can you do?" burst in Mrs. Jones, no longer to be restrained by her husband or by the awe of the solemn occasion from speaking. "I call this a shameful will, to never say a word about Miss Margie, who's lived with him all these years and been allowed to spend money as she pleased, and then to take it all away from her, every penny, and to accuse me and Jones of stealing—us who've never taken one penny that wasn't our own. I wish Mr. Fenham could hear what I think of him, that I do!"

"'AN ANSWER AT LAST'" (*p.* 49).

"My good woman——"

"I know 'tis dreadful my saying it of the dead, but when a body's accused of stealing, when I've never taken one penny it's more than a body can stand."

Mrs. Jones burst into angry tears and allowed her husband to lead her from the room.

"Mr. Geoffrey Fenham wishes you to stay on here, Miss Lester, until he returns, when arrangements will be made. Everything is to continue the same until he is in England; servants and establishment are to be kept up precisely the same as in his father's time."

"A very good plan," said Mr. Thorpe, with a sigh of relief.

There had been floating before him unpleasant visions of returning to a sour-tempered wife with a penniless girl as guest for an indefinite time.

"Capital," grunted Mr. Ranger.

"Perhaps Miss Seymour will stay with you, Miss Lester," said Mr. Cole. "It will be lonely for you without a companion."

"Certainly I will stay," said Enid, who had recovered her placid serenity.

"But—but—ought I to stay in this house? Mr. Fenham did not mean to leave me any money, and I will not take money from his son. Ought I to stay in this house? I—I——" stammered Margaret.

"Tut! tut! childish nonsense. Where can you go?" said Mr. Thorpe irritably.

Margaret looked at Miss Seymour, but her face was irresponsive: Mr. Cole's head was bent over the papers he was placing in his bag, and there was little encouragement in the cold faces of Mr. Thorpe and Mr. Ranger. No one offered her a temporary home, and she could not walk out of the house to take up her abode in the fields.

"You must stay here," said Enid. "I will stay with you."

"Do you wish me to stay? Do you think I should?"

Enid bent her head in assent.

Margaret's firm mouth trembled and a little frown came upon her forehead.

"Then I will stay until Mr. Geoffrey Fenham comes home," she said.

"Quite right," grunted Mr. Ranger. "Miss Seymour gives you good advice."

Margaret put her hand into her friend's.

"I always do what Enid tells me," she said defiantly, as though daring anyone to deny it.

"She's an obstinate little girl," observed Mr. Thorpe when the girls were gone and the men were taking refreshment before departing their several ways. "It's a good thing Miss Seymour can manage her."

"That won't last long. She'll soon see through Miss Seymour, and then she'll go her own way. Look at her mother; good old family; well off; a distant connection of Fenham; but she would marry that Lester in spite of everything, and never owned to the very last the mess she had made. This girl's the same; I can see it in her face. But I am sorry for the child. She has been cruelly served. I suppose young Fenham will do something for her, Cole?"

But Mr. Cole refused to commit himself as to his client's intentions.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

SEVERAL weeks had passed. The day was drawing near when Mr. Geoffrey Fenham might be expected in England.

The slender second finger of Margaret's right hand was stained with ink which neither pumice stone nor nailbrush could remove; a stain resulting from the hundreds of possible and impossible advertisements she had answered in her search for work. Several shillings of the remains of her last allowance had been spent in stamps and notepaper, but Margaret was as far from finding employment as on the day of Mr. Fenham's death. She and Miss Seymour were still at Fen Court.

A letter was brought to her one afternoon when the girls were having afternoon tea on the lawn.

"An answer at last," said Margaret, her fingers trembling with eagerness.

Her face fell when she began to read, but it brightened towards the end.

"It is from a Mrs. Lester, a distant cousin of my father's. Read it, Enid."

"'My dearest Margaret'—she is affectionate. Do you know her well?"

"I never heard of her before."

"MY DEAREST MARGARET,—I feel that you are, indeed, my dearest Margaret, though you will not recollect ever having seen me. You were a sweet little fair-haired fairy of two in your mother's arms when I last saw you. Your father and my dear husband were cousins and *devoted* to one another, and I need not say how deeply we felt the severance of all connection with you—a severance that we should never have permitted had it not been for your good—Mr. Geoffrey Fenham's proviso on adopting you as his heiress. But now, *now*, after all these years, may I and my daughters (I cannot say how they long to meet their dear cousin Margaret)—may we gather up the broken threads of our relationship, and take you to our hearts?"

"How kind she is!" said Margaret, with tears in her eyes.

"We saw Mr. Fenham's death in the papers, and felt for you in your affliction," continued Enid, reading the letter, "the more deeply that we ourselves have passed through a flood of sorrow in the loss of a beloved husband and father. With what joy he would have welcomed his dear cousin's child could he have been spared to enjoy the happy re-union. But Providence saw otherwise, and we can but bow our heads and submit to the cruel stroke. And now, dearest girl, I have a proposition to make. Can you leave your beautiful home, and spend a little time with your relations in this grimy town? We long to see you, and we can provide a few distractions to pass the

time. Give us a really long visit. Months would not be too long, considering how many, many years we have been without you. My girls will be frantic with delight if you can honour us with a visit. Need I say how I shall welcome you?

"My dearest Margaret,

"Your loving cousin,

"LETITIA LESTER."

"Is it not kind of her? Fancy my having relations on my father's side and not knowing it, and such kind relations! See, they want me for months!"

"They think you have inherited Mr. Fenham's money," said Enid, looking over the letter.

Margaret's face flushed, and she looked indignantly at Enid.

"How can you think of such things? I did not know you——" Her voice quivered and stopped.

"Ough! how the paper is scented. Take it. You had better accept the invitation."

"I must tell her first that I have nothing in the world."

Enid shrugged her shoulders. She did not believe that invitation would be again given when Margaret's poverty was known by Mrs. Lester.

Margaret threw herself on the grass by Enid's side and pressed her face against her knee.

"Do you mean that everyone will change to me because I have no money? Is that what you are meaning, Enid?"

Miss Seymour looked down at the smooth fair head and hesitated. She was not heartless; Margaret might be left to find out for herself how the world would treat a penniless girl. She would not make matters more uncomfortable by giving Margaret a hint of the life that lay before her. Therefore she laughed lightly, patted Margaret's shoulder and said—

"How tragic we are! Write to your aunt or cousin, or whatever relation she calls herself, and I am sure she will be charmed with your letter; and if you stay with her, I know that she will love my dear little Margaret."

Margaret, with tears in her eyes, threw her arms round Enid's neck.

"That is like yourself, Enid. You did not mean that people would change because I have no money. I ought not to have thought it of you, my noble Enid."

Enid's eyelids quivered; she could not meet Margaret's earnest eyes. But Margaret was blind.

"What shall I say to Mrs. Lester?" she asked at length.

"Oh, anything."

Enid was growing tired.

Margaret's hearty young affection always bored her, but in the past there had been a motive for hiding the weariness. Now there was none; and she had no compunction in yawning in Margaret's face, or pushing the girl's arms from around her neck.

Margaret took her letter and went to Mrs. Jones for advice.

"Mr. Fenham couldn't abide that Mrs. Lester, my dear; but it's a very kind letter, and if you'd like to go away for a bit——"

"For a bit! It will be for always! You forget, I have nothing to do with Fen Court now."

"Well! well! don't catch a body up so short! If you'd like a change, and Miss Seymour hasn't asked you to stay with her——"

"She cannot. Her stepmother would not like it."

Mrs. Jones grunted, and Margaret turned upon her with flashing, angry eyes.

"You are always hinting things about Enid, and I will not have it. How can she ask me to her house when she is not the mistress?"

"Where there's a will there's a way, Miss Margie."

"Be quiet, Jones. You shall not say such things to me."

Margaret drew herself up, and Mrs. Jones dared say no more on the subject of Miss Seymour.

"I shall write to Mrs. Lester and ask her to have me on the twentieth of this month. That is the day my cousin is expected and I do not wish to meet him."

"You'll have to see him, Miss Margie, there'll be business to settle."

"What business can I have with him? He walks in and I walk out of Fen Court. I do not wish to see him."

Margaret tossed her head and put on the mutinous expression which always made Mrs. Jones long to shake her.

"I do not wish to see him, she said grandly, and walked away to write her letter to Mrs. Lester.

"It was very, very kind of you to remember me," her letter ran. "Mr. Fenham has not left me any money; he has left everything to his son, which, of course, is quite right. I should like to stay with you very much. May I come on the 20th of July? I am looking out for a place as governess; perhaps I shall hear of one before the twentieth, and then I hope you will allow me to stay with you in the Christmas holidays."

Enid smiled covertly when that part was read to her.

"I want to see my cousins very much," the letter continued, "and it is very kind of them to want to know me."

The letter was despatched. Margaret seemed contented, and to dread no cold reply or abatement of warmth.

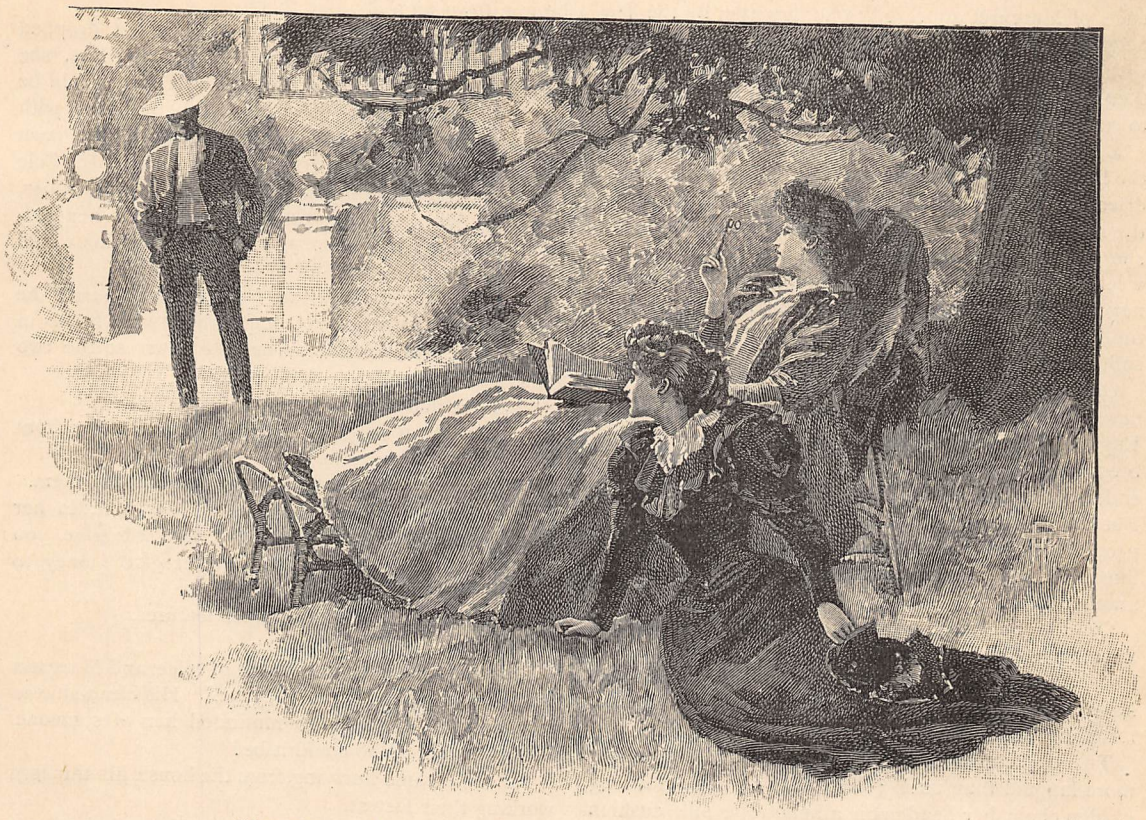
By return of post an answer came.

Margaret read the letter, and Enid curiously watched the change in her face. From bright and glad it grew dark and gloomy, a frown came on the white forehead, and a hurt look into the grey eyes.

"It is different," she said, throwing the letter into Enid's lap, "quite different. Will everyone change to me because I have no money?"

She ran from the room to hide the tears that pride prevented her from allowing to be seen, even by Enid.

"MY DEAR MARGARET,"—["No longer dearest," said Enid to herself]—"I am astonished and *horrified* at the news in your letter. It was *always* understood that Mr. Fenham would leave you his money. I can



"'THE TRAMP' WAS CROSSING THE LAWN TOWARDS THEM" (*p.* 52).

scarcely believe that he has left you penniless after adopting and bringing you up as his heiress. I can scarcely be counted as a *relation* at *all*. I regret to say that we cannot have you on the twentieth; we are going away to the seaside, and shall not be back until the end of August. *Then*, if you have not found a situation, we can have you for three weeks. At the end of that time we are going to Scotland to stay with some friends, so I am afraid that three weeks is the longest I can ask you for.

"Yours very sincerely,

"LETITIA LESTER."

"I wonder she asked her to stay with them again after hearing of her poverty," thought Enid. "The end of August; what is to become of her until then? She cannot stay with me, that is certain."

The same thought was in Margaret's mind. What was to become of her if she did not find a situation? Three pounds remained to her from her last allowance. Three pounds! and Margaret had never realised the value of money. She looked at that three pounds and the odd shillings and pence in her purse. What would become of her? She set her lips firmly and her chin looked squarer than usual as she resolved afresh that nothing—nothing that could be said or done—should make her take a penny of Mr. Fenham's money. She meant to make her own living, as she had told him she would. If she starved she would not accept help from Geoffrey Fenham.

She had never felt a pang of hunger in her life.

A stiff acceptance of Mrs. Lester's cold invitation was written and posted. With all Margaret's foolishness and childish pride there was a vein of common sense running through her nature, and she recognised the fact that beggars cannot be choosers. Her first impulse to refuse the invitation was followed by the thought that Mrs. Lester was her only relation. She could not afford to offend her.

So to Enid's and Mrs. Jones's surprise the invitation for the three weeks at the end of August was accepted. To the surprise of Mrs. Jones and Enid, because they were acquainted with only the impulsive, headstrong side of Margaret's character.

The twentieth of July came and passed, and Margaret and Miss Seymour were still at Fen Court. All Margaret's endeavours to leave had been unavailing; nobody wanted her services, and Enid's presence prevented her from any impulsive action such as running away, leaving no address behind her. There were moments when the thought of doing this crossed her mind, but she could not leave Enid; Mrs. Jones, too, knowing her young mistress's nature, was watching.

Mr. Cole visited Fen Court on business connected

with the estates. He was the only visitor; the existence of Margaret appeared to be forgotten by the few neighbours. To be sure, Mr. Fenham had quarrelled with most of the families in the neighbourhood, but there were one or two who might have been expected to call on Margaret.

Enid Seymour noted the absence of their cards on the hall table if Margaret did not. The visits of the dried-up, wizened little lawyer were the only break in the monotonous existence. Enid did not like him, but she grew to welcome his appearance before the five weeks of her stay at Fen Court were ended. She had never stayed with Margaret during Mr. Fenham's lifetime, and she had never imagined that such a quiet, solitary existence was led by her.

On the twentieth of July Mr. Cole came with the news that Mr. Geoffrey Fenham would not be in England for another week. Margaret drew a long breath at the week's respite. Enid wished that it was ended; the dulness of Fen Court was oppressive. But she was curious to see the new owner, and her people were staying at a house where she was not liked, so she agreed to remain with Margaret for another week.

On the Saturday after this, Margaret and Miss Seymour were seated on the lawn, under the chestnut trees, drinking their tea. The weather was close and sultry, and the copper sun and heavy clouds threatened a thunderstorm.

The oppressive heat was making Miss Seymour more languid than usual; she was lying back in a long garden chair, her head upon a heliotrope silk cushion to match the shade of her loose flowing dress. Margaret, in a heavy black frock, was seated on the grass, her back against the trunk of a tree, fanning herself vigorously with her sailor hat.

"How cool you look, Enid. I am growing warmer every second."

"Your fanning makes you warm."

"There is not a breath of air. How dreadful it must be in a town on a day like this."

She paused in her fanning and her hat dropped from her fingers. In a week, or perhaps less, she would be pent up in some town—Fen Court would be a memory of the past. The low, rambling house, with its gables and black and white woodwork, the lawn that sloped so gently to the pond (lake, Mr. Cole called it), the chestnuts in the avenue, the water-lilies, the roses that crept over the porch and up to her bedroom window: in a week or a fortnight all this would be left behind. A lump rose in her throat.

A man was passing the front of the house; he looked up at the windows, then turned with hands in his pockets, and looked across the lawn at the two girls.

"Who is that man?" asked Enid.

"Some tramp begging. He has come to the front of the house by mistake."

"The tramp" was crossing the lawn towards them.

"Go round to the kitchen," said Margaret, in her clear, imperious young voice; "they will give you some bread and cheese, but I never give money to beggars."

A droll smile twisted the man's features.

"That's a pity," he said.

Enid roused herself at the tone of voice, and Margaret flushed and looked at the "beggar." His clean-shaven face, and tall, lithe figure reminded her of someone. Who was it? Who could it be?

Mr. Cole came hurrying from the house, his thin legs working their fastest.

Margaret rose to her feet; she knew what was coming.

"Margaret takes me for a beggar," said the man over his shoulder to the little lawyer.

"This is Mr. Geoffrey Fenham," said Mr. Cole, panting from his exertions.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

A TALK WITH MR. JEROME K. JEROME.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

A VERY quiet, retiring man of some thirty-odd years, Mr. Jerome is, nevertheless, possessed of a quietly humorous way of putting before his listener the most ordinary incidents of human life. He is, therefore, a very delightful companion, and a many-sided one also.

For no less remarkable than is his fund of genuine humour is his great earnestness of manner, his evident thoughtfulness, and the curiously wide range of his reading. He is not in the least the flashy, cheaply-clever, shallow and superficial person that some have imagined him to be. On the contrary, a quite remarkable serious-mindedness is constantly displaying itself in his conversation, and frequently in his work, which has many touches here and there of a very genuine pathos and a very dainty thoughtfulness. You can read this in the face of the man: a very kind face, conveying a wonderful amount of tender-heartedness and gentle consideration for others: nothing weak about it though.

Weakness and tender-heartedness go so nearly together that by the superficial observer they are frequently not to be separated. But in the rather youthful face of Mr. Jerome one can trace plenty of strength, some amount of patient perseverance, which, indeed, is one of his chief characteristics. We sat together one long summer morning—he and I—in the verandah which runs round the pretty little house in St. John's

Wood in which he lives, and all these characteristics I noted as he lay back in his arm-chair, quietly and shrewdly talking to me upon the trend of present-day literature.

After a while I turned the conversation upon his own work in particular, asking him how it was he was able, out of his own inner consciousness as it were, to evolve so many curious specimens of humanity, and yet so true to life.

"Well," he thoughtfully replied, "it is rather difficult to say off-hand, because though I am always studying life in the rough, yet I rarely pick out solitary specimens of humans. Things sink in unconsciously, I suppose. I couldn't tell you what a man had on five minutes after he had left me, but after a while, if I thought about him, he would all come back to me. As to what they say and think—the characters in my books—I always feel as if I knew what a man would say; if I see his face I can always tell what he is going to say, for words, modes of expression, are so much the part of a man.

"Take, for instance, that double character in my 'Novel Notes,' where a man is a gentleman for one month and an East-end blackguard the next month. Whenever I conjured up the two faces of that one man I knew exactly what each would say. Lavater says that you can alter your feelings by your facial muscles.

"'Stick out the jaw,' he says, 'and you feel determined at once.'

"I often do that myself. The muscles have a distinct effect on the will-power. It simply means that body and mind react on one another. Wag a dog's tail to make him good-humoured. If you can make a man laugh against his will, his bad humour goes, dispersed by the muscles of laughter. You notice this often in the House of Commons.

"I always enter into my characters' thoughts and feelings; I can't help myself. Mr. Solomon in painting my portrait the other day noticed that. I happened to think of a murder in my story, the savageness of it came into my face, and he had to paint the expression over again when my thoughts were of a more cheerful nature.

"I don't work from my head, but from my heart. For the time being I am the man I am describing. I could not possibly describe him and his doings in cold blood.

"Take 'Uncle Podger' hanging the pictures in 'Three Men in a Boat.' I actually was that man putting up the pictures, or rather, I was the people standing round him. He was only reflective. I did not take him from his point of view; I was his disgusted wife looking on. I dare say he thought the onlookers a pack of fools.

"My characters really live while I am writing about them. *Now* they are like people gone abroad—they have dropped out of my life. It is not till I have got two-thirds through my book that I know my new characters.

"Many authors go back to their old characters. Bret Harte must have loved to go back to Bill."

"And what class of people do you best like to describe?"

"There again it is difficult to say definitely," replied

MR. JEROME K. JEROME.
(*From a photograph by Messrs. Barrauds, Ltd., Oxford Street, W.*)

my host, as he lit one of his never-failing cigarettes. "There is a keen study underneath the surface to be found in the quieter and better-educated classes; bizarre effects in the eccentric strong characters; but it is the totally uncultivated who provide the strongest. My great point, I think, is in making people talk; but I don't think you can train yourself to it. If you have a strong sympathy generally you can at once get *inside* a man.

"You think with him and express yourself with him. Each class has certain subtleties. The costermonger, the politician, the society *flâneur*; imagine them gathered round one subject, and how differently each of them would view the same thing, each one from his own point of thought.

"There would be little turns of wording and expression—the reflex of the man's thought, and this, without taking into account accent or grammatical accuracy—merely the bent of mind."

"How do you explain to yourself your own motives, Mr. Jerome?" I asked, as we rose from our seats to take a turn round the pretty little garden.

"I don't do so at all. Where you can explain your motives and analyse your work you are sure to be weakest. The strongest work is always the most unconscious."

"Well, now," I interrupted, anxious to get at the genesis, so to speak, of so thoughtful a writer, "what has formed your mind: reading, study, or experience of life and men?"

"I have read very little," he replied, to my very considerable astonishment, for his conversation quite naturally and unconsciously had implied the very reverse. "I am not a reader—I have never been fond of it since boyhood. The only reading I really care for is history, so that my knowledge, whatever it is, is simply the experience of life. There is more interest in life than in anything else.

"To be always about and thinking—that is the main point, though I own that one is obliged to read nowadays to be able to hold one's own at a dinner-table. I like anything that gives one facts, as I suppose history does. It is, however, very interesting to me to read people's motives—you get so good an insight into actual character. I like to think of Robespierre joining in the village politics, and then to think of him as he was in power, tracing back the germ of the savage nature in the man.

"But as a whole, my taste for reading passed away when I ceased to be a boy and began to think."

"And now tell me," said I, "something about your best known book, 'Three Men in a Boat.'"

"Well," he humorously replied, "I didn't write it of *malice prepense*—I liked the work. It cleared away my boyishness, it was the outcome of sheer animal spirits. I did not sit down to it in cold blood, regarding it as a mere literary effort.

"Dickens could never have turned out 'Pickwick' in mature age. You know, I don't think the best works are always literary. I was dreadfully pitched into by the critics for 'Three Men'—vulgar, slangy, inane, illiterate—I don't know what they didn't call it and me.

"But, after all, it is a piece of realism, and not very unclean realism either. What I say is this: if you write a book dealing with the present day, write facts. Convention is not fact. I grant you 'Three Men' is calculated to irritate the superior article. I have taken it up myself in one mood, and flung it aside in disgust.

"Now, look here," continued my host, as he deftly rolled me up a cigarette, "people don't seem to realise that a man is a being of many moods. Can't your superior critic see that I like the serious side of humanity quite as well as the mere frivolous side? Can't he understand that almost invariably humour and pathos go together? The serious public don't seem to think a thing is serious unless it is put in a serious manner.

"The modern serious public would never take Voltaire as serious on account of his style. But he is every bit as serious as Carlyle. If I want to say anything serious, it is easier for me to say it in the form of a farcical tale than to put it forward in an essay with big-sounding words.

MR. JEROME'S STUDY.

"It is so difficult to get the public to see a serious thing under a light way of putting it. If Æsop came and wrote to-day, only the editors of children's magazines would notice his fables. Some of Josh Billings's sayings are as serious as Thomas Hardy's, but yet everyone looks on Josh Billings as an American *drôle*.

"Humour is often very deep seriousness run to bitterness. A man often attempts to laugh and joke over a thing he feels is too deep and painful to discuss in any other way. There are thoughts, you know, that lie too deep for tears; but can you not express them with a laugh, however paradoxical it may sound?

"Humour is not so much a peculiar way of looking at life as of expressing what one sees and knows of life. Humorists see as clearly as anyone, and perhaps more clearly than most, the serious side of human life."

"But do English people really appreciate humour?" I asked.

"Well, that depends, of course, on the kind of humour and the kind of people. Humour is natural, and we are meant to laugh; of that I am certain, but humour is not of the intellect, and it *cannot* be forced, as seriousness can; it must be spontaneous. I think this, you know: that culture does away with the humorous faculty.

"The lower orders all have humour. The third-class carriage always provides it. The Oxford don may give you a cynical observation now and again, but he rarely jokes. The cultured man is irritated by humour, though perhaps he gives way now and again after dinner, when the animal is apt to predominate over the intellectual."

I happened to remark upon the number of *young* men who are rising in the literary firmament, laying special stress upon their youth and the agreeable freshness of their outlook upon life.

"Yes," said Mr. Jerome, "you lose in after life what you can never regain—the freshness of opinion. At first it is all so new to one that one delightedly puts down on paper thoughts and feelings that never come in after life.

"May I instance my own 'Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow'? They contain the views of a very young man on the world in general. All the critics could do was to shrug their shoulders and say it had all been done before. Precisely, I don't deny it, but I felt it was interesting just because it came fresh from one's self—myself, yourself, or anybody else—it doesn't matter.

"A fool's opinion is often more interesting than a wise man's comments on someone else's views. I always like to get a 'bus driver's opinions, for instance. Not that I mean for a moment to imply that they are fools—the very reverse; but because it is *their* opinion, pure and undiluted, not somebody else's watered down. Your man of wisdom merely echoes his memories of what forty different people have said or written. And then it is for this very reason that a young man's views of life are more interesting than an older man's.

"I believe we often lose intelligence as we grow older. As young men we are fresh and original: as middle-aged men we are the mere echoes of what we have heard or read."

We fell into a discussion as to the various kinds of reading public.

"Ah," said my host, "how curiously varied it is nowadays. You find intelligent appreciation of the best very often where you least expect it. Take, for instance, our artisan class. You have no idea how really clever and artistic these men sometimes are. We have been doing up our house lately, and the other morning I had a talk with some of the men, and to my astonishment I found they read and appreciated Kipling, Hardy, Barrie, and others. They had joined free libraries, and so they were able to get these writers, and were well up in them.

"They don't all appreciate things specially written for them, I can tell you. I assure you they don't regard it as a compliment by any means. What a writer in the present day has to contend against is the dense stupidity of our small provincial classes."

"You were very daring in starting with so high-class a magazine as that," I observed, as I caught sight of a copy of *The Idler* lying on the window-sill.

Mr. Jerome laughed quietly as he replied—

"We determined we would begin at the top and not at the bottom. Indeed, there was no room except at the top. There's always room at the top—room for the best. I don't believe nowadays in beginning at the bottom rung of the ladder. It is the big scheme now that wins. One must put it to the touch to *win* or *lose* it all. It only wants pluck."

At this moment the clever young wife of the author joined us, catching up at the moment his last words—

"It only wants pluck."

"Ah!" she laughingly said, "my husband doesn't want for pluck, does he?"

"Well," he very modestly observed, "I have required it, I can assure you, in my career through life. I had a pretty rough time of it at the outset. I began life in an office, then I quitted that for the work of a shorthand writer, a mere reporter, going to political, social, scientific meetings, and if I saw no one else there I would take notes, write them on a 'flimsy,' and take them round to different offices.

"A wretched life then, but splendid training. My method of work now is very uncertain. I am always at work, as I told you, studying character chiefly, and different types of life—sometimes as a shorthand writer in the streets, sometimes in the study in a frenzy of thought.

"I write just as I can, generally of a morning. My work is only of myself, and can only be done when I am in the humour.

"Trollope once told a young fellow who asked him what he should strive to acquire most if he settled down to the career of a writer—a bit of cobbler's wax.

"But that may have suited him, to be glued to his seat and to turn out so many pages per day. The less fortunate must wait for the inspiration."

"A LITTLE MUSIC."

(ILLUSTRATED FROM SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY T. W. COULDERY.)

AN OLD CREMONA.

THE FLUTE.

A COMIC SONG.

DOUBLE BASS.

"A LITTLE MUSIC."—(*Continued.*)

A SOLO ON THE CLARINET.

THE HARP.

THE MANDOLINE.

A WRESTLE WITH THE CONCERTINA.

"BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD."

IS MARRIAGE A LOTTERY? MARRIAGE IS *NOT* A LOTTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED."

The Lottery Theory.

SIR JOHN MORE (father of the Chancellor, Sir Thomas) was often heard to say—

"I would compare the multitude of women which are to be chosen for wives unto a bag of snakes, having among them a single eel. Now, if a man should put his hand into this bag he may chance to light on the eel; but it is a hundred to one he shall be stung by a snake."

Perhaps the lottery theory of marriage was never stated more strongly or with greater cynicism; but is it true? I think not. Indeed, if I had thought otherwise I never would have written "How to be Happy though Married," for the object of that book was to show that if people will take some care in choosing their life-partners, and will, when married, use common sense and obey their best feelings, they will, as a general rule, be happy, even though the estate of marriage is surrounded by cares and difficulties which are only less than those of single life.

"No man e'er gained a happy life by chance,
Or yawned it into being with a wish."

The lottery theory, as generally understood, implies that this statement is not true. According to it happiness or unhappiness in domestic life comes with as little regard to merit or demerit as victory in a game of chance or a prize in a lottery. We think, on the contrary, that, as a rule, those who earn and deserve matrimonial happiness get it.

Rule and Exception.

Of course there are many exceptions, and we all know that no amount of either prudence or goodness can keep away sickness, loss of fortune, and the other changes and chances that so greatly affect happiness. Still, if the right sort of life-partners have been chosen, these things will be taken in the proper spirit, and borne together in a way that increases rather than diminishes love. All depends upon the choice that is made. A prudent one will prevent a man from being stung by a snake, and will give him a goodly eel as his marriage portion.

Of course, young people cannot be expected to choose their partners in life simply from prudential reasons, as if they were setting up a shop together. They fall in love—and quite right, too, for they are following the dictates of Nature. The first time a young man meets a certain young woman he is drawn towards her by a strange, invincible influence. He says to himself—

"I'm not a marrying man, but if I were I might do worse than marry that young lady."

And when he does marry her (we must not take those who say that they are not marrying men too seriously) friends on both sides say—

"Well, I never could see what Mr. So-and-so saw to like in Miss So-and-so."

That is just it; they could not see it, and the young man himself could not see it, but it was Nature speaking to him in his strongest feelings and saying—

"Marry her, for she is the complement—the one who completes or fills up your nature—and you will be happy ever after. Refuse her, for the sake of another with more money or more influential connections, and you will be as miserable as those deserve to be who refuse to hear the voice of God speaking through me."

Now, when a young man obeys his *healthy* instincts and marries the young woman whom, in his own interest and in the interest of the human race Nature designed for him, should marriage in his case be called a lottery? If we eat and drink what we like it would be an abuse of words to speak of dinner as a lottery.

Are Cupid's Eyes Open?

The revelation of science in this matter is not doubtful. If Darwin had been asked "Is marriage a lottery?" he would have answered, "It is sexual selection and natural selection, and anything rather than the haphazard thing we understand by a lottery."

But it is said love is blind, and a young man head and ears and *eyes* in love cannot discover whether the young lady to whom he is drawn has or has not a bad temper, for instance, or any of the other infirmities that make marriages failures. Men were deceivers ever, it is said, and even women can do a little in that way. Indeed, some of them do it so well that those who marry them discover that, like Jacob, they courted one woman and married another. Then we are reminded of the old conundrum: Why are women like bells? Because you do not know what metal they are made of until you *ring* them; and of Robert Hall's answer to the young man who asked if a certain lady would make a good wife—

"How can I tell? I never lived with her."

To this we answer that love is seldom so blind as it is here represented. Most young men of the period keep a weather eye open, and are by no means very ready to give themselves away. And to those who have a little experience of life, and who do not rush into marriage when mere children, there will appear small notes of character and indications which show, to speak familiarly, which way the wind is blowing. Having, in his "Advice to Young Men," told them that there is no condition of life in which industry in

a wife is not necessary, Cobbett goes on to answer the question--

"How is the purblind lover to ascertain whether she, whose smiles have bereft him of his senses—how is he to judge whether the beloved object will be industrious or lazy?"

In answer to this question he suggests several outward and visible signs, and then goes on to tell of a young man in Philadelphia, who, courting one of three sisters, happened to be on a visit to her when all the three were present, and when one said to the others—

"I *wonder* where *our* needle is?"

Upon which he withdrew as soon as was consistent with politeness, resolved never to think more of a girl who possessed a needle only in partnership, and who, it appeared, was not even too well informed where that share was deposited.

When Cobbett gave these hints on choosing a wife he spoke to young men as if they were going to play a game of skill and not of chance—as if they had free wills and were not lottery tickets to be drawn out of a hat by the first woman who cared to try her luck. Chance only means our ignorance of the cause of things, nor do we think that success and failure in marriage is more a matter of chance than success and failure in other departments of the business of life.

A servant-maid told a lady to whom she had applied for a situation that she had a fortnight's character from her last place. With even less knowledge than this of his character a girl will sometimes marry a man.

She does so in her "salad days," when she is "green in judgment;" or she wants a home and independence, and so she rushes into matrimony, not with *the* man, but with the first who asks her. When too late she sees her husband as other people have all along seen him.

Marriage has not brought to her the ease and comfort she counted upon. And perhaps the husband has also been disillusioned. He married a girl only for her pretty face or graceful figure or skill at tennis, or because she flattered him, and now he finds that his bird of paradise is only an indifferent barn-door hen.

Then, when they marry, many people live for themselves just as much as they did when unmarried. They will not study the characters of their life-partners, and accommodate themselves to them. They reckon that they have a right to so much service, care, and tenderness from those who love them, instead of asking how much service, care, and tenderness they can give.

"Love and joy are torches lit from altar-fires of sacrifice," and it is just because marriage gives continual opportunities for denying and effacing self that it is so blessed. How is it, however, when men and women who are tied together indulge and exalt self, and instead of giving and taking, in order to pull together comfortably, insist on having their own way?

People who act in these and such like ways are surely not justified in saying that marriage is a lottery. If they had entered any profession or business as carelessly, and practised it with as little common-sense and self-denial, they would have failed quite as much. Our point is that marriage is not more a lottery than other conditions of life. Uncertainty reigns everywhere. We ourselves are the accidents of accidents. If it be true that one look may marry us it is also true that in other departments of life a so-called chance and trifling occurrence may determine a man's career.

"A kiss from my mother," said West, "made me a painter."

"A lucky chance," Thomson tells us in his "Seasons," "oft decides the fate of mighty monarchs."

The conclusion to which a broad survey of life brings us is that everything is a lottery, or that nothing is, and that marriage is no exception. For my part I do not think that there is such a thing as chance, but believe that there is "a divinity that shapes our ends," and that He, as Shakespeare again says (though He is too little consulted in the matter), "is the best Maker of marriages."

If marriage be a lottery it is only in the sense that marriages are made in heaven.

"The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

He makes, and as a rule brings together, the right people to marry; but "Mrs. Grundy" seeks out many inventions for separating them. They are not in exactly the same social set, or they have not just as much money as "Society" in her wisdom thinks they ought to have, or they cannot get introduced (and we know that an Englishman cannot rescue a fellow-creature from drowning, much less from the slough of matrimonial despond, if he has not been introduced); or they have not enough opportunities to judge of each other's characters.

All this hinders the action of the marriage of the fittest, and makes matrimony appear to be a game of chance, in which there is no room at all for skill.

And the consequences of this wrong theory, as we hold it to be, are very disastrous. If people think that it is an even chance whether they are happy or miserable in married life they will take no pains to choose rightly their life-partners or try in any way to work out their matrimonial salvation. They will reason as did Macbeth:—

"If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me, without my stir."

This is especially the case with the thoughtless and uneducated. I knew a man who tossed up a

penny and married a certain woman merely because it came down "heads."

A couple hailing from the Old Kent Road were being married, when the following dialogue took place:—

Parson: "Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife?"

'Arry: "Yus."

Parson (repeating same again): "Wilt thou," etc.

'Arry (getting impatient): "Yus, I will, and chance it."

This "chance it" shows the feeling about matrimony that prevails in the Old Kent Road and similar places, and it is a feeling which causes that honourable estate to be enterprised and taken in hand unadvisedly and lightly rather than "reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God."

MARRIAGE *IS* A LOTTERY.

BY G. B. BURGIN, AUTHOR OF "A QUAKER GIRL," "HIS LORDSHIP," ETC.

Jenkins.

I SAT in a fair garden by the sea when the discussion of this subject was suggested to me by means of a London missive. Below me, to the left, a little fleet of fishing boats with red-brown sails, floated merrily along in the sunshine—merrily, that is, to persons familiar with the insidious restlessness of the sea—a restlessness which reduces that noble animal, Man, to a limp mass of motionless misery. A little above me, to the right, sullenly worked Jenkins the gardener, whose red-brown, warty nose inharmoniously reflected the hue of the sails below.

"Jenkins," I said questioningly, "you are reputed to have had a wide experience of matrimony. Do you know anything about it?"

Jenkins, glad of an excuse to cease from toil, dropped his scythe and prepared to consider the question, first throwing out a preliminary hint that he was "mortal dry." (The aridity of Jenkins, mentally and bodily, is a never-failing source of shame and wonder to his friends.)

"It is a dry subject, Jenkins, but I want to know in time for this evening's post whether matrimony is a lottery."

"'T'all depends upon the people," quoth Jenkins judicially. "It's a lottery when people argify with their learned betters, but t'aint when they dussent. When my new wife argifies with me, I just fetches her a clip on the ear with anything handy, and that finishes the argifying. Now, a gentleman talks back soft-like, and lets his wife come over him, the foolish dodderel"; and Jenkins once more put on the pretence of working with the air of a man who had said all that pertained to the subject.

But he hadn't, the ill-conditioned son of Adam! To "fetch a woman a clip on the ear," *à la* Jenkins, by way of argument, is like brushing the gold-dust from the heart of a glorious lily, thereby robbing it of all beauty and power of expression.

And yet Jenkins had been married three times, his latest success accepting him for the apparently inadequate reason "he be such a masterful man, be Jenkins."

Marriage in the Abstract.

From Jenkins in the concrete, my thoughts wandered to marriage in the abstract.

Theoretically, marriage is a lifelong union of two people who shall grow together, live together, become one together, walk the thorny paths of life together, bravely helping each other over the rough places, bearing mutual sorrows and mutual weaknesses until they reach the mountain top and stand upon the summit of the sunlit land, comrades yet—comrades who have fought the good fight—comrades who, bathed in the golden glory of the setting sun, feel the painful burden of mortality fall from off their feeble frames, and soar on new-found pinions higher still—together!

That is marriage theoretically, according to some people's idea of it; but, if you interrogate your fellow-creatures, you shall find that most of them regard it as a lottery.

Take, for instance, a pair of great poets. Milton's idea of married happiness was that it ceased to be a lottery when the man did all the talking—a radically wrong conception if he hoped for matrimonial happiness, for no woman with any self-respect will allow herself to be out-talked by a mere man. Even if she is not talking sense (this does sometimes happen), the continuous murmur of her pretty babble is so convincing—to herself—that, like Tennyson's brooklet,

"Men may come, and men may go,"

but she goes on for *ever! ever!! ever!!!*

Byron, tempestuous human torrent that he was, found marriage a lottery because his wife interrupted him when he was turning out "copy" for Mr. Murray.

"I hope I do not interrupt you, Byron," she said, smilingly, one morning as she entered his study. (It was probably on the occasion he strove to find a rhyme for "intellectual," and achieved "hen-pecked you all.")

"Yes, you do," he said; and added a brutal word fit only for the lips of a costermonger, thereby convincing her that marriage was a lottery in which she had lost.

Three Reasons.

The three great reasons why marriage is such a lottery are probably—

(1) No woman ever thoroughly understands herself.

(2) No man ever thoroughly understands a woman.

(3) No woman ever thoroughly understands a man.

Man is supposed to be a reasoning animal. I say "supposed to be," because an acute reasoner rarely marries (he is not so unreasonable), whereas most men marry.

Even women, who notoriously prefer instinct to reason (that is why they also are so unreasonable), unconsciously admit this.

My friend Mr. Zangwill tells the story of a Jew who wanted to be married, but who knocked at the door of the wrong Rabbi.

"What do you want?" asked the woman who came to the door.

"I want to be married by the Rabbi," said the Jew.

"You have made a mistake," replied the woman. "My master does not marry people; he is *only a bringer of consolation to them*," *i.e.*, a preacher of funeral sermons.

The reason women so rarely understand themselves is because they are generally impressionable. Like water, they take their colour from their surroundings. One sunny day, they are bright, mirthful, optimistic; the next day it rains, and they are dissolved in tears, looking back to what might have been, and utterly oblivious of the

"Days that are lost lamenting o'er lost days."

In their sunny mood they have married a man of cheerful temperament, and, now that they are depressed, he loses touch with them, becomes a noisy nuisance whose high spirits are an outrage, whose robust health is an insult to finer-fibred beings. When a temporarily pessimistic woman is tied for life to a permanently optimistic man, she feels that marriage is a lottery.

Who is to Blame?

Reverse the cases, and the experience is the same. If one thinks of the diametrically opposite people who do marry each other, there is a certain point in the Yankee's comment on a buffalo bull which butted at an engine going full speed.

"Wal," said he, gazing upon the scattered fragments of the bison as they rapidly dispersed to the four corners of the universe—"Wal, I reckon to admire your courage, but I despise your judgment."

Of course, it is easy (too easy, alas!) to sneer, and say that the lottery of marriage is all a woman's fault, but it isn't. In nine cases out of ten, a man woos a woman under the profound impression that he has, to use a medical term, "diagnosed" her correctly; whereas he has done nothing of the sort, but fallen in love with the creature of his own imagination and wedded a woman who ultimately proves to be someone else. He has, innocently enough, committed a moral bigamy; and the rest of his life is spent in a vain attempt to reconcile the dream woman and the real woman to each other, although in most cases, they will not even bow when they meet.

Ornithologically considering matrimony, in the days of their courtship the female bird is attracted to her mate by the splendour of his plumage. Among human beings, this rule is reversed, for the man is attracted by the appearance of the woman. Then the woman, actuated by that desire to please which is one of the most amiable instincts of her sex, unconsciously assimilates the man's ideas and tastes, and gives them forth as her own—he, all the while, unwitting that in time she will "revert" to her former self. With insects, the scientific term for a material approximation to their surroundings is called "simulation," and is adopted by them for safety's sake. Among human beings, however, it is frequently a source of danger and has sometimes a monosyllable prefixed to it which certainly alters the sense.

All men and women are likely to find marriage a lottery because, as Goethe says—

"Love feels, and cannot reason,"

and is often evanescent. If every man who marries were to sit down and calmly consider the chances for or against him in the marriage lottery, he would never marry at all. But he doesn't. He says to himself—

"It is not good for man to be alone. My whole heart is filled with passionate yearning and tumultuous pain and longing for my better, sweeter self. Without her, I cannot attain the glory of my manhood—do the great deeds I mean to do—live the beautiful life I have planned—without her I loathe life and do not know how to live.

"True, there are unhappy marriages. Man and maiden have loved each other before now as I love her, and the 'little rift within the lute' has made the music mute, the world has gone wrong with them, coldness has crept in and sundered all their ways. They have drifted apart in their Garden of Love, the serpent Dissension has reared its brilliant coils between them to hiss forth its volume of venomous hate. But surely our love is proof against such mischance. Surely, we understand each other so well that there can be no lottery in our union.

"Oh, no; we will teach the world it is all wrong; that there is no chance about it. I am not perfect, but she is; I am ugly, but she is beautiful; I am unworthy, but she is all worthy. There can be no risk, I shall always love her, always deem her fair and sweet and good.

The Prose Side.

"In lieu of going down the hill of life together, as the poets feign—the poor, blind poets who pretend to sing and fancy that old age is the death

of love, who is immortal!—we shall soar on blended pinions to the end, and, when the great Creator of all good takes us unto Himself, welcome Heaven because it will not be strange to us but the beautiful place in which we have already lived our holy lives."

And so, they chance the lottery, and as time goes on he objects to cold mutton and she wonders why he *will* grow so fat, and their beautiful dreams flee one by one into the land of "Things that Never Last."

Once upon a time, there was an old heathen philosopher who said that man and woman were the corresponding halves of a wheel. These halves were set rolling through the universe by the Fates (the Fates were three old women, and therefore bound to make mistakes) until they met and became one. It is several thousand years ago since this marriage lottery began.

Try to conjure up in your mind's eye all that world of whirling wheels knocking against each other, becoming inextricably mixed, and setting everything wrong. It is stupendous—bewildering—overwhelming! Your own poor little half-wheel is knocked hither and thither, tossed and tumbled, shaken and spun here and there, by these revolving semi-spheres; you are overcome by the dust and the din; and yet you hope to find your other half-sphere, although there is nothing to guide you, no clue by which you can distinguish it as it goes turning blindly about in what I once heard a gifted but somewhat too imaginative poet describe as "rudderless Chaos." You can only say to yourself:—

> "I have another life I long to meet,
> Without which life my life is incomplete.
> O sweeter self, like me art thou astray,
> Striving with all thy heart to find the way
> To mine . . . . . ."

But very often it is not to be. Every man must take his chances, and philosophically abide by the result. Your wheel matrimonial is a lottery; and the blind Fates which set it going will sometimes put a spoke in it whether you like it or not.

THE MOTH AND THE STAR.

THE ermine gleams in its royal pride,
The crown is bright on my lord the king;
The music rings through the palace wide,
And laughter hovers on golden wing.
But the laughter dies as the years run down,
The music ceases, the tale is told;
The rust has eaten the shining crown,
The moths devour the ermine-fold.

There shines a star in the summer night,
Over the palace, pure and far;
And the moths, that swarm at the windows bright,
Are trying ever to reach the star.

But the lamps are lit, so fair, so bright,
The star grows pale in the midnight sky,
And the moths are lured by the traitor light,
There in the flames they fall and die.

So the crown is rusted, for all its gold,
The pride of the palace for ever fled;
And close by the eaten ermine-fold
The moths that ate it, themselves are dead.
But the star still shines as the years go by,
No moths can reach it, no rust can stain
For the star is Love, that will never die,
Though men must perish and kingdoms wane.

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

THE ODD ONE.

THERE are nine of us, and I am the odd one. The four eldest are fair and good-looking, and the four youngest are dark and strong. The fair and good-looking ones are brilliant, with a touch of genius; the dark and strong ones are plodding and dependable. As for me, I am neither fair nor dark, for my eyes are brown and my hair is red; I am by no means strong, and nobody would venture to call me good-looking; I am not in the least brilliant, and nobody ever depends on me for anything. Of those above me in age, two are girls and two are boys, and there are two girls and two boys younger. Tom says that I am neither a girl nor a boy; but I pass as a girl.

I occupy the middle place on the see-saw of family life. I get none of the swinging and none of the falls. Whoever is up and whoever is down, I always keep the same place. I have a name, like the rest of my brothers and sisters, but acquaintances always forget it, and call me "The Odd One."

I don't wish to grumble or appear discontented, for everybody is very kind to me: that is, as kind as they can be under the circumstances; but it must be acknowledged that circumstances have been very much against me. I emphasise this because if there is any blame anywhere I wish it to be laid upon the circumstances, for I should feel it very unjust to blame any of my friends. An odd one! what can be done with me? Think of it—an odd anything—an odd book, for instance; what do we generally do with it? It doesn't belong to any set. It is so thin and tall, or so thick and short, so bright or so dingy, so entirely

"THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR THE ODD ONE" (*p.* 64).

odd, that it would ruin the symmetry of any of our rows in the book-case; so we either wedge it in as padding at one of the corners, or drop it out of sight behind the Scotts or the Dickenses. Sometimes I have stood and meditated before a shelf of odd volumes outside a second-hand book-shop. There is something almost pathetic to me in the label which says "Any of these for 1d.," and I find myself wondering where their fellow-volumes are, and thinking how soon their value would increase if they could only be brought together.

Once a strange thing happened to me. In a moment of pity I purchased an odd volume—a little calf-bound "Jerusalem Delivered" (Hoole's translation, Vol. II.). I only paid a penny for it, and, in spite of Lord Macaulay's superior scorn, I remembered that Dr. Johnson used to like it, and having doctored its wounds, I gave it an honourable place on my shelves. Months afterwards I was passing the same shop, when I was arrested by the sight of a familiar-looking binding among the odd volumes. I drew nearer, and read on its back, "Hoole's Tasso, Vol. I." With hasty hands I took it from its place, and by means of the original owner's name, written in faded ink upon the title-page, I discovered it to be the fellow to my last purchase. At first I was inclined to bring the pair together by the expenditure of another penny, but on second thoughts, I considered that it was due to justice that their worth should be made known. I told the story to the bookseller, and he expressed his regret for the mistake he had made; but he was an honourable man, and nothing would satisfy him except that he should abide by it.

So I paid my second penny, and it was a moment of triumph for me when I re-united the odd volumes; and, although I find that I do not care to read them, I never look at the pair standing side by side upon my shelf without a glow of pleasure.

But I have been digressing. I believe that my good mother was really pained because of the strangely isolated position which I occupied in the family.

"I do wish you could be more like the others, my dear," she would say; and my father would add—

"I can't think why you are not more friendly with

"THIS WAS NURSE" (*p.* 64).

"I HAD JUST BEGUN TO MUSE."

your brothers and sisters, child. You must really try to overcome that sullenness of disposition."

Neither of them seemed to understand that, as each brother and sister had one special friend in the family, there was no room for the odd one. One person there was who knew all about it. This was nurse—a keen-sighted, sharp old woman, who was superannuated and lived in an almshouse. It was my greatest pleasure to go and visit her, and many a time when I have been feeling sad she has folded me in her motherly arms, and sighed—

"Ah, deary me, my love! Ah, deary me! Why wasn't you twins, you odd little left-out one?"

Yes, there was the sting. I was one too many; nobody wanted me, so I was just "left out." I must own that everybody who knew me struggled hard to prevent this, but I did not help them; indeed, all my activity was expended in the opposite direction. I took the greatest pains to be "left out;" and I did so in self-defence. It was comparatively easy for Tom and Mary to invite me to stroll with them beside the river, but it was impossible for them to make me believe that they were as happy as they would have been alone. As we all grew up I could not fail to notice how polite and scrupulously kind all my brothers and sisters were to me, how persistently they broke off their mutual confidences when I approached, and how hard they tried to make me feel at ease with them. The politeness was so well done that it was positively chilly, and unfortunately, I was so much in need of something warmer that I was sensitive enough to be aware of the smallest effort that was made in my behalf. I have no doubt that I shall be called "morbid," and no doubt I was; but it was not morbidity which made me feel "left out"; it was being "left out" which made me morbid—an important distinction which is not sufficiently noticed in such cases.

As was quite natural, directly they grew up my brothers and sisters began to get engaged and to be married. While these events took place among the elder ones, I found them interesting, but when Dan Cupid passed me by and re-commenced his archery among the "children," as I still called them, I began to feel a little dull; and when, in due time, the youngest in the family became engaged, and the pairs of well-matched individuals among whom I lived were all lovers instead of brothers and sisters, it was only in the nature of things that I should feel more "left out" than ever.

One day—a day which I am never likely to forget—a large party, chiefly consisting of elderly people and lovers, went for a picnic to a most beautiful place in Surrey—a famous place for picnics, I believe—called Boxhill. I tried, as usual, to escape, but was so overwhelmed by reproaches for my "oddity" that I gave way. We packed ourselves into drags and drove down from town; and, being wedged between two pairs of lovers, and having another pair facing me, I had, as I expected, rather a silent and lonely drive. The meal was eaten on the brow of the hill, and when it was finished the whole party dispersed. I smiled as I noticed the large and merry gathering break up most systematically into pairs, and, resigning myself to a little quiet meditation, I had just begun to muse upon the duality beloved of Nature and the misfortunes of the "odd," when I heard a voice beside me saying—

"It seems to me that we are rather left out in the cold."

I looked up, and saw a sunburnt face shaded by a broad-brimmed straw hat and a pair of kindly blue eyes, which were looking down at me with a slightly amused expression. The man who owned the dark face and the kindly eyes had greatly attracted me when I was introduced to him at lunch-time, and although he had paid little attention to me, I had listened breathlessly to his graphic descriptions of African travel. And now he was actually speaking to me!

"Are you strong?" he asked briefly, as he jointed the handle of a mighty butterfly net.

"Not very," I answered.

"Will it tire you to take a long walk?"

"Oh no," I cried—too eagerly for strict propriety, I fear.

"I wish you would come and help me with my butterflies," he said.

He spoke indifferently, as if it were a matter of no

moment, but my heart gave a great leap of pleasure, and without a word, I seized one of his tin cases and marched off down the hill by the side of this splendid giant of a naturalist. It would take far too long to tell of all we did and said that day. My new friend opened to me the secrets of a wonderful unknown world of insect life, and he seemed gravely pleased at the interest I took in his pursuits. We talked of many out-of-the-way things together, and as I had always been a reader, I found that I had little difficulty in understanding him.

When we joined the rest of the party at tea-time, nobody had missed either of us; and when my friend bade me good-bye, he said—

"You are the first person I have been able to talk to since I came back to England. I have got out of practice, and can't enter into the general talk, and somehow, until I met you, I had been feeling rather odd and out of it all."

It made me very happy and proud to hear him talk like that, and I had to live on the memory of his words for six whole months, for during that time I never once saw him. But it was worth a great deal to know that for one day in my life I had lived on terms of friendship—giving and receiving pleasure—with a human being.

I was at a picture-gallery, dragged unwillingly thither by the kindness of my relations, and sitting apart, when I next heard my naturalist's voice.

"Have you seen the pictures?" he asked.

I was thinking about him, and, without a start, I looked up and answered as if he had only just left me—

"No; I'm no judge of art. I find that I always admire the wrong things."

"So do I," he said. "Will you come with me and look round?"

"Yes—that is, if you like; but I would rather sit still and talk."

He laughed in his great beard, and sat down beside me.

We again talked of too many things to be set down here, but I suppose I must tell one of the last things he said. Of course it was a very strange thing for him to say when he knew so little about me, but he was a bold, outspoken man, and I have no doubt that roughing it in Africa makes people decided and inclined to come quickly to the point. He said—

"Do you know that I have been thinking of your sad little face for six months?"

Of course I answered, "No."

Then he said—

"Do you know what conclusion I have come to?"

Again I answered, "No."

"It's a kind of sum," he said. "I'm not much at arithmetic, but this is simple. Twice one are two. We are both odd ones, and two odd ones make a pair. Shall we?"

I did not answer his question at once. I thought he might have waited a little longer; and feeling that

"OF COURSE I ANSWERED, 'NO.'"

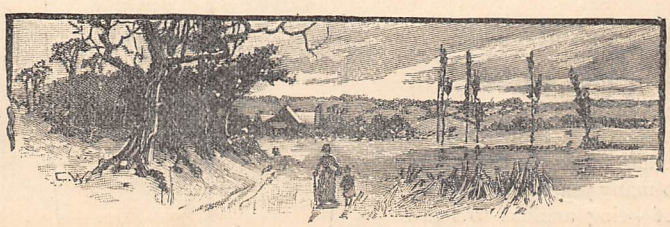
an impetuous, overbearing man like this ought to be taught patience, I made him wait until the next day before I gave him the answer which leapt to my lips when he spoke.

It was "Yes."

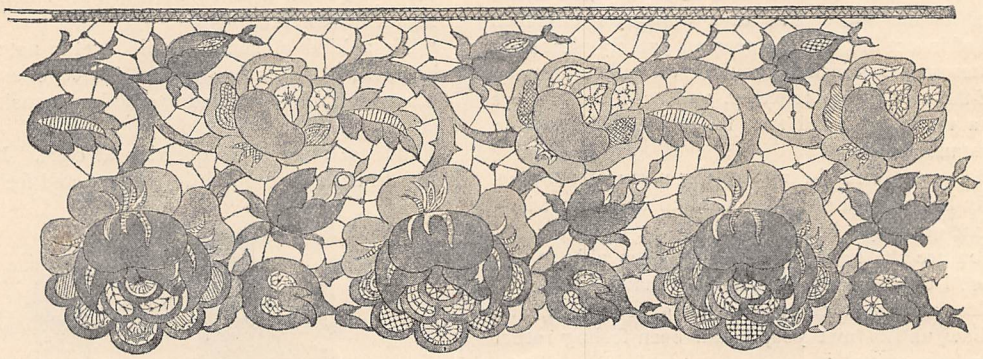
This really ends my story as "the odd one," and I did not mean to write any more, but I have just been to the almshouses to read what I have written to my old nurse, and as she thinks it incomplete, I must give her opinion in her own words—

"Well, I never did!" she exclaimed. "But there, you always was an odd one. Only to think that you should leave out the best bit of the story, and never to tell that your very first baby was twins, and that there never was a blesseder or more beautifuller pair!"

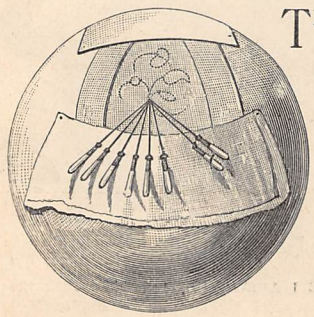
ALBERT E. HOOPER.



WITH THE DEVONSHIRE LACE-MAKERS.



"ROSE POINT."



LACE PILLOW.

THE beautiful fabric for which Devonshire is so justly famous is essentially a cottage industry. Those who visit the "Royal British Lace Manufactory" in the Cathedral Yard at Exeter with the idea of seeing something of the process of making are doomed to disappointment. Nothing is to be seen except beautiful lengths of finished work, and we look in vain for the rows of workers, with their pillows, which our mind's eye, that "bliss of solitude," had so vividly depicted.

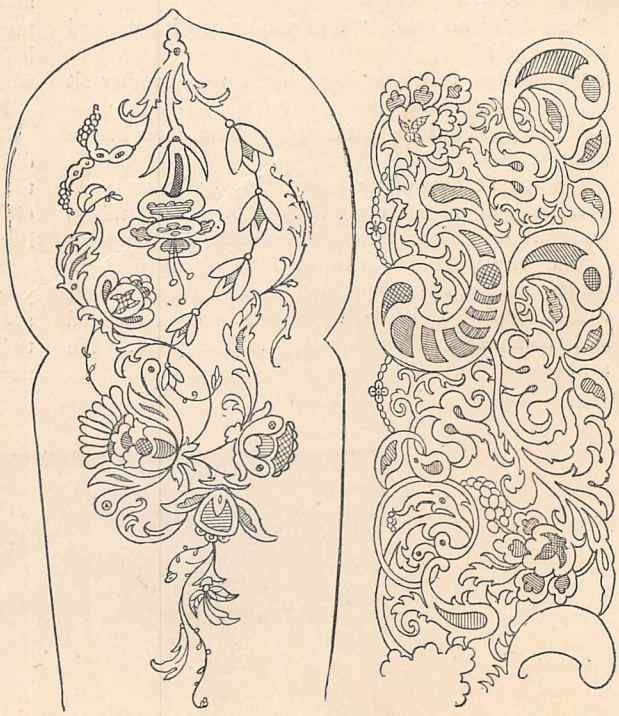
All the Exeter lace is made by workers in their own homes, under the superintendence of Miss Herbert, who succeeded the late Mrs. Treadwin. Both these ladies have personally taught many of their poor workers, but a lace school has not been established, though Miss Herbert would greatly like to start one at Exeter.

A thing of beauty when made, the whole process of lace-making is artistic, from the very pillow upon which the threads are cunningly wrought.

Among West country sights, what picture is so charming as that of a lace-worker seated at her cottage door hard at work, surrounded by the tall lilies and masses of roses which Devonshire air brings in profusion? Perhaps we have to blame this same lethargic air for the standstill of the trade for so many years during which the workers, instead of being anxious to learn more and do better, sank into a kind of indolence; and while they persistently stuck to their old methods and patterns, looked with suspicion and dislike upon any attempt to help and improve, meanwhile, and flooded the market with cheap bad work, and nearly ruined their trade.

English buyers turned in disgust to France and Italy, and the country was all the poorer.

Fortunately, before lace-making became a lost art a revival set in. The workers understand their trade now, as a half-made spray showed me. It was simply perfect in stitch and design, and it ought to be perfection, for it was going to be worn by the highest in the land—the friend who has never failed the women of Devon since the days of long ago, when a few



EXETER AND TROLLY.

fisherwomen belonging to the small hamlet of Beer sang over their work as they sat on the shore, and wrought with exquisite fineness the wedding-dress for our queen; which same dress was worn by the Princess Beatrice upon her marriage day.

ANCIENT HONITON.

The lace ordered for Her Majesty is Honiton Point—the modern Honiton, as it is called—made on a machine-made net. We can tell the old Honiton lace in an instant by noticing the irregularity of the ground. It was impossible when the net was made by hand to make every hole the same size, and the labour was in those days, of course, very much greater.

Interesting as the history of lace is, we can hardly enter upon it here, though we must record that lace-workers are still living who remember when men used the bobbins. They were glad to earn something in their spare hours, though in those days the workers were rarely paid in money, and often got nothing but a grocery ticket, value a few pence, for many hours' work. The Trolly lace, which is very beautiful, was at one time made largely by men.

The Exeter manufactory does not confine itself to Honiton lace. They have reproduced many antique laces, Mrs. Treadwin never resting till she felt her *atelier* could equal those of Brussels and Paris.

Devonshire workers can now supply "Spanish" and "Venetian," and ancient Point, and Flemish, and Greek; while they also restore many priceless heirlooms.

The three laces for which the manufactory is specially renowned are the "Honiton," the "Vandyke Point," and the "Exeter;" this last is something like "Point de Venise," but with a difference which gives it its special value. No lace collection is now perfect without its specimen of Exeter lace.

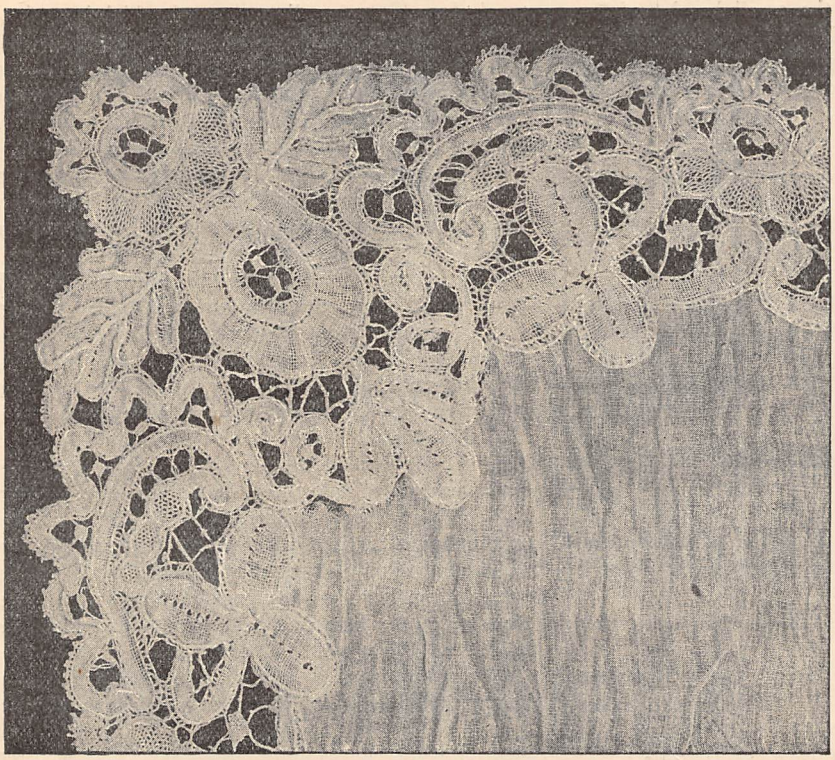
The great advantage which the workers for the Exeter manufactory enjoy is that they are taught how to work well—only work which is perfectly done being taken. They also have the benefit of first-rate designs, which is an inestimable boon. A poor woman working independently will pull and prick her pattern quite out of its original shape. She has no idea of drawing, and as she cannot tell where it is wrong, she gets into the habit of making ugly inartistic sprays, because she possesses neither the perception of their grotesqueness nor the money to pay for having them re-drawn.

Many years ago Mrs. Treadwin, keen on her work, started on a journey to Paris to look for an artist to design a very beautiful flounce. Fortunately, she stopped half-way in London, where, taking the advice of an art critic, she offered a prize for the design she wanted to the students of Somerset House.

The successful design was so excellent that it is illustrated in Mr. Digby Watts's "Industrial Arts of the Nineteenth Century"; while the whole set of drawings sent in were so first-rate, that Mrs. Treadwin gave up the idea of Paris studios, feeling that England was well able to supply all that she required; while at the present time her lace-workers take a great pride and pleasure in the beautiful patterns, many of which are made for the firm by Mr. George Townsend, of Exeter.

Devonshire lace has indeed returned to its original beauty, and has added many new excellences. The

LACE-MAKER AT WORK.



MODERN HONITON.

workers themselves are now well paid, and no longer break their poor backs by stooping, for the pillows are raised high in the air, which makes the work much easier.

A great part of this revival is due to the exertions of the employers of labour. The London and Continental Exhibitions have also given a great impetus to the industry, which has tended towards improvement in style and design, while local and county societies have offered prizes for good work and well-drawn patterns.

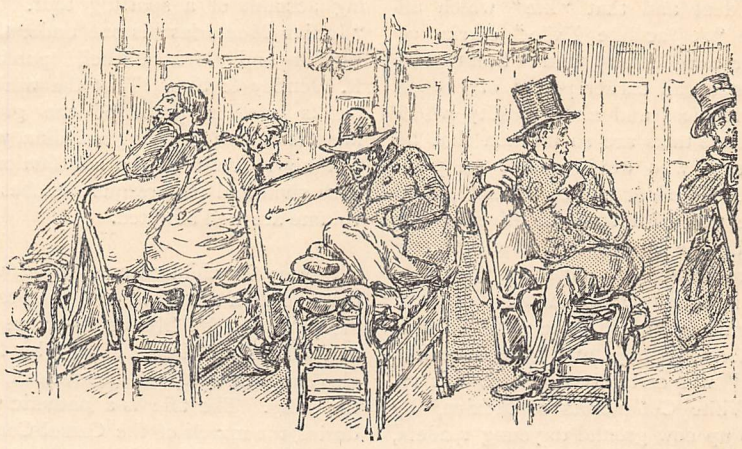
English ladies have at last awakened to the fact that good and beautiful fabrics can be made in our native country; and only a few months ago the Princess Mary of Teck set an example which others would do well to follow, by ordering only articles of home manufacture for the trousseau of her daughter.

Many indeed were the lavish commendations passed on the beautiful bride by the workers who fashioned the buds and roses of the lovely Honiton Point ordered for her trousseau; while they seemed to weave pleasure and goodwill with the fairy lightness of the Cupids and flowers in the lovely reproduction of old Flemish garniture and flounce, which was conspicuous among the wedding presents. Orders flow in from all parts of the world, and the only difficulty is to get capable workers to carry them out. There are few women to whom lace is not precious, and those who can afford to indulge the taste will do well if they turn to our native industries. They will find a large variety of choice work in Ireland, Devonshire, Nottingham, Buckinghamshire, and the Isle of Wight; and while gratifying their artistic perceptions, they will have the comfort of knowing that they are helping to make life more easy to a large number of their fellow-countrywomen.

EDITH LONG FOX.

HONITON SPRAYS.

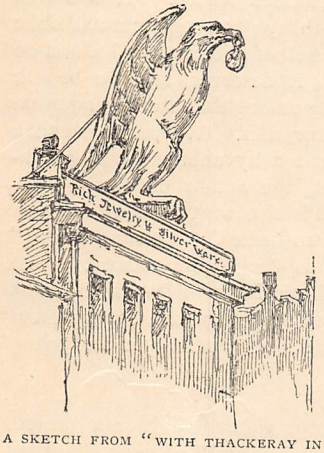
A GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND.



IN THE ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.

A SKETCH FROM "WITH THACKERAY IN AMERICA," BY MR. EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

(By permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co., Limited.)



A SKETCH FROM "WITH THACKERAY IN AMERICA."

WHEN does youth end? Here is a problem suggested by the title of Mr. Hardy's new book. "The Sunny Days of Youth" the work is called, and, while some of its chapters are addressed particularly to young readers, if the kindly hints thrown out by this genial mentor were taken, youth would be perennial, and age lose half its terrors. To say the work is anecdotal is only another way of saying it is by the author of "How to be Happy though Married." The interest of the book—which is published by Mr. Fisher Unwin—is by no means confined to the "boys and young men" to whom it is specially addressed, and for whom it would, assuredly, make a suitable Christmas gift. There is a world of pathetic history in the touching little dedication which only those who know the author's home can grasp.

Mr. Eyre Crowe, A.R.A., adds one more to the long line of artists who have, in recent years, challenged critics to judge of their literary as well as their artistic work. He was for a while Thackeray's factotum and amanuensis, and his recollections, published by Messrs. Cassell, of his tour "With Thackeray in America" forty years ago, is very amusing, in no small degree owing to the admirable pen-sketches by which it is illustrated. Probably the America it shows is as strange to present-day Bostonians and New Yorkers as to us. But the pleasant glimpse is worth the giving, and is enjoyable reading.

The study of "The Outdoor World" does not sound very inviting at this season of the year. But any reader who would instil into the mind of a youthful relative a love for this study should procure for him or her a copy of Messrs. Longmans' work under the title we have quoted. Its author is Mr. W. Furneaux, F.R.G.S., and the sub-title by which he explains the purpose of his work is, "The Young Collector's Handbook." That is, in brief, a description of the book, and if handy size, good coloured plates, hundreds of wood engravings, and bright, easily-understood writing can make a book popular, then the success of this admirable volume is secure. Readers of more mature years, whose tastes lie in the same direction, should not fail to see "All the Year with Nature," by Mr. P. Anderson Graham, which is published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. We have seen some of the chapters which go to make up this interesting little volume before, but their excellent grouping for the four seasons in the book gives them fresh meaning and value.

There was a time when the only "Christmas Books," so called, were those for young people. They have hardly the same monopoly now, though they still occupy a large share of attention at this season. Foremost among publishers of such works are Messrs. Blackie & Son, and of the authors at their command surely none is more popular than Mr. G. A. Henty.

"Through the Sikh War" is the first of three stories by him which Messrs. Blackie send us. The story has an "unearned increment" of interest by reason of the recent death of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh. It is full of healthy incident and that "life" which all British boys love. "A Jacobite Exile" carries us further back in our own history, and "Saint Bartholomew's Eve" to a still earlier period of French history. But the vividness and air of reality which Mr. Henty gives all his tales are so marked that he would be a bold man who would award the palm as among these three excellent stories. "Gold, Gold in Cariboo" is the title of a story of adventure in British Columbia, by the author of that clever tale "Snap," which met with such favour a few years ago. And its successor is equally good, in our judgment. Mr. Robert Leighton has already done good work in the writing of sea-stories for boys, and "The Wreck of the Golden Fleece" will certainly not lower his reputation. "The White Conquerors of Mexico," by Kirk Munroe opens up new ground to young readers, and deserves attention if for that reason alone. But, apart from that quality, the tale is well told and the interest admirably maintained.

Christmas books and Christmas cards have this one feature in common, that they may generally be bought together; so, while we are speaking of the former, may we not fittingly say a few words about the latter? Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons send us a box of their truly "artistic" cards and souvenirs, noticeable among which are the dainty autograph cards that have this year reached a pitch of perfection hitherto unapproachable. Clever effects of metallic colouring and a delicate forget-me-not blue are among the latest novelties. And some tasteful calendars deserve a hearty word of appreciation.

A year ago we suggested a *vivâ-voce* examination of the "general reader" on the subject of "Women Writers," *à propos* of a series of bright anecdotal sketches under that title by Catherine J. Hamilton. Now Messrs. Ward, Lock & Bowden send us a "second series" of these sketches. As this volume includes sketches of writers as well-known as Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Gaskell, "George Eliot," and "L. E. L.," the probable "pass list" might be fuller, but we are quite sure that even about writers so well-known as those whose names we have cited there is much need of fresh information. And when it is brightly put, as it is by the author of this pleasant volume, it is doubly welcome.

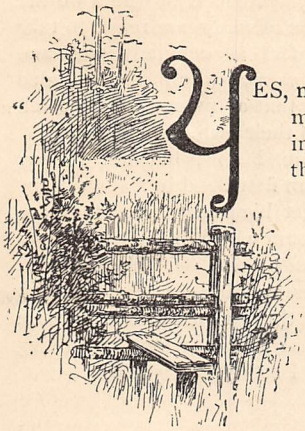
If the facts of this last book would afford a trying subject for an examination, the geography of "How I Shot My Bears" presents even greater difficulties to any but an Anglo-Indian, for Kullu and Lahoul, Bara Bhagal and Kailing are names so little known that our author differs from her own map-maker as to the spelling of two out of the four! Mrs. R. H. Tyacke is the lady-Nimrod who writes the book, and it is published for her by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. Despite the natural prejudice aroused by the sight on its first page of that hoary old misquotation "Fresh fields and pastures new" (which is no improvement on Milton's line) we have found the work a very interesting account of a sporting tour. Another book of "Indian Memories" is one under that title by W. S. Burrell and Mrs. Cuthell, published by Messrs. R. Bentley & Son. That the work has been called for is another proof of the growing interest in matters Indian and Anglo-Indian, which is so marked just now. And to the satisfaction of this interest such vivid and picturesque sketches as make up this volume are well adapted.

Stories for children are always wanted, and never more so than at this time of the year. One is before us, published by Messrs Methuen & Co., under the title of "Toddleben's Hero," by M. M. Blake, who also supplies thirty-six illustrations, large and small, to the story. The tale is a pathetic picture of heroism during the march of the Camel Corps, and of another piece of heroism which, perhaps, little readers will hardly understand, but which gives the book just that touch which was wanted to make it acceptable to readers whether young or old. The same publishers send us a story for boys, by Mr. Baring Gould, under the title of "The Icelander's Sword." It was first published some six-and-thirty years ago, but has since been re-written as the result of a journey to Iceland on the part of its author. It deserves, and we hope it will meet with, popularity among the second generation into whose hands it now falls. We must extend a friendly greeting to a story by another of our contributors (Mrs. Cuthell, the author of "Lady Lorrimer's Scheme"), which is also sent to us by Messrs. Methuen. Its title is "Two Little Children and Ching," and the tale it tells is fresh and taking. The Christmas volume of "Little Folks" (Cassell) contains upwards of 400 pages of stories, pictures, poems, and sketches, and is in itself a library of delight for young readers.

Nearly everybody keeps either a dog or a garden, or both. Mrs. de Salis, who is well-known as a writer on cookery and household management, has now issued, through Messrs. Longmans, a little work on "Dogs," which she describes as "a manual for amateurs." It is well-arranged, concise and practical. The second volume of "Cottage Gardening" (Cassell), edited by Mr. W. Robinson, offers quite an encyclopædic store of information, not only on the growing of useful plants and vegetables, but on their right use afterwards, and on all matters connected with allotments and kindred subjects of interest to dwellers in the country.

Amateur photographers ought to be very grateful to Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. for producing the "Interchangeable Photo Scrap Album," which they have just issued. It is so arranged that, without trimming or mounting, photographs may most easily be inserted (and afterwards removed) and the effect is quite as good and neat as if they were mounted.

HOW I SET UP FOR MYSELF.



"YES, my friend, I am down in my luck, and you find me in a very different position than when last we met. You were abroad at the time of my misfortunes, but I wonder you missed seeing the account of the sale. I paid eightpence in the pound, and my pretty furniture and all my stock went to my creditors. I am what they call 'clean broke,' but thankful at any terms to be quit of the business.

"It is the fashion nowadays for ladies to go into trade. Their friends rally round them, and the profits, when calculated on paper, are very easily made, as perhaps they might be under an exceptional set of circumstances.

"If I began again I should act differently, because I have now had the benefit of experience, the want of which is one reason why ladies so constantly fail.

"Few tradesmen set up for themselves without having served an apprenticeship in someone else's shop or work-room, in which they gain a thorough knowledge of the business, to which a lady goes utterly ignorant and untrained.

"You ask how we succeed? You had better hear how I failed, and draw the inference for yourself. First and foremost, I began with no capital. This, though insane, is constantly done, and is the worst of all barriers to success.

"I took a shop in Sloane Street upon a lease, trusting to luck for my rent. My friends had often admired my bonnets, so I determined to become a milliner, as it is a trade requiring less outlay than most others.

"I furnished as cheaply as possible. My girls complained that my work-room was an icy barracks; but what if it was, when I had to spend such a very large sum upon the decoration of my shop and show-rooms? Unless they were unique and much above the average, the society and fashion papers would not condescend to notice me, and everything goes by 'booming' nowadays.

"I had for my first offset to choose stock from Paris. This necessitated a journey which cost a good deal. I brought back a first-rate Parisian *modiste* and a large amount of *outré* millinery.

"I opened with a series of tea-parties. These were expensive, for the cakes, ices, and champagne were of the best; and flowers cost something in winter. In spite, however, of all these 'incidentals,' I paid my way during my first year. My friends were kind, my house and teas became a fashion, and my prices were proportionately high.

"Royalty smiled in my bonnets, a famous actress praised my hats, my fortune seemed made; and if only the love of greed had not overmastered moderately fair dealing, I think I should have kept my head above water; but, alas! womanlike, I failed to distinguish between fair profits and usury, and shipwrecked upon that rock.

"I began my second year with a light heart, having cast dull care to the winds. I resolved, if possible, to double my income; so I cut down my expenses by dismissing my French *modiste*, who had taken charge of the work-room, and whose clever brain had been a fortune in itself.

"I dismissed also some of my first hands, and took girl apprentices, whom I resolved to train to my methods, and to whom I was to pay nothing during the first two years. I left the wholesale house from which I had hitherto bought my materials, because I had found a place where I could buy cheap imitations at a quarter of the cost.

"All this saved money, and my first three months' profits were exceedingly large. They decreased in the fourth month, when a customer returned a hat, complaining that she had paid for real velvet and feathers, and had been supplied with an inferior quality. She was a valuable patroness; and though I apologised humbly, and put it all down to a mistake of one of my young ladies, she refused to be pacified, and I lost her custom from that hour.

"This was my first misfortune, but it was quickly followed by a more severe one. A stranger gave me an order for some bridesmaids' hats, for which, in order to secure her custom, I gave her a very low estimate. Soon afterwards I heard, to my chagrin, that she was one of the richest women in London. Why should I lose through a paltry estimate? I sent in my account, and added three guineas to the price of each hat.

"Well, small as the sum-total was, that lady millionaire refused to pay it, and when I began to threaten she actually brought a lawsuit against me for breach of contract. She won, too! I had all the publicity of the courts, and the mortification of listening to any amount of spiteful remarks about ladies in business. The lawyers were not choice in the language they used, and thought nothing of such expressions as "swindling" and "sweating"; the pictorial papers took the matter up, and published sketches of my work-room and the artistic sale-room, giving me as a signboard 'a whited sepulchre.'

"All this was against me, and trade languished; the fact was, my day had passed; my teas, the fashion of last season, were now a tale which was told. People were tired of me and my hats, and were full of a new craze.

"My apprentices, too, were difficult to manage. They were terribly slow, and made it impossible to send work home up-to-date. I would agree to send a bonnet on a certain day, and constantly be a week late. I hardly realised how very disappointing and

aggravating this habit was till I saw how many customers it lost me.

"Had I made an effort to stand on my own merits, I might have succeeded, but I expected too much from the kindness of my acquaintances, and forgot that there are two sides to every bargain.

"The worry of bad debts is terribly wearing, and seemed to take all the art out of my fingers. I could no longer invent new designs. I fell back to copying Bond Street milliners, and all originality departed.

"Every lady who has been in business will agree that bad debts are more distinctly their portion than that of the ordinary shop-keeper. It is difficult to pester a friend for money, and you hardly know how long to let an account run on; while, in addition to customers, there are always people with whom we are on business relations, some of whom are ready to take advantage of the very fact of our ladyhood and ignorance of trade. Even women who have succeeded admirably have told me that at times they have felt overwhelmed in the sea of their own ignorance.

"I am earning my bread now, but not in any fashionable manner. I am first hand in a shop in the High Street. I do not get high wages, but they are sure, and I sit in a work-room which, in comparison to mine in Sloane Street, is a paradise. My name is unknown, and I make hats and bonnets for people I neither know nor see; but though the life is an obscure and weary one, I feel that I am earning my living more honestly than when I set up for myself."

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

DECEMBER.

THE cheery month of December has come round to us again with its exhilarating air keen with frost, that brightens and freshens the beauty of our fair English maidens. It is the month when heart and hearth glow with warm hospitality toward the welcome guest, and a cosy chat anent our winter garb will help to while away a winter's evening.

The three favourite notes in the scale of colour harmony this season are undoubtedly brown, green, and red.

Brown, of a warm tint of chestnut, red-brown named "dos de lièvre," and beige. *Green*, bronze, a quiet leaf-green and "emerald;" let this word summon to your mind's eye the exquisite colour of the jewel or the equally lovely tint of the turf of our Sister Isle, as best may suit your fancy. *Red*, "Amaranthe"—a beautiful purple shade, and "tomato," a red with just a suspicion of yellow in it. The materials, combined with handsome furs, recall the extreme richness of the costumes worn in the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Millinery.

It is essentially a velvet season, particularly in the millinery department; the "Picture" hat we have chosen for our illustration is one of many lovely specimens that almost defy description. The shapes are varied, culled from different periods in history: Cavalier, Louis XIII., Gainsborough, Rembrandt, etc., all in exquisite taste, and made in rich velvet, lace and lovely plumes, so daintily put together one could imagine they had been so placed by the west wind's lightest breeze.

I will describe one; a very broad brim of black velvet, faced with purple-orchid tinted velvet which again appears in the crown, covered with cream-coloured Venetian lace, black ostrich feathers, and a big jet stud fastening the narrow satin ribbon that encircles the crown. The accompanying illustration is the same design but in black throughout.

These picture hats are a good investment. They always look charming, and with care may be worn through several months, only requiring a little judicious alteration in bows or feathers—which at

THE "PICTURE" HAT.
(By Messrs. Russell & Allen, Old Bond Street.)
(From a photograph by Messrs. Walery, Regent Street, W.)

AN ORIGINAL DESIGN IN A TEAGOWN.
(*By the Author.*)

present Fashion decrees should be upstanding—and they appear resuscitated, retaining their charm, at garden-party or wedding in the summer.

Another favourite form of headgear will be the velvet toques, fitting well down on to the head; these are made in a daring contrast of colour to the costume, and are often accompanied by a deep full collar or shoulder cape also in the velvet, full at the edge, with upstanding collar edged sable. In the centre of the front of the toque are little sable tails drawn through jet rings.

Thus, a black costume had a toque and cape of emerald green velvet, jet and sable.

The bonnets are quite fascinating! A fair girl, I saw, wore her hair waved from the centre parting, into which the peak of her little black velvet bonnet fitted, the tiny crown was of ermine, with large "bat's-wing" bow of black velvet across the coil of hair at the back; this coil was worn broad at the top, and tapered slightly to the nape of the neck. This is quite the acknowledged style.

Another bonnet was shaped like a miniature "casque," and made in shot gold and green miroir velvet, sable tails, and gold ornaments, the narrow velvet strings being tied in long bows and short ends.

Seasonable Costumes.

Fashion is kind to us, and has decreed that our walking skirts shall be one inch off the ground all round, close-fitting to the hips and set into three flutes at the back, otherwise only moderately full. A pretty costume was made in blue cloth—the blue tint of distant mountains—with chestnut-brown oblong dots woven on the surface, a deep square collar, and pointed revers of brown velvet, edged with fur, sleeves also of velvet, formed with a double puff, and deep cuff fur-edged at the elbow. The basque was full and seamless.

But we cannot hope for a month of sunshine, and without doubt "some days must be dark and dreary" when we shall sigh "Heigh ho! the wind and the rain!"

However, there are those of us who are energetic and enjoy exercise in all weathers—it is they who will appreciate a costume of waterproof cloth in blue and several other equally becoming colours (by Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove) which makes a delightfully inexpensive dress, light in weight and most useful; one thing it lacks—warmth, but this can be remedied by wearing a plain under-bodice of chamois leather.

I would suggest a tight-fitting jacket with long basque, opening over a vest of beige-coloured cloth, or red would better please the fancy of those who "love a bit of bright colour"—braided in horizontal lines of blue. The skirt should be cut as described above, with balayeuse, or deep hem if preferred, of shot waterproof, resembling silk, in divers colours, off which the splashings of mud can be washed. Add a close-fitting cloth hat and waterproof gloves, and one might set the elements at defiance.

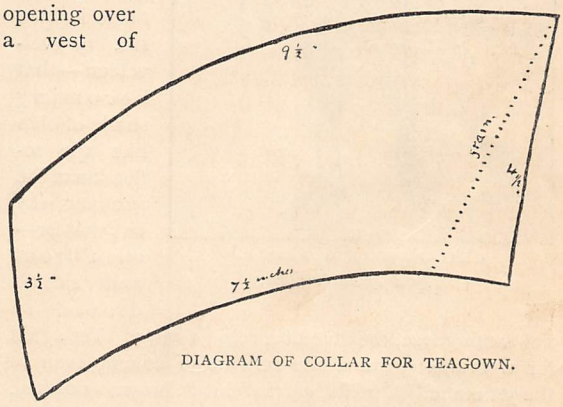


DIAGRAM OF COLLAR FOR TEAGOWN.

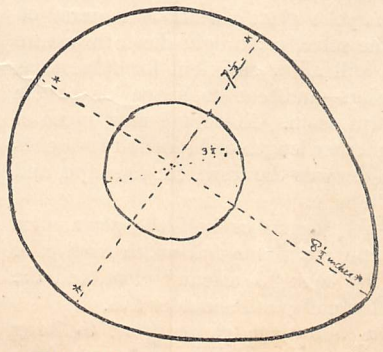


DIAGRAM OF CUFF OF TEAGOWN.

Teagowns.

How indispensable has become the gown which, for want of a better name, we call the tea-gown, whether it takes the form of a loosely graceful

CHILD'S PARTY FROCK.
(Designed by the Author.)

dishabille in cashmere and silk trimmed with fur, or a handsome brocade, cut "Princess," and draped in gauze or lace, thus forming a compromise between the home afternoon gown and the dinner dress. The accompanying design would look charming for a fair matron, if made in blue silk or velveteen—that becoming shade of blue like the reflection of the summer sky in water—with front and sleeves draped in net-mesh gauze, the hue of a robin's wing. Yet again for a brunette, the whole scheme of colour, even to the jet embellishments, carried out in brown and gold. However, my object is not so much to expatiate upon the charm of harmony in colour, as to give a few useful hints to facilitate the making of this gown.

For a figure of 5 feet height, and 41 inches in front of skirt, 9 yards of 22 inches brocade, and 5 yards of gauze would be required.

Cut a plain "Princess" lining: the word *Princess* infers that the lines of the figure are followed with exactness to ensure a perfect fit. Mark out on the lining a square yoke, centre front, 6½ inches, back, 6 inches; from this yoke place a width of material on your lining, with the selvedge straight down the centre of the front—this will allow sufficient for fulness, as shown in the design—and cut to shape the whole length at under-arm seam. Place the next piece of bodice lining on another length of brocade two inches from the selvedge towards the front, cut to shape, and gore off towards the hem.

The foregoing only describes half the gown, face the material to duplicate. One full width from yoke to hem will form the back "Watteau" pleat, and the pieces will cut collar, cuffs, and shoulder frill.

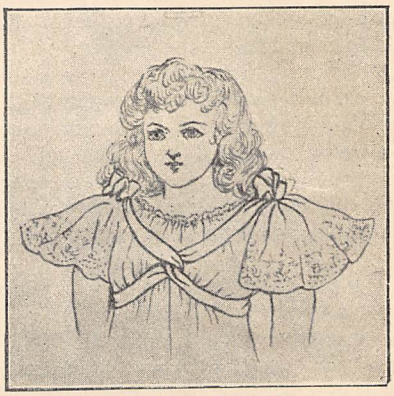
For a tea-gown allow the gauze front to hang straight from neck to hem, fulness to come from the collar band and shoulder seams; cover the yoke at the back in the same way. The jet trimming "neatens" the outline of the square, which is the same shape back and front. For a dinner dress sew a jet belt at one side, and fasten it across the waist to the opposite side with hooks and eyes, a little in front of side seam.

A more economical way of making up this design would be to use cashmere in place of the brocade, and silk instead of gauze, but with much less fulness, trimmed across the feet with a narrow border of fur, which should also be used round the outline of the square and neck. One inch bands of silk on the sleeves in place of jet would complete a pretty and useful gown. Of double width cashmere, 4½ yards would be required. Allow 2 yards of silk for the sleeves, 3 yards for the front, slopings will cut square at the back of bodice, plain to lining.

Children's Party Frocks.

Social gatherings, home parties, and school parties being the order of the day, the children's dresses claim attention, particularly little evening frocks; so the accompanying design may prove of use. It would be a very charming style for a child of seven or nine years of age, and could be made in crépon, silk, or cashmere. This season there is such a wide range of colours to choose from, sufficient to satisfy the most exacting fancy; for example, pale yellow crépon, with heliotrope velvet "Baby" ribbon, which heads the tucks on skirt, and edges the yoke, put on in three rows in the favourite Vandyke pattern.

The embroidered muslin pinafores have the sweetest



EVENING PINAFORE.

effect girdled with ribbon, as in the small sketch; the ribbon—about 4 yards, 2 inches wide—is doubled and passed over each shoulder to hang in a V shape down the centre of the back to the depth of a short-waisted bodice, the rosettes are next formed and sewn on either shoulder, then the ribbon is passed across the front (see sketch) under the arms through the loop at the back, and tied firmly with the ends allowed to hang down.

Another pretty style for velveteen, is the "pinafore" shape worn over a little blouse or smock frock—a silk

frock that has been worn during the summer would do very nicely. The velveteen is cut quite low in the neck, back, and front, also very much cut away round the armhole; this leaves a narrow strap to fasten on each shoulder with a rosette of narrow ribbon, it is cut in one with the seam under each arm well gored, and is worn without a sash. For example, a pale pink silk under-blouse with petunia-coloured velveteen pinafore, and rosettes to match.

In our next number I purpose giving a sketch of a fancy dress which will serve the double purpose of gracing tableaux vivants or bazaar; also a walking costume for a young lady.

* * * * *

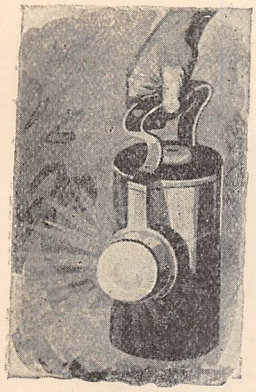
Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs published in this article may be had on application to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A New Miner's Lamp.



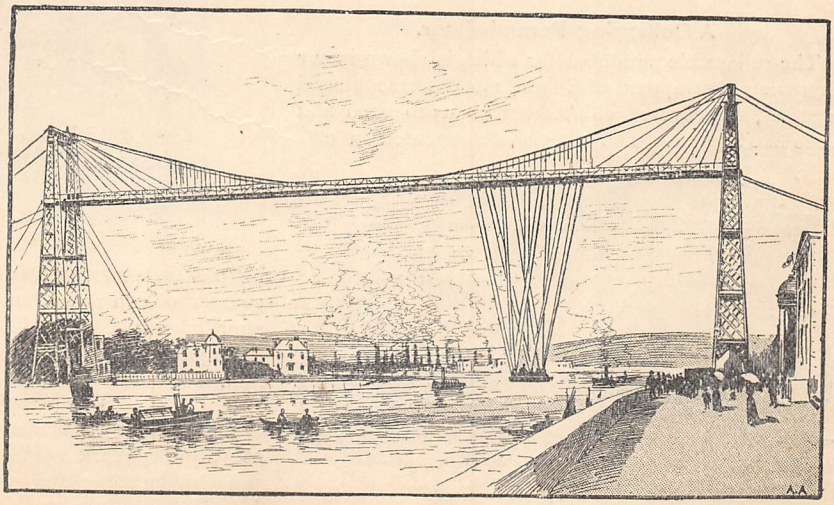
The electric miner's safety lamp, which is shown in the figure, is a thoroughly handy and practical appliance, introduced recently. It gives a light of one candle-power for eight to twelve hours, at a cost of about 3d. The lamp weighs 4 lbs., and the primary battery it contains can be replenished for another spell of work in two minutes. The materials for charging the battery are arranged in a simple form, and the lamp is as easily managed as an ordinary safety lamp.

Wood Ashes for Cattle.

Wood ashes are recommended by an American agriculturist, Mr. J. M. Stahl, as a good medicine for cattle. He keeps the ashes, with charcoal mixed with salt, accessible to his hogs, and he administers them to his horses by putting an even teaspoonful with their oats twice a week, or by keeping the above mixture before them.

A Transporting Bridge.

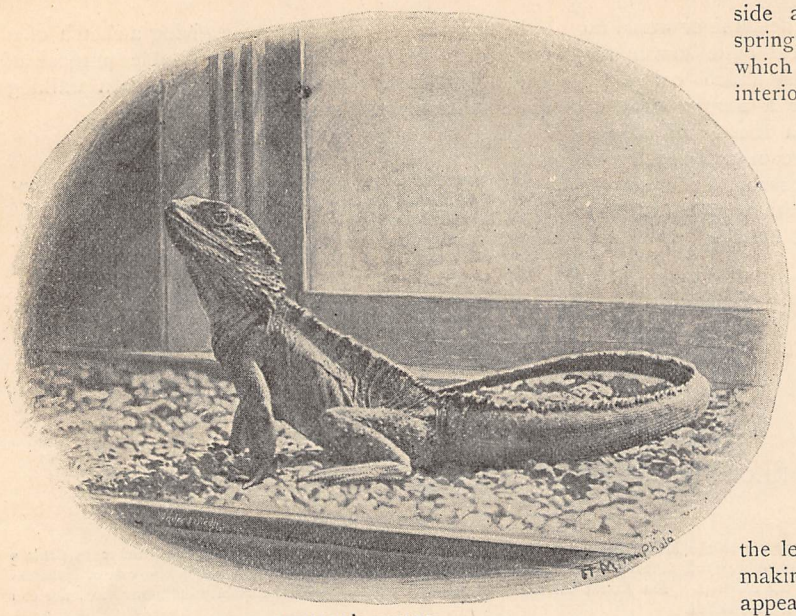
The singular bridge shown in our engraving has been erected across the Nervion River, at Las Arenas, near Bilbao, and is the invention of Señor Arnodin, a Spanish engineer. It is really a suspension bridge, but there is no foot or carriage-way in the usual place. In fact, the horizontal platform serves only as a railway, on which a trolley runs, and from this trolley a second travelling platform, or cage, is suspended as shown. Passengers, freight, or cattle are in this way ferried across the estuary of the Nervion without interfering with ships passing up or down.



A TRANSPORTING BRIDGE.

Lesueur's Lizard.

Visitors to the Reptile House in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, have now, for the first time, an opportunity of seeing this rare lizard from New South Wales. The species made known to science through the specimen brought back by the French

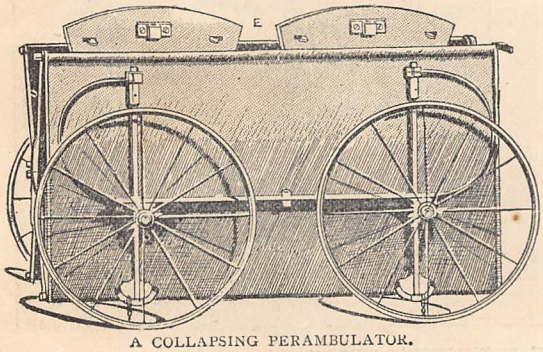


LESUEUR'S LIZARD.

expedition to the Australian Seas in the early part of the present century. In appearance this reptile is not much unlike the Tuatéra Lizard from New Zealand, which lives in the enclosure outside the Reptile House, but it belongs to a much more modern family—the Agamids, which has representatives widely distributed over the Old World It is about two feet in length, with a large head and long tapering tail. The general colour is dark brown, varied with pale lines, and reddish on the under-surface; the scales on the head are conical, and there are conical tubercles on the head and neck; a crest of short, compressed spines runs down the back, and cross bands of oval, keeled scales run along the sides and the base of the limbs and tail. Like the rest of the family it frequents stony places. It is fed on young rats, mice, and cockroaches, with cherries and bananas for dessert.

A Collapsing Perambulator.

The collapsible perambulator which is shown in our engraving is composed of a light metal frame hinged together, and covered with leather, so as to open and close like a purse. The wheels are mounted in outside axle bearings carried by side springs, and two end partitions, E, which are seen projecting from the interior, are fitted into their places when the vehicle is expanded. Obviously, such a perambulator is very conveniently transported or stored up.



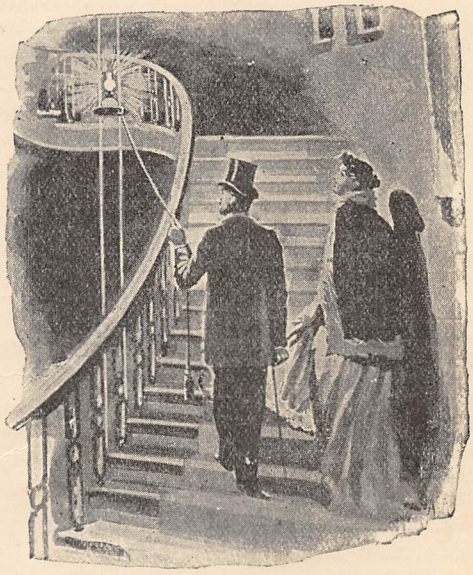
A COLLAPSING PERAMBULATOR.

The Ant as a Gardener.

Herr Alfred Möller, of Blumenau, finds that the leaf-cutting ants of Nicaragua not only cultivate fungi for their maintenance, but by judicious selection have produced a special variety, with swollen lateral knobs. Their fungus bed is enclosed, shaded from the light, and the leaf-cuttings are brought to it for making vegetable mould. The ants appear to live entirely on the knobs of the fungi.

A Stair Light.

Persons ascending stairs to their rooms after the gas has been turned off for the night may find the travelling night lamp which we illustrate useful. The

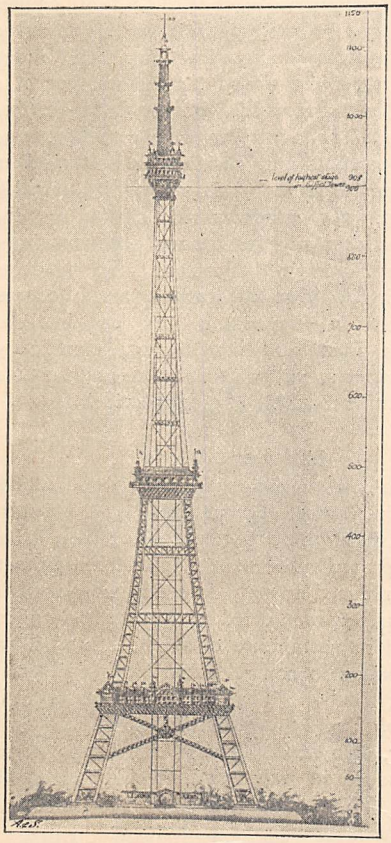


lamp is suspended between two guides by means of a counterpoise in such a manner that when the person, after lighting it, takes hold of the cord, as shown in the figure, the lamp moves up the stairs along with him.

The Wembley Tower.

The erection of our English rival to the Eiffel Tower at Wembley Park goes on apace, and the work will probably be completed by the end of next year. Wembley Park lies between Neasden and Harrow, and the

environs of the tower have already been laid out and opened as a pleasure ground for the enjoyment of the people. The design of the tower may be gathered from our illustration. It has a general resemblance to that of Eiffel, but is more pointed and slender. The total height is 1,150 feet—that is, 175 feet higher than the Eiffel Tower. Its weight will be 7,500 tons, which is less than that of the Eiffel Tower; but as Sir Benjamin Baker, engineer of the Forth Bridge, is superintending the construction for Sir Edward Watkin, there is every confidence in the stability of the structure. The four legs which support it are founded in concrete to a depth of 75 feet, and stand 300 feet apart. The entire work is of steel. The tower will comprise three platforms at heights of 150, 500, and 950 feet, the first being about 200 feet square. It will contain a concert-hall, shops, restaurants, and side shows. On the second platform there will be similar attractions but on a smaller scale, and on the third a post and telephone office. At the peak there will be a powerful electric searchlight.



THE WEMBLEY TOWER, AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED, AND SHOWING COMPARATIVE HEIGHT OF THE EIFFEL TOWER.

A Group of Novelties.

Kitchen, schoolroom, and sick-room are all catered for among the novelties before us this month. For the kitchen we have a new toasting-fork, with six prongs set in a circle, and each provided with a tiny shield to prevent the bread slipping too far from the point. By the use of this new fork the toast is readily turned, and is held so securely that all danger of dropping it is practically at an end.—The "Helping Hand," or "Three-Handed Servant," is the next novelty before us, and this is an ingenious frame of hinged wire, so contrived that by its aid a cook may safely and expeditiously lift and turn chops or steaks, cakes, eggs, or potatoes in a hot oven, or pan, or boiling water.—The "Crocodile Candle-Grip" stands next on the list. It is a candlestick which has no fixed socket, but, in place of one, a strong spring claw or "grip," controlled by a simple lever. By means of this device candles of any size desired may be used, and are held firmly without packing until they are quite burned out.—Now is the turn of the schoolroom, for which we have Philips' "Graphic" globe, which is a light and very pretty geographical globe, some four-and-a-half inches in diameter, mounted on a light brass stand. Apart from its clearness and fulness, which is remarkable in so small a globe, its chief recommendation is the low price at which it is sold, which brings it within the reach of every family.—And then for the sick-room we have an improved "Portable Vapour Diffuser," which consists of a telescopic tube, by means of which any ordinary kettle may be converted into a bronchitis kettle at a moment's notice. The perforated funnel at the head of the tube is removable and may be filled with tow or cotton wool, saturated with any medicament, should a special vapour be required.

Advances in Photography.

An apparatus for photographing the sea bottom has been introduced by M. Louis Boutan. The camera is adapted for several exposures, and enclosed in a metal box provided with glass windows, and mounted on a weighted tripod for standing firmly on the sea bottom. In depths up to six feet the camera takes photographs by direct sunlight with an exposure of about ten

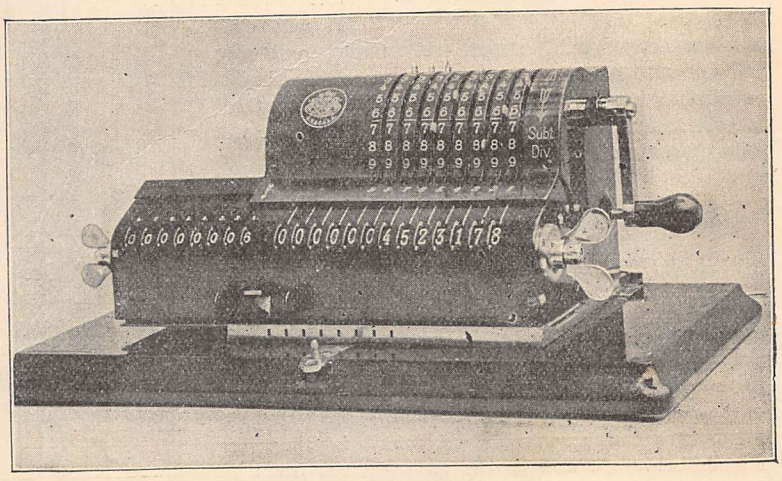
THE WEMBLEY TOWER, SOUTH VIEW.

PHOTOGRAPHING FIVE POSITIONS AT ONCE.

minutes ; and the best images are got by placing a blue glass in front of the lens and using a small diaphragm. At greater depths the apparatus is planted by a diver, and a flash light is made by blowing magnesium dust into the flame of a spirit lamp fed by a stream of oxygen gas contained in a reservoir. The powder is projected into the flame by pressing an indiarubber ball. We may add that Mr. Shaw, an American photographer, has devised a simple means of taking five views of the same person at different angles on the same plate and in one operation. It consists in forming the background by two plane mirrors inclined to each other at an angle of 45°. As shown in our illustration, the sitter is placed at the junction of the mirrors. Two extra views of her are given by her reflection in each mirror, which, with the direct image, make five in all. Of course, such a photograph is a better souvenir of the person than a single view, and it may be useful from an artistic or a scientific point of view.

A New Calculating Machine.

Our illustration represents a new calculating machine—the "Brunsviga"—for adding, subtracting, multiplying, dividing, and also extracting roots, which, in point of simplicity, compactness, and ease of working, is a great improvement on its predecessors. It is only 12 inches long, 5 inches broad, and 6 inches high, so that it can stand on the desk or table for use at any time. It gives products up to thirteen, and a larger size, for special use, up to sixteen figures. We need not describe the mechanism in detail, but we may mention that the elaborate wheels of the older machines are replaced by a single barrel with projecting pins, which actuate toothed wheels and move the figures, something after the manner of a musical box. For addition and multiplication, the handle is turned in one direction, and for subtraction and division it is turned in the other. The problems are set by movable keys, and the products are shown in the apertures seen on the base of the machine. They are quite reliable, and the machine checks itself. Decimal fractions are, of course, computed in the same way as integers. Business men and statisticians, electricians and engineers, public companies and schools, will find this machine of great service.



A NEW CALCULATING MACHINE.

Silk from Wood.

Silk is now manufactured from wood at Besançon in France. The process was first shown at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, but since then it has been much improved by the inventor, M. de Chardonnet. The wood is reduced to pulp like that employed in making satin paper, then dried in an oven, and afterwards plunged into a mixture of sulphuric and nitric acids, then washed in several water baths and dried by means of alcohol. The product is dissolved in ether and alcohol, and the resulting collodion is purified in a filter, then drawn through a die into fibres, which are washed in water, and when dry resemble ordinary silk. To render this artificial silk uninflammable it is passed through a solution of ammonia.

A Topographical Rule.

The ingenious device which we illustrate is the invention of Captain Delcroix, and will be found useful by intending travellers, settlers, officers of the army,

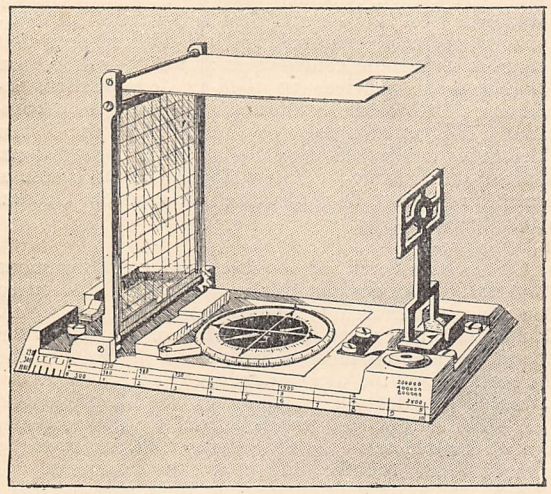
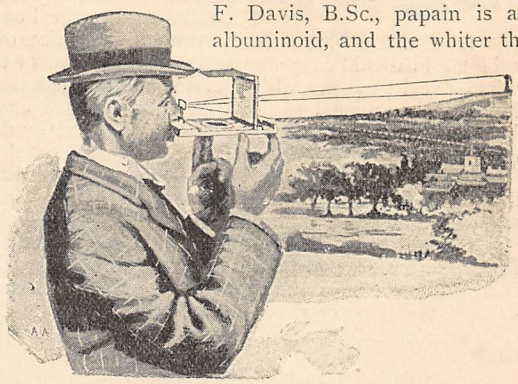


FIG. 1.

and amateur surveyors. By its means distances can be estimated, levels and angles taken, slopes estimated, and sketches made. It consists essentially of several graduated scales and a magnetic compass, with attached sights and mirrors (see Fig. 1), and it is used as shown in Fig. 2. The details of its construction and mode of action are too technical to be given here, and our object is chiefly to bring the little instrument under the notice of the reader.

Papain.

The papaw, or *Carica Papaya* plant of South America and the West Indies, is one of the Parsifloreæ, and grows to a height of nearly twenty feet. It is herbaceous, and shows a tuft of palmate leaves at the top of its stem from which the papaw fruit depends. The fruit is edible ; but the remarkable thing about the plant is that its leaves and trunk contain a milky juice which is able to make the toughest meat tender, and the leaves are also used for soap in washing. Papain, a chemical product from these parts of the plant, is the active principle of the juice obtained by treating it with alcohol, dehydrating the resulting precipitate, and extracting with water at a temperature of 36° to 40° C. According to Mr. F. Davis, B.Sc., papain is an albuminoid, and the whiter the



A TOPOGRAPHICAL RULE.—FIG. 2.

sample the more energetic it is in its digestive action on fibrin. He finds that papain is a digestive in neutral and weakly alkaline media, but its action is stopped by a mere trace of hydrochloric acid. Contrary to another experimenter, he does not find it capable of digesting living tissue.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AWARDS.

WE have much pleasure in presenting the Awards in the Short Story and the Holiday Competitions, which were announced in the last Volume. Judging by the number of competitors and the high quality of the work submitted, both of these Competitions have proved very satisfactory. We hope the New Series (of which full particulars are given on the next page) will prove equally attractive and stimulating to our readers.

HOLIDAY COMPETITION.

The First Prize of £5 is awarded to

The Rev. R. C. MACLEOD, Bolney Vicarage, Hayward's Heath.

The Second Prize of £4 to

WILLIAM SEDDON, 34, City Road, Higher Openshaw, Manchester.

The Third Prize of £3 to

S. ST. JOHN GARD, Westbourne House, Dudley, Worcs.

HONOURABLE MENTION is accorded to

HARRIETT E. D. MILLS, 8, Florence Terrace, Falmouth, and

JOHN T. RODGERS, 223, Cable Street, St. George's-in-the-East, London, E.

SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

The First Prize of £10 is awarded to

AMYAS SELWYN, care of S. E. RICHARDSON, Esq., Warrington Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The Second Prize of £8 to

BESSIE E. DUFFETT, Mead Vale, Redhill.

The Third Prize of £6 to

ELIZA TURPIN, Forestdene, Magdala Road, Nottingham.

We hope to announce in our next number the results of the COOKERY RECIPE and the THREE-PART STORY Competitions, the manuscripts of which are under consideration as we go to press.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS

A NEW SERIES OF COMPETITIONS OPEN TO ALL OUR READERS.

A NEW Series of Competitions, fairly within the reach of all readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, must of necessity include a repetition of some features which have already appeared in previous lists. But wherever this happens the field is opened to all newcomers by the action of the first of the General Regulations, and the Editor hopes that more of his readers may thus be enabled to become contributors as well as subscribers to the Magazine. The awards made on the previous page in two competitions included in the last series have resulted in both cases in the first prize going to a competitor who is new to the Magazine. This most satisfactory result gives the Editor the greatest confidence in putting before his readers the details of the new Competitions. Those announced below are only part of our Scheme; others will follow in the course of the Volume. Competitors are earnestly requested to read with great care the General Regulations, which apply to all the Competitions.

The following are the Four Competitions:—

(1) PUZZLE MAZE COMPETITION.—A Prize of One Guinea is offered for the best and most ingenious original Puzzle Maze, suitable for reproduction in this Magazine. The designs need not necessarily be on so small a scale, but must be capable of reproduction within a space not exceeding four inches in either direction. Each design must be drawn on Bristol board and in Indian ink, and must reach the Editor not later than February 1st, 1894. The declaration required by the General Regulations must be written on the back of the design. The words "Puzzle Maze Competition" should be inscribed on the wrapper enclosing each design.

(2) DEBATE COMPETITION.—Our readers will see that a new feature is added to the Magazine this month, under the heading "Both Sides of the Shield." A Prize of Two Guineas is offered for the best and most suitable paper taking one side on any subject appropriate for debate in the Magazine. The choice of the subject is left to the competitor, but all subjects announced under this heading in the programme of the Magazine for 1894 are excluded from the competition. Each MS. must contain not less than 1,500 or more than 2,000 words, and must be written legibly on one side of the paper only. February 15th, 1894, is the latest date for receiving entries, and the words "Debate Competition" must in every case be inscribed on the wrapper enclosing each MS. No MS. will be received which does not comply with the General Regulations, printed below.

(3) SHORT STORY COMPETITION.—Three Prizes of £4, £3, and £2 respectively, are offered for the best, second, and third best Short Stories of Adventure, complete in one number, and suitable for the pages of this Magazine. No story must be less than 3,000 or more than 4,000 words in length. Each MS. must comply in every respect with the General Regulations, and must be written legibly on one side of the paper only. All entries must reach the Editor not later than April 10th, 1894, and must in every case be accompanied by a brief outline (not more than 300 words in length) of the plot of the story. The words "Short Story Competition" should be written on the wrapper enclosing each MS.

(4) SIX-PART SERIAL STORY COMPETITION.—Subject to the General Regulations printed below, three Prizes of £50, £40, and £30 respectively, are offered for the best, second, and third best story of domestic interest, suitable for serial publication in this Magazine. Each MS. must be divided into six parts of not less than 8,000 or more than 9,000 words in length, and must be accompanied by (1) a short outline, about 500 words in length, of the plot of the story, together with a description of the principal characters in it, and (2) a plan showing how that plot is developed in each of the six parts. All MSS. must be legibly written, on one side of the paper only, and be in the Editor's hands not later than June 1st, 1894. In this competition brightness of style will be taken into consideration, as well as originality of plot. The words "Six-Part Story Competition" should be inscribed on the wrapper of every MS.

The following are the GENERAL REGULATIONS under which all the above Prizes are offered:—

1. Every reader of the Magazine (not being an ordinary contributor to its pages, or the winner of the first prize in a former competition of a similar nature, in connection with this Magazine) is eligible to enter the competition. No competitor is allowed to send in more than one MS. for the same competition.

2. The Editor cannot undertake to answer inquiries having reference to the treatment of manuscripts in detail. *The particulars given under each head are sufficient for the purposes of the competition, and everything else is left to the judgment and discretion of the competitors.*

3. All communications regarding MSS. entered for the above competitions must be sent in the same packets with the MSS. No previous or subsequent communications (except under Rule 7) can receive any consideration. The award of the judges will be published in the Magazine as soon after the close of the competition as possible, and no information respecting the award will be given before this publication.

4. Every MS. or other entry must have inscribed on it, or otherwise securely attached to it, the name and postal address of the author, together with a declaration *that the work is original and entirely the sender's own*, to be signed by the author and countersigned by some other trustworthy person—*i.e.*, a magistrate, minister of religion, or householder—with the postal address in both cases.

5. The copyright of the prize work, or works, will become the property of the proprietors of this Magazine.

6. Should two MSS. be, in the opinion of the judges, of equal merit, any prizes may be divided between their authors at the discretion of the Editor. Any, or all, of the prizes may be withheld in the event of no entries in the competition being thought by the judges to be worthy of distinction.

7. All packets containing MSS. or other entries should be prepaid. The Editor will not be liable for loss or miscarriage of any work. Unsuccessful competitors may have their work returned to them at their own risk, upon application to the Editor, *after the publication of the award.* Any such application must be made within one month of the publication of the award and be accompanied by stamps to defray the cost of carriage. (Competitors should *not* send stamps, or instructions for return, *with their MSS.*, as no notice can be taken of any communications of this nature, made before the award is published.)

8. All entries should be addressed—The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. Each packet should bear on the top left-hand corner of the envelope or wrapper in which it is enclosed the name of the Competition for which it is sent.

WHISPERS.

(*From a drawing by* H. J. Stock.)

MODERN MANCHESTER.

THE NEW MANCHESTER DOCKS, POMONA.

THE two great north-western cities of Liverpool and Manchester have been long interdependent, yet divided; it remains to be seen how they will be affected by the results of the opening of the great works now completing, that must shape in degree the destiny of Lancashire.

One bond of union has long been in the fact that Liverpool was the port of discharge for the cotton on which Manchester fortunes have been built up; but the Ship Canal enfranchises Manchester, and the bringing into use of its ports, locks, and docks must affect the future of both cities. Manchester, the modern, as distinct from the active, inventing, manufacturing town of 80,000 people, at the beginning of this century—Manchester the modern might have been fittingly described as a city of palatial warehouses and stately buildings; but now it will be distinguished even more by the great works its municipality has devised, aided, and fostered.

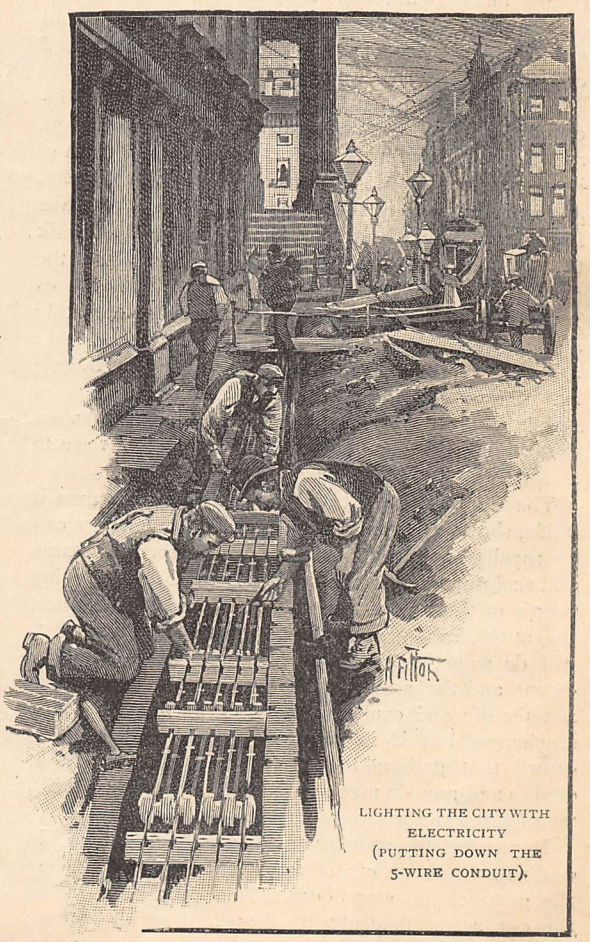
It is not alone in the city that the magnificent erections of Waterhouse and others rise to tell of the public spirit of the citizens; but the bringing of water a hundred miles from its Cumbrian lake, and the devotion of the funds of the city to the completion of the Ship Canal set the seal on a story of corporate enterprise that has scarcely a rival.

There is a sentence in one of the essays of Frederic Harrison which well might be applied to Manchester.

"As I walk about the streets of this most mighty, most wonderful, most unwieldy, and yet most memorable city, what emotions and thoughts arise."

But it is *not* of the power and life in Roman days, of the buildings and scenes identified with poetry and literature, but it is with commercial life, with trade development, and with the association of men for purposes of local government, of social, religious and political life that the thoughts are strongest in the mind of the visitor.

Sixty years ago, when Manchester acquired the



LIGHTING THE CITY WITH ELECTRICITY (PUTTING DOWN THE 5-WIRE CONDUIT).

THIRLMERE.

right to send representatives to Parliament, it was governed by a borough reeve and officers elected at the Court Leet of the Lord of the Manor. From thence in rapid succession we may date the growth of the public life of the city, of its commerce, and of the munificence of its inhabitants personally and collectively.

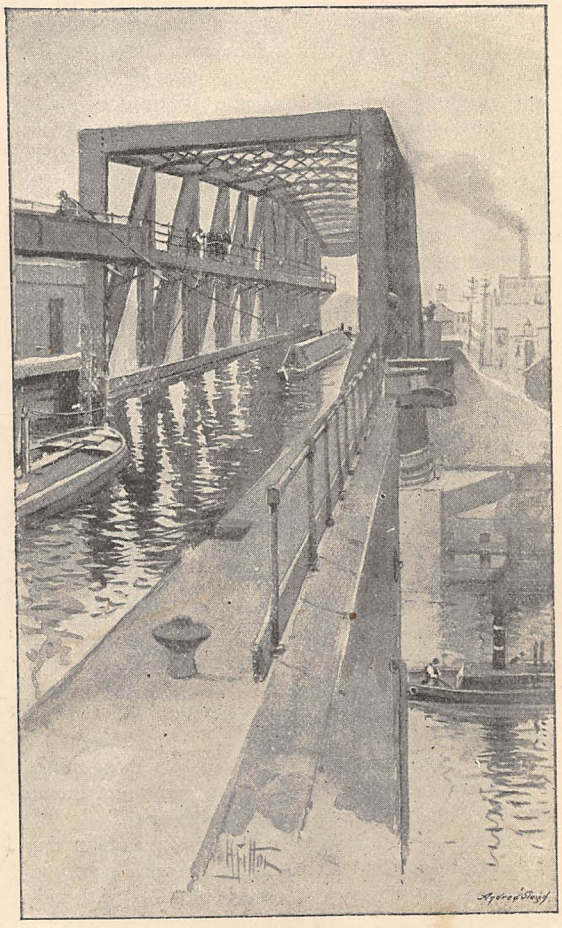
The town fought for and obtained a charter of incorporation ; it began the Anti-Corn Law Association, and flushed with its success it threw the full force of its energy into its own commerce, its own government, and into the work of the creation of objects to make life pleasanter and happier for the citizen. A walk through the streets such as Harrison speaks of has the reminder of buildings such as the vast Gothic Town Hall, on which a million sterling was spent—a stately and ornate building that finds no superior in England ; a Free Trade Hall, that tells of the economic struggle and victory of Bright, Cobden, and their allies ; a Public Library, large and imposing, and suggesting the compliment that Cottonopolis was the first town to adopt Ewart's Public Library Act.

The Corporation Art Gallery, and the treasures it holds, shows that the money made in Manchester can be royally spent ; and the passer-by sees in statue and sculpture, and in the ornate Assize Courts, varying proofs of the public taste of the citizens. A glance, too, at the Exchange on the days of the cotton market, will do something to enlighten the visitor as to the extent and the nature of the business done. It has not the life and exuberant noise of the London Stock Exchange, but it is an active, keen, and bustling crowd that gathers in the pillared hall, and that shapes and moulds much of the textile world—its mills, warehouses and means of transit.

In passing, the stately piles of warehouses form, in and near Portland, one of the distinctive "sights" of the great cotton storehouse. There the busy life of the city seems to centre, to these and such as these ; it flows in the morning, and ebbs away in the afternoon to the suburban homes — well-placed, well-kept, cosy and hospitable, where the "Manchester men" dwell.

The railway stations of the city, night and morn, are miniatures of the still greater systems that converge at Euston, St. Pancras, and Victoria ; but the crowds of season-ticket holders are of a rosier, bulkier type than some of the pallid passengers in the metropolis.

It is, however, the corporate enterprise of Manchester that is most in evidence now. The people there have had much to do to mould the old town to modern lines. They had parks to provide, refusing some of the conditions that would have



THE GREAT SWING AQUEDUCT AT BARTON.

accompanied a Government grant; and the picturesqueness of one or two of these lungs of the city compensates for the cost.

They had masses of olden dwellings to buy up and raze; they had to provide for the sanitary needs of the people. Early in its history the Corporation acquired the right to supply gas to the city; and later it has also obtained the privilege of supplying electricity municipally.

It bought from the previous-owning company the waterworks, it added additional storage reservoirs, until its watershed was so drawn on that it resolved ultimately to go to lakeland and there create for itself a supply that is believed to be adequate to all the needs of the people for years to come. It is fourteen years since Manchester acquired parliamentary power to buy Thirlmere, from whose southern end "gloomy Helvellyn" rises.

There the great dam has been made at the northern end of the lake, to enlarge its area and increase its storage capacity. Thence new roads have had to be constructed, and old ones diverted or tunnelled under. Vast aqueducts have been made, which cross small streams by inverted syphons, whilst pipe-bridges cross one or two rivers in the courses. So with scores of miles of tunnels, with bridges, and with underlying miles of pipes, they brought the good water from Thirlmere to the storage reservoirs at Prestwich, near Manchester, at an estimated cost of £2,500,000.

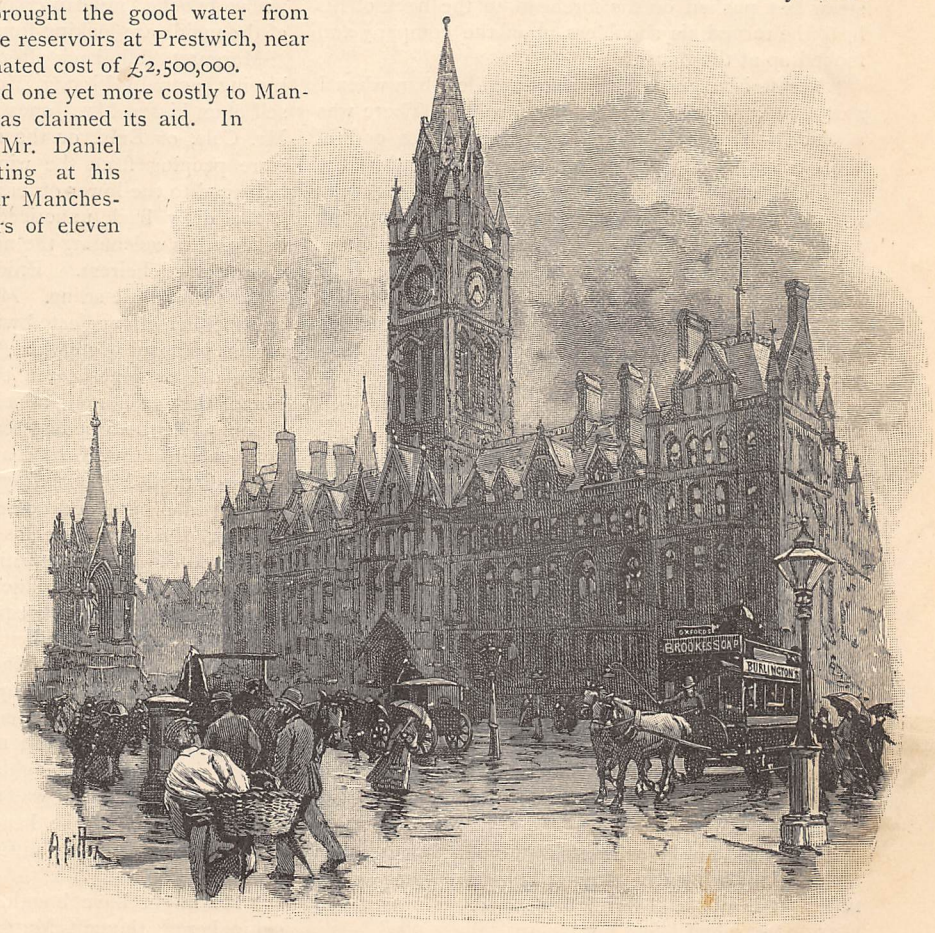
A greater scheme, and one yet more costly to Manchester Corporation, has claimed its aid. In June, 1882, the late Mr. Daniel Adamson held a meeting at his house at Didsbury, near Manchester, at which the mayors of eleven of the municipalities attended, and from which the Ship Canal practically dates. The plans were adopted in September of that year—those of Mr. E. Leader Williams, C.E., being approved. A costly parliament contest, during which the Ship Canal Company spent £150,000 in obtaining the Act was ultimately successful. The needful land was bought, at a cost of over £1,100,000, and a series of works carried out that is, perhaps, unparalleled in the history of water engineering.

In all about £14,000,000 represent the cost of the canal and its allied works—an amount represented by the canal, by docks, coal basins, locks and sluices, huge embankments, wharves, culverts, diversions of railways, bridging of roads, construction of viaducts. The engineering skill that has been displayed in crossing the course of streams, in passing railways and roads, in meeting all the needs of a great canal cut for thirty-five miles through an industrial land, has been beyond all praise.

These are, with the costly sewage scheme, the municipal hydraulic-power works and the works for the supply of electricity, the great undertakings of which Manchester is soon to celebrate the inauguration. They represent a municipal expenditure that has no British parallel: but they do more—they show a public spirit that aims at building up the facilities for an enlarging commerce; that looks to the provision of an adequate supply of pure water, and that sees the need for giving power and artificial light to those who wish to buy them.

The works form a monument to the public spirit of the great centre of the cotton trade that will endure when statues have crumbled. Their creation has had its attendant difficulties that have brought out the municipal determination, and that have proved that Manchester men have courage, endurance, and pluck.

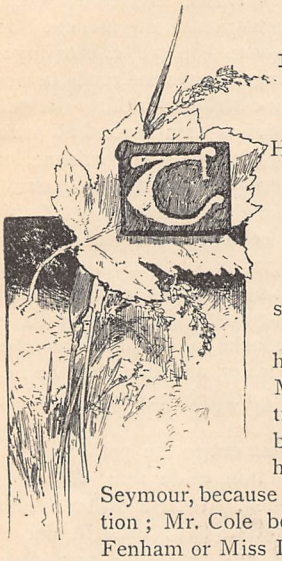
J. W. S.



THE TOWN HALL, MANCHESTER.

MARGARET'S WAY.

By ANNIE E. WICKHAM, Author of "Two Women," etc.



CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

"THE old place is the same," said Geoffrey Fenham, looking at the house; "but I thought it a big place when I was a little chap; it has become smaller."

No one had spoken since his unexpected appearance. Margaret, because she was trying to keep down the blushes that were making her face scarlet; Miss Seymour, because she was enjoying the situation; Mr. Cole because he waited for Mr. Fenham or Miss Lester to speak.

Geoffrey Fenham felt no awkwardness in the meeting. His hands in his pockets, his broad-brimmed straw hat pushed off his forehead to the back of his head, he turned his shoulders upon the company and looked up at the house.

"Yes, it is a good many sizes smaller than when I saw it last. That was in early morning. There was a thick mist nearly hiding the trees at the end of the garden. I could just see their tops against the sky, and phew! how cold and wet the grass was when I scampered across the park. Margaret took me for a tramp, Cole."

He turned with a quick movement to the little lawyer.

"I recognised her from her likeness to her mother. And this lady? I have not the pleasure of knowing you."

"Mr. Fenham, Miss Seymour," murmured Mr. Cole as Margaret continued tongue-tied.

"Lizzie Seymour—of course I remember you. You have altered since I last saw you. Let me see, that's fifteen years ago, and you were a long-legged child of——"

"You make me feel very, very old," interrupted Enid, an uneasy flush on her cheeks, "and you must never, never call me by that dreadful name. Lizzie! ough! it makes me shiver. My name is Enid. I was only nicknamed Lizzie, and I soon made my people call me Enid when I was of an age to distinguish the beauty of names."

"I remember you as Lizzie," he said bluntly, and then he turned upon Margaret with that sudden, quick movement which annoyed persons with weak nerves.

"You need not be so confused, child, because you took me for a beggar. I have been a real one in my time. It is not a cheerful profession. I had a bad year or two when I first got to Australia, Cole."

"Why did you not write to me?"

"A man must learn to make his way in the world, Come along, Margaret, and show me the old place."

"You must know your way about the house as well as I do—especially when you think it so small," she added under her breath.

Geoffrey Fenham looked at her sullen face.

"Bad-tempered," he said to himself, "and a will of her own."

Mrs. Jones, followed by her silent husband, came across the lawn.

"Glad I am to see you, Mr. Geoffrey, after all these years! Fifteen years ago last May. You're looking just the same, sir, except that you've filled out a bit, and grown taller, I do believe. Five foot eleven you stood in your stockings the day before you went off; there's the mark still against the pantry door, and many and many's the time I've showed it to Miss Margaret, and wondered where you were and what you'd grown like all these years. There now, Mr. Geoffrey, you've knocked my cap crooked, and I dare say some of the maids are looking from the windows."

Margaret fell back from the group. He was kissing, actually kissing, Mrs. Jones! Margaret herself often kissed Mrs. Jones in private, but not before Mr. Cole, or Enid, or the servants, whom she knew were peeping from the windows. To show feeling belonged to the lower orders.

She drew back unnoticed. They were too much occupied in welcoming the new owner to remember the dispossessed heiress. Enid Seymour and Mr. Cole watched the little scene. Margaret could stand aside and feel herself neglected without fear of interruption to that pleasant occupation.

An old gardener came to welcome Mr. Geoffrey home, the coachman appeared from the stables, a groom with whom he had bird's-nested and drawn into scrapes with himself stood at a respectful distance and grinned until Mr. Geoffrey shouted to him to stop looking like a fool and come and shake hands. How different from the scene his father would have set had he played the part of returning heir.

Servants drawn up in line in the hall, a frosty shake of the hands with an obsequious butler and a curtseying housekeeper, a dignified nod to the rest. Margaret could see it all in her mind's eye, and the startling physical likeness of Geoffrey to his father accentuated the difference in their manners.

They might have been mistaken for one another at first sight. At first sight only—the kindliness that shone in the son's face was never seen in the father's; the quick turn of the head, the abrupt movements of the son, were very different to the father's slow, sedate movement.

"He might have bought some clothes before he came here," thought Margaret; "no wonder that I thought him a tramp. All the colour has been washed

out of that flannel shirt, and he has no waistcoat or collar, and that loose coat thrown back and a belt round his waist. He looks like—like—a bushranger, I should think!"

"Are you coming, Margaret? We are going to escort Mr. Fenham through the house," Enid Seymour's voice interrupted her thoughts.

"I am not coming," said Margaret.

She turned her back and walked away to the pond.

She did not think of it now as she stood and looked at the water-lilies with eyes so misty that the lilies wavered on the stagnant, dark water.

"Enid might have stayed with me. How silly I am!"

She dashed the moisture from her eyes and rubbed them with her handkerchief.

"How silly I am! As though Enid could know how I felt! And he is an old friend of hers—he knew her when she was a child! Of course she wants to talk to

"'BAD TEMPERED,' HE SAID TO HIMSELF' (*p.* 86).

Mr. Cole rubbed his clean-shaven chin and hesitated, looking from Mr. Fenham to Margaret, but Geoffrey's "Come along, Cole," ended his hesitation. He joined the party.

Margaret might look at the water-lilies as long as she chose.

It had not yet crossed her mind that the owner had arrived and she was still at Fen Court, her boxes unpacked, her plans undecided. His sudden appearance, her unfortunate mistake, and the warmth of the welcome given by her own particular friends to the man whom her feelings called an interloper and her reason the rightful heir, all this had taken away her thoughts from the memory of her decision that she would be gone when he arrived.

him. As for Mrs. Jones, she has always made out that he was a wonderful boy. Horrid man! I wish I had not blushed so dreadfully." A distant sullen boom quavered through the hot air. "There is thunder. I knew it was coming—it was too hot! Enid will be frightened."

She hurried to the house and joined the group assembled in the library.

"Enid, are you frightened?" she whispered breathlessly in her ear.

"Do leave me alone. You are enough to frighten one, Margaret. Oh!"

A flash of lightning shone across her eyes. Miss Seymour cowered down on the sofa, and covered her face with her hands.

Mr. Cole and Geoffrey Fenham, talking together at the window, turned at her scream. A peal of thunder was followed by another shriek from Miss Seymour.

"Draw the curtains and light the lamps," said Margaret. "She is frightened. Quick! Oh! how slow you are."

She passed the men, and with impatient fingers drew the heavy curtains.

"Ring the bell for lamps," she said imperiously, flying back to Enid's side, and with kisses and murmured words trying to soothe the frightened woman. "Ring the bell—do you hear what I say? Darling Enid," in a caressing voice, "the storm will soon be past. There, there! the thunder is becoming more distant. Bring the lamps!" to the footman who answered Geoffrey Fenham's loud ring.

A white mass of drapery, her face buried in the sofa cushions, her hat fallen on the ground, Enid Seymour lay huddled in the corner of the old-fashioned couch. The heavy curtains shut out the light and made the room a semi-darkness at five o'clock on a July day.

The thunder pealed and crashed, flashes of lightning gleamed on Margaret's fair hair and Enid's white draperies. Geoffrey Fenham stared at the limp form upon the sofa and whistled softly; Mr. Cole, with his little dry cough, offered his services to Margaret.

"This darkness makes the lightning worse," said Geoffrey.

He drew the curtains aside with a loud rattle of rings. To Margaret, her nerves quivering from the events of the afternoon and the electricity in the air, the sudden rattle of brass rings and flood of light completely upset her already tottering self-control.

"You idiot!" she said, her voice raised more than she knew. "Can you not see you are making it worse?"

Mr. Cole's shocked face and the entrance of the footman with the lamps stopped further words.

Miss Seymour sat up, pushed away Margaret's hands, and looked round the room.

"Have I been very silly?" she asked, smiling in Geoffrey Fenham's direction, and shaking out her crushed and tumbled skirts.

"Well, rather," said Geoffrey bluntly.

"It is my temperament. I have no control over myself in a thunderstorm," she murmured.

"You cannot help it," said Margaret. "Everyone," with a defiant glance at Geoffrey, "everyone knows how sensitive your nerves are. Come upstairs and I will bring you a cup of tea, and you shall lie down and rest."

But Enid rose to her feet, shook out her crumpled gown, and declared she had quite recovered from her foolishness. The heavy purple clouds of the thunderstorm were turning into white ones, scurrying across the sky and showing rifts of blue where they broke. The rain fell softly.

"Draw the curtains aside and have the lamps taken away, Mr. Fenham; I am myself again," she said.

"May I?" said Geoffrey, with a smile at Margaret, his hands upon the curtains.

But Margaret fled without giving an answer.

She locked herself in her room, and pulling open her wardrobe, threw her dresses upon the bed.

"May I come in? What are you doing?" said Miss Seymour's voice, when the door was opened. "Why are you taking down your dresses?"

"I am going away. I will not stay in this house now Geoffrey Fenham has come. I am packing my things."

"Where are you going?"

"To the inn in the village."

"And what is to become of me?"

"Can you not stay here?"

"Certainly not. How can I stay alone in Mr. Fenham's house? You are childish, Margaret."

Margaret, tragedy in her eyes, dropped the dress she was folding and looked at Enid.

"How can I stay here an hour longer? See how he treats me. Can you not go home, Enid? Don't think me unkind, but if you could go home——"

"Impossible! The house is shut up, and my people are abroad. I do not even know their address until next week. *Do* be sensible, Margaret. How much money have you?"

"Three pounds."

"How long will that last you?"

"I do not know."

"Perhaps a fortnight if you are *very* careful. You must stay here until you have something definite to do. Besides I expect Mr. Fenham can make you stay."

"He cannot."

"I expect that he can. Come, Margaret, there is the first gong; change your dress and come down to dinner and be pleasant. It will be far better for you."

Such worldly counsel was beyond Margaret's power of carrying out at any time. In her present perturbed, angry state of mind, it needed all Enid's persuasive powers to induce her to come downstairs to dinner. To make her change her dress and be pleasant were hopeless tasks.

She sat through dinner like a sulky child, her eyes fixed upon her plate, answering in monosyllables the remarks addressed to her. Geoffrey Fenham gave up the attempt to make her talk, but Mr. Cole continued in spite of scowling brows and flushed, angry cheeks.

Enid, paler than usual from the hysterical fit of the afternoon, her dark head drooping to one side, her dress a combination of three shades of yellow, smiled and answered Geoffrey's remarks. They had the conversation to themselves by the time dessert was reached. Mr. Cole could make speeches no longer to that flushed sullen face and the shoulder turned obstinately and rudely upon him. He gave up the effort, and enjoyed the Fen Court good things at his ease.

Margaret sat at the head of the table, Geoffrey Fenham facing her. She did not always remember that she was but a guest.

Geoffrey Fenham was in the same dress as he wore in the afternoon. Mr. Cole's old-fashioned

"SHE FELT LONELY AND A LITTLE FRIGHTENED" (*p.* 93).

excuses to the ladies for a want of dress clothes, were laughed aside by Geoffrey before Margaret or Miss Seymour could speak.

Margaret added another to the score of black marks against his name. When had his father failed to dress for dinner? Would *he* have laughed aside Mr. Cole's excuses as his son had done? But, indeed, Mr. Cole's neat, speckless black coat and spotless linen were far more suitable for dinner than Geoffrey Fenham's grey flannel shirt and rough grey coat.

"Don't apologise, Cole," he had cried, "look at me. Margaret—I shall call you Margaret, we must not be formal — see, has not changed her dress. Miss Seymour is the only one from whom you need ask forgiveness."

After the storm and rain of the afternoon came a clear, calm evening. A hush fell upon the land; a cool, gentle breeze swept the raindrops from the laurels and fanned Margaret's hot cheeks. The sky, washed clear, was turning into soft bright tints of primrose, pink, and purple. The sun was gone, set behind the hill, and the fir-trees stood out dark and mysterious against the afterglow. A dog barked from a farm about a mile away; the bushes rustled with a sudden breeze.

Margaret stood at the open drawing-room window and listened to the silence broken by the dog's distant bark.

Mr. Cole and Geoffrey Fenham sauntered past the window, Geoffrey with a cigar between his lips.

"Come out and join us," he said.

Margaret turned and walked into the drawing-room, but Enid rose, with a soft little laugh, and moved to the French window.

"I will come," she said.

With a bit of Eastern embroidery carelessly, but effectively, draped about her head, she swept her long skirts by the men's side.

Margaret watched them pass and repass the window, their voices cheerful, Geoffrey's laugh breaking the soft summer stillness, the scent of his cigar entering the room.

"There is nothing like the smell of English earth after a shower," Margaret heard him say in his loud pleasant voice. "I have not smelt it for fifteen years. That's a good slice out of one's life, is it not, Miss Seymour?"

"You must never go away again," Enid answered softly, and the voices and footsteps died away.

"No sorrow for his father's death," thought Margaret, in the twilight of the darkening room. "Poor Uncle Geoffrey! if he could see him smoking, and the coat he wears."

Margaret was making her Uncle Geoffrey into a model of all the virtues. She forgot his irritating temper, his ungenerous nature, his small mean ways. Dislike of the son raised the father to a wondrous height.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

GEOFFREY FENHAM did not spend the night at Fen Court; he was Mr. Cole's visitor for the time. He did not tell Margaret that for her sake, to avoid gossip, he would not enter into residence at Fen Court. If Enid Seymour guessed the reason, she was careful to avoid giving the smallest hint to Margaret. To keep the girl in the house needed constant appeals to her friendship, constant smoothing down (mentally) of her feelings, varied with cold arguments on the side of common sense. To have let her suspect that her presence was keeping Geoffrey Fenham from his own would have sent her flying from the place.

Miss Seymour was well contented with her quarters for more reasons than one.

Geoffrey Fenham and Mr. Cole daily visited Fen Court. There was much to be done, seeing the farms, hearing grievances from tenants, and the hundred things an energetic man finds to do on a large badly-managed estate. Beyond an occasional half-hour in the afternoon, a sight from the windows of his tall form and square shoulders, or his voice shouting an order to a gardener, nothing was seen of Geoffrey. When they met, Miss Seymour entertained him.

Margaret fretted and fumed at the inaction. She was wild to be doing something, and nothing was wanted to be done. What could she do? Where could she go? Mrs. Jones was nearly driven crazy by her restless movements.

"Do sit down and rest, Miss Margie. Go into the drawing-room a bit with Miss Seymour."

"Mr. Fenham is there"

"All the more reason you should be with them. Unless you want Miss Seymour to be mistress here."

"She would not marry *him*. Is that what you mean?"

"Sarah Jones wasn't born blind, my dear."

Margaret thought for a moment, then dismissed the idea with a short laugh.

"Enid does not like him; she laughs at his ways."

"Laughs at him, does she? And she eating his meat and staying in his house! Those are fine lady ways are they, Miss Margaret?"

Margaret coloured, and moved her shoulders pettishly.

"Oh, leave Enid alone, Joney. I am so unhappy, and everything is so miserable."

Her quivering lips and filling eyes touched Mrs. Jones's soft heart.

"Now Miss Margie, what a baby you are! Everything 'll be all right. Trust Mr. Geoffrey for that, I'll make you a bit of hot toast and a cup of tea. I don't believe you've made a good meal since Mr. Fenham died. You're growing quite whist, and Pode tells me she's had to take in all your frocks."

The hot toast and tea—if Margaret smiled at Mrs. Jones's remedy for heartache—certainly did her good. Her spirits went up to their normal state of being equal to any emergency. She betook herself to the drawing-room.

"I gave him notice to-day. Everything has been shamefully mismanaged," were the words that fell on her ears.

"Given whom notice?"

"Hullo, Margaret! Where have you been hiding?"

Geoffrey spoke in the tone of voice he would have used to a child. He looked upon her as a child—a sulky, self-willed, badly brought-up child, who was old enough to know better.

"I have been upstairs. To whom have you given notice?"

"To Giles. He must have cheated my father right and left."

Giles was the steward. His cringing, obsequious manners had made him a favourite of Mr. Fenham's and Margaret's.

"Uncle Geoffrey always said there was no one like Giles," said Margaret, her eyes shining, her colour rising.

"He left things too much in his hands."

"You are always ready to find fault with your father."

"Margaret!" said Enid in purring remonstrance.

"You are. Everything he did was wrong—you have found fault with everything; I have heard you. Now you are going to send poor Mr. Giles away when he has managed the estate for years and years and everything has been all right, and——"

"He has been cheating right and left. Grinding down the cottagers; acting the unjust steward."

"So you say. But how can you know anything about an English estate? How do you know what rents are fair? Mr. Cole——"

"Mr. Cole gave me the hint about Giles."

"Mr. Cole always disliked him."

Geoffrey stuck his hands in his pockets, thrust out his long legs, and gazed at his dirty boots. He had tramped through two farms that day.

"Giles will go," he said calmly.

Margaret could have hit him for that quiet inflexibility.

"Giles shall not go," she said passionately, forgetting her powerlessness in the matter.

"May I have another cup of tea, Miss Seymour?"

He held out his cup with an irritating indifference to Margaret's words or passion. The next instant cup and saucer were flying across the room and lying shattered into a thousand fragments.

"Will you listen to me?" she panted, standing before him with heaving breast and flashing grey eyes.

"Certainly. But if you are going to smash any more cups and saucers, the tea-things had better be taken away first."

"If Giles goes, I will not stay an instant—not one instant longer in this house."

"That is only shortening your stay a little, is it not?" said Geoffrey, with a peculiar smile.

Now it is a very different thing to say that you mean to leave a house, from finding that the owner of the house expects and wishes you to go. Margaret's mouth opened, her expression became a blank stare, her anger died suddenly. She walked quietly to a chair and seated herself without another word.

"Cole and I have been settling about you, Margaret," continued Geoffrey. "I find there is a comfortable little house to let about two miles away. I have put an advertisement in the *Times* for a chaperon—you are too young to live alone—and I shall give you an allowance of five hundred a year."

"I shall take nothing from you," said Margaret.

"We shall see about that. Don't trouble about that broken cup and saucer, Miss Seymour, it is too much smashed to be mended."

"Crown Derby!" said Enid.

Margaret sat in a corner like a naughty child, and watched them collect the broken china.

She was realising that she was not wanted at Fen Court. Mr. Cole's, Mrs. Jones's, and Enid Seymour's remonstrances when she averred that she was going, had blinded her to the real state of affairs. Geoffrey Fenham had never asked her to stay; it had been Mr. Cole who had begged, entreated, ordered her to remain. She could not recollect one word said by Geoffrey on the subject. Her pride shrivelled up before the fire of her self-scorn. How blind, how imbecile, how childish she had been! Deluded by Mrs. Jones and Enid Seymour into believing that her presence was wanted in the house.

"You need not look so miserable," said Geoffrey, struck by something in her face, "a broken cup is not a great matter."

"I was not thinking of the cup; I am glad that I smashed it," she answered fiercely.

He shrugged his shoulders.

Shortly afterwards she left the room.

"What a temper Margaret has!" he said to Enid. "Is she always ready to attack one?"

"Always," said Enid, with a soft sigh.

"It is a good thing for her that she has you for a friend. You who are so much older"—Enid winced—"you can manage her."

"There is no *managing* Margaret."

"She is a little fury; but I suppose she is warm-hearted?"

"She has no heart," said Margaret's friend.

He looked at her leaning back among the cushions on the couch; her attitude reminded him of the afternoon of his return and Margaret's care of her frightened hysterical friend.

"She seems awfully fond of you," he said bluntly, and his tone brought a faint colour to Enid's pale cheeks.

"It is only seeming. Perhaps you are thinking of her anxiety on my account when I behaved so foolishly during the thunderstorm, but that is only Margaret's way. She would be as excited over her canary's broken leg or about a starved cat. It is her nature."

"I must be off. Good-bye for the present—shall see you at dinner."

Geoffrey Fenham was enjoying the new experience of ladies' society. Leaving England a boy, he had knocked about the world until chance had landed him with a chum in Queensland. Twenty miles from another house, forty from a store and village, they had settled and prospered.

The women he had met during those fifteen years were very different from Miss Seymour and Margaret—hard working women who hardly knew the meaning of the word rest, who were their own servants, who did the scrubbing and cleaning of their houses. Miss Seymour, with her languid airs and graces, her trailing costumes, her wonderful colours, was a daily enjoyment to him.

Margaret, with her refined spirited air, her erect little head and look of being slightly above the world, would have been equally delightful, but her manner irritated and annoyed him. Enid flattered and pleased. If he remembered her name to be Elizabeth, and her eyebrows and lashes to be lighter than her hair, that did not alter the fact that she was uncommonly pleasant, and that he liked to have his tea handed to him by her long white hands, and to see her strangely-coloured gowns trailing about the Fen Court drawing-room. He thought, however, that she might have allowed that Margaret was warm-hearted. But then, he supposed no woman could see a virtue in another.

Margaret from her window saw him ride away. He whistled and swung his riding-crop, holding the reins carelessly, and sitting in the saddle with a firm, lounging, easy seat, and an utter absence of style.

Soon after his departure Enid went to her room to dress for dinner. She saw nothing of Margaret and thought not of her. Mr. Cole and Geoffrey Fenham were dining at Fen Court that night, and Enid took a longer time than usual to dress.

It was late when she swept into the drawing-room, and the old lawyer and Geoffrey were waiting.

There was no sign of Margaret; ten minutes passed, and still no Margaret.

"Let us begin," said Geoffrey. "I am as hungry as a hunter."

He led Miss Seymour into dinner and Mr. Cole followed. Margaret's place at the head of the table was left vacant.

Soup was served.

"Ask if Miss Lester is not coming to dinner?" was the message sent by Geoffrey by one of the footmen.

The man returned with a stolid countenance and unmoved demeanour.

"Miss Lester has left the house, sir. Mrs. Grimes's lad, from the 'Duke's Head' in the village, sir, has just brought word to Mrs. Jones that Miss Lester is there, sir."

Mr. Cole rubbed his shaven chin in an agitated manner.

"Foolish child! Foolish child!" he muttered.

Jones dropped a decanter in his astonishment.

Miss Seymour frowned and pushed away her plate.

"Does she mean to stay the night at the 'Duke's Head'?" asked Geoffrey coolly.

"Didn't hear, sir. Shall I go out and inquire of Mrs. Jones, sir?"

"Yes—no, though. Send Mrs. Jones in to me."

Mrs. Jones came in weeping.

Who remembered such an interruption to a dinner at Fen Court? Mr. Cole groaned when he thought of the gossip there would be flying about the country the following day. He knew those stolid footmen were eagerly swallowing Mrs. Jones's information; he knew how enlarged that story would be in twelve hours' time.

"She's gone, sir; gone to the village inn without a maid or anyone with her, and she only nineteen. Whatever would Mr. Fenham have said?"

"She is safe enough at the 'Duke's Head.' Mrs. Grimes is a quiet, respectable woman, and will look after Miss Lester all right. Don't you trouble, Mrs. Jones; we will have her back to-morrow morning. She cannot go any further, can she?"

"There's no train after seven o'clock, or goodness knows where she'd have gone. She's that high-spirited—is Miss Margaret. She went off without a word to me or anyone, unless she told Miss Seymour?"

"No, she did not tell me."

"Then she went off without a word, and if it hadn't been for Mrs. Grimes sending up a message where she was, a pretty fright I should have had. Mrs. Grimes sent up unbeknown to Miss Lester. She thought we ought to know, sir."

"'WHY WILL YOU ACCEPT NOTHING FROM ME?'" (*p.* 95).

"Quite right of Mrs. Grimes. Give the boy a shilling. We will have your Miss Margaret back to-morrow morning, Mrs. Jones."

She curtseyed and retired, still wiping away the tears that ran down her ruddy, motherly face.

Geoffrey, with the manner of a man at ease with himself and the world, continued his dinner. He

thought of Margaret's escapade as a childish bit of temper that would certainly evaporate in the solitude and discomfort of the village inn.

"That girl wants a firm hand over her," he said to Mr. Cole.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE fire smouldered in the small grate (Mrs. Grimes thought that the chimney must be damp) and the inn parlour was cold. Stiffly starched white curtains draped the windows, and white antimacassars covered the back of every chair. The summer evening was chilly, but the wretched, smouldering fire made Margaret regret that she had asked Mrs. Grimes to light one.

The window looked out on the village street. It faced the small shop where sweets, laundry blue, marbles and white calico were the principal commodities.

The deed was done; Margaret had left Fen Court. And to admit the truth, she felt lonely and a little frightened. The world outside the park gates looked different when viewed alone. She had hurriedly walked through the village street and passed the few loungers (she knew every man by name), her heart in her mouth.

Mrs. Grimes's surprise when asked for a bedroom and sitting-room had further brought to her mind the boldness of her action. She had ordered dinner with outer *hauteur* and inward shaking, a dinner that was beyond Mrs. Grimes' power to provide (it was the menu of the dinner at Fen Court of the preceding day, and the only one that Margaret could remember), and which resolved itself into badly-cooked chops and a rice pudding. Margaret could have cried over that rice pudding; she liked a nice pudding, and this was horrid. The coarse tablecloth and rough plated knives and forks were removed by a little Grimes, who stared at Margaret with a reckless disregard to dropping the dishes. The door closed on the small handmaid, and Margaret was left for the evening.

She drew her chair to the fire, and tried to feel that she was brave and independent; but loneliness and a wish for the creature comforts of Fen Court were her real sensations.

Would they miss her that night? Would they look for her? The naughty girl felt a pleasure thinking of their anxiety.

Perhaps in a few moments she would hear Mr. Cole's or Geoffrey Fenham's voice at the inn door inquiring whether she had been seen by Mrs. Grimes. Perhaps a groom would gallop down the street, riding to the station for news of the runaway. Perhaps Mrs. Jones would come panting into the village, asking for Miss Margie. She did feel sorry for poor old Joney's anxiety, but to have told her where she was going would have meant being stopped; and Margaret did not mean to be stopped leaving Fen Court. She knew that she must be soon discovered at the village inn, she had indeed no wish to hide; leaving Fen Court and staying in the village inn, at his park gates, was a defiance to Geoffrey. It was under *his* roof she would not sleep.

The hours passed, and no groom galloped down the street; no Geoffrey Fenham or Mr. Cole came to the inn door; no Mrs. Jones appeared, weeping and begging her pet to return.

Margaret did not expect Enid Seymour. Though she would not own it to herself, she was beginning to see the selfishness of her friend, and she knew that Enid would feel little anxiety. But surely someone would be sent to look for her. Her absence must be discovered by now, dinner must be over, and her maid must have found her room empty and her night-things gone.

Could it be that she was to be allowed to go without remonstrance—without an inquiry as to her movements? Freedom was not so alluring near at hand as at a distance.

"But Joney would not let me go like this," she said to herself, in a sudden panic; "Joney would want to know where I was going."

Then she called up her courage, set her teeth, and faced the worst.

"I have said I would make my own living and I mean to do so. I am frightened because I am left alone, that is all. To-morrow I shall write to Mrs. Lester, and ask her to let me stay with her at once. She will help me perhaps to get a situation. There is someone riding down the street, perhaps it is a groom sent to inquire."

She went to the window and looked out. The day was closing in a drizzling rain, and the village street was deserted. The horseman was a ploughboy, seated sideways on a cart-horse, plodding through the mist and gloom. A sack was thrown over his head and shoulders; he whistled softly, and kicked his steed's side to hurry him along.

Margaret crept back to the fireside and wept a little weep. If a messenger had appeared from Fen Court at that moment, a repentant, humbled Margaret might have been led back to her home; but no one came. Geoffrey Fenham had given orders that Mrs. Jones was not to visit Miss Lester, nor was she to be told that her whereabouts was known at Fen Court. He thought that a night's solitude and reflection might do Margaret good. He expected to find at the inn, the following morning, a penitent, frightened girl.

She tossed and turned on the feather bed of the best bedroom in the inn. The rain dripped from the eaves, and the ticking of the clock in the kitchen beneath sounded through the floor. She dropped asleep at last, to be awakened in early morning by the labourers passing to their work and the loud voices of Mrs. Grimes and her handmaiden quarrelling in the porch below.

Margaret rose and dressed, and peeping from the window saw that the street was empty. The rain was over, and a brilliant August morning brightened and gilded life. Margaret walked up the street, along the road, until she reached the park gates of Fen Court. There was little dew, but the grass and trees were freshened by yesterday's rain, and wore the deep, dark

green of August tints. The blinds were down at Fen Court; no one was yet stirring in the sleepy house. Margaret, with a strange feeling that she was not Margaret Lester, but some disembodied spirit who had lived in and loved the dear place centuries ago, stared through the bars of the iron gates at the blind windows and creeper-covered front.

But she heard the door of the lodge being unlocked. Mrs. Gay would see her if she waited a second longer. She turned and ran back to the inn.

After breakfast she bought at the village store, pen, ink, and paper, and sat down to write to Mrs. Lester.

No message or word reached her from Fen Court, and her heart was hardening and her pride rising at the neglect. The soft mood of the night before was gone. The sunlight chased away night fears, and Margaret was prepared to face the world alone.

The paper and ink were the best in the village shop. Margaret had not yet begun to practise economy, though her money had now dwindled to two pounds, eighteen shillings and sixpence. She had bought the best the shop could provide, but that was bad; and Margaret wished that she had brought her own from Fen Court. Her luggage was a small hand-bag, with the few things necessary for the night. She supposed that her dresses, jewellery, and girlish knick-knacks would be sent to her.

"His father gave them to me, they are really mine," she said to herself; "and I shall write and ask for them if he does not send them."

The letter to Mrs. Lester took a long time to compose. Several copies were destroyed before Margaret was satisfied. But at last one was finished, directed, stamped, and dropped by Margaret into the post-office. Her spirits rose; she was sure that Mrs. Lester would have her to stay at her house (poor Margaret had received few rebuffs in her prosperous life), and from there she could be launched upon the world.

She was neither humbled nor frightened when, returning from posting her letter, she found Geoffrey Fenham and Mr. Cole awaiting her appearance.

She was prepared for reproaches, a severe scolding, angry words. Geoffrey's manner took her aback. He shook hands with her quietly, hoped that she had passed a good night, and that Mrs. Grimes had done what she could to make her comfortable.

Margaret stammered and became confused; this was different from what she had expected. She could think of nothing to say; she silently shook hands with Mr. Cole, and did not answer Geoffrey's inquiries.

"You should have told Mrs. Jones or me that you were leaving the Court," he said, when they were seated. "If Mrs. Grimes had not sent us word that you were here we might have been alarmed."

In the face of this calm acquiescence in her leaving Margaret could not say that her reason for slipping away without telling her intentions had been from fear of being stopped.

She bit her lip and was silent.

"You need not have been in quite such a hurry. Mr. Cole and I had made arrangements for your leaving the house at the end of this week or beginning of next; which was it, Cole? If you care to return to Fen Court this morning, you may; if not, you may stay here until your little house at Bridge End is ready for you. That will be in a few days at latest."

Margaret listened with a swelling heart.

"Miss Seymour has offered to stay with you at this inn or at Fen Court—if you like to return there—until the lady who is to live with you can come. Which is your choice, Margaret—Mrs. Grimes or Miss Seymour?"

"Mrs. Grimes," said Margaret.

Mr. Cole uncrossed his thin legs and cleared his throat.

"You should not have left your home——"

"Home!" interrupted Margaret. "Fen Court is not my home."

She choked over the word.

"Mr. Fenham's house then, Miss Margaret, and your natural home until he, as your guardian, finds you another. My dear young lady, it was most thoughtless of you—most thoughtless."

"Come now, Cole, Margaret is only a child," said Geoffrey, with a good-humoured toleration for her foolishness, which exasperated Margaret more than Mr. Cole's scolding; "she does not like Fen Court or she will not stay in it. How much more awkward it would have been if she had refused to turn out! Now, all that she has to do will be to walk into her new house at Bridge End."

"I shall not walk into the house at Bridge End."

There was a silence. Geoffrey looked at Mr. Cole.

"What do you mean to do?" he said drily.

"I mean to earn my own living."

Mr. Cole smiled, and Geoffrey laughed aloud.

"If I do not earn my own living I shall starve, but I will not take one penny from you."

"Starving has it then, I am afraid," said Geoffrey, and he laughed again.

Margaret sat erect, her figure tense, her grey eyes watching every expression on the men's faces. They on their part looked at her, at the girl who talked so glibly of starving.

The same thought crossed the mind of both. Margaret was not the sort of woman to earn her living. From the crown of her small head to the dainty feet clad in the neatest of shoes and black silk stockings, there was nothing of the working woman about Margaret.

Mr. Cole shook his head, and Geoffrey ceased laughing.

"I shall starve then," she said simply.

"Do not talk this rubbish. I am likely to allow that, am I not?" said Geoffrey roughly. "It would be a very pretty picture, you begging at my doors, but one that will never be painted. Now, Margaret, why will you not allow me to give you what you ought to have—what is yours by right?"

Margaret hesitated. Asked the plain question and obliged to give a plain answer, her reasons seemed inadequate.

"My father brought you up as his heiress; a great injustice to me, let me say," said Geoffrey bluntly, "but he did so. At the last moment he alters his mind and leaves it back again to me. Would you have taken the money if he had left it to you?"

"I—I—yes, I should."

"Would you have offered me anything (the entailed estates are worth nothing) supposing you had inherited?"

"I had forgotten all about you," said Margaret bravely, looking him in the eyes, "but what has that to do with now? You have everything and I think it is right that you should have. I have nothing."

"Why will you accept nothing from me now when you own you were ready to take all that was really mine?"

"I never thought it was yours, but I will not take it now. I mean to earn my own living. Uncle Geoffrey said that I could not; it was about that we quarrelled, and I will not take one penny from you—you who are no relation. I will not."

"Miss Margaret, this is childish," said Mr. Cole.

"It is confounded obstinacy," said Geoffrey, who himself owned to a "firm will."

"How do you mean to begin earning your living?" he continued, after an angry pause. "I suppose you will tell us that?"

"I have written to a Mrs. Lester—she is the widow of my father's cousin and lives in Birmingham, and asked her to let me stay with her until I have found a situation as governess."

"Mrs. Lester!" said Mr. Cole, "Mrs. Lester! You will not care for her. If it is the Mrs. Lester I mean, she was continually writing to the late Mr. Fenham, begging for money. Islington Row, I think her address was."

"That is the address," said Margaret shortly.

"Suppose she cannot have you?"

"I shall stay here until my money is gone."

"How much have you?"

"Two pounds, eighteen shillings and sixpence."

Geoffrey laughed.

"That will last you a long time! Ten shillings of that is already owing to Mrs. Grimes for your stay here. Come, Margaret, be a sensible child;" he walked to her side and put his hand upon her shoulder; "take an allowance from me, live comfortably in the house I am getting ready for you, and give up these Quixotic schemes of making your own living. You know nothing of the world, you have had no training, you are not fitted to rough it. Give up these silly ideas and be a sensible little girl."

But Margaret decidedly shrank away from his hand.

"I will take nothing from you," she said again.

And Mr. Cole and Geoffrey could not shake her determination.

"I can pay the amount into the bank to your account whether you like it or not," he said at last, beginning to grow angry.

"If you do, I will give it to the first beggar I meet," she retorted.

"But, Miss Margaret, you cannot stay here alone," said Mr. Cole when Geoffrey had exhausted arguments. "You must come back to the house until you hear from Mrs. Lester."

"I shall not return to Fen Court."

"She is all right with Mrs. Grimes," said Geoffrey, with recovered composure, "and Miss Seymour will come and stay with her if she wishes."

"Would Enid come down here?" said Margaret eagerly; then she shook her head. "No, no, the cooking is too bad, and the rooms too ugly. I should like to have her, but she would only be miserable. No, I had better be alone."

"You have only to return to the Court not to be alone," said Geoffrey drily.

But Margaret's face showed no sign of giving in.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE men walked away from the inn.

Geoffrey was the first to speak.

"We must give her her head, Cole. Let her go out and see the world; she will soon find her mistake in fancying that she can get on alone."

But Mr. Cole's old-fashioned ideas were averse to such a plan. A woman's place was at home, with a piece of needlework or a harmless work of fiction. He had no sympathy with modern notions. Moreover, what would be said of Mr. Fenham allowing Margaret to earn her own living?

"I am powerless; if she will go what can I do? There is one thing though. The child had better go to this Mrs. Lester's as soon as possible. I suppose the woman is respectable?"

"Respectable enough, but impecunious."

"Write to her and offer her a sum a week to board Miss Lester. She must keep it from Margaret; she would be off at a tangent if a hint came to her ears that I was paying. Better still, I will run up to Birmingham and see the woman and arrange matters with her. I can just catch a train if I run."

He had turned, and was hurrying down the road.

"Humph!" said Mr. Cole aloud, "would he have taken so much trouble if Miss Margaret's eyes had been less bright? I must go on to the Court and see Miss Seymour, I suppose. She will leave to-day, I should imagine."

Margaret did not feel elated with her victory. A thread of doubt ran through her thoughts whether she had been as wisely independent as she wished to appear. The excitement over, the victory was a barren one, or, at least, the right of being alone in the common little inn parlour did not seem very desirable fruits.

The arrival of Mrs. Jones roused her from her thoughtful mood.

"Miss Margaret! Miss Margaret! I never thought you would have treated me so. Whatever should I

have done if Mrs. Grimes hadn't sent word up to me that you were safe and snug in this place? You could have knocked me down with a feather when Pode told me you were gone, and taken your nightdress and brush and comb with you. Mr. Geoffrey wouldn't let me come down and see you; he thought you'd have come to your senses in the morning."

"Did he?"

"Whatever design have you in your head now, Miss Margaret? Mr. Cole brought word that I was to bring you down all your things, and I set off that minute. But I said to myself, I'll bring her back with me as sure as my name is Eliza Jones."

The battle was fought over again. Mrs. Jones begged, prayed, ordered, besought, and finally wept; but Margaret was not to be moved. Return to Fen Court she would not.

"Miss Seymour's in a fine way, Miss Margie. She has been scolding Pode about the way she's packing her dresses, and she was right down angry when she heard that you were not coming back to Fen Court and that Mr. Geoffrey had gone away."

"Gone away!"

"Gone away on business, Mr. Cole said; called away suddenly. Now he's gone, couldn't you come back to the Court, Miss Margie? This place isn't fit for you, and you all alone."

"I am going to Mrs. Lester's as soon as I hear from her."

Mrs. Jones protested and appealed.

"To think, Miss Margie, you should have come down to eating that," she said, pointing with a tragic air at the burnt and blackened beef-steak which Mrs. Grimes had sent up for her lodger's lunch. "Did one ever see such cooking? And Hannah Grimes keeping an inn; the scullery-maid at the Court could do better. Come back, Miss Margie, just to take a bit of lunch if you won't stay. I ordered your own pudding before I left, for I said Miss Margie will be sure to come back with her old Joney."

But coaxing was useless, and Mrs. Jones had to leave Margaret to the blackened beef-steak and coarse tablecloth.

In the afternoon the Fen Court carriage drew up at the inn door with a clatter of horses' feet and rattle of harness.

Miss Seymour was Margaret's next visitor.

She swept into the parlour.

"What is this piece of childish folly, Margaret?" she began, without a greeting. "Running away from the Court in this insane manner; leaving me alone! If Mr. Fenham had been staying at home, instead of being Mr. Cole's guest, I suppose you would have behaved in the same way: without a thought of me."

Margaret had risen to her feet and hurried forward to meet Enid with outstretched hands. They dropped to her sides, and she listened with bent head.

"Enid, I am so sorry. I did not know—I forgot——"

"Forgot! Yes, you forget everything but getting your own way. I have had to pack my frocks, telegraph to my aunt, and hurry away by this train."

"But there was no hurry. Geoffrey——"

"I am likely to stay alone in an unmarried man's house, am I not?" she said, with an unpleasant sneer. "There will be enough scandal about you, without my adding to the burden on poor Mr. Fenham's shoulders."

She turned to go, but Margaret caught her cloak and held her.

"Enid, do not go like that! Perhaps we shall never meet again. I am sorry for the trouble I have given you, but you will forgive me and be kind to me now we are saying good-bye."

"You are a foolish, headstrong child. I have no wish to see you again——"

"Enid!"

"Not the slightest. I am going to tell you the truth for once; it may be of value to you. You have been obeyed, and listened to, and flattered, and made much of because you were supposed to be Mr. Fenham's heiress. Who has called upon you since it has been known that you were a pauper? Who has offered you a home? You are disliked by most people; they only put up with your snubs and laughable pride because you were to be so rich. Well, that has passed now, and you will have to adopt a different manner."

"Enid, do not say such things."

"They will do you good. You want a lesson."

Margaret's head fell lower on her breast.

Her world was crumbling into ruins.

"I never want to see you again," continued Miss Seymour. "You are of no use to me, and I really think that personally I rather dislike you. Good-bye."

She moved to the door, opened it, paused irresolutely, and closed it again.

"Shall you repeat this to Mr. Fenham?" she asked.

"No," said Margaret, with a choking sob.

"You promised me that beetle brooch of yours," said Enid; "I took it from your dressing-table."

She opened the door the second time and passed to the carriage.

Margaret saw her drive away, and then threw herself upon the hard horse-hair sofa. Tears blinded her, sobs choked her. All that had gone before had been nothing to this interview with her one familiar friend. Friend no longer!

A humbled Margaret rose from the black hair-stuffed sofa.

This state of mind endured for the night; the following morning a reaction took place. The post brought a letter from Mrs. Lester—a letter written in haste, but with a warmth of welcome which Margaret had scarcely expected.

Mrs. Lester would be delighted to have her young relation for as long as she liked or found convenient. Her cousins were looking forward to seeing her; could she come to them immediately? A telegram to say she had started was all that was needed; she should be met in Birmingham. Mrs. Lester could write no more, or she would miss the post. She was Margaret's most affectionate friend, Letitia Lester.

"SHE TURNED TO GO, BUT MARGARET CAUGHT HER" (*p.* 96).

Margaret's spirits went up like sky-rockets. She sang as she ran down to breakfast, and called for a Bradshaw in her accustomed peremptory fashion. Humility had fled before good fortune.

A train left for Birmingham at twelve o'clock. A little Grimes took her telegram to the telegraph office in the town, and the same messenger ordered a carriage to be sent for her and her luggage, to convey them to the twelve o'clock train.

A second little Grimes carried to Mrs. Jones the news that Margaret was leaving that morning. Would she come down and say good-bye? She and her husband, the silent one, returned with this messenger.

Mrs. Jones wept with her arms round Margaret, and her husband twiddled his hat between his fingers, and muttered, "Good luck," and a hope that she might be happy.

The cab crawled to the door. Mrs. Jones's tears were redoubled at the sight of the abject horse and hired carriage.

"To think you ain't even going away behind your own horses and coachman, Miss Margaret, but in that nasty dirty trap, and with that old broken-kneed horse! You always were that wilful, Miss Margie. 'Tis to be hoped your wilfulness won't lead you into worse trouble."

Mrs. Grimes brought in her bill, and Mrs. Jones dried her tears to check the items put down and to find fault with the prices.

"Let me pay it," said Margaret.

The two women were fighting every penny, and time passed.

"Anyway, I got seven shillings knocked off for you, Miss Margie," said Mrs. Jones triumphantly, when she and Margaret were seated in the fly.

It was Mrs. Jones who paid the driver, collected the luggage, had it labelled, tipped the porter, took Margaret's ticket, and saw her safely seated in a first-class carriage reserved for ladies. Margaret's wish to travel third was met by a firm refusal from Mrs. Jones.

"No, Miss Margaret; when you are away from here you can do as you please, but first-class you leave this place. I've taken your ticket and Mr. Geoffrey will pay me again."

"Certainly not," said Margaret fiercely. "I——"

"Then you can pay me later when you've more money, but you've not enough in your purse to pay me now, and I ain't going to take all you've got."

"How much is it?"

"All right, Miss Margaret. I have your address and I'll let you know."

Margaret jumped into the carriage. A porter banged the door, but she leant from the window and repeated her question—

"How much is it?"

But there was a spice of obstinacy in Mrs. Jones. She was as determined not to mention the sum as Margaret was to find out how much it was.

"How much do I owe you?"

Purse in hand Margaret waited for Mrs. Jones to speak.

The stationmaster was holding up his hand to the engine-driver to signal that he might depart, the few persons who had come to see friends leave fell back from the steps of the railway carriages. Mrs. Jones darted forward and threw her arms round Margaret's neck.

"My pretty lamb, take care of yourself!" she wept.

The tears were running down Margaret's face as she kissed her old friend, but she gasped between her sobs—

"How much is it?"

"Never mind, never mind, Mr. Geoffrey——"

The train moving out of the station cut short the sentence.

Margaret leant her shoulders out of the carriage window, and with well-directed aim threw her purse at Mrs. Jones's feet. The last she saw of the station was Mrs. Jones weeping, the purse held in her trembling hand, a sympathetic crowd of stationmaster, porter, and ticket-collector pressing round the old woman.

"I am horrid!—horrid! I have hurt her feelings dreadfully. Enid was right, I am a brute," said Margaret to herself, "but of course I could not let Geoffrey pay for me."

It did not disturb her that the purse in Mrs. Jones's hand contained all the money she had possessed. She was penniless.

The day was hot and the first-class carriage close. Margaret pulled off her hat and gloves and leant her head out of the window to meet the breeze made by the rushing train.

"Change at Cheltenham for Birmingham."

How carefully she noted the names of every station, fearing that she might be carried through Cheltenham! When she had travelled before it had been with Mr. Fenham and her maid. She had not troubled about changes and the names of stations.

A thousand foolish fears passed through her head. Independence had its drawbacks. Another thought flashed through her mind. She had no money wherewith to fee the porter.

Cheltenham was reached, and clutching her ticket firmly in her hand Margaret stepped upon the platform.

"Your train is nearly an hour late," said Geoffrey's voice in her ear.

END OF CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

A MAID OF NORMANDY.

WITHIN a sheltered mossy glade,
Hid in a mighty forest's shade,
There first it was I chanced to see
My little maid of Normandy.

I was a painter, poor, obscure;
She was a peasant, fair and pure;
And oh! she was so dear to me—
My little maid of Normandy.

And time went on, and hour by hour,
And day by day Love gained in power,
Till she was all the world to me—
My little maid of Normandy.

And I was all the world to her.
Scarce ever from my side she'd stir,
But watched me paint with childish glee—
My little maid of Normandy.

Alas! alas! there came a day
When all the sunshine died away!
They buried her beside the sea—
My little maid of Normandy.

And now I roam the wide world o'er,
But memory haunts me evermore!
One love alone for me can be—
My little maid of Normandy.

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

GARDENING IN JANUARY.

BY A PRACTICAL GARDENER.

WHITE CAMPANULA.

TWO subjects are selected for this month—variegated shrubs and window plants, both interesting to the amateur gardener. Variegated shrubs and trees, when judiciously planted, light up the garden through the dullest months of the year.

The chief variegated shrub is the Holly. No one will dispute its position, and no shrub in its green-leaved form is more closely woven into the folklore of our country. The tree or shrub, whichever one is pleased to call it, is the glory of many an English wood, and has been valued highly for hedges since the days of Evelyn, who writes of it in fervent language in his "Sylva."

A Holly Bush on the lawn is a fit subject for the artist, its beauty heightened with the scarlet or yellow berries, and in its variegated dress is a study in fine colours—green, creamy white, and soft yellow in tender association. There are many kinds, but the best are Silver Queen and Golden Queen. A "wrinkle" in purchasing shrubs is to pay a fair price for them. It is "penny wise and pound foolish" with a vengeance to buy shrubs poor in health and low in price. Variegated Hollies are rather expensive, and so are the majority of variegated things. They are less vigorous as a rule, and more troublesome to raise than others, the price varying from half-a-crown to a guinea each. The green-leaved Privet is an objectionable shrub, its hungry roots robbing the border of nutriment; but buy the variegated variety for its rich variegation, a bright patch of colour uninfluenced by summer suns or winter frosts. Some variegated things get burned by the sun, and their beauty is lost. A good plant of this (variegated) type of Privet may be purchased for a shilling.

Other good variegated shrubs or small trees comprise the variegated Maple, which is largely planted, and although a beautiful tree, a conspicuous object in many suburban gardens, it should not be thought of if the place is very small or the tree is common in the neighbourhood.

If used excessively it becomes wearisome, and one loses interest in its charming colour, creamy white and various shades of green. A lovely tree is the golden-leaved form of the Catalpa. It is strange that the Catalpa which dips its leafy branches into the silvery Thames at many points along its winding course should not be more thought of for the garden, being hardy, whilst it produces a heavy wide-spreading head and handsome horse-chestnut-like flowers.

These appear in August when few trees are in bloom. The golden-leaved variety has leaves of a pure gold

colour, very beautiful in contrast to dark green. A fair specimen costs half-a-crown.

Variegated Conifers should be kept away from smoky towns. They dislike dirt and soot, the variegation quickly losing its colour under such conditions. It is unnecessary to enumerate names. The nurseryman in the neighbourhood will supply the stock and recommend those kinds that succeed best, the price varying from eighteenpence to half-a-crown. But the Golden Yew should be chosen first. It does not vary in colour and behaves itself in a respectable way.

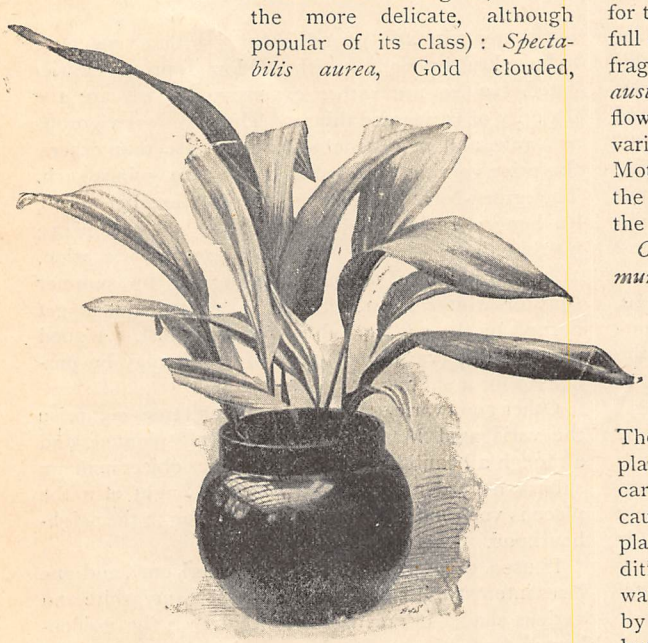
In the Ivy, if one may introduce this evergreen climber amongst shrubs, a rare jewel is gained. The finest variegated kinds cost on an average eighteenpence each, and clothe the walls of town or country gardens with bright colour throughout the winter and spring.

Be careful in your selection. Last winter in a London garden several ivies were practically killed, variegation signifying, as a rule, a weakly constitution.

An old friend came to me last winter in great distress. His fine variegated ivy had turned brown, and looked in aspect singed and disfigured.

"Ah," I said, "exactly so: it is the action of frost, and the reason is you have chosen a naturally tender kind, too susceptible to the influence of severe cold, possibly followed by heavy rains, frost again recurring."

Avoid such varieties and choose any of the following five (rejecting a kind commonly planted, named *Madeirensis variegata*, one of the more delicate, although popular of its class): *Spectabilis aurea*, Gold clouded,



PARLOUR PALM.
(*Aspidistra lurida variegata.*)

Palmata aurea, *Angularis aurea*, *Marginata elegantissima*, and *Aurea elegantissima*.

The names are terrible, but one cannot help using such terms: the men who thus christened the varieties are to blame.

The secret of success in growing the ivy is to use a good soil, and during the first year, water the plants freely. Every lover of flowers wishes for healthy plants in room and window. The Creeping Jenny in a cracked pot on the window-sill of an evil-smelling alley is a reminder of country lanes and wild flowers stirred gently by a life-giving breeze. Thousands who cherish flowers must grow them through force of circumstances in a room.

My remarks on window plants are general, and appeal to all who wish to keep their treasures healthy under very artificial conditions. A rock upon which beginners usually come to grief is in the selection.

Those I shall mention have stood the trials of life bravely in a window. First comes the Parlour Palm, a good name given to the best of all room plants, *Aspidistra lurida variegata*. One must remember the botanical name, otherwise a wrong plant will be purchased. Parlour Palm is a little indefinite, and a true palm might be supplied instead.

The *Aspidistra* is related to the lilies, and its bold leaves are of a fine glossy green colour, relieved in the variegated form with rich markings of creamy white, Then get the Creeping Jenny, and its variety aurea. which has quite yellow leaves, without a trace of green, whilst the well-known India-rubber plant is king of the window garden.

It resents bad treatment, but is nevertheless hard to kill, the leaves are of a rich green colour, leathery, and never wearisome. Amongst plants valuable simply for their foliage are the Sedge, or *Cyperus alternifolius*, full of grace and delighting in abundant moisture, the fragrant-leaved Myrtle; and of Palms, *Corypha australis* is the cheapest of this beautiful class. Of flowering plants select the homely Musk, Harrison's variety for preference, "Geraniums," Fuchsias, the Mother of Thousands, Orange Tree, Guernsey Lily, and the Campanulas or Bellflowers, in whose flowery bells the dainty fairies are supposed to ring merry changes.

Campanula carpatica, *C. isophylla alba*, and *C. muralis* one often sees in cottage windows flowering to perfection, the trailing shoots studded with flowers so freely as to hide the leafage. A mantle of bloom is thrown over them, a mantle of tender blue or purest white.

Now a word as to the management of the flowers. The chief point for consideration is watering. More plants, from Orchids to Fuchsias, are ruined through careless or ignorant watering than from any other cause. If the leaves turn yellow it is concluded the plant is dry, and the soil gets into an unhealthy condition—a sure sign of speedy death if not altered. The way to tell whether moisture is required or not is not by looking at the surface of the soil—always deceptive, but by tapping the pots with the knuckles.

If a clear ringing sound is given out, the soil is dry, but it is sufficiently moist when the sound is dull and heavy. Practice makes perfect, and in time a glance at the soil will be sufficient to ascertain whether water is necessary. Rain water is best, and that from taps should stand in the open air for a few hours before being used.

Another thing is to use water about the same temperature as the room, to prevent undue shock, and always give at each application a thorough soaking. Driblets are harmful, and water should not stand in the saucers in which the pots are placed. Towards the end of summer a little liquid manure, or some approved fertiliser got from a neighbouring florist, will give vigour to the failing plant, due to the strain of a long season of flowering.

Avoid cold currents of air, and above all things, in the case of smooth, leathery-leaved plants, sponge the surface every other day, or at least every week, to remove dust.

If plants are not properly cleansed, disease quickly attacks them, the pores of the leaf get choked up, and death results. In genial summer weather they are much benefited by gentle showers of rain to free the surface of all impurities.

When sponging take great care not to bruise the leaves, and don't brush against them in moving about. This is the chief reason of palm foliage dying off at the tips. Handle the plants tenderly : they possess life.

The ardent amateur gardener is always at work. Days are short, the outside garden as bare as a desert, but many pleasant hours may be filled up in preparation for summer. Every bulb in the house should be planted when the weather is kind, and a few potted up to make the windows gay.

Writing of bulbs, reminds me of the Tulip, which is the pet flower of shoemakers, tailors, colliers, and weavers. One shoemaker at Wakefield has a little shop in the corner of his garden. The tulip beds run up to the door, so that he can pop out at all hours of the day, spend a few minutes with his pets, and go back to his last.

Hyacinths in glasses are very welcome in early spring when one yearns for flowers, but cannot enjoy them in the open air. Roses, Primroses, Wallflowers, Daisies and Snapdragons may be planted when the soil is in suitable condition. Plant also good hardy things, such as perennial Sunflowers, Phloxes, and a hundred other kinds that might be named. A catalogue from a good nurseryman will prove helpful. The weather, however, is mistress of the situation. Snow may throw a soft mantle over the ground or the air mimic the genial warmth of merry May, inviting the amateur to indulge his hobby to his heart's content.

Geraniums for planting out in late spring must be kept almost dry, and decaying leaves picked off. Fruit trees of all kinds may be planted in suitable weather.

Raspberries, Gooseberries, and Currants are the best kinds for small gardens. If there are a few clumps of Rhubarb in the vegetable plot, cover as many as desired with an old crate or box. Heap manure about it, and juicy Rhubarb will be got for pies long before it is ready naturally.

The best variety for a small garden is Hawkes' Champagne, which is far better than the big-stalked kinds, as a rule, utterly flavourless. It is slender in the stalk, deep blood red, and of delicious quality. Get out a small list of vegetable and flower seeds for sowing in spring.

Keep plants in rooms away from the window at night. At this season it is important to have a seed bed, which may be easily made by digging out a trench three feet in depth, which must be filled with fresh manure. Over the manure put an eight-inch layer of soil, and on this bed place the frame. Nothing can be simpler, and seed will germinate readily with warmth from the bottom, whilst cuttings of all kinds may be struck.

"AS OTHERS SEE US."

THE COLONIAL.

SOME motherless girls of our acquaintance possessed a wonderful parrot. She had a queer fashion of practising her speeches in a whisper, and not giving them to the world until she knew them perfectly. The effect was sometimes startling.

Two of the sisters appeared in walking dress one morning, and the third rose to accompany them to the door and give final messages and commissions.

The parrot burst forth with, "Yar-yar-yar, guang-guang-guang, pow-wow-wow, sis-sis-sis, yes, all right, good-bye—whoff!" This last sound resembled so closely the banging of the front door that the girls burst into laughter, in which the bird heartily joined, running up and down her perch with delight at the sensation she had caused.

"We always say, 'All right,' I am certain," said one sister.

"Yes; and fancy how we must gabble at each other, if we sound like that;" said another. The girls had a lesson, which "as the parrot heard them," was not soon forgotten.

We do not often get such clear glimpses of our tricks and manners, but now and then we have hints. Mr. Howell's diverting sketch of the Englishman in America, who begins every sentence with "Ow," may have called the attention of some of us to a frequent habit, while the British habit of laughing at a joke five minutes after its utterance, when the conversation has sailed to a fresh subject, is a new light to us on the dulness of our insular wit. Children give sometimes a useful hint by their travesty of a small absurdity

"'ALL RIGHT, GOOD-BYE—WHOFF!'"

of manner and an affectation of speech, and those who are wise take heed thereof, and amend.

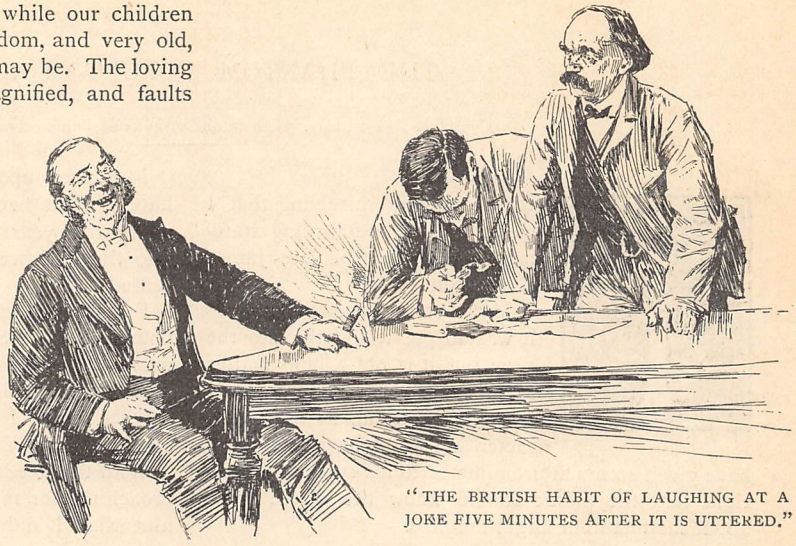
It is, however, from Americans and Colonials that we most frequently get the knowledge of our presentment of manners; Americans let us know by precept and example how much we are wanting in adaptability, in handiness, in sociability. It takes us so long, they say, to benefit by a novel invention, to make a fresh friend, to pick up new ways in the smallest things; while Colonial visitors are always struck with the amount of waiting upon we require, and the folly of it, when we find so much difficulty in getting good servants. The perfection of service, even in our middle-class homes, strikes them first of all. How often we ring a bell and send the answering "Mary" for something it would really be no trouble to fetch for ourselves; we "require almost to have our meat put into our mouths," as I heard a young Australian lady remark once. To our French friends we seem dull and heavy, while to the Germans we appear altogether too light and frivolous. To the straightforward Dane we are steeped in affectation, if not deceit, while the Italian considers us utterly wanting in tact and the pleasant plausibilities of social intercourse. Colonials think us (we gather) unsociable, inhospitable, priggish, dull, slow, while we find them flippant, unintellectual, wanting in reverence, and entirely without sentiment. It would be surely well for us to "give and take" in the matter of seeing faults, and impress the lessons on our minds.

The dear ones in our homes so often see us as we know we are not. They think us hard, severe, or unloving when our hearts are brimming over with affection, and we lack only the manner which would make it evident. If young, we are shy with our elders, and our want of "gush" is taken for sullenness, or discontent, or perhaps cold-heartedness.

The adoring lover sees the beloved through a rose

"TO OUR FRENCH FRIENDS WE SEEM DULL AND HEAVY, WHILE TO THE GERMANS WE APPEAR ALTOGETHER TOO LIGHT AND FRIVOLOUS."

coloured glass, flecked with glory, while our children believe us to be mountains of wisdom, and very old, whatever the number of our years may be. The loving husband or wife sees virtues magnified, and faults correspondingly diminished, in the life's companion. The fiction of appearance kept up for the sake of others is not always to be deplored, for the fact of striving to live up to the ideal formed by those who love us often brings about a realisation of the image. Nor can we persistently traverse the belief in our goodness and worth. We *must* make ourselves justify it.



"THE BRITISH HABIT OF LAUGHING AT A JOKE FIVE MINUTES AFTER IT IS UTTERED."

If we could hear our servants talk of us, we should gain useful information. "*She'll* get a new one d'rekly, and say nothing," would be a good hint to a young housekeeper if she heard the cook make the remark to a careless housemaid who has had a smash of crockery. "She's *orful* mean!" would lead a matron who is obliged to study economy to explain a little of her reasons for inquiring about the stray dishes that have so odd a fashion of disappearing when carried into the larder, if she heard the cook and kitchenmaid say it. If they knew it was necessity, not choice, which made their mistress so careful, they would probably try to help instead of hinder her.

To try to see ourselves as others see us, to try to let others see us as we are, are two lessons we may go on learning all our lives, and the happy person who acquires them best may feel certain that he helps to oil the wheels of the heavy chariot of life's burdens which each one of us must drag till he reaches the Portal of Death.

IVOR MERLE.

"'SHE'S ORFUL MEAN!'"

THE PHANTOM FORGET-ME-NOTS.

"Courbe la tête, barbare, adore ce que tu as brûlé, brûle ce que tu as adoré."

PREFACE.

IT is not without misgiving that I make public the following statement, written by the late James Glascodine.

My first impulse on reading it was to put it quietly into the fire; but it is not a light matter to disregard a dead man's wishes, and Mr. Glascodine's high character and well-known researches have given so much prominence to his story, it is only right that the public should know the whole truth about the phantom forget-me-nots.

ANDREW BONHAM,
Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn.

IN publishing this narrative, I may at once say that I expect to be blamed for not having published it before.

So be it.

I have borne much in my life—more than anyone has suspected, unless it be my son-in-law, Andrew Bonham, whose filial care has brought comfort to my declining years.

Through the death of my parents I was left my own master when quite a young man, and at the age of twenty-three I married a girl some years younger than myself.

My married life was blest beyond conception.

It does not become me to dwell here upon the one year which my wife and I spent together.

She died on the first anniversary of our wedding day, at the birth of a daughter, and left me the most miserable and forlorn of men.

My hopes were crushed as regarded this life—and I did not believe in any other.

I knew—and events have proved the correctness of my judgment—that I should never find another woman to console me for Marian's loss.

My old home of Dalbourne Hall had grown hateful to me, and the sight of the child was hardly less painful.

I shut up the house. I felt as if I should like to burn the place to the ground, but the next heir had rights over it which I could not disregard.

I left one of the gardeners and his wife in charge of Dalbourne Hall, and went back to the rooms in London which I had occupied as a bachelor. But I found it impossible to resume my old ways.

The amusements and occupations which had sufficed, when life lay before me, had lost their interest now, when all that made life worth living lay behind me.

An apparent accident turned my attention towards the subject which was to engross my best energies for over thirty years.

I entered upon those statistical inquiries which have, I trust, been of some service to my fellows.

My one year of happiness faded more and more into the distance, and I ceased to suffer because I ceased to feel.

For fifteen years I never set my foot inside Dalbourne Hall. Slade, the gardener I have already mentioned, looked after the grounds; and Mrs. Slade took care of the house.

Once a year I received a letter* from Mrs. Armstead, the wife of the rector of Dalbourne.

With the freedom of an old friend she used to reproach me for my absence from Dalbourne, and even hint that I did not show enough interest in the child.

As a matter of fact, Helen—she was named after her godmother, Mrs. Armstead—was not an interesting child.

She had inherited her mother's charm neither in mind nor in person, but was a pale, undersized little girl, with a reserved and unprepossessing manner.

I had placed her in the care of a lady, Miss Crofton, who had once been governess to my Marian, and was now living in the county town of Highminster, where she kept house for her brother, one of the minor canons at the cathedral.

She was a worthy, dull woman, very fit for the subordinate part she had to play in life, and though her society was very tedious to me, I put up with it for the short visit to Highminster which I thought it my duty to pay from time to time.

I never imagined that more than this could be expected of me, or that Marian could still care for the child, whom, I mistakenly believed, she had never seen.

If I ever thought of the two together, it was only to feel how deeply Helen had injured me in substituting her insignificant life for Marian's brilliant existence.

I believe she was happy with Miss Crofton, and, after she had received some elementary teaching at Highminster, I arranged with that lady to take her to Leipsic for two years, so that she might study music at the Conservatoire.

I was glad to feel she was satisfactorily disposed of for some time, as I was about to make a lengthy visit to America, and pursue my investigations in the United States.

Before starting, however, it was necessary for me to revisit Dalbourne Hall. I wished to set my affairs in order, consult some old papers I had left there, and

* This letter used to be sent in acknowledgment of an annual gift of £100, which Mr. Glascodine regularly sent for the benefit of the parish of Dalbourne. His rather dry statement gives no hint of his liberality—a liberality also shown in the arrangements concerning his daughter. Mr. Glascodine's income was never large.—A. BONHAM.

"'MARIAN!' I EXCLAIMED."

destroy an uncancelled will—made before my wife's death—which bequeathed my whole property to Marian.

I would not spend the night beneath my desolate roof, but went down by an early train, and reached Dalbourne at mid-day.

No one recognised me at the little station, and I took the field path to the Hall, a walk of a couple of miles.

It had been dreary winter when I last left the house, but now the sun shone on its walls, and the open windows gave something of an inhabited air to the place.

After the fewest possible words with Mrs. Slade, I passed into my study, and shut the door behind me.

I will say nothing about my feelings, but it was some time before I felt calm enough to attend to the business which had brought me there.

I was perfectly collected, however, when at last I sat down at my writing-table and opened the drawer. There lay my will as I had expected, and I was about to take it out when suddenly I raised my head, which had been bent over the drawer.

As I looked up, my eyes fell upon my wife, who had apparently just entered the room, not by the door which I had closed, but through another door, covered by a curtain, and communicating with a room which used to be her dressing-room.

How often, in the old days, had she stolen in and surprised me at my work like this!

It seemed so natural that, for a second, I felt no astonishment at seeing her. I only wondered why she had got on her wedding dress.

Her face as she entered was just the same bright and laughing countenance I so well remembered; her eyes dancing with merriment, her cheeks suffused with a glow of health and happiness.

"Marian!" I exclaimed, and stretched out my hands towards her.

At the sound of my voice a change came over her; she fixed on me a mournful and reproachful gaze, pronounced our daughter's name in low, but unmistakable tones, and held out a bunch of forget-me-nots, her favourite flower, as if it were a token of what I was to do.

I sat as if turned to stone, my eyes felt dazzled, and I could see no more. I don't know whether I lost consciousness or not.

I can't tell whether I had been sitting thus for half a minute or half-an-hour when I came to myself once more; but the room was empty now, and I asked myself if I had been dreaming.

But I knew it was a foolish question—I was as certain I had seen my wife as I was now certain that I looked upon an empty room—empty, save for one sign of the presence which had been with me; on the floor,

between me and the curtained door, lay a bunch of forget-me-nots.

I sprang forward and drew aside the curtains. The door behind was closed and locked, and when I entered the apartment by a second door, which opened on to the corridor, the room showed no signs of having been recently occupied.

I hurried down to Mrs. Slade, to inquire if anyone had been in the house; for, convinced though I was that I had seen my wife, it seemed to me a sacred duty to make all due investigations, so as to preclude the chance of its having been the result of fraud or error.

Mrs. Slade was positive that no one had been near the place; and as to anybody opening my study door, she showed me the key hanging on a nail in the housekeeper's room, where it was always kept.

I showed her the forget-me-nots as a proof of a visitor's presence, and her astonishment was unfeigned.

"Dear! dear!" she exclaimed. "Why, I haven't seen any the like of those since the mistress had her picture painted, with a bunch of them in her hand."

It was true. The flowers were not like those which grew in our garden; they were the large water forget-me-nots, only to be found in the little river which ran through Dalbourne village and past the churchyard where my Marian lay.

Taking my precious flowers with me, I returned to town, in a dream of bewildered happiness. I had seen my wife again; she was not lost to me, as I had believed: I had a proof of her continued existence, and the hope that mine might mingle with hers again.

It was with difficulty that I could bring my mind to bear upon other subjects during my subsequent interview with my lawyer; but his inquiry whether I were in my usual health gave me a hint as to the need of self-control.

I repressed all sign of emotion and proceeded to Liverpool, whence I embarked for America.

"HER ASTONISHMENT WAS UNFEIGNED."

But I had presumed too far upon my strength, and before I had been two days at sea, I was really ill.

The ship's doctor was skilful and attentive, but I believe I owed the recovery of my health—and, perhaps, my reason—to my cabin companion, Dr. George Bonham.

Unlike so many of his colleagues, he was a firm believer in spiritual intercourse. He was a man of original ideas and a disciple of Swedenborg ; gifted with a subtle intellect, and a great charm of manner.

It was an untold relief to find that my story met with unhesitating belief on the part of so able a man. He even pointed out—what had escaped my perception—that my wife's visit was due to anxiety about her child, and her desire to establish a more intimate relation between Helen and myself.

This view received a startling confirmation a few weeks later, when letters, forwarded from Miss Crofton, informed me of Helen's dangerous illness at Leipsic.

Marian's visit had doubtless been intended as a warning, and I was so much impressed that I believe I should have returned to Europe if the next letters had not been of a reassuring nature.

As it was, I remained in Boston to take part in the Statistical Conference, which I had come to America to attend.

At Dr. Bonham's urgent request, I allowed him to make public my story at a great meeting of the Boston Psychical Society.

This course was repugnant to my feelings, but my gratitude towards Dr. Bonham would not allow me to refuse ; besides, he convinced me that it was my duty to impart to others the communication which I had been privileged to receive. It needed no small effort on my part to change the convictions of my whole previous life, and to avow myself a believer in those things which I had hitherto considered to be ignorant superstitions, unworthy the attention of thoughtful men.

I have reason to think that my story has been the means of convincing many unbelievers of the existence of a spirit world, and I feel I ought not to murmur at the price I have had to pay for the good thus accomplished.

My evidence excited much attention. At first it was blankly contradicted, and my friends in England set it down as a barefaced invention of the American newspapers.

One after one they wrote to me, asking me for an explanation of my remarkable change of views. To each of them I replied that the story of the phantom forget-me-nots was absolutely correct—except, indeed, in the matter of its title. It will hardly be necessary for me to point out to the intelligent reader that the forget-me-nots were not phantoms. I have them still in my possession, carefully dried by that German process which retains the natural colour of the flowers.

But the newspapers, with their slip-shod inaccuracy, dubbed my story by that misleading title, and no protests of mine have availed to change it.

I suppose any other title would have rendered me equally ridiculous in the eyes of a jeering and ignorant public. But it has been no light matter for a man of my solid reputation, and grave disposition, to be made the butt of the witticisms of a so-called comic press.

The society of those who unhesitatingly believed in me became more grateful from the contrast. During the remainder of my stay in America, I saw a great deal of Dr. Bonham and his friends, earnest men, who, convinced of the substratum of truth in many of the so-called supernatural phenomena, devoted themselves to the examination of those subjects.

Their investigations were much hindered, however, so Dr. Bonham told me, by the circumstance that persons gifted with a high degree of what I might call mediumistic power, and therefore likely to be the recipients of supernatural communications, were also apt to be persons of imaginative or hysterical temperaments, which rendered them (to say the least of it) inaccurate as witnesses ; and many among them, far from being morally elevated by their peculiar privileges, were tempted to eke out and magnify the communications which were granted to them, by deliberate inventions and fraudulent practices.

It was my undoubted honesty and matter-of-fact character, Dr. Bonham said, which made my case a peculiarly valuable one ; and he and his friends entertained high hopes of future discoveries which they might make through my means.

In this we were all disappointed. Ardently as I longed to obtain some further communications, that one visit was all I ever received ; and when Dr. Bonham and I returned to England, two years later, there was nothing more to be added to my story, though our belief in the continued existence of departed spirits had been confirmed by much that we had seen and heard in America.

With my full sanction, Dr. Bonham visited Dalbourne on our return, that he might make a more complete investigation of the locality and circumstances connected with my story ; and, at the suggestion of his brother, Mr. Andrew Bonham, a young barrister, he paid particular attention to the time of my arrival at Dalbourne Station and at Dalbourne Hall, and as to whether the Slades had apprised anyone of my expected arrival, and various little matters which had hitherto escaped our notice.

Indeed, I was so much struck by Mr. Bonham's acuteness and sagacity, that I wished him to accompany his brother. But Dr. Bonham objected, on the ground that Andrew Bonham's disbelief in spiritualism would make him a prejudiced witness on the other side, and that he had not the impartiality which was necessary for the task. Dr. Bonham thought that investigations such as these should be conducted by men trained in the scientific pursuit of truth, and not by those whose perceptions were blunted by the chicanery of the law-courts.

I thought Dr. Bonham a little severe, and was pleased by the admirable good-temper with which his brother took his remarks. But there was no doubt

"'YOU MIGHT TRUST ME, HELEN.'"

that Andrew Bonham was a very obstinate young man. Even when Dr. Bonham returned with the most satisfactory answers to his inquiries, Andrew, while admitting our good faith, refused to accept our conclusions.

"Then how do you explain the contradiction?" urged his brother.

"I can't explain it," was the reply. "This is just one of those cases that one must be content with not understanding. Half the error in the world has arisen from the impatience with which people insist upon explanations of the inexplicable."

It is a curious fact that, in spite of his prejudices, I not only became fast friends with Andrew Bonham, but that I actually felt more at my ease with him than I did with his brother George.

My daughter Helen, who joined me at this period, seemed to share my preference; and it was with a feeling both of pleasure and relief that I consented to a marriage between her and my young friend.

Certainly he was better fitted to make her happy than I had been. He admired her pale face and languid manners, and he was quite enthusiastic about her music—a subject in which I never took the slightest interest.

Helen improved very much after her marriage, and was an excellent mother to her handsome boys; though I sometimes wondered how it was that she should have been the mother of those beautiful children, so full of life and animation, and brimming over with fun and cleverness.

They were certainly the most promising and attractive children I have ever known.

The eldest bore such a striking likeness to my wife that I one day remarked to Helen, I could have wished he were a girl.

But Helen never thought like other people.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, "I am so thankful they are all boys. There is only one thing in which a girl is superior to a boy, and that is in her greater capacity for suffering."

Andrew, who was sitting beside her, looked troubled at her words, and laid his hand upon hers with a mute caress.

"You might trust me, Helen, to make your daughter happy," he said.

Helen looked up at him with a beaming smile, which brightened her whole face.

She reminded me of my dead Marian.

Startled and moved beyond what I could have imagined possible, I hurriedly took my leave, with that look of Helen's still before my eyes.

It is before them even now.

Three days later Andrew sent me an urgent summons. Helen was not expected to live, and I must come immediately if I wished to see her once

more. I hastened to their house, but I was too late to bid her farewell. She had already passed away, leaving a little daughter behind her.

I grieved for her more than I could have believed possible; but I did not feel the anger and despair I had experienced at Marian's loss.

Now, I confidently hoped for a reunion with them both, and Andrew shared my hopes, though he did not share the ground of my hopes.

It may be well that it was so.

The shock which I weathered might have wrecked his faith.

This was how it happened.

Three weeks after Helen's death, Andrew came one evening to my rooms, and handed me a closed letter.

"It is for you," he said, "I found it in Helen's desk."

He sat down, while I opened the letter, and we read as follows—

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I have something which I feel I ought to tell you; but I am not at present equal to what might be an agitating interview.

"If I ever get strong again I shall destroy this letter, and tell you by word of mouth. If I do not recover, I shall leave it for Andrew to give it you after my death.

"I have just read the story of the 'Phantom Forget-me-nots.' Soon after my marriage I learned that some strange story was connected with your name; but, in obedience to my husband's wish, I refrained from inquiring about it. I knew, even then, that his request was only a part of the tender care with which he has made my life like a dream of happiness.

"An apparent chance has just thrown your story in my way; and I read it through, not knowing, till the last line, that you were the hero of it.

"I then saw that you had been the victim of a piece of girlish folly, which had long weighed heavily on my mind, though the dread you inspired in me has always prevented me from alluding to it. The day before we left Highminster for Leipsic, Miss Crofton and I went to spend a long day with my godmother, and bid her good-bye before leaving.

"Mrs. Armstead was always very kind to me, and both Miss Crofton and I used to enjoy these visits to Dalbourne Vicarage.

"Many a summer afternoon, while she and my godmother sat knitting in the garden, I used to wander through the village, or lay flowers on my mother's grave, and I generally ended by paying a visit to the Hall.

"I did not like Mrs. Slade, who was rather cross, and old, and always wanted to hurry me; so I fell into a habit of entering the house without speaking to her. I knew where the keys of the different rooms were kept, and I used to ramble about the house for an hour at a time, carefully replacing everything exactly as I had found it. Slade was always about the grounds in the afternoon, and Mrs. Slade was far too deaf to hear me, while I took good care she should not see me.

"On the afternoon I met you at Dalbourne, I was very happy at the thought of our approaching journey; my godmother, too, had pleased me very much.

"Why, Helen!' she had exclaimed, when she saw me, 'I declare you are growing the very picture of your mother.'

"'FORGIVE ME, THAT I THINK FIRST OF HELEN'" (*p.* 110).

"'She has always been like dear Marian,' replied Miss Crofton, 'though no one would believe me when I said so. Marian was small and pale, like Helen, till she was about fifteen, and then she shot up and her complexion grew bright, just as Helen's is doing.'

"Nothing pleased me so much as to be told I was like my mother. I went gaily along the fields to Dalbourne Hall, and picked a bunch of forget-me-nots as I passed the brook.

"A fancy seized me, that I would place the flowers beneath the picture of my mother which hung in your study.

"I entered the Hall, and went, as usual, to my mother's sitting-room to find a vase for my flowers.

"You remember how her sitting-room leads first into her bedroom, then her dressing-room, and, last of all, into your study.

"Everything in her rooms was unchanged. I knew every article in her drawers, and had often taken them out and looked at them with reverent affection. I lingered now, and opened the drawer where her white satin wedding-dress lay wrapped away.

"A faint smell of lavender recalled Mrs. Armstead's garden to my mind, for I had been standing by the lavender bushes when she had said—

"'I think you will be the picture of your mother.'

"But my mother had on her wedding-dress in her picture, very unlike my pink, cotton frock.

"With a sudden impulse I took off my own dress, and arranged myself in my mother's satin. I caught up my forget-me-nots, and looked at myself in the glass. I could almost have fancied that the reflection I saw was the picture which hung in the study. I determined to go, just as I was, and look at it. I was delighted to think that I was really like my mother.

"I opened the door and passed through the curtains, looking for the dear face I knew so well.

"I cannot describe the shock I experienced, when my eyes fell on your angry face. You pronounced my mother's name, as though demanding the author of this profane travesty.

"I faltered, and then, overcome with terror, hastily drew back and locked the door behind me. I went into my mother's room, and hurriedly put on my own frock, replacing her gown in the drawer. To my great alarm, I presently heard you enter the adjoining dressing-room, but instead of coming into the bedroom, you went down the front staircase to speak to Mrs. Slade.

"I crept quietly down the back stairs, and heard you shouting your questions to make her hear. Under cover of the noise you were making, I slipped into the housekeeper's room and replaced the keys; then I crossed over to the other side of the house, and out through one of the open windows.

"I flew back to the Rectory, hoping to gain Miss Crofton's sheltering presence before you had had time to overtake me. I never doubted but that you had seen me, and would reproach me. I often wondered afterwards why you never mentioned the incident, and concluded you were too deeply offended with me to allude to it.

"Now that I understand the reason of your silence, it is my duty not to leave you in error. I ask your forgiveness for unintentionally misleading you, and regret the foolish timidity which made me shrink from you."

I read the foregoing letter with a feeling akin to consternation. My whole existence for the past fifteen years seemed suddenly blasted and falsified.

I gazed at Andrew in speechless wrath and despair.

But even kind-hearted men look at troubles from their own point of view.

Tears were standing in his eyes, but not for me or Marian.

"My poor darling!" he exclaimed. "How you must have suffered!"

Then I think he saw the anguish in my face. He grasped my hand in his, as he said—

"Forgive me, that I think first of Helen. But the real meaning of her history is, that the true way to honour the dead is to cherish the living.

"That was the message which your wife sent you through her daughter. What does it matter whether you received it by natural, or, so-called, supernatural means?"

Andrew is right.

From what I remember of my own state of mind, my embittered feelings and sceptical views, I can see that I needed some such startling appearance to dispose me towards that attitude of belief which has been the consolation of my closing life.

The cause of the reticence of my later years is now explained.

I was no longer in a position to maintain the objective truth of the story of the "Phantom Forget-me-nots;" but I shrank from a second time making a public recantation of my opinions.

If my fellow-men accuse me of cowardice or dishonesty in holding my tongue, they may remember that they have to thank themselves for my silence.

They made me suffer too much, when I frankly avowed my first change, for me to be willing to encounter their vulgar ribaldry again.

Besides, I had reason to believe that my evidence had had the effect of bringing others to a belief in an unseen world and a future life, and I feared lest I should be the means of again unsettling their faith.

I therefore resolved to be silent.

Only now, when my stay here is to be measured by a few weeks, or even days, the choice is laid before me to speak out while there is time, or to go hence with a secret in my heart, to meet those two pure souls, with whom I humbly hope to be reunited.

Perchance, even the mocking world will hush its laughter at a dead man's voice. It may be that its merriment will not reach me in my grave—but if it does, better that, than to feel I wronged it by keeping back the truth.

E. CHAPMAN.

"BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD."

ARE LADY-HELPS A SUCCESS? YES.

BY EDITH E. CUTHELL, AUTHOR OF "LADY LORRIMER'S SCHEME," "ONLY A GUARD-ROOM DOG," ETC. ETC.

Forty Years Ago and Now.

DURING the last forty years woman's sphere has widened in two directions—the intellectual and the practical. The higher education of girls has made enormous strides, and their capacity for mental work has proportionately increased. On the other hand, their practical and manual and physical training has been also greatly extended. For the word "genteel" we have substituted "womanly." Cooking, nursing, gardening, dairy-work, dress-making, and millinery have been thrown open to the gently-born and refined woman, for whom formerly governessing was the only available means of livelihood.

Hundreds of girls who used to be relegated to vacuous idleness over worsted work and wax flowers, or forced into uncongenial and unsuitable teaching, can now be usefully and profitably employed in positions formerly considered menial. The lady-help is a distinctly *fin de siècle* product. Our grandmothers, though they made their own jams and got up their own fine laces, would have scorned the idea of doing such things for hire. Yet the teaching other folks' children has never been held degrading. But in our fuller, busier lives, with our present crowd of surplus women, the lady-help, like mercy, comes as a boon and a blessing, both to herself and to others. Now that education is so universal we demand heads as well as hands.

The lady-help combines both. Where one sister gravitates towards nursing and enters a hospital, and another takes up teaching in a high school, the third, less robust and strong-nerved, less intellectual, more home-loving and domestic, with a love of children and a taste for housekeeping, and deft with her fingers, can become truly a lady's help.

The movement, like all innovations, was laughed at at the first, like Sir Robert Peel's "Bobbies," or the Volunteers, in the sixties. Let us attempt to dispel any lingering doubts as to the success of the lady-help, and first from her employer's point of view.

Servants Difficult to Get.

We have only to glance at the advertisement columns of the daily papers to see how increasingly difficult good servants are to procure. The well-trained superior article naturally gravitates towards the larger houses, and middle-class families have to put up with the smashing, banging, stumping, smudgy, raw material.

The mistress of a country vicarage, the wife of the small professional man, or of the upper tradesman in a provincial town, who have a certain amount of outside or social duties, and who cannot be always in their nurseries and kitchens, to such the lady-help is a real boon.

Everyone knows in a small house how the servant's powers of song or of altercation, their moods of mirth or temper become, after a time, too omnipresent and apparent. Supplant her by a lady-help and there is peace in the kitchen.

Some people have a prejudice about asking their equals to perform menial offices for them. They do not prefer a lady-nurse in sickness, for instance. But surely a vulgar, rough and uneducated person about the house is not preferable to a refined one? The mistress who lays herself out to treat her lady-help kindly and unselfishly will find herself amply repaid for such extra outlay of consideration, by receiving in return more loyalty, more head and heart service than from one not of her own class, for class feeling can never be wholly broken down, and servants are a class, if not, indeed, a caste.

Not Mere Machines.

The lady-help, to be a success, should not be a mere machine, neither should she be treated as a household drudge. Her comfort, both in kitchen and in her bedroom, should be considered. These, even if stuffy, cramped, or bare, may seem luxurious and palatial to a servant from a two-roomed cottage, but the lady-help will expect more refined surroundings. In these days, however, so much stress is laid on artistic houses, and comfort so much thought of, that it hardly seems necessary to insist on this point.

In the matter of economy the lady-help is distinctly worth her salt. She has no lurking affinity for the baker's boy, and does not waste her time over the area railings with the passing policeman. She is superior to perquisites, and can be trusted to check and pay the books, having the pen of the ready reckoner, as well as of the ready writer. Thus she saves her mistress both time and money.

We have heard a great deal lately about lady journalists. There is a daily increasing class of married women, mothers of families, too, who supplement their husbands' incomes by professional work of their own, either in teaching in schools or privately, by newspaper or art work, or as superintendents or manageresses.

To such as these the lady-help is specially valuable, in conjunction with regular servants. Hitherto we have only considered the lady-help alone, with no other servants, in poorer households, helping the mistress, the mistress helping her, and

living quite as one of the family. In the household of the professional woman the lady-help is a success under another aspect. She is more than a mere upper servant. Besides managing the children or the kitchen she can assist in social duties, do the shopping, write the notes, interview callers and business people, and in countless ways save the time which is the money of her busy mistress.

It follows that she must have a servant or servants under her, but she herself will be more than a mere housekeeper and less groovey than a governess or mere teaching machine. The mother need not fear, then, that during her enforced absences her children are left entirely with inferiors. The lady-help is a refined companion for her girls, as well as a buffer between her mistress and servants, tradesmen, and bores.

Sharing a Crust v. *Picking Crumbs.*

And now a word as to the lady-help herself. Granted that it is always bitter to eat the bread of others, is it not easier to share their crust with them than to pick up the crumbs which fall from their table? Doubtless the lady-help, to be successful, must be gifted with tact and temper. The governess lives apart in her own domain; the hospital lady-nurse has her being under a *régime* of discipline which it is easy to bear conjointly with a crowd of others. The position of the lady-help, however peculiar, need not, therefore, be anomalous.

If she is thrown with servants who are not subject to her, she must expect jealousy and other disagreeables. But if these are met with dignity, tact, and kindliness—if there is no suspicion of siding against the servants with the mistress, who can tell what her influence for good on her associates may not be? A few generations of lady-helps may leaven and raise the whole system of domestic service throughout the land.

Doubtless, however, the lady-help is happier and more successful in small households where no servants are kept, though the work may be rougher and more continuous. But a nice girl will soon adapt herself to the family where she is well treated. It is the same with pleasant governesses. The lady-help, however, must not undertake her work with a view to romance.

It is only in novels that she marries the eldest son or the rich bachelor lodger. The days of Cinderellas are past. As regards society, however, and intercourse with people of her own class, the lady-help in a small household is infinitely better off than the governess in a family of superior position.

The Pecuniary Point of View.

From a pecuniary point of view, again, there is no denying that the sphere of lady-help offers the best remuneration for the least preliminary outlay. The qualifications are more those of character and temperament than those of expensive training or natural gifts. Contrast the salaries commanded respectively by nursery governesses and by cooks. Domestic service is better paid than teaching.

The careful mother, obliged to send her daughter out into the world, can have no doubt as to the success of the lady-help movement. There are many girls with a natural love of children and a wealth of motherly tenderness which, unfortunately, will probably never be expended upon offspring of their own. Why not turn these gifts—for surely such a feeling, springing from the heart, is a gift, and from the God who is love Himself—why not turn these gifts to account? An ear for music, an eye for drawing, has its monetary value. Why in the same way should not a love of babies, or the possession of what are called "cook's fingers"?

Again, is it not safer for a girl to be living "at home," as it were, under one roof, than to be tramping to and fro as a daily governess, or to be turned loose among an unknown herd of close companions in a shop or a type-writing office? These considerations ought to weigh with mothers.

The Ideal Lady-help.

In conclusion I have in my mind's eye an ideal lady-help, modelled on a real person. She was a girl of good social position, not at all bookish, but a fine horsewoman and good tennis player, who, wearied of the eternal round of the London season, went out to pay a year's visit to relations ranching in the Far West, facetiously dubbing herself the "hired girl." There were no servants, of course, on the ranche, and I inquired wonderingly of her mother one day how the life suited Kathleen.

"She is enjoying herself immensely," was the reply, "though, of course, it is hard work. She failed in churning, she writes—her butter wouldn't 'come,' but she has undertaken the washing, and is most successful in getting up white shirts: 'a dandy at clear starching,' they call her."

"White shirts!" I gasped. "Do they wear white shirts out there?"

"Indeed they do," replied my informant. "They dress for dinner every evening when the day's work is over, and I have just sent Kathleen out another tea-gown."

This is an ideal picture of a lady-help, I know. But it is far from being an impossible one, and it is a good thing to have an ideal to aspire to, and if the lady-help and her employer try to fall into some such lines, in the future the ideal will be realised. In the meantime it is good, in this workaday world, to have a good, common-sense moral maxim to cling to and live up to, for ideals are, after all, far-off, cloudy things, and no better motto can guide the lady-help than the old-fashioned one we imbibed as children, namely, "to do our duty in that state of life (whatever it is) to which it shall please God to call us."

LADY-HELPS ARE *NOT* A SUCCESS.

A Theory for Housekeepers.

SOME years ago a theory was propounded to housekeepers, which at once arrested their attention, for it promised to solve once and for all those vexed questions for ever arising between mistress and maid, servers and served. The middle-class matron felt that henceforth she would no more be distracted by careless, untidy, wasteful, ill-tempered domestics, but that her cares would be shared by two or three delightful young ladies, who would get through the work of the house in half the time and with twice the "gumption" of the erewhile Mary Jane. The cooking would be done on the most hygienic principles, whereby digestion would be ensured, delicate appetites tempted, and the totals in the grocers' and butchers' weekly books halved. Instead of echoes of the type of "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" and "Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins" floating up the kitchen stairs from untutored throats, gentle strains from tuneful "Mascagni" or original "Grieg" would be wafted to the drawing-room; while in the evening, work done, and the house in order from cellar to garret, two pretty, well-dressed damsels would come into the drawing-room, and play accompaniments for Belinda's violin, read to the blind aunt, or play backgammon with grandpapa. No more underpaid, overworked governesses would be seen. Every girl who, through stress of circumstance or lack of brain, could not take a degree at college, or display a diploma, would be drafted into the ranks of the lady-helps, and become an angel to some untidy house. The advertiser who required "A lady who can teach German and French (acquired abroad), the rudiments of Latin, music, drawing, and the usual branches of a good English education to four young ladies. Salary, £16," would have to replace it by a request for "A thoroughly domestic young lady who can superintend the kitchen department of a household of eight. Nothing menial required. Salary, £20." Mater's girls would all go to high schools, and she would have daily leisure for needlework, reading, walking, or correspondence, as her taste might incline.

Some Flaws in It.

A delightful theory; but even at starting there were flaws in it. The "surplus governess" could not at once undertake the duties of cook, parlourmaid, or housemaid, these professions requiring as much training (though of a different kind) as that of teacher; and the numerous girls who caught at the chance of quitting the schoolroom for the kitchen did not pause to consider that to send up two dinners a day for a family of eight, to economise provisions and fuel, to keep the store cupboard well stocked and the table well covered, required forethought, practice, and instruction; and their failures cast a shadow of incapacity over the lady *cook* from the first. Then the difficulty of arranging about the hard work—the actual scrubbing of a greasy kitchen floor, the attention to sinks and grease traps, blackleading the kitchener and cleaning out its flues—has always proved a stumbling block in the path of the lady-help. It seemed out of place to require Dorothy or Phyllis, with her dainty appearance and soft hands, to undertake these uncongenial tasks of the Mary Jane or Jemima whom she replaced; but if she could not be asked to do it, who could? If a girl to do this hard work had to be brought in, the difficulty about below-stairs etiquette and companionship again arose. The original theory that *all* the work of the house should be done by ladies, who would be together in the kitchen during work time and ascend to the drawing-room when it was over, became an unworkable one, if a grimy Matilda were introduced to the household. In the same way, the young lady who undertook to be housemaid in a household with three servants would object to scrubbing the nursery floor, cleaning the nurse's bedroom, emptying baths, scouring lavatories, and carrying up coals. If, therefore, the lady-help in the kitchen would only weigh, measure, mix, and make nice dishes and arrange a good menu, and the lady house-parlourmaid only clean silver, trim lamps, lay the table, wait at it, and dust the room after making the beds, another inmate must be taken into the house, and other difficulties and troubles begin.

More Difficulties.

But even where the lady-helps did their work fairly well, and the trouble about the rough scrubbing was arranged, other worries were not infrequent. Sometimes she who claimed to be, and to be treated as, a lady, was in many cases the uneducated daughter of a tradesman or a small farmer, who believed she would at once better her position and have less to do as "help" in some other house than her overcrowded home, and was by birth, training, and disposition, quite unfit to associate with the family of the mistress who received her. Or, again, she was a lady in all essentials, but failed to grasp the tone of conduct required in her very difficult position, and mater found that although she no longer was annoyed by the cook who played the accordion, yet she was only exchanged for the girl who scraped the violin; and Matilda Jane's Sunday frock, with its aggressive trimming, was replaced by Miss Julia's tailor-made costume, which was easily recognised as a replica of the latest purchase of the eldest daughter of the house. Cook no longer asked one evening a week for—chapel; but Miss Dorothy required almost as frequently to go and dine with the aunt who was passing through town, or to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of the cousin who was going

to India; while the friends who came to see her had to be entertained at tea in the drawing-room, and probably turned out to be acquaintances of mater's own friends, through whom filtered back to her the intelligence that "dear Dorothy had a bad time of it, poor Mrs. Smith was so very exacting."

Then would arise another case. When the help was ready and willing to do all the work, hard or otherwise, required of her, if she were really a lady, refined, educated up to a certain point, well-bred and well-nurtured, gifted with a head, a heart, and a conscience, she did all that was expected of her, and did it faithfully and well; but at the end of six months she broke down *hopelessly*, and the employer who had been rejoicing over the treasure she possessed, mourned the loss of help and the help's loss of health.

The Lady-help a Failure.

These and other causes we have not space to mention have made the lady-help a failure; that she is so is abundantly testified by a look through the advertising columns of the daily or weekly papers, which for a year or two teemed with lists of lady-helps. Now the name is either absent altogether or else is replaced by the "Useful Companion," the "Lady Housekeeper," or the "Young Lady of twenty, to take the place of elder daughter." "Mothers' helps" are still to be engaged, and they are always supposed to be children's nurses. This we imagine to be the best field of operation for the real lady-help; for, surely, to have a refined gentlewoman to take entire charge of her children must be a great boon to a busy matron.

The vexed question of mistress and maid, therefore, does not seem to be nearer settlement; for though as mother's help, or as general helper where two or three spinsters live together in a flat, the lady-help may prove useful, as an actual worker, to take her place amongst the army of servants, she has not been found eligible.

It seems, however, that there must be a large field for the operations of those girls who cannot, for various reasons, become governesses, and who are not fit for genuine service. They have largely recruited the ranks of the sick nurses, they are to be found in dozens at the call of every surgeon, and they ably fill places of trust as housekeepers, superintendents of the laundries in large establishments, school matrons, lecturers on cookery, hygiene, nursing, and dressmaking for County Councils, and as amanuenses, secretaries, guides, couriers, companions, and even gardeners. In all these (and many more) positions is scope enough for the helper; but it is better that she should drop the prefix, and evince her title to be a gentlewoman by the conduct which proves her to be one.

PICTURESQUE IPSWICH.

"Hence to Ipswich, doubtless one of the sweetest, most pleasant, well-built townes in England." 8th July, 1656.—"THE DIARY OF JOHN EVELYN."

A CORNER POST.

IPSWICH, in spite of its great age and its respectable population, is still very much in the country. At least, so it seemed to Anna and me as we walked about the town one warm summer's evening.

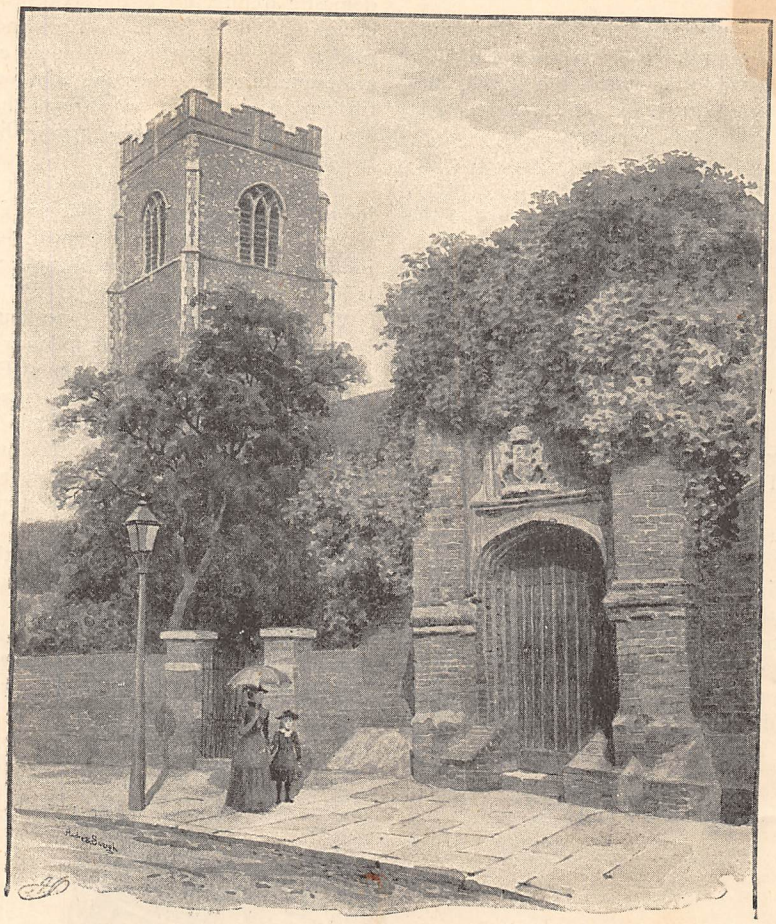
In Ipswich you are never far from the sight of green trees; and ten minutes' walk in any direction will show you some glimpse of Nature—be it river-bank, wooded hill, or distant corn-fields.

The sixteen churches of Ipswich help to deepen this semi-rural impression. Most of them are surrounded by spacious churchyards, where avenues of limes, rows of sycamores, or groups of elms lift up their green heads with that happy, vigorous growth which trees seldom display, unless they are nourished on country air.

The number and positions of these churches alone would tell us that Ipswich was an ancient place; while its tramways, its factories, its newspaper office, its girls' high school, and its girls' club assure us that it is a very modern one.

It is this union of past and present which gives its peculiar interest to Ipswich. It makes the town, in a high degree, historical.

Though it is not connected with any one great event in our history, Ipswich is a sort of historical event in itself.



WOLSEY'S GATEWAY AND ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

It is like a fragment chipped off from the mass of English life: a little, easily-handled specimen, in which may be traced all the qualities of the larger bulk.

If we look in the museum we find records of the earlier times—in the Roman tessellated pavement dug up near St. Matthew's Church, the stone vessels recovered from the ooze of the Orwell, the coins of the Saxon days, some of which were minted in Ipswich.

The churches preserve relics of the succeeding period, from the curious Norman font in St. Peter's Church down to the windows of St. Laurence, interesting specimens of the Perpendicular work of the fifteenth century: the last great style in English ecclesiastical architecture.

It is succeeded by the domestic architecture of the early Tudor days, when the general security, following upon the Wars of the Roses, expressed itself in those large-windowed houses which culminate in the Elizabethan style.

The Archdeacon's Gate, in Northgate Street, is an interesting relic of Henry VII.'s reign, while the gateway in College Street—all that is left of Wolsey's foundation—reminds us of the greatest of the sons of Ipswich.

The vivid, many-sided life of the sixteenth century reflects itself in the old house in the Butter Market. Its elaborate ornaments in wood-carving and pargeting, the emblematic figures of the four continents which decorate its walls, as well as the scene from Virgil's Eclogue, recall the culture of that period, which was illuminated by the discoveries of the New World and the old learning.

The richly ornamented houses, built from this time onward, and right through the seventeenth century, are an indication of the active civic life of that period, when the towns battled manfully for their charters with their kings; when John Evelyn visited the place, commended "the prudence of the magistrates," and asserted, "in a word 'tis for building, cleanesse, and good order, one of the best townes in England."

In the eighteenth century Ipswich seems to have sunk into the quiescent state, which was to follow

one period of excitement and prepare the way for another.

At one time the population of the place diminished so greatly, that it was said to be "a town without a people." It has shared to the full in the activity and energy of this present century, and grown, like the rest of the country, in wealth and numbers.

Unhappily, the lack of taste which was so characteristic of the first half of the nineteenth century, and found its strongest expression in the work of the "Regency," has set its mark on Ipswich.

It is to this period we owe the loss of some of the most interesting relics of the past—the cloisters of the old Dominican priory, still perfect in 1811, and the ancient market cross, which stood in the centre of the town.

But the artistic sins of the first half of our century are forgotten when we remember the literature which we owe to that time. The humorists of those days—from Lamb to Thackeray—have twined themselves round our hearts and our lives, and Ipswich is associated with the foremost of the band.

It was at the "Great White Horse," in Ipswich, that Mr. Pickwick had his celebrated adventure with the lady with the yellow curl-papers, and that Sam Weller "returned Mr. Job Trotter's shuttlecock as heavily as it came." The green door through which that worthy emerged, is still pointed out in Angel Lane, near the old Angel Inn, at the bottom of Fore Street.

Fore Street is full of charming specimens of the domestic architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and we keep crossing and re-crossing the road to get the best view of some elaborate carving, grotesque bracket, projecting window or corner post, till our devious course attracts the attention of a kindly old dame, who is enjoying the evening air at her street door.

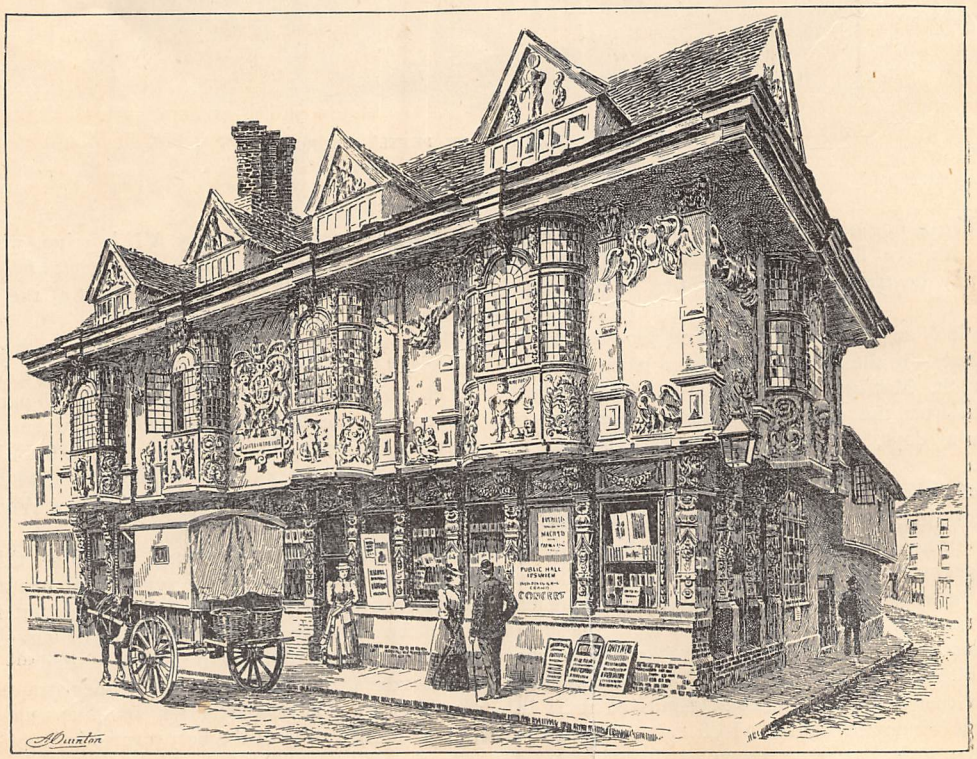
"What number are you looking for?" she amiably inquires; and we explain that we are only admiring the carving upon her house, upon which she invites us indoors, to show us the fine old staircase, of which she is justly proud.

We make out that this is the house once occupied by Cavendish, the faithful follower of Wolsey, and an ancestor of the present Duke of Devonshire.

He was also known as a traveller. His companion, Eldred, who travelled round the world with him, lies buried in St. Clement's Church, hard by. A portrait printed of him many years ago deserves to be remembered for the quaint and touching inscription that accompanied it.

"What can seeme great to him that hath seen the whole world and the wondrous works therein, save the Maker of it and the world above?"

The corner posts of Ipswich are a feature which I do not remember to have seen elsewhere; but local differences in house architecture were commoner three hundred years ago than they are in the present days of easy transport and intercourse.



THE ANCIENT HOUSE.

The old houses of Shrewsbury, Ludlow, and Tewkesbury differ widely from those of Salisbury, Wells, and the Cotswold districts, which lie near good stone quarries; and the Ipswich houses are specially interesting, as showing the good effect that can be got out of the comparatively poor materials to which their builders were, in some measure, restricted.

They are, for the most part, built of wood and plaster, with a little brick in the foundations; it is a wonder so many of them are preserved, and that they have escaped the fires which have destroyed many old wooden houses in other parts of England.

Several of the Ipswich corner posts are elaborately carved. The one at the junction of Northgate Street and Oak Lane, shown in our illustration, has a representation of a blacksmith and his forge, possibly meant for St. Dunstan.

Another post, in Foundation Street, has a carving of a fox and some geese, with an ecclesiastical-looking figure in the middle—probably one of the sly jokes against the priests, of which Chaucer and his contemporaries were so fond.

Sometimes, as in the post at the corner of Silent Street, instead of being placed against the wall, the corner post stands clear of the house, supporting the projecting beams of the upper storey, and forming a sort of double entrance to the door, which is placed in the angle of the building.

One old institution of Ipswich is preserved by name alone. Lady Lane recalls the memory of the once famous shrine of "Our Lady of Ipswich," which stood near that spot.

It was of great repute in its day, was said to work miracles, and was the object of many pilgrimages. At the Reformation it was taken to London and burnt; and it is especially mentioned by name in the second of the Church homilies—that against "the peril of idolatry."

What a comfort it is, by the way, that we don't change the names of our streets to suit the political fancies of the moment; and that we can still walk about London in company of Dr. Johnson, or John Evelyn, or Mr. Secretary Pepys, without incessantly looking at a foot-note to see whereabouts we are.

In spite of my admiration and respect for the French nation, I should find it trying to belong to a country which can change the Rue de la République to the Rue d'Orléans, and back again to the Rue de la République, in the trivial space of a single century.

The same love of old memories meets us in the streets near St. Peter's, where College Street and Cardinal Street show that Ipswich returns the affection with which Wolsey seems to have regarded her.

THE OLD "NEPTUNE" INN, FORE STREET.

The union of those two names brings up the memory of a third. Shakespeare makes Buckingham complain of—

> "That Ipswich fellow's insolence";

and, later on in the play, Griffiths' apology for the dead statesman refers to—

> "Those twins of learning that he raised in you—
> Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
> Unwilling to outlive the good that did it."

Many of the names of Ipswich are as local as its corner posts themselves. Catchpole and Boby, Cobbold and Punchard, are all suggestive of Suffolk, and, if you meet them in any other county, you may be pretty certain about their origin.

It is upon the old side of these towns one loves to linger—rather unfairly, perhaps, in the case of Ipswich, which is taking so brave a share in our life of to-day.

Its country-town businesses have expanded into important industries, and its agricultural implements have carried the name of Ipswich all over the civilised world.

The town also shares in that revival of architecture which seems at last to be setting in, and which makes this latter end of the nineteenth century appear so very much alive.

Perhaps the old style—or rather, want of style—reaches its climax in the pillars in front of the Town Hall; but the last ten years or so have produced buildings which are worthy to stand by the early architecture of the town.

The bank buildings in the Cornhill, with the houses adjoining it, the newspaper office and the girls' club in Carr Street, are buildings which do credit to the place; and one is glad to see a finely-coloured red brick replacing the white brick in vogue some years back.

This last is a most unsatisfactory material from an artistic point of view—a poor, slaty white when new, which turns to the dingiest of greys after a few years' wear.

We went over the Working Girls' Club with its genial lady superintendent, and were charmed with the unusually well-planned building.

The bright little garden, where the girls can swing, and play croquet, and sit in the fresh air, made us quite wish we could waft it away for the benefit of our London friends. But the two beautiful acacias which adorn the place would soon hang their heads in Whitechapel or Bethnal Green, to say nothing of such a return for the courtesy with which we were shown over the club.

But of all the modern work in Ipswich, we were most pleased by the restored tower of St. Laurence's Church, a singularly happy combination of flint and stone, worthy to stand beside the old Perpendicular church, which Anna looked at with extra respect, as it is honoured by a place in the pages of "Rickman."

OLD HOUSES, FORE STREET.

This use of flint in church building is very characteristic of Suffolk; the flints are found in the county, and they give something of that local flavour so delightful alike in art and literature.

One would like to see this flint building developed to meet modern requirements: flint and stone panelling would have an excellent effect in street architecture; and we commend this idea to the notice of the Ipswich people for the next public building they may wish to erect.

Besides its promenade along the banks of the Orwell, the town is well supplied with public gardens and recreation-grounds.

One, with the high sounding name of the Arboretum, has a part reserved for subscribers, where families with children pay twice as much as those which consist of adults.

We don't know what the young people of Ipswich may have done to deserve this invidious distinction.

I asked an old woman who opened a gate for me why they kept the churchyards locked.

"If we didn't keep them shut, the boys would pull them up by the roots," she replied; but I am inclined to believe she slandered them, and Ipswich would be a more hospitable place if they left churches and churchyards open for the refreshment of the weary.

The town was keeping holiday at the time of our visit. Christchurch Park was crowded with thousands of tidy and orderly people: all the children of Ipswich seemed to be there, for the most part dressed in the simple but pretty fashions which have lately prevailed among the rich.

In a country like ours, where we show our respect for our social superiors by imitating them as closely as we can, where this year's Belgravia is reflected in next year's Whitechapel, it is a real boon when the fashions set by "the great" are such as can suitably be adopted by the poor.

One of our errands in Ipswich was to see Anna's old nurse, who had married and settled in that town, and now brought her three pretty children to the park to help in the consumption of plum-cake, which we were told was distributed to ten thousand children.

I can well believe it—the streets of Ipswich were redolent of that delicacy.

While pretty frocks and bright ribbons were fluttering in Christchurch Park, the young manhood of the town was collected in the cricket-field, where various sports were being carried on.

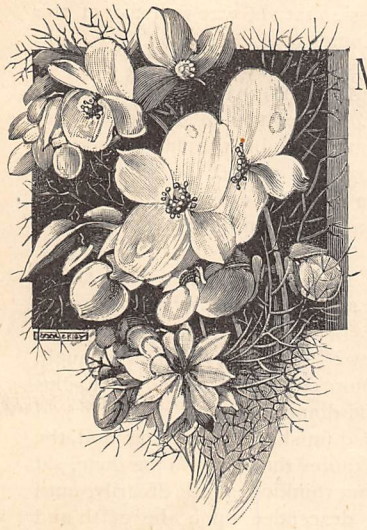
From a sheltered spot we watched them racing under the broiling sun of the hottest of July days, and we felt proud of belonging to the energetic race which can find its pleasure in such arduous exertion.

It is this cheerful energy which struck us as the chief characteristic of Ipswich; and the town reminded us of one of its own trees—its roots well grounded in the past, while it is growing bravely and brightly in the present.

E. CHAPMAN.

THE SLEEVE OF CARE.

By C. E. C. WEIGALL, Author of "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," etc. etc. etc.



CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

MRS. MAGNIAC was a little late for luncheon that morning, but when she appeared she was as beautiful as usual, and her languid air a little more marked.

She motioned Lord Chesney into a chair at her right hand and smiled at him, which mark of favour he received, however, with absolute indifference.

He had been a guest at Mervyn Court a little more than a fortnight, for he had arrived on the same day as Miss Humphreys.

He had come for a day or two, for he was attached in a certain fashion to his meek little host, but it was Tessie's eyes that had held him captive for a longer time.

Those evenings of delicious music were an oasis to him in the desert of the long dreary days, when he had to spend as much of his leisure as could be exacted in Mrs. Magniac's society.

He had occasionally, too, met Tessie in one of the corridors, or had come upon her strolling in the garden, with a volume of Browning or Tennyson in her hand, on which occasions he had always made a point of arresting her as long as possible in conversation.

He had grown to long for those delicious moments in a way that made him blush when he thought of it. For Chesney had never known in his life of five-and-thirty years what it was to be susceptible.

"Miss Home," said Mrs. Magniac, toying with her raspberry cream and raising her voice a little as she spoke, "I am afraid that I am quite unequal to giving you a sitting this afternoon, as I have been considerably upset by an interview that I have had with Miss Humphreys."

"Oh, indeed," said Miss Home drily. "Then I am afraid that the picture must be finished without the sitting, for I must leave by the first train to-morrow."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Magniac, with a faint sigh of disgust for Miss Home's unfeeling words; "if it is absolutely necessary for you to leave to-morrow, of course I must put inclination aside and give you a sitting."

For the picture was to be exhibited at the winter galleries, and Mrs. Magniac hoped by its means to develop into a full-blown fashionable beauty.

"What has poor Miss Humphreys been doing now," said Lady Silverdale, pausing with a scrap of jelly on the way to her mouth. "Governesses are always in the wrong. *Cela va sans dire!*"

Mrs. Magniac gave her an unamiable look.

Her guests were evidently not prepared to receive her communication in the proper spirit.

"It is altogether a terrible affair," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "I have had complaints that she has not been conducting herself in a proper fashion in this house, and that her previous life has not been an absolutely desirable one."

This was an afterthought on the part of Mrs. Magniac, and put in for telling effect.

Miss Home pressed Lord Chesney's foot warningly under the table, for she saw that his face was white with passion, and that he was on the point of speaking.

"And," continued Mrs. Magniac, "she came to me this morning with some lying tale about my poor little girl Lalla. Said she had seen her in the avenue being embraced by a man, but when I taxed the man in question with this he utterly denied it, and avowed that it was a fabrication of malicious jealousy."

Miss Home's eyes wandered round the table to each of the men's faces in slow wonder.

First to Chesney, livid with suppressed fury; then to Baker, absolutely indifferent; to their host, open-mouthed with astonishment, and last of all to young Sandford of the Guards, and d'Arcy, a budding peer, both of whom, for some untold reason, blushed violently.

Then she looked back to Chesney, and their eyes met.

She gave him a little sign of repression and he controlled himself with a mighty effort.

"Dear me," said Lady Silverdale with a loud laugh, "none of the men seem very anxious to confess themselves the heroes of this *esclandre*. Shall we put it to them each in turn? Lord d'Arcy, I must say that you look decidedly guilty."

The boy stammered out a denial, and Chesney said coldly—

"Suppose, instead of picking a woman's character to bits any longer, we arrange how to pull off that lingering tennis-match this afternoon."

And under his auspices, much to Mrs. Magniac's irritation, the conversation drifted into a fresh channel.

When luncheon was over Miss Home beckoned Chesney out of the room, and he followed her to the studio that had been set apart for her use.

"Look here, my dear young man," she said, laying her hand on his arm and peering up into his face in her quaint, half-quizzical fashion, "don't you go and make that girl's position worse than it is by sticking up for her. I can see how the land lies with you: but, my good fellow, I'll look after her, and wherever Emilia Home has a resting-place for the sole of her foot that lovely little creature shall find a home and plenty of employment. I shall take her to London with me to-morrow, for it would break her sensitive little heart to be 'returned empty' to her mother as a failure in the governess line. And—I believe you know my town address, Lord Chesney?"

His eyes made an eloquent answer to her words, as he pressed her hand and turned away.

Miss Home winked rather fiercely two or three times.

"Poor fool," she muttered under her breath. "I don't believe in matrimony, but, upon my soul, that young man makes me believe in love."

And she trotted off to the schoolroom.

Tessie was sitting crouched upon the window seat, her face buried in her hands. And as she lifted her head at Miss Home's approach her eyes were swollen with heavy weeping.

"Tessie Humphreys," said the little artist severely, "I should be sorry to have to call you weak-minded; but to that conclusion I must inevitably come if your face does not assume a less woebegone expression. Only babies and idiots weep at escaping from bondage, and you surely do not want me to consider you either the one or the other?"

Tessie gave a faint, hysterical sob.

"But where am I to go? I cannot return to mother absolutely penniless, when we were hoping such great things," she said brokenly.

"No, of course not. You are coming to live with me in London for a bit. As you are to sit to me for Diana in my new picture, it will be a most natural proceeding, and you can easily find plenty of music pupils near at hand."

For all answer Tessie flung herself on Miss Home's neck, and slipped her warm, grateful arms round her waist.

"Dear, dear Miss Home!" she said. "Do you really mean what you say? Only let me explain first about Mrs. Magniac and Mr. Baker. I cannot allow you to——"

"Bless your heart, my child," said Miss Home, patting her head gently, "as if I hadn't read that yellow-faced villain like a book! He hates you like poison, and would say anything to injure you. There, there, don't cry. I know you told me he was the means of your losing your fortune. Be a good girl, and cast Bakers and Magniacs behind you, and be ready to start with me by the eight o'clock train to-morrow morning, and we'll begin a new and jolly life together. Bless my soul, there's that red-haired, diamond-covered serpent calling me. I had forgotten the hour of our sitting!"

And she dashed away, leaving Tessie happier than she had been since she left her home, and full of thankfulness to God for having led her safely through trial to unexpected happiness.

Lalla and Isobel were not allowed to see their governess again that day, and Tessie keenly felt the disgrace into which she was so wrongfully thrust.

Her meals were brought to her by the sympathetic Ada, who assured Tessie that she was well rid of the bondage of Mervyn Court.

"It's a godless place, miss," she said, as she displayed a tempting piece of roast chicken before Tessie's tearful eyes. "Don't take on so; you're not the first, and you won't be the last governess that Mrs. Magniac has got rid of; and if ever you want a maid as'll take a pride in dressing a beautiful mistress, think of Ada Smith, and she'll come to you at once."

"Thank you, Ada," said Tessie with a wan smile. "I am afraid that I shall never be in a position to need a lady's maid."

"Oh, won't you, miss?" said Ada, with a little laugh. "Now, do take a bit more chicken. Cook's real anxious for you to make a good dinner."

Tessie, when she had finished her packing and the one or two necessary duties that had to be done, sat down in the schoolroom thinking, a little drearily, until the cool grey twilight descended upon the earth and the night fell.

Failure and misunderstanding are always disagreeable things to contemplate, for even though they are not the outcome of one's own fault, the effect is the same. And to have failed is one of the bitterest griefs human nature can endure.

When Tessie thought that the whole household would be installed in the drawing-room, enjoying after-dinner chat and Lady Silverdale's singing, she crept downstairs into the sleeping garden.

It was absolutely necessary to her that she should have a breath of fresh air to cool her tear-stained cheeks and fevered brow, and she stole out by the side door on to the stone terrace, and away past the drawing-room down to the rose garden.

Lady Silverdale was singing as she passed the half-open window, and the sound of the shrill metallic voice, and the vulgarity of its French chansonette floated out to her on the evening air.

She could hear the applause that followed the rowdy chorus, and she hastened her steps to escape from an atmosphere that was so thoroughly distasteful to her.

All around her, as she groped her way in the silver moonlight, the roses were hanging their faintly-perfumed, sleepy heads in the shadow of their green leaves.

She sat down on the edge of a marble fountain which, from a statue in the centre, was lazily flinging a thin jet of water into the air, and let her fingers dip in the cool basin.

Presently she heard, growing out of the distance and the night, a man's voice, singing softly under his breath a scrap of "La donna é mobile," and alternately puffing at a cigar, the spark of which flared redly in the hazy light.

'HE CAME UP, QUICKENING HIS PACE AS HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF HER."

It was Lord Chesney, and she held her breath, uncertain whether to fly or to remain where she was.

Something held her spellbound, and when he came up, quickening his pace as he caught sight of her figure against the marble statuary, she looked up at him with a quiet smile.

"You are a late wanderer, Lord Chesney. I thought that you were such an ardent lover of music!"

He flung away his cigar and stood looking down at her.

"Not of that sort of music-hall squalling," he said, with a shrug of disgust. "But what are *you* doing out here?"

He thought that never in his whole life had he ever beheld so sweet a thing as this fair girl, with her pathetic, pale face and wealth of rich hair outlined against the dead whiteness of the background.

He could see that she had been crying bitterly, and with all his strong, tender heart he longed to take her in his arms, and to kiss those tears away, assuring her that never in this dreary world should she have cause to shed them again.

But he controlled himself with an effort, while Tessie, with averted head, went on with her story.

"I—oh—I; but you have heard. Mrs. Magniac has dismissed me, and it is all false—the lie of a man who has done his best to injure us in every way," she said brokenly.

Then, with a stronger voice she continued—

"But I must not bother you with the story. It was briefly this: that I saw Lalla Magniac being made love to by one of her mother's guests, and when I deemed it my duty to report it to Mrs. Magniac, I found that Mr. Baker had been there before me, and had poisoned her mind against me."

"So it was Baker after all? I thought as much," said Chesney significantly. "And, if what I hear from Miss Home be true, you have cause to thank him for your loss of fortune?"

"We have, indeed," said Tessie. "But what is the use of raking up old scandals and old troubles? The fact remains that I leave here to-morrow, and that Lalla Magniac, together with her fortune, is in the power of a man who is as unprincipled as any creature upon this earth."

"What are *you* going to do?" said Chesney abruptly. "What does it matter about Lalla Magniac?"

"I am going to Miss Home. I could not go home to mother, for she is so poor that any extra mouth to feed is a serious matter for her; and, besides, I vowed not to return until my fortune was made."

There was a pathetic quiver in her voice, and Chesney, eagerly watching the outline of her face, could see that her sensitive lips were trembling dangerously.

If he could only throw risks to the four winds of heaven and catch her in his arms, telling her that all his fortune was hers, and that she had but to say one little word and she would be loaded with wealth that would more than fulfil her lightest wish.

But he knew that she did not care for him.

He could read the signs in her utterly indifferent manner when she addressed him, and in the quiet friendliness of her eyes.

And without love he would not have her—would not even offer her the temptation of his wealth and of his passionate love.

For he knew now, utterly and fully, that the love he felt for bewitching Tessie Humphreys was no mere child's play, but the one deep love of an upright man's life.

The first look from her eyes had touched his heart, and the last had taken it captive in a sweet slavery that would only end with life.

"You will make your fortune soon in London," he said, awkwardly taking her hand, for she had risen to bid him good-night.

"Will you allow my mother, Lady Chesney, to call upon you? She might, perhaps, be able to help you, and I think you would like her."

"I shall be delighted," said Tessie, with grave dignity. "Now I must go, Lord Chesney, for we leave early to-morrow; and I am, oh! so tired."

She gave him one glance from under her tear-laden lashes, and mutely wondered why his dark eyes looked so eagerly into hers.

It was kind of him to be so sympathetic when he must have so many more important things to think of than the sorrows of a poor little governess.

When Chesney returned to the drawing-room his hostess was anxiously watching for him.

"How long you have been, Lord Chesney," she said gaily, beckoning him with one diamond-laden hand to a seat near her. "Have you been keeping a tryst in the garden?"

"With my cigar," he answered drily. "Mrs. Magniac, I must apologise for my abrupt departure, but urgent business recalls me to town to-morrow by the midday train. I have already trespassed too long upon your hospitality."

The slender ivory paper-knife that Mrs. Magniac held in her hand snapped in two.

Tessie Humphreys was to leave the next morning. Could that have anything to do with his departure? But she consoled herself with the thought that the girl was to go by the early train; and that neither in word nor look had Chesney expressed more than an ordinary interest in her.

"We shall be sorry to lose you," she said, recovering herself and smiling graciously. "But no doubt we shall see you again shortly, for we are to be in town for the autumn. Lady Silverdale, will you not give us another charming song?"

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

"STOP, driver—stop! Good gracious, is the man a fool that he cannot read, '10, Llanthony Crescent' on the door? Here, Tessie, here we are—at home at last."

And out of the rickety four-wheeler trundled Miss Home on to the Notting Hill pavement, and Tessie, dazed and confused with her journey, followed more slowly.

When the ten boxes and bags were safely in the little hall, and the driver was paid, with terrible threats of the police-court should he dare to overcharge, Miss Home dragged Tessie upstairs.

It was a pleasant house, with that sense of sweetness and light that characterises the houses in the neighbourhood of Notting Hill, which may almost be termed a suburb of the great city.

"Oh, it is quite green," said Tessie, as she held back the drawing-room curtain and looked out. "It's not a bit like London. It was so different when we had a house in Green Street."

"Oh, if you will be fashionable, you must pay for it by discomfort," grunted Miss Home, as she bustled off to show Tessie her bedroom at the top of the steep staircase.

"I hope that it will be yours for a long time, my dear," said the little artist, with an unwonted spasm of affection, as she touched Tessie's forehead with her lips. "It is so delightful for me to have a young thing like you about me, and we shall soon settle down to our new life."

When Tessie had unpacked, and had settled her various possessions in the pretty white room, which in its spotlessness was so intensely un-Londonlike, she went downstairs for "high tea."

Miss Home, in a fearful and wonderful lavender tea-gown, was pouring out coffee in the dining-room, and at her side was seated Chesney, with an air of being completely at home.

"What a nuisance you and Miss Home will think me, Miss Humphreys," he said, springing to his feet as Tessie, in her white muslin gown, came slowly in; "but the fact is that I want to have my portrait painted as a birthday-present for my mother, and I came to see about it at once."

Miss Home glanced sharply at Tessie's unconscious face and quiet smile as she shook hands.

"The girl must have a heart of stone not to be melted by the man's eyes alone," she thought as she handed the bread and butter to Lord Chesney, and watched Tessie slip calmly into her seat opposite to him.

"When you left Mervyn this morning," continued Chesney, eating buttered muffins and strawberry jam with a fervour that he had never displayed for Mrs. Magniac's entrées, "I had an opportunity of proving your suspicions to be right. I know you will be very sorry to hear it, but Baker has persuaded that silly child to run away with him and be married in London. I said nothing to Mrs. Magniac, for she deserves any trouble that may fall upon her."

"Oh, but poor Lalla!" cried Tessie, flushing with agitation. "I must save her from him! What can we do?"

Chesney revelled in the little word "we."

It was making him one with her plans and her hopes, and he assumed a profound air of importance as he looked into the anxious eyes opposite to him.

"'IT IS BOUGHT ALREADY'" (*p.* 125).

"Bring her to me if you can," said Miss Home drily. "I've pretty well outlived the passion of my life, but I've not forgotten what St. John Baker did for me, and how he crushed out my love and hope when I was a young thing."

Chesney looked at her in surprise.

Her thin, nervous fingers were trembling, and her heart under her lavender tea-gown beating like the heart of a girl in love for the first time.

"Don't speak to me about it," she said hurriedly. "If you can bring that poor child to me I'll let her know the whole sad story, but I cannot speak of it now."

"What I propose to do," said Chesney, turning to Tessie, "is to meet the afternoon train from Mervyn myself to-morrow and to do what I can to persuade that misguided child to come quietly here to you. She may, perhaps, more readily believe me when I tell her that her lover is a villain than she would you, whom she believes prejudiced against him."

And when Chesney left Llanthony Crescent, it was with the easy consciousness that he should have the chance of seeing a good deal of the lady of his love.

Tessie came down next morning fresh and bright after a long night of refreshing sleep.

"I've been thinking about you," were Miss Home's first words. "Have you got any relations in London who ought to be consulted before you take up the new plan of life which I am going to arrange for you?'

"Relations in London?" answered Tessie gaily. "Well, let me think. I've a cousin in Bayswater, who is as poor as a church mouse and gives singing lessons. She won't mind. I've an uncle who is on the Stock Exchange, and who has as much as he can do to keep his head and the heads of his twelve children and his wife above water. He lives near Russell Square, and *he* won't mind. He would only be afraid that I wanted to come and live with him. Then—oh, yes!—then I have a relation of whom I stand in awe. A Mrs. Vesey, who has a house in Park Lane, and who is very rich. She is a half-sister of my mother's, and was so angry when we lost our money that mamma would not ask her to give us any help."

"Still," said Miss Home, meditatively, rubbing her nose with her first finger, "I do think that you are bound to give her the chance of supporting you if she cares to do so. Go off to her this morning, and tell her what you propose to do, and if she objects she may either ask you to live with her or——"

"Oh! Miss Home, I'd rather live with a wild tiger than with Aunt Jane. She may have velvet paws, but they cover very sharp claws! And as she hates everyone who is poor, she is not in the least likely to make me an allowance," cried Tessie.

But nevertheless, about eleven o'clock Miss Home started off her young *protégée* in a hansom in charge of one of her servants, and sat down to her painting with a smile.

When the hansom rattled up Park Lane and stopped at the door of one of the prettiest, most flower-brilliant houses in the whole street, Tessie felt a pang of terror.

Mrs. Vesey was at home, and the old butler's face relaxed into a half smile as he recognised little Miss Tessie of old days.

The drawing-room did not seem to Tessie's eyes to have changed in the least since she used to know it as a wonderful museum of beauty.

There were carved curios from the East, dainty egg-shell china, and wonderful Dresden figures, stiff with lace, on little lacquer tables about the room.

Huge jars of fragrant perfume were hidden by mushrabheer screens, and made the air heavy with musk and attar of rose.

And the blinds were so discreetly drawn that Tessie felt rather than saw that the door was pushed open, and Mrs. Vesey was advancing over the velvet pile carpet towards her.

Mrs. Vesey was a woman over whose head years passed and wrought little change in her.

She had no keen feelings whatever, and therefore had none of the lines that sorrow and much love score so deeply on a sensitive face.

Her hard, handsome mouth expressed no tenderness, and her small light eyes, restless and suspicious, fell upon Tessie with little kindness.

She was so thoroughly well-preserved in her beautiful black and violet gown that a casual observer would have taken ten years off her life, and have written her down as forty-five, and not a day older.

"Tessie?" she said with a cold smile, as she held out an unwilling hand to her niece. "And where upon earth did you spring from? I thought that you were all vegetating and economising in a little Yorkshire village."

"I am trying to earn my living, Aunt Jane, and help my mother," said Tessie cheerfully. "Our income is so intensely limited that an almost imperceptible increase is better than nothing."

"Humph!—sit down," said Mrs. Vesey.

She hated to hear of poverty or failure. They never entered into her estimate of life at all, and she always maintained that if people were poor it *must* in some way be their own fault.

"And how do you expect to earn your living?" pursued the good lady, with a slighting contempt that made Tessie wince.

"I am living with the great artist Miss Home, and hope to get some pupils for the piano; but I thought it wiser and more dutiful to come and acquaint you first of all with my decision," replied Tessie with an undaunted boldness that was not carried out in her inward heart of hearts, for Mrs. Vesey was not a person with whom one could lightly jest.

"Indeed? And do you know what *I* intend to do should you carry out your unmaidenly proposal?" said Mrs. Vesey, visibly swelling with wrath, and growing purple to the very roots of her hair. "To live with an artist is an extraordinary proposal to begin with! Pray how do you know that she is respectable?"

"Aunt Jane," said Tessie, half rising from her chair, "you forget that you are speaking of a very dear personal friend of mine."

"Forget!" snorted Mrs. Vesey. "Sit down while I try and put a little sense into your pert head to save you from dragging your mother's name in the dirt. I offer you the post of companion to myself. No salary, mind, but your clothes and your board, lodging and washing. That, I am sure, is more than you have any right to expect, as I do not imagine that you will be any particular use to me."

Tessie indignantly faced her aunt.

"Aunt Jane, do you know that you have made me ashamed of you? Out of your abundance you have offered me a pittance which would utterly prevent me from being any assistance to my dear mother, whose welfare must be my very first thought. And if you call honest labour dragging my mother's name in the dirt, I am very sorry for you, because it appears to me to be only obeying the Commandments of God, who tells us to do our duty in the state of life to which we have been called. I only hope that the name of Humphreys may never be more dishonoured."

"After this, Theresa, I may as well tell you that I wash my hands of you entirely!" panted Mrs. Vesey, rising from her seat and waving Tessie to the door. "I should not think of asking you to luncheon either, after your words to me."

"Good-bye, Aunt Jane," said Tessie earnestly. "Please don't be angry with me because I spoke as I thought. I am afraid that I could not eat luncheon with you just now, because the food would stick in my throat with thoughts of what has passed between us."

"Go!" said Mrs. Vesey, stamping a foot that might not inaptly have been termed a "beetle crusher."

And Tessie, without one backward glance, rushed downstairs and into the hansom.

The maid, seeing that she was upset, said nothing, but directed the man to drive straight back to Llanthony Crescent, and they clattered down the street at a spanking pace.

Miss Home was in her bare little studio when Tessie came flying up the stairs like a whirlwind.

She did not lay down her palette or mahlstick, but just turned round with a quiet smile.

"Well, Tessie, your mission has failed? I am heartily glad, for we have a great deal to do; and, after all, aunts with feelings are not things to be encouraged. Now, just get into the Diana gown I showed you this morning, and we will have one sitting before lunch."

Her calm words seemed to steady Tessie's overwrought nerves, and the tears that had sprung to her

eyes as she imagined the story that she should have to tell her new friend fled back to their source.

She forgot her vexation in her work, and Miss Home, as she sketched in with rapid fingers the outline of her perfect face, wondered, with a faint sigh, what the future of so fair a girl would be.

"There, my child, what do you think of yourself as a heathen goddess?" said the little artist when the luncheon gong sounded, and she took off her big apron.

Tessie, in her trailing white gown and leopard skin over her shoulder, came round and peeped over her friend's shoulder at the canvas.

"How nice, dear!" she said enthusiastically. "But who will buy it when it is finished?"

"It is bought already," said Miss Home, pretending to touch up a spray of daffodil.

"Bought already? Why, dear Miss Home, do tell me who is going to be the owner of my face?" cried Tessie with a merry laugh. "Of course I feel deeply interested in him."

"Lord Chesney has bought it," said the little artist, with a sidelong glance at Tessie.

"Lord Chesney? How very odd! I wonder why *he* wanted to possess it?"

"The ways of men are inscrutable, my love, and difficult to investigate, but I should think that there could be 'no possible, probable shadow of doubt, no possible doubt whatever,' as to why Lord Chesney wished to possess this picture."

And Tessie, with one long earnest glance at her, turned away to hide the vivid blush that spread from chin to brow.

"THE GIRL SHRANK BACK INTO HER CORNER" (*p.* 126).

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

SIR JOHN BAKER was, morally speaking, on his last legs. He had had his fling in life, had tried this, that, and the other; had speculated wildly, and had failed to make the fortune for which he had fought so hard.

He was heavily in debt on all sides, and so burdened with debts of honour that he had not scrupled to take upon his shoulders, that only two alternatives lay before him: flight or marriage with an heiress.

And of the two alternatives he chose the more pleasing to himself—the more easy to his sybarite nature.

Lalla Magniac would, of course, inherit, with her sister, the large fortune that belonged to their father. And, such being the case, it was a most desirable match.

It was easy enough to win her young, foolish affections; easy enough, by a few words of flattery and insincere love pleadings to convince her that he, man of the world as he was, was dying with love for her—a plain, unattractive country girl.

But it had not been so easy to plan their secret marriage.

And Baker, as he waited at the London station for the train that was to bring up his bride from Mervyn, gnawed his moustache with impatient anxiety as he contemplated the possibility of Lalla's nonappearance.

The detestability of his conduct never struck him. He never thought that he was betraying the confidence of Mr. Magniac, his friend, if only in questionable betting transactions.

When Lalla arrived he was to take her to the house of an old aunt of his, who was delighted at the good marriage that her nephew had a chance of making.

And from thence they would be married at the Registry-office, or, if Lalla insisted, no doubt a sleepy city church might be managed where the vicar could be deceived by a few adroit lies.

Would the train never come in?

He fumed as he paced the station, counting the minutes and cursing the ill-luck that had driven him to the point of being tied for life to a girl for whom he cared absolutely nothing.

And the question was, Would Mr. Magniac ever forgive his daughter for deceiving him, and relent so far as to allow her a sum sufficient for their needs?

Such a catastrophe had never before entered his calculations, and his heart almost stopped beating at the mere thought of it.

What an existence his life would be dragged out with insipid little Lalla Magniac without the golden pill that would gild her insignificance!

He stopped short behind one of the arches of the station, with the idea of flight strong upon him, when he caught sight of two familiar figures advancing rapidly from behind the barrier.

They were Miss Home and Tessie, but he did not notice the stalwart figure of Lord Chesney in the background, keeping well out of sight.

A saturnine smile crossed his lips at once, and he braced himself up for an agreeable difference of opinion with Miss Humphreys.

As there were only two frail women concerned, victory would certainly be to the stronger, and he chuckled to himself as he contemplated the pleasurable opportunity of so soon crossing swords again with the fair Tessie.

"Good-afternoon," he said suavely, as he came up to them and took off his hat. "Dear me, I believe that this is the express, and I am expecting to meet a friend by it. Good-bye—good-bye. Lovely weather for the time of year, ain't it?"

And he moved off with an insolent volubility to which Miss Home and Tessie were not equal.

"I think that we shall make him sing rather small before we have done with him," muttered Miss Home with a compression of her lips that boded no good to the man who had just accosted them.

Then she and Tessie anxiously scanned the line of carriages, and as fortune would have it, were the first to spy out Lalla, and Miss Humphreys wrenched open the door.

The girl shrank back into her corner with the gesture of a wild beast at bay, evidently horror-struck and terrified at the unexpected encounter.

"Lalla, dear," said Tessie, with a quiet firmness that seemed to magnetise the trembling girl into obedience. "If you will come with us into the waiting-room we will explain everything; pray come at once. Yes, Mr. Baker, I hope that you will accompany us."

For St. John had arrived on the spot with a scowling face, and had laid his hand on Lalla's arm.

"Pardon me, Miss Humphreys. Miss Magniac has not come up to town to see *you*. Her business is of a more agreeable nature, and concerns me alone."

"More agreeable it may be," said Tessie, in a voice of ringing scorn. "But will you have the kindness to follow me at once to the waiting-room, and after Miss Home has said her say, Lalla shall be free to take her own choice?"

Baker shrugged his shoulders, for he had no wish to make a scene, knowing that his only chance lay in secrecy, and followed the three women to the waiting-room, where they were quietly joined by Lord Chesney.

"Stand round the fireplace," said Miss Home, in her abrupt fashion. "We do not want the whole world to know what is going on."

Lord Chesney looked from one to the other with a half-amused smile hovering on his lips.

It was such a curious group, and yet with such tragic undercurrent of purpose.

St. John's lowering, anxious face was in the background, and facing him Lalla, with wide, miserable eyes fixed on Tessie's grave, pathetic profile. Miss Home was standing among them white and immovable, with a strange rigidity of expression that made him wonder what he was to hear from her lips.

Tessie was alarmed by her friend's face, and moved insensibly nearer to her, so that she might feel the support of her presence; and Miss Home, independent and unyielding as she usually was, laid her hand on the girl's shoulder with a yearning touch of affection.

"Miss Magniac," she began; and her voice was hoarse and broken in its deep earnestness; "I have two stories to tell you before you elect to go with this man as his wife—a bond which only death can break. And I crave your attention for the few moments that they will occupy.

"When I was a girl, young and attractive, perhaps, God knows!—I fell in love, as so many girls have done, with a man some years my senior, whom I had every reason to believe was deeply in love with me. Across our path one day crept this serpent—this being—unworthy of the name of man who now stands before you——"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Baker scornfully. "Lalla, my love, are you going to stand here all day listening to the raving of a lunatic?"

"Stay!" thundered Miss Home fiercely, and so suddenly that Baker started. "Lalla, if you do not hear me out now you will regret it every hour that you breathe."

Lalla drew a little aside from her lover, unconsciously turning to Tessie, as though to a stronger mind, and evidently unwilling to go further in her rash adventure till she was assured of the character of the man to whom she was about to confide herself.

"He—this Mr. Baker," continued Miss Home, pointing a finger of fiercest scorn at her enemy, "chose to fall in love with me also, I having a considerable sum of money in prospect at that time.

"More fool he," muttered Baker, with an ineffectual attempt at scornful ease.

"He determined to leave no stone unturned to win me for his wife, and in the blackest manner planned my misery, thinking that in the rebound he might catch my unhappy heart."

She paused for lack of breath, and Tessie laid her arm closer round her quivering shoulders.

"He told my lover that I was secretly plighted to another man, and in proof of his foul lies showed him letters that his own cruel hand had forged.

"My lover believed him and left me, stricken to the heart, without a word. And the next week I was summoned to his death bed, to hear from his lips the black chain of lies that had separated us.

"He had ridden recklessly in a steeplechase and had broken his back. And with him died my youth —my happiness; yes, everything but my love of God and my contempt for St. John Baker. Yes, you may well try to carry it off with a high hand, for this is the second time, sir, that you have heard the story from my lips, and, please God, it will be the last!"

"It is to be hoped so," said Baker roughly. "Come along, Lalla, this old idiot has come to the end, and time is pressing. You surely cannot allow a story that was hatched in a woman's diseased mind a quarter of a century ago to come between us now?"

"Miss Humphreys, what am I to do?" said Lalla faintly, shrinking into Tessie's arms as Baker laid no gentle hand upon her.

"St. John Baker," said Miss Home suddenly, fixing the man with her piercing eyes, "Susie Hartop was my greatest friend. Lalla, he beat his first wife to death and was charged with it at the inquest, but through some lawyer's quibble got off scot free."

"There! some of you in the name of goodness stop that vixen's tongue. Lalla, the Fates are against you and me to-day. Are you coming with me or do these spicy bits of scandal alarm you?"

Lalla looked round her, bewildered, with the air of a person walking in her sleep. Then she tottered forward a few steps.

"Take me away—take me away!" she moaned; "only take me out of his sight!"

And with hands outstretched she fell prone at Miss Home's feet.

There was a little stir among the two or three bystanders, but with a cool gesture Lord Chesney lifted the fainting girl in his arms, and carried her out to his carriage, while Baker, with a sullen shrug of his shoulders, walked straight to the ticket-office and took his ticket by the night mail to Boulogne.

The farce was over for him, and by the look on Lalla's face he guessed that she had gauged him at his true worth.

England was well rid of him; and France possesses so many, let us say strange, characters, that one more or less made no perceptible difference to the picturesque town.

When Lalla came to her senses she clung weeping to Tessie, fearful lest the man she now dreaded should return. She believed every word of what Miss Home had told her, and in pitying sympathy expressed her gratitude for the pain which the recollection of bygone anguish must have aroused.

"If it has saved another woman's heart from breaking," said Miss Home drily, "I'm more than repaid for my trouble. Believe me, Lalla, that no man on this earth is worth deceiving your parents for, and acting for in an underhand way. If you'd not had the blessing of good friends where would you have been when you found that you were fast married to a villain?"

Lalla pressed her hand silently.

"Mother knows by this time," she said, after a moment's silence. "I wrote her a letter and left it on my dressing-table before I left."

"Lord Chesney telegraphed to your father as soon as we left the station," answered Tessie.

"I can't go home. I can't face mamma—she will be so terribly angry!" wailed Lalla, flinging herself on to the sofa, and burying her face in her hands.

"We will see what Mrs. Magniac says. Meanwhile you must settle down here with us. Miss Home has arranged a room for you."

Lalla's penitent letter, written next day to her mother, produced an answer: one so furious in tone from Mrs. Magniac that Tessie felt the indignant colour flashing to her face as she read it and saw the nerveless, trembling figure of the girl opposite to her.

"*Mervyn Court.*

"DEAR LALLA,

"Though you hardly deserve even the coldest expression of endearment, your whole escapade has shocked and horrified me to such an extent that I am simply a wreck at present.

"It is easy enough to write a penitent letter, and to expect to be taken back to your home, and your wickedness overlooked. But I utterly refuse to acknowledge you as my daughter for the present, till you have shown that you are really sorry for what has occurred.

"As no doubt Miss Humphreys has incited you to this pernicious behaviour, perhaps she will be so good as to give you a home for the present.

"If not, I shall be able to find a strict school for you in the neighbourhood of London, where you may learn how to behave in polite society.

"I will make you a sufficient allowance for your dress and lodging when I hear as to whether or no Miss Home will keep you for the present.

"Your affectionate Mother,

"NINA MAGNIAC."

"Of course, Tessie, Lalla remains with us," said Miss Home quietly, checking the furious words on Tessie's lips with a repressive glance.

"We shall be very glad to have her. And now, dear, perhaps you had better go and unpack your box, and settle comfortably into your room."

And Lalla, dismissed, crept humbly upstairs and wept hopelessly and miserably until Tessie, coming in upon her, gathered her into her tender arms, and gently tried to make her look at the bright side of life once again.

If the girl had sinned it was not her own fault entirely.

The sin should have been laid at the door of the mother who had never acted a true mother's part to her child, and had never taught her that high principle is the root of every Christian life.

"It will be almost too happy being here with you," whispered Lalla, as she smiled faintly up into Tessie's face. "We were horrid to you at Mervyn; but then, you know, I did not look at things in the same way as I do now, and I was so—unhappy."

"Happiness is the order of the day at Llanthony Crescent!" cried Tessie brightly. "So come downstairs at once, and forget there are such things as tears in the world."

Tessie, with some difficulty, found two small girls, who were very glad to avail themselves of her talent and who came and thumped the piano twice a week, and drove musical Tessie to the verge of despair.

How she hated the dreary drudgery of music lessons.

And Lalla, who had grown her silent, devoted slave, used to get up unknown to her at six o'clock in the morning to practise her scales and exercises, in order to be able to take Tessie's pupils for her.

When Tessie got to know of this quiet bit of self-sacrifice she felt that now, indeed, the sullen, uninteresting girl had found her heart.

One lovely morning in August, when the rather dull little crescent was looking brighter than usual after a refreshing shower, Tessie was sitting drumming "The March from Zampa" into the head of a peculiarly dull pupil, when a carriage and pair dashed up to the front door.

Amelia Sophia immediately lost her place in turning to gape at the powdered footman.

"I didn't know that you knew carriage-folk," she volunteered at last, when Tessie called her to order severely. "We never have men with floury heads at our house!"

Tessie smiled faintly, for Amelia's mother was the wife of a retired and wealthy jeweller, and she was proceeding to read a wholesome lesson on the subject of humility and powdered men-servants, when the little maid entered the room, with a card on a silver salver.

"For you, miss: and the lady is below."

And taking it up, with no small surprise Tessie read upon its polished surface—

"*Lady Chesney.*"

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

TESSIE did not hesitate for a moment, but sprang to her feet with a lovely flush of colour.

How good of Lord Chesney to fulfil his promise so speedily, and how good of his mother to call upon her.

She had heard much of Lady Chesney as being, perhaps, the most fascinating woman in London. Fascinating, not from looks alone, but from the spiritual beauty that radiates round a life spent in doing good for others, and in the highest form of self-culture.

"Teacher," said Amelia, in the sharp, pert voice that grated so terribly upon Tessie's nerves, "you'll have to make up this lesson another time. Ma always asks me if I've had a full hour, and maybe she'll be cross when she hears about to-day."

"Unless you speak to me in a very different tone, Amelia, I shall give you no more lessons at all," said Tessie loftily. "But if you have made up your mind to behave like a lady, you may come to-morrow morning at the same time. Now you may go."

It was insufferable to her to be treated as a bond slave by women so unutterably below her, and she was holding her head very high indeed when she entered the little drawing-room, and found herself face to face with Lady Chesney.

Her new friend was a woman of considerably more than middle age. Not particularly tall or imposing-looking, but possessing a perfect oval face, framed by snow-white hair, and lighted by a pair of brown eyes, deep and tender as woman's eyes could be.

She was quietly dressed in some rich black material, and at her throat she wore as her only ornament, a locket set with diamonds, containing the miniatures of her dead husband and of her only daughter, whose death had been the most crushing sorrow of her serene life.

Lady Chesney confessed to herself that she had felt keen anxiety when she stood waiting for Tessie Humphreys in the shabby little drawing-room in Llanthony Crescent, where everything was harmonious, but dear to Miss Home alone by force of old association.

She almost worshipped her only child Roger, Lord Chesney. His slightest word was law to her, and when he had returned from Mervyn Court with a new light in his face, a new vigour in his step, she had, with a mother's marvellous instinct, guessed the truth before he had told her.

He was in love, and therefore she had lost him. He did not know whether his love was returned, and therefore her heart and soul went out in the prayer that he might be satisfied with the love of the girl to whom he had given his whole passionate heart.

But she had certainly felt nervous lest Theresa Humphreys should not be worthy of the position which she might one day enter upon.

A pathetic little governess with a pretty face was all very well in theory, but was she such a woman as would help Chesney in the noble life that his mother had planned out for him?

Had she strength of purpose—the high principles necessary for a leader of society?

But when Lady Chesney's eyes fell upon the beautiful face of the girl advancing to meet her with shy, modest demeanour, and a faint rose flush upon her cheeks, all her suspicions vanished as the dew before the sunshine.

She only remembered that this was her son's love, but that though he had bade her be kind to her, he had adjured her not to disclose by word or look, the secret of his heart.

Her lips were tremulous and her eyes strangely bright as she held out her hand to Tessie.

"My dear," she said quaintly, "what a refreshing

sight you are to an old woman's eyes. Will you grant me a little request that I have come a very long way to make?"

Tessie smiled pleasantly down at the dainty little lady, who looked so *petite* and fragile by the side of her strong young beauty.

"Of course I will grant you anything that you like to ask me. And I think that it is so very kind of you to take the t[illegible]uble to come and see me—and so very good of Lor[illegible] Chesney to ask you."

The old lady's bright eyes watched her face so closely that any change of expression must have been observed at once. But Tessie unconsciously smiled as serenely as ever, and Lady Chesney gave a little sigh as she realised that as yet her son's love was certainly not returned.

"My son tells me," she began gently, "that you have bravely begun to make your own way in the world and to help your mother. Miss Home, whom I know so well by name, is no doubt very glad of your company, but there is someone who would be, perhaps, more glad to have the society of a bright young girl like yourself, and that person is myself. Miss Humphreys, I am going to my home in Devonshire to-morrow, and I want to know if you will come and pay me a long visit. Yes, my dear child, I know what you are going to say. But if you will be to me a daughter—a dear, helpful daughter—you must allow me to give you the same allowance as I should have given my own dear daughter had she been alive, and that is £100 a year."

"'IT'S ONLY PEPPER,' SHE SAID SHARPLY" (*p.* 130).

She spoke hesitatingly, as though she were ashamed of her proposal, and did not know how Tessie would meet it. But the girl held out her hands in astonishment.

"Dear Lady Chesney," she said, "am I dreaming? Is this thing quite true? What shall I say, for you cannot know if you will like me or not."

Lady Chesney's answer was a decisive one, for she leaned forward and kissed Tessie's blushing cheek, and a tear that fell from her kind eyes lay sparkling like a diamond on her black gown.

"Will you give me the happiness of your affection and your society as long as you will?" she said, with a break in her gentle voice. "I have wanted a companion since the day that my daughter died, but till this moment I have never seen one whom I could love."

It was settled, after a long consultation with Miss Home, who nodded her sage head very brightly over the plan, that Tessie was to go down to Woodlands the following week on a long visit.

It was also settled that so soon as Miss Home herself could escape from her numerous engagements she was to spend a fortnight with them, painting Lord Chesney's and his mother's portraits.

"Miss you, child?" she said, as she and Tessie sat alone over their tea that night, Lalla being in bed with a bad headache. "Of course I shall miss you, but you know for the present I shall have the girl, for Mrs. Magniac particularly requested that she might not return to Mervyn until their Hamburg visit is over. Lalla is not much in the way of company, but anyhow, she is an excellent substitute for butter!"

Tessie laughed, and then sat playing with her teaspoon meditatively.

"What are you thinking of, child?" said the artist sharply. "It's my opinion that you've got some love affair on your mind. Eh, Tessie! Now tell me truly, have you ever been in love?"

Tessie blushed a little, and then laughing lifted her honest eyes to Miss Home's face.

"No, never," she said decidedly. "But all the same, I believe I am engaged."

She spoke with a little, rueful air of resignation that did not escape Miss Home's keen ear.

"Nonsense!" she said sharply, knocking over a vase of flowers and a pepper-pot in her astonishment and disappointment; "you can't possibly be engaged without being in love. I insist upon being told all about it immediately."

"My dear love," said Tessie, "I believe that you are really angry. What is the matter?—what have I done? Why, Homey dear, you are crying!"

She rose in horror, for Miss Home was wiping away two tears of genuine distress with the corner of her napkin.

"It's only pepper!" she said sharply. "Now, then, what is this silly story?"

Her mind was so full of Lord Chesney's disappointment that it seemed almost more than she could bear with equanimity.

She had planned such a happy future for Tessie, and she could not bear to have it annihilated at a single blow.

Tessie dimpled with amused laughter.

"You look so funny when you are angry! I do wish that you were not such an inveterate man hater, you dear old thing! Well, this is the truth about the whole matter.

"When I was seventeen, the son of a neighbour of ours, Raymond Holden, fell in love with me, and I think that I must have liked him a little also, for I promised that I would marry him when he was twenty-five, and when he had got an income big enough to keep me on. He was to come into seven hundred a year when he was twenty-five, and papa said that we might leave it in that way, only that we were not to write to one another, and not to consider ourselves engaged till he reached that age. Then we could do as we liked.

"I, for one, am not going back upon my word, and if Raymond likes to claim me this autumn—well, I may just as well marry him as anyone else."

"What nonsense! What utter, foolish rubbish!" ejaculated Miss Home. "And have you never heard from the young man since then?"

"He wrote to me when papa died," went on Tessie softly, "and said that I was never out of his thoughts, and that he was waiting impatiently for the autumn to come, when we might be engaged in the eyes of the world."

"And did you not write to him before you went out as a governess?" fumed Miss Home.

"Oh, dear no! Why, he would have said that the whole thing was preposterous, and have wanted us to marry on nothing a year. No! no! He knows my mother's address, and when the time comes if he wants me he will come and claim me," concluded Tessie decisively. "Now don't let us talk about him any more. What do you think my charming aunt in Park Lane will say to my going to live at Woodlands? She will tear her hair for very rage and fury," laughed Tessie, springing up from her chair and mincing across the room in exact imitation of her aunt's mode of progress. "All her life it has been her keenest ambition to get to know Lady Chesney, and I fear now that she will never succeed. I cannot fancy her and that fascinating little lady together. They were not fashioned in the same mould."

When the day came for leaving Llanthony Crescent Tessie impressed upon Lalla the necessity of being Miss Home's right hand, and of helping her in every way, and Lalla earnestly promised to do her best until she returned to Mervyn Court.

Tessie left with a lighter heart, inasmuch as she herself had been a pecuniary burden on Miss Home, and Mrs. Magniac was paying liberally for her daughter's board.

She and Miss Home parted with many tears and affectionate embraces, and when Tessie waved a good-bye from the window of the dingy four-wheeler, she felt that she had gained a friend who would cleave to her through life.

It was a quick journey down to Woodlands, through exquisite scenery; and Tessie was enchanted with the look of her new home as she alighted at the door of the manor from the spruce little brougham that had been sent to meet her.

It was a comfortable, two-storied house, that had been knocked about a good deal at the time of the Civil Wars, and in which Cromwell's bullets still lodged above the oak door.

The windows were all oriel on the front side, and the house being built in a semicircle was surrounded

by a battlemented wall that enclosed the paved centre court and the ruins of the chapel.

The long low front above the door was filled with carved coats of arms that had belonged to the Chesneys since the days of Crecy and Agincourt. A Devoniensis, with its copper leaves, was nodding its saucy white rosebuds in at the drawing-room window, and Lady Chesney, in a fresh, grey gown, was waiting with outstretched hands to receive her tired guest.

"You shall go straight to your room, dear, and have some tea before you join us in the library," she said, giving the girl into the hands of a neat maid, who was introduced to her as her future sole property.

When she had had her tea brought to her in a dainty Dresden service, and had smoothed her fluffy hair and slipped on a black grenadine gown, she followed Lucy down the polished oak stairs into the library, where her hostess came forward and set her at once at her ease.

"Dear child, how glad we are to see you. You know my son, and this is Miss Rachel Enderby, my cousin, and this——"

Tessie turned with a smile to Lord Chesney, who welcomed her eagerly, and her eyes drooped a little under his eager gaze.

Then she looked at Miss Enderby, a smart London girl in a yellow gown, with a mass of black wavy hair and a vivacious manner.

She was looking straight at Tessie with an amused expression of curiosity, and the girl felt in an instant that their natures were antagonistic.

She did not think that they should agree, but she answered her careless question as to her journey with grave politeness, then turned to the last member of the party, who was waiting with a look of wonder and astonishment on his face.

"Good gracious, Raymond, *you* here?" she cried, as she turned her bewildered eyes upon him.

"Tessie! This is the most astonishing meeting! How on earth did you come to Woodlands?" he answered, pleasure and sorrow struggling together in his voice.

Lord Chesney, with one dismayed glance at the couple, turned on his heel and left the room.

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

SOUTACHE EMBROIDERY.

BY JOSEPHA CRANE, AUTHOR OF "MOUNT MELLICK EMBROIDERY," ETC. ETC.

FIG. I.—PALM (TRANSFER DESIGN).

SOUTACHE is the French name for a narrow braid made in cotton and silk. The former is very pretty when used for various embroidery purposes, and its greatest recommendation to those who live in towns will be that if you get the real D.M.C. soutache, made in several colours and in many widths, it washes perfectly.

There are, I believe, two or three special colours which are doubtful; but, as a general rule, the braids, cottons, etc., which bear these far-famed initials wash extremely well.

You can sew on the soutache with fine silk if you like it, being careful to obtain that which matches it exactly. But you can get what is called D.M.C. Soie de Coton, which is fine and strong and answers extremely well for this purpose. The latter is sold in small reels, No. 100 being the size I have usually found the best. As this cotton can be had to match the soutaches exactly, use a fine needle and run the braid on neatly, folding over corners and fastening these with a very strong stitch or two.

The night-dress case seen on page 132 is made of coarse unbleached linen called Toile Grosse, a material which, as it washes perfectly and is of a whity-brown colour, is very good for all purposes of the kind.

For this article I have used one of the readily procurable transfer designs, as I have found that many of these can be employed for this purpose.

NIGHT-DRESS CASE.

The entire pattern is outlined with narrow red soutache, and the spaces, as will be seen, are filled up with stitches of many kinds, which can be done according to the taste and fancy of the worker. Here I have used blue *coton à broder* also D.M.C., Nos. 16 or 20 being good sizes for the purpose. As all readers will be acquainted with the Mount Mellick work articles which have appeared in this magazine, I shall not reproduce the stitches, for they will soon recognise familiar ones in the illustration before them. Loop stitch, French knots, herring-bone stitch, coral stitch, snail-trail stitch, etc. etc., all are used, and the outline of the braid is followed outside by a row of *point sablé*, which is nothing but a single back-stitch taken at an infinitesimal angle—a thread is enough—and done at equal distances.

FIG. 2.—MARGUERITE.

The edge of the case is scalloped with red *coton à broder*, one of the transfer patterns being used for marking it out. When cut out, Torchon lace is run under it, and the result is a very pretty case which costs little and will wear and wash well.

In Fig. 1 you will see a palm, also one of the transfer designs, which is in reality close upon twelve inches long.

This palm would do very well for a great many purposes; for instance, the middle of a chair-back, or the section of a bed-spread being two I may name among many others. The red soutache used is an eighth of an inch wide, and is sewn down with soie de coton of the same colour.

As you will see if you examine the illustration closely, the entire pattern is not followed by the soutache, but loops are left which are worked in coarse *coton à broder*, No. 8, D.M.C. These are not outlined first or padded, but worked over in satin-stitch.

Fig. 2 is another transfer design, that of a marguerite, and this is worked in yellow soutache the same width as the red I have just described and also green, which is about half the width. This would make an extremely pretty border for curtains, etc., and is easily and quickly worked.

The flower is done with soutache threaded first of all into a thick *aiguille à tapisserie*, which has a large eye and sharp point, differing in the latter respect from the ordinary rug needles which, with blunt point, would be absolutely useless here. All the soutache work is begun in the same way, and then the soutache is firmly sewn down and the needle just used dispensed with until you have to begin or end in a fresh place.

Before proceeding further, it may be as well to say that the "soutache de coton" is sold in small pieces of about a dozen yards in each, costing but a few pence.

As the yellow petals of the marguerite are formed with the soutache folded down from the petal to the centre, a space more or less wide is left between the edges. This is filled up with *lin à broder* D.M.C., sold in small skeins, and which matches the soutache and, like it, washes perfectly. This is done with long and short stitch, familiar to all who understand the well-known crewel-work. Use a crewel needle and fill up all the space, so that none of the material may be seen.

For the middle of the flower double your flax thread —for that is what it is called in English—and fill up the space with French knots placed closely together. If you like it, you can use another shade of yellow, but it looks well as done here, all in the one shade.

A narrower soutache can be had and with it flowers, etc., can be worked without being sewn down. A finer *aiguille à tapisserie* is then threaded with the soutache and used for the actual work, which is, in the case of long spaces being covered, kept down with an occasional stitch of embroidery, cotton, or flax thread, which helps to shade the flower. To make my meaning clearer, if you were doing a small pink daisy in pink soutache each petal would be formed by one stitch in soutache; but upon the latter you might with advantage place a stitch in a lighter or darker pink, about a third of the length of the petal in cotton or flax.

All Greek patterns, such as the Greek fret, etc., are good for this work, and most braiding patterns may be adapted to it.

In Fig. 3 you see how an initial can be worked in soutache, and it will be obvious to you what very great variety you will be able to get by the use of Mount Mellick stitches combined with the soutache. The very narrowest soutache of all is used for small letters, but the large "M" given in our illustration is best worked in soutache an eighth of an inch wide.

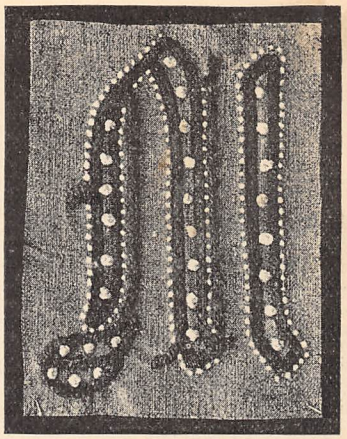


FIG. 3.—INITIAL LETTER.

Rope-stitch is here used, done in red cotton No. 8, and the white *point sablé* and French knots are done in Mount Mellick cotton, which, as you know, is very generally called knitting cotton.

An initial of this kind varied in any way you please would answer admirably for large articles. Bath blankets, laundry bags, bed-spreads, etc. etc., could all be adorned with letters like this.

Fig. 4 shows how the satin-stitching as in part of Fig. 2 is done. Work across the petal and let your stitches lie evenly close together, and with care to let the edge be clear and true. Use for this work a large Mount Mellick needle. I always like those manufactured on purpose for Mount Mellick work, but, if you cannot get them, a large size of "betweens" answers very well.

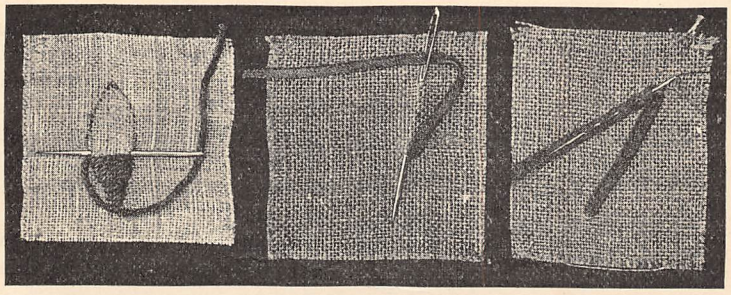


FIG. 4. FIG. 5. FIG. 6.

Fig. 5 shows one of the tapestry needles threaded with soutache, for in some instances you might form all your petals with it, only giving a stitch with the fine cotton here and there.

Fig. 6 shows how you run the braid on.

I am sure that you will like this work when once you begin it, and I may remind you that it is particularly suitable for the dresses of children. Holland frocks for children embroidered in white or coloured soutache look well, and come back from the wash-tub none the worse for it, unless, of course, great carelessness has been shown and soda or chemicals used.

THE DOCTOR'S SECRET.

BY ALBERT E. HOOPER, AUTHOR OF "UP THE MOONSTAIR," "IN THE FAR COUNTRY," "CALEB ARMSTRONG, BLACKSMITH," ETC.

"GEORGE HILDRED, Surgeon."

I stood still for a moment, and glanced from the shining brass plate on the gate post to the substantial red-brick house which stood back from the trimly-kept lawn.

Then my old chum had already attained to the object of his ambition! Only a popular and rising surgeon would live in a house like this—one of the best middle-class houses in the little country town. Ah, well; there is a world of difference between five years of steady work and five years of idle wandering. George Hildred, if I might trust his letters, was a happy husband and father; if I might trust the evidence of my eyes, prosperous in his profession; while as for myself—but never mind, the story concerns my friend.

I passed up the garden path, and pulled the bell.

It was delightful to think that within the next five minutes I should clasp George Hildred by the hand again. Frank, gay-hearted George Hildred! I knew that five years could have little effect upon spirits as buoyant as his; and as for hard work, it was exactly what he needed to bring his splendid physique to perfection. Already my hand seemed to tingle in his friendly grasp; and my tympanum almost vibrated in anticipation of his laughter.

The door opened; and as I stepped into the richly-carpeted hall, I caught the gleam of a white dress on the stairs, and the sound of a child's voice sent a quick pain to my heart.

"Dr. Summerfield, sir," announced the servant, throwing open double doors of green baize, and I entered George Hildred's study.

A folding screen shut off the greater part of the writing-table from view, and for a moment I did not see my friend. A thin white hand shot out beyond the screen, hastily seized a newspaper, and dropped it over an open book which lay on the visible part of the table. Then a chair was pushed back, and Hildred stepped into view.

My chin dropped, my outstretched hands fell limply to my sides, and I stood before him staring and speechless. A ghost suddenly rising from an open grave would scarcely have surprised me so much.

My friend—the grandest man, from a physical standpoint, I had ever seen—was a shattered wreck. The once mighty limbs, which in the old days might have made a Cornish wrestler tremble, were thin and shrunken; the face I had last seen glowing with ruddy health, was ghastly white; the blue eyes had lost all their old fire and fun, and peered at me with contracted pupils; and the hair, still thick and tawny as a lion's mane, was streaked and flecked with silver.

"Summerfield! This is an unexpected pleasure," he said, pressing my hand with fingers that felt soft and damp.

"The pleasure is all on your side at present," I returned. "Tell me, my dear fellow, what have you been doing with yourself?"

He passed his hand wearily over his brow, and then, pointing to a seat, sank into his chair.

"To tell the truth, I believe I'm run down," said Hildred, nervously shading his eyes with a trembling hand. "The work is heavy here, and I have had an anxious time."

"Have you looked in the glass lately?" I asked.

He laughed uneasily.

"Oh, I see, it's this hair of mine you are thinking of. Why, man, haven't you ever heard of hair turning grey in a single night? It must be more than five years since we met. Tell me about yourself, Summerfield."

I saw that my allusion to his altered appearance had annoyed him, and I changed the subject. He made an effort to pull himself together as he listened to me, and a ghost of his old gay smile wavered over his face. It was pitiful to see him. He was quite incapable of any sustained effort; and our conversation soon began to flag.

As my eyes wandered from his face, they naturally rested upon a revolving stand of books which stood at his elbow. "Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers"; Maudsley's "Pathology of the Mind"; Clouston's "Mental Diseases"—these were the first names which attracted my attention; and looking a little closer, I saw that all the books in the case dealt with cognate subjects.

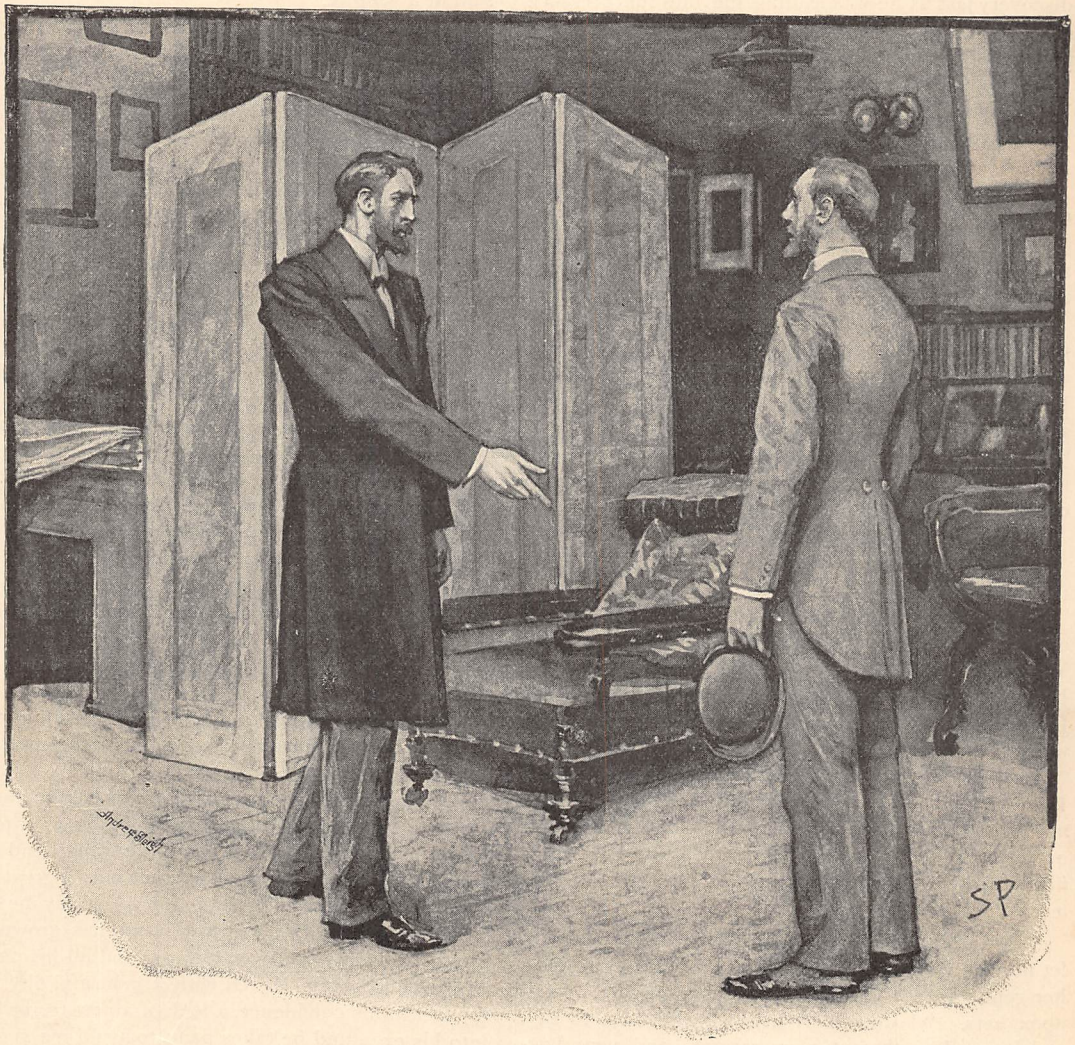
I came to the conclusion that my friend was making a speciality of diseases of the mind.

"Come, Summerfield, let us go into the drawing-room. I want to introduce you to my wife."

I was startled by the suddenness with which Hildred spoke, and no less by the harshness of his tone. There was that shrill, peevish ring in his voice, which always gives evidence of acute nervous excitement.

I rose at once, and prepared to follow him. In passing the table his coat-tail brushed against a newspaper and swept it to the floor; and there, just under my eyes, lay the open book which he had taken such pains to conceal on my entrance. I could not avoid seeing the title. The type was large, and at the first glance I had read the words—"The Borderlands of Insanity."

I knew the book well; and but for Hildred's anxiety to hide it from me, I should have thought nothing of seeing it on his table, especially after reading the titles of the works he was evidently studying. But now I



"I STOOD BEFORE HIM STARING AND SPEECHLESS" (*p.* 134).

looked at him apprehensively. He had turned at the sound of the falling paper, and his eyes were fixed keenly upon mine. A crimson flame of passion sprang into his cheeks, his hand clenched instinctively, and an exclamation of anger burst from him.

Then he recovered himself with a violent effort, bit his lip with vexation, and swinging round on his heel led the way out of the room.

II.

BLANCHE HILDRED gave me a warm welcome as her husband's friend; and when I had little Georgie in my arms, and my bachelor whiskers had been well pulled by Georgie's inquisitive fingers, I began to feel at home.

In spite of her fresh young beauty, Hildred's wife alarmed my professional eye. At first the delicate colour of her face, the alertness of her eyes, and the rich masses of hair gave the entire pleasure which a truly beautiful countenance is meant to afford. But a second glance revealed a drawn look in the skin of the face, which threw the features into too sharp relief; and the eyes revealed an expression of strained eagerness.

My heart misgave me as I looked from husband to wife. Hildred stood with his back to the fireplace, with a look of settled gloom on his face, very different from the expression of glad and proud mastership I had expected to see there. His eyes turned mournfully from his fair young wife to the beautiful boy in my arms; and at the same moment I remembered the stand of books which was placed so near to the arm of his study chair, and a thought flashed into my mind which turned me sick with horror.

"Why had he tried to hide the book on his table?"

I asked myself. "Why had he been so moved at its discovery just as he was leading me into the presence of his wife. 'The Borderlands of Insanity!' Could it be possible that he believed——"

Just then Hildred's voice recalled me to myself.

"I have to go out, Summerfield," said he. "I know you will excuse me, and my wife will take good care of you. Of course you stay with us?"

"Yes; don't let me keep you from your engagements."

"This is one which can't be put off," he answered; and kissing his wife tenderly, he made an awkward attempt to nod gaily to me, and left the room.

For a moment we did not speak. Georgie slipped from my arms and set off in chase of the cat; and I was lost in gloomy, disappointed thought. Mrs. Hildred sat silent, with her head bent down, until the slam of the front door gave notice that her husband had left the house, and then she turned her eyes upon me. They were eager and glittering, and her breath came in quick gasps as she cried excitedly—

"You find him much altered?"

I could only say—

"I do, indeed."

"Oh, Doctor Summerfield!" she exclaimed, "I cannot tell you how thankful I am that you have come. You are his old friend—you know him so well. I have heard of you so often; your letters have told me that I may speak to you as I would to my own brother. You will take pity upon me, will you not?"

As she spoke her excitement increased. She rose from her seat; she crossed the room and stood before me in mute agonised appeal, with folded hands and quivering lips. I was obliged to grasp her wrists firmly to keep her from falling on her knees at my feet.

"Try and calm yourself, my dear Mrs. Hildred; let me beg you to sit down," I said soothingly, forcing her gently into a chair, and keeping my eyes fixed upon hers. "I will gladly hear all you have to say, and I am altogether at your service—and your husband's."

Only when I uttered the last words did the tension of her muscles relax, and she sank back with every appearance of exhaustion. I felt that all the energy of a powerful will had been concentrated in the supplication for my help, in case there had been any coldness or unreadiness in me to overcome.

"Yes, it is for him—for your old friend I ask your help," she said. "You say he is much changed; I know it. Tell me, did you notice anything strange in his study?"

She had almost started to her feet again as she asked the question; but once more I laid my hand on her wrist and she was quiet.

How my heart ached for my friend as I looked at her! But I only said—

"It seemed a very ordinary study for a doctor to have."

"Ah," she returned in a disappointed tone, "you were not there long enough to examine his favourite books."

"I noticed that he has taken up a special study," I said at a venture.

"That's it!" she cried, with a sudden flash from her wide eyes. "He thinks of nothing else night or day in all his waking moments. Shall I tell you what it means, Doctor Summerfield? Bend your ear—closer—closer—don't let little Georgie hear the awful words."

My head was bent until I could feel her breath upon my cheek, and then she whispered hoarsely—

"Have pity and help us, Doctor Summerfield. *My husband believes that his mind is affected!*"

III.

A COLD shiver ran through my frame as Mrs. Hildred spoke.

"I have known it for a long time," she went on. "At first I could not account for the change in him, but I have watched him closely, and I'm sure that I'm not mistaken. Oh! Doctor Summerfield, tell me, for pity's sake, do you think it is true? Is it possible that there can be any ground for his fear?"

For a moment I felt stunned. This had not been my conjecture, but it was equally appalling. I looked at Mrs. Hildred again, and the effect of her words passed away. My first belief took a firmer hold of me than ever.

"Tell me something more," I said, wishing to hear her talk. "You have not shown me sufficient ground for your own fear yet."

"I don't know that I can," she answered; "one may be quite certain of a thing without being able to convince another of it. Countless little things lead me to my conclusion. You must own that only a great shock could have produced such a change in my husband. Then his manner to me, always kind, has grown to be almost womanly in its tenderness; and all his pleasure in our child seems dashed with a mournful pity. If I try to win his confidence, a look of abject terror comes into his eyes, and he takes pains to avoid me, spending whole nights in his laboratory. Then again, why should he take up such a horrible branch of study with so much earnestness? He has no special mental cases under his care just now."

"He tells me that the work here is heavy," I said. "I suppose he has a large practice?"

"He had; but for the last six months it has been dwindling away rapidly. I know that many of his best patients have lost confidence in him; they see the change and pity him, and I believe he goes in daily dread that his secret will be discovered."

"I believe that you are deceiving yourself, Mrs. Hildred," said I. "Your husband is too honourable a man to continue his practice after he has once doubted the soundness of his judgment. Is there nothing else that may account for this change? He spoke of having had an anxious time lately."

"Yes, he has; but that is not the cause. The change has been gradually taking place during the last year; but the anxiety he spoke of only began a week ago."

"What is the nature of the anxiety?" I asked.

"It is a dreadful business altogether," answered Mrs. Hildred. "I don't think I have thought how dreadful it really is, for my own trouble has made me selfish. A week ago our neighbour, Colonel Scott, was found dead in his garden, under mysterious circumstances. He had been stabbed, and was lying beside an artificial lake, with one of his hands in the water. My husband believes that it was a case of suicide, but no weapon was to be found; and although the lake has been dragged, nothing has come to light."

"What makes Hildred believe it to be suicide?"

"Well, Colonel Scott was a strange old man, a childless, and apparently a friendless, widower, and a patient of George's. He was intensely melancholy, and full of crotchets. It seems that he had a great respect for my husband, for he has left us his entire fortune, something like fifty thousand pounds, I believe. George was much moved when he heard of it, for he never liked the old man."

I looked at my companion in some surprise. If the legacy had been fifty thousand pence her tone could not have been more indifferent.

"It was strange that Colonel Scott should have done such a thing, for my husband had quarrelled with him, and they had ceased to be on speaking terms. The old man possessed some secret remedy which he had learned in India, and he was always carrying bottles of it to the country people. George never complained of this, for his own hands were always full then; but he was indignant that the remedy should be kept secret from the profession, and he spoke too warmly to the colonel about it, called him a quack, I believe, and was ordered out of the house. It was just like the old man's eccentricity to leave him the money and the prescription into the bargain, with full liberty to make it known if he saw fit."

"Of course, there has been an inquest," I said. "What was the verdict?"

"The inquiry was adjourned until to-day. That is where George has gone now. There was a dispute as to the possibility of the wound being self-inflicted. My husband was of opinion that it might be, but Dr. Turnbull, a far older and more experienced man, would not hear of such a thing. I believe additional medical evidence is to be called to-day."

"No doubt Hildred has been very much upset."

"Yes; but, as I said, it does not account for his past misery. Will you promise me, Dr. Summerfield, to watch my husband carefully, and try to make him speak of his trouble? He may confide in you."

"I promise," I said; and then Mrs. Hildred of her own accord changed the subject.

I could see that she had to make a strong effort, so I began to talk of my wanderings abroad, and she managed to listen to me for half an hour with a polite show of interest.

But she started and changed colour at every sound.

Presently the servant came to say that lunch was served, and at the same moment a heavy step sounded in the hall, and Hildred entered.

He threw himself wearily into a chair, and wiped the thick beads of sweat from his brow. His face was pale as death.

His wife crossed the floor and stood beside him, laying a hand gently and caressingly on his shoulder. He started under the light touch as if it had been a stinging lash.

"Well, what was the decision, George?" she said.

"They had a brand-new practitioner over from Newborough," returned he, in a tone of harsh displeasure, "and he sided with Turnbull."

"Did the jury return a verdict accordingly?" I asked.

"Yes: 'Wilful murder by some person or persons unknown.'"

Hildred sprang to his feet and opened the door for us to go into the dining-room.

IV.

DURING the rest of that day Hildred and I played a game of cross-purposes. I tried hard to make an opportunity to get on my old intimate footing with him; and he tried, no less hard, to keep me at a distance. He was friendly enough in the presence of his wife, and so long as I talked about myself; but no sooner did I make any reference to his broken health than he entrenched himself behind a shield of cold reserve, which I found it impossible to penetrate.

I retired for the night utterly mystified and defeated. That my friend was oppressed by some terrible secret was certain, and I was equally certain that, unless relieved of the burden, his mind would give way under the strain.

Next morning at an early hour I was shaken roughly out of sleep, and, starting up in bed, I was surprised to see Hildred's man standing at my side. My shoulder ached with the fierce pressure of his hand, and I was on the point of remonstrating when I noticed the sickly pallor of his face and the nervous twitching of his lips.

"Speak out, man! What's the matter?" I shouted.

"Can you come downstairs—at once, sir?" he gasped. "The police are in the house, and they are asking for the doctor."

"What do they want with him?"

The man's teeth chattered.

"It's all over the town this morning, sir," he said. "They say that the master murdered Colonel Scott, and the inspector's here with a warrant for his arrest."

"Good heavens! What d'you say? Murdered Colonel Scott!" I cried, leaping out of bed and plunging into my clothes. "How can they have made such a horrible mistake?"

"It seems that they've drained off the water from the artificial lake in the colonel's grounds, sir, and it's said they've found a surgical knife with Dr. Hildred's monogram on the handle. And they've traced footsteps from the spot where the body was found to the laboratory, and the ivy on the wall is torn and ragged, as if a heavy man has climbed up or down by it."

"'THERE'S SOME FOOLISH MISTAKE' I SAID" (*p.* 139).

"The laboratory wall! Where is the laboratory?" I asked.

"At the bottom of the garden. The doctor has made a workshop of the old stables built against the wall of Colonel Scott's grounds. Please make haste, sir. The inspector's waiting for you—we don't want to disturb the mistress."

"How can you help it? Isn't Dr. Hildred in his room?"

"No, sir. He spent the night in the laboratory again."

I was just ready, and struggling into my coat, I rushed downstairs, closely followed by the servant. In the hall stood the inspector and a constable.

"A bad business, sir," said the former, "and I want to get it over as quietly as possible. The man said you would take us to the doctor without disturbing the lady."

"To be sure. Dr. Hildred will thank you for the courtesy. Lead the way to the laboratory, John." Then, turning again to the inspector, I added: "The doctor did not sleep in the house last night. We shall find him in his workshop."

I saw the man's face fall, I heard the constable mutter "Walker!" under his breath, and I must confess that I felt a slight sinking at the heart as we followed the servant out into the garden.

Could it be possible that Mrs. Hildred's suspicion had been correct? The tale of my friend's quarrel with the murdered colonel flashed through my mind, and the incident of the secret remedy—exactly the kind of thing to prey upon a morbid condition of the mind.

We crossed a wide stretch of turf, and traversed several paths winding through a shrubbery, and then halted before a large two-storey building.

It was the laboratory.

The door was unlatched, and without ceremony the inspector pushed it open and we entered.

Tables littered with electrical apparatus, retorts, test-tubes, and vessels of all sorts and sizes; a furnace, in which charcoal still smouldered redly; shelves on the walls holding rows of bottles—these and other paraphernalia of a chemist's laboratory met our view, but of the doctor himself not a sign.

"How do we reach the lofts?" asked the inspector, seeing no ladder.

John went outside, and following him round an angle of the wall, we found ourselves at the foot of a flight of stone steps, leading to a strong iron-clamped door on the second storey.

The inspector was the first to ascend the stairway. I kept close to his heels, and the constable and John brought up the rear.

The iron-clamped door, like the one below, was ajar. I saw it swing open, and I saw the inspector vanish. Then a low cry reached me, and with a bound I was in the loft.

At first I only saw that this loft was furnished as a luxurious sitting-room; then my eyes fell upon an easy chair, and in it, turned slightly away from me—gracious Heavens! what did I see? The figure of a man with hair as white as snow. Surely I could not mistake the proud pose of that noble head, the breadth of those colossal shoulders; but what in the name of wonder could it mean?

"Hildred!" I shrieked, suddenly seized with a fearful trembling.

There was no answer. The figure sat motionless.

I leapt forward and seized its arm. It was stiff and rigid! I grasped its hand. An icy chill shook my arm, the white head fell forward upon the breast, and with a gasp of horror I found myself gazing into the glazed eyes of a corpse. And such a corpse!—withered, wrinkled, and yellow as any face of four-score years.

For a moment the silence was awful and profound, and then—

"May I ask the meaning of this intrusion?" cried a harsh voice.

I started as if I had been shot, and looked up.

A door, leading into an inner loft, was standing open, and within its frame stood the figure of my friend, George Hildred, as I had seen him yesterday, but with the look of agony intensified upon his face. He stepped forward, and behind him I caught sight of the burly form of another man.

The inspector motioned me to explain, and I took my friend by the hand.

"There's some foolish mistake," I said. "Discoveries have been made relating to Colonel Scott's death, and your presence is needed at the magistrate's."

A wave of horror swept over Hildred's face, and for a moment he hid it in his trembling hands.

I shook him by the shoulder, pointing to the dead body in the chair.

"What is that?" I asked, in a low voice.

Hildred uncovered his face. His cheeks looked whiter than I had seen them yet, and his lips moved stiffly as he answered in a hoarse whisper—

"That is my father."

"Your father, Hildred! What does it mean?"

Again his lips moved stiffly, but no sound came from them. He bent his head till his mouth was close to my ear, and then I caught the words—

"Alcoholic mania!"

* * * * *

Yes, I know it is a terrible story; but the world is full of tragedies. Is there a single man or woman who has reached middle life without hiding one horrible true story in some dark corner of the memory? Instead of following this one farther, let me sum up after-events in a few concluding words.

George Hildred's father had spent twenty years in the West Indies, and the letter which told of his home-coming had contained an ominous hint which had induced his son to keep the news a secret from his wife. A year ago he had met his father on his return to England, and the old man, a victim to long intemperance in a hot climate, was hopelessly insane.

After much thought—revolting from the idea of committing his father to the care of strangers—Hildred hit upon the plan of tending him himself in the rooms above his laboratory. He had obtained a certificate and a properly qualified keeper, and from that time until the night I slept under his roof, during which the old man had died, Hildred's life had been a long-drawn-out misery. Refusing to share the burden of his awful secret with his wife, he had almost sunk under its weight.

All doubt as to the murder of Colonel Scott was quickly cleared up. No fault could be found in the keeper; his vigilance had been keen. And yet the cunning of the madman had found means of loosening the bars in the window-frame of his room, and also of stealing one of his son's instruments. The thick ivy on the stable walls had afforded him egress while his keeper slept, or while he was locked in alone; and as for the motive of the crime, it could only be accounted for as a fit of maniac rage at seeing an old man in happy liberty while he himself was a prisoner.

Hildred slowly recovered from the shock and strain of that miserable year, but he could not remain in the neighbourhood. I induced him to become my partner in a practice I had lately bought in a flourishing northern town, and we have found it a pleasant and profitable arrangement; and as I grow older year by year, my friend is gradually resuming the buoyancy of a second youth.

Of course Hildred never touched a penny of the colonel's fortune; and the last time I entered the little town in which my friend had lived, it was to make a speech, in his name, at a public ceremony when a royal personage opened the Scott Asylum.

"SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR?"

Words by GEORGE WITHER. *Music by* W. J. FOXELL, B.A., B.Mus.

VOICE.

PIANO.

With spirit.

f

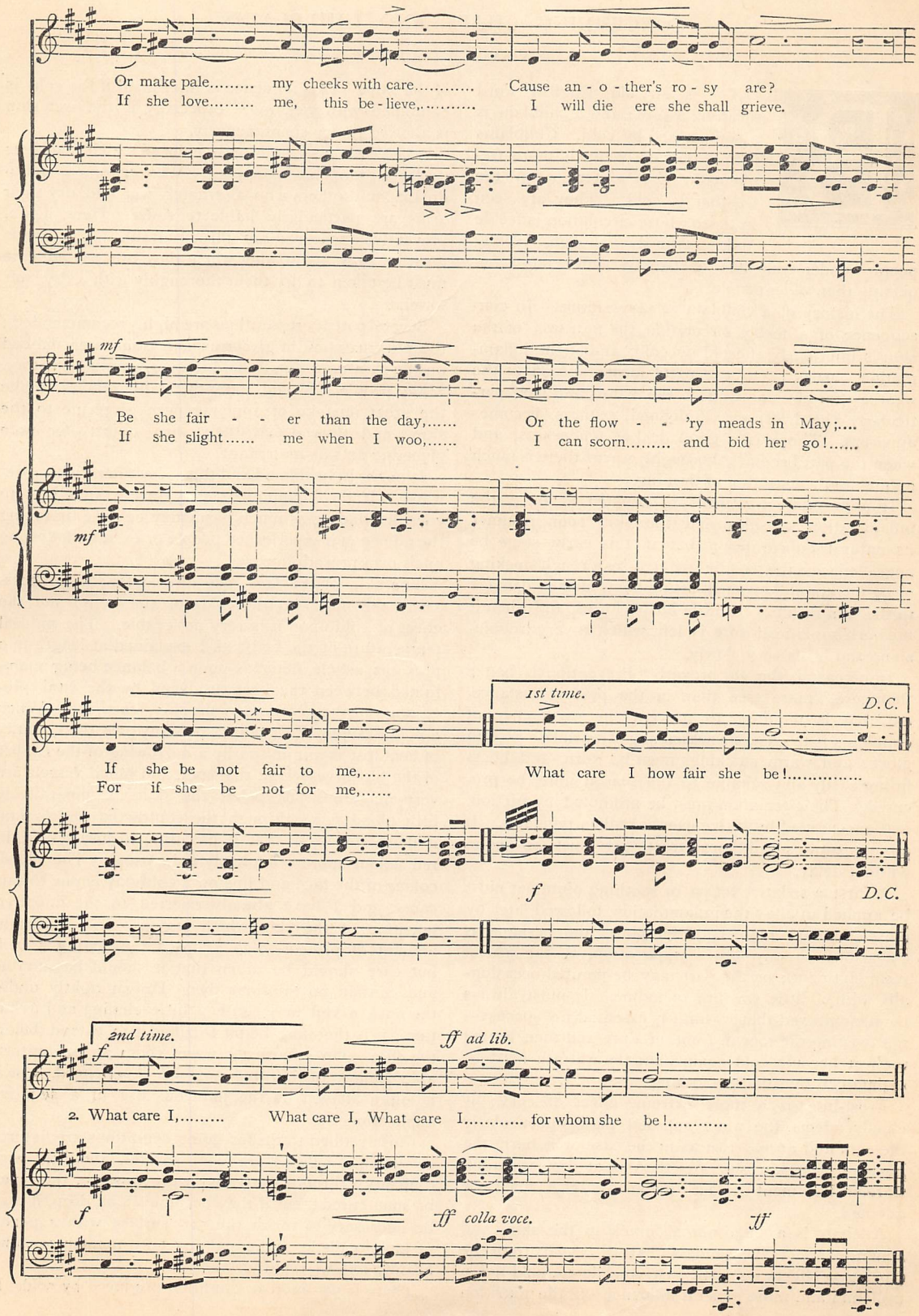
mf

f

1. Shall I, wast - - ing in des - pair,..... Die be - cause..... a wo - man's fair?.....
2. Great or good,..... or kind or fair,..... I will ne'er..... the more des - pair;.....

mf

f


Or make pale..... my cheeks with care..... Cause an - o - ther's ro - sy are?
If she love..... me, this be - lieve,..... I will die ere she shall grieve.
mf
Be she fair - - - er than the day,..... Or the flow - - 'ry meads in May;....
If she slight..... me when I woo,..... I can scorn..... and bid her go!.....
mf
1st time.
D. C.
If she be not fair to me,.....
For if she be not for me,.....
What care I how fair she be!.....
f
D. C.
2nd time.
f
ff ad lib.
2. What care I,..... What care I, What care I..... for whom she be!.....
f
ff colla voce.
ff

CONCERNING CHAPS AND CHILBLAINS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

"BLAIN" is an old English word meaning a sore; and a chilblain is a sore caused by cold. Chilblains are consequently much more frequent in the winter, when the weather is cold. They are seen in those whose circulation is feeble and, curiously enough, young people under the age of twenty suffer more frequently than older people.

The history of a chilblain is very simple. In consequence of a feeble circulation, the nutrition of the skin is injuriously affected by cold, and slight inflammation ensues. On the parts most exposed to the weather (for chilblains affect the hands and feet, particularly the heel) an ill-defined redness becomes apparent. There is a good deal of tenderness, and when the part becomes thoroughly warm there is much itching and a sensation of burning.

If appropriate treatment is adopted at once, the inflammation subsides and the skin soon resumes its natural appearance; but if this early stage be neglected, and the part be irritated by a rough stocking or by the chafing of an ill-fitting boot, further damage to the skin results. A little blister forms, and when it breaks a superficial sore is left, which is very troublesome and heals very slowly.

In no case is the old proverb "Prevention is better than cure" more true than in the present instance. All that is required to prevent the occurrence of chilblains is to ensure a sufficiency of warmth. Warm gloves and warm stockings must be worn, and boots fitting easily and suitable to the season must be procured. The circulation must be promoted by friction, and encouraged by active exercise taken regularly. If all precautions fail, local treatment must be begun without delay.

At first a sedative lotion or soothing ointment must be applied to allay the inflammation, followed later by more stimulant remedies. Simplest, and perhaps as efficacious as any other application, is the use of resin ointment; or the part may be painted occasionally with a little tincture of iodine. It must always be remembered that warmth is essential for success—not toasting the toes in front of a fire and then letting the feet become cold again—but the warmth must be maintained by suitable clothing.

Frost-bite is a more extreme effect of cold; it chiefly affects the more exposed parts—particularly the ears and nose. Just as in the case of a burn, the injury to the skin is greater than is at first apparent. Careful treatment under medical advice must be adopted.

A chap is a longitudinal crack in the skin, and generally affects the hands and arms. Apart from the particular effects we have just considered, cold has a profound and more general influence on the nutrition of the skin. This influence is intensified if the cold is combined with wet, more especially if the wet skin is allowed to dry spontaneously.

An eczematous condition is induced which manifests itself by the skin chapping. Washerwomen, laundresses, and others who alternately wet and dry their arms are particularly liable to suffer. Here, again, preventive measures are all-important. The hands must be kept warm, and when they are wetted care must be taken to dry them thoroughly with a dry, soft towel.

Several patent preparations are highly recommended; the old treatment of glycerine and rose-water dabbed on the skin occasionally is, however, very satisfactory. Many people, I would parenthetically remark, make the great mistake of applying pure glycerine to the skin, and thus defeat their own object—for pure glycerine acts as an irritant.

It ought to be diluted and this is best done with rose-water. If the chapping is very severe, it is best to consult a doctor, as much harm may be done by taking the advice of inexperienced people or even by following one's own prescription.

The skin of the face may also suffer; it is necessarily the most exposed part of the body, and the effect of cold upon it is very noticeable. The natural temperature of the body, as I explained at length in a previous article, depends upon a balance being maintained between the heat produced by the vital processes and the heat lost by the skin, lungs, etc. When a cold draught of air plays upon any part, the quantity of heat lost is minimised by a narrowing of the calibre of the blood-vessels at that spot, and blood-vessels are very numerous just below the skin. Comparatively little blood flows through the contracted vessels, and it flows slowly, so that it has time to lose its bright red colour more completely than usual. The bluish colour of the face and lips on a cold day is due to this cause, and I have already referred to the impaired nutrition of the skin which may result. A certain amount of protection is afforded by wearing a veil, but care should be taken that it should be suitable and contain no injurious dye. Drawn tightly under the nose, a veil may cause a little chafing and irritation; it is therefore better to allow it to extend below the chin. On entering a warm room an uncomfortable feeling of burning may be experienced, which is often allayed by the judicious use of a sedative application.

Closely allied to the foregoing conditions are fissures in the lips. These are very painful, and heal with difficulty. Promptly treated with lip-salve, they may be soon cured; but if they become at all deep, it may be necessary to touch the raw surface with a pencil of lunar caustic. The pain is only momentary, and healing follows rapidly.

There is yet another condition produced by cold. It

is very interesting to study, but it involves a consideration of the general influence of nerves on nutrition, so that we cannot pursue the matter far in this paper.

A slight eruption on the face near the lips is not unfrequently seen. Pain is felt, perhaps towards evening, then the skin reddens, and by the morning a crop of little blisters closely aggregated together is developed. This affection is herpes, and when it occurs round the body it is commonly known as "shingles." It is a very curious affection, and is, without doubt, due to nerve influence. It soon passes away. All that is necessary is to avoid irritating the eruption; the application of a little zinc ointment is very grateful.

Finally, many people are troubled with coldness of the extremities, especially during the winter months. Sometimes when they wake in the morning they may find their fingers numb and white, as if they were quite bloodless. The circulation is, however, soon restored by friction and warmth. This condition depends upon a spasm of the blood-vessels, and is generally due to nervous influence. It is seen in those who have a weak circulation, or in those whose blood is not in a perfectly pure state (it is often associated with an accumulation of uric acid in the system). Considerable alarm may be occasioned, and timely medical advice is desirable, especially if the numbness is of frequent occurrence. Very often a simple remedy is successful, and much perturbation of mind is thus avoided.

THE QUEER PASSENGER'S STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NORTHWARD HO," "GOD BLESS THE CHEESE," ETC. ETC.

ONE lovely summer's day an English yacht lay moored in the harbour of Bergen. Her skipper, with folded arms, leaned over the bulwarks, lost in quiet enjoyment of the scene. No ripple disturbed the glassy surface of the water, and in it was mirrored the town and its encircling mountains. Suddenly across his range of vision floated a boat; two men were at the oars, and they were evidently making for the shore. Boats are no novelty at Bergen, but there was a peculiarity about this particular craft that riveted the skipper's attention, and effectually awoke him from his day-dream. In the bows, motionless, unfettered, stood a fully-grown and magnificent eagle. Surely such an extraordinary sight was never seen before in Bergen Harbour!

The boat drew nearer, and the skipper hailed her: "Boat ahoy! What are you going to do with that splendid eagle?"

The men stopped rowing; the queer passenger rolled its eye in the direction of the speaker, but otherwise took no notice of the interest it excited. Its master—the younger of the two men—replied in English that he was taking it to Bergen in order to present it to the museum there.

"What!" exclaimed the skipper. "Have the bird killed and stuffed? It would be a thousand pities. Would you sell it to me?"

The Norwegian considered, and then said—"If I sell, I ask of you two dollars."

"All right!" replied the Englishman, surprised at the modest sum asked; "it shall be a bargain. Will you please come on board?"

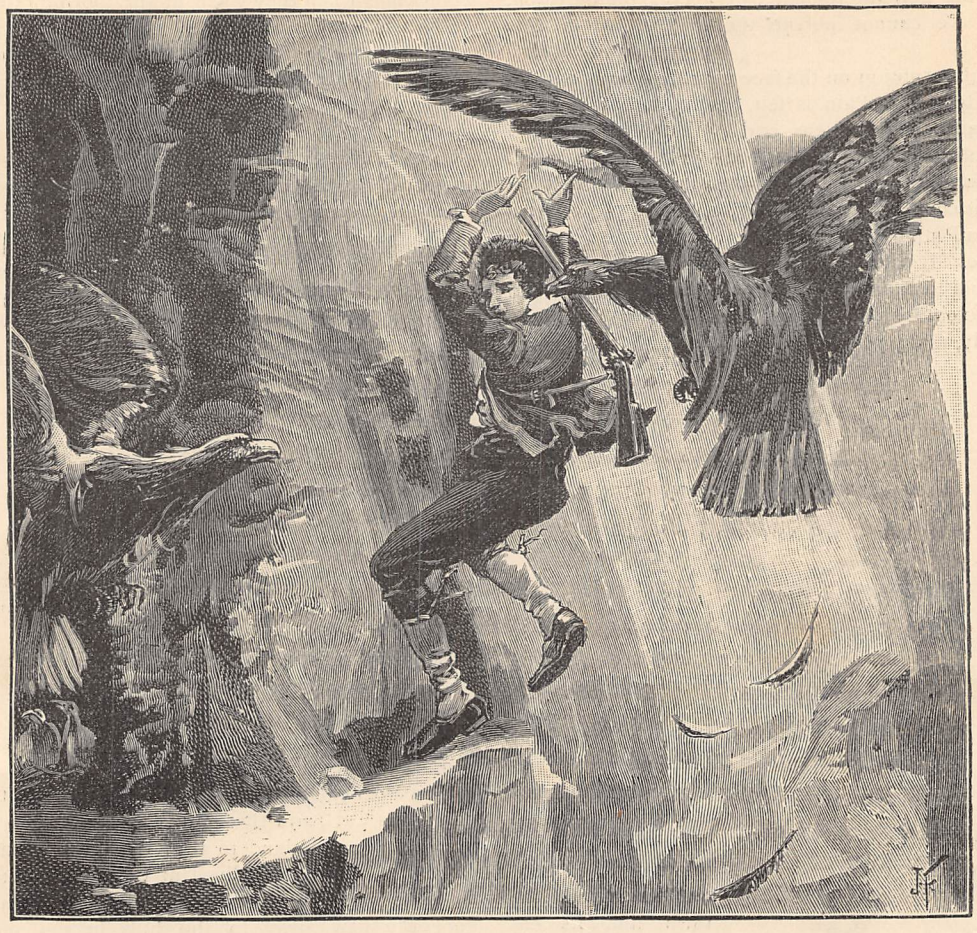
Shortly after the two were seated in the cabin at their ease, whilst the eagle, perched on the back of a chair, seemed to preside over the meeting.

"And now," said the skipper, "pray tell me why you are getting rid of this fine bird."

The Norwegian prefaced his reply by saying that his name was Carl, and that he lived at his foster-father's farm on a large island to the south of Bergen. The eagle was his own, and lived at the farm also; it was so tame that it would eat food out of his hand. It generally flew away to the hills in the morning, but always came back at night. Perhaps the Englishman would remember the very hot weather of a week ago? On one of the warmest days the eagle sat in the farm-yard basking in the bright sunshine, and thoroughly enjoying the light and heat.

Tempted, too, by the beautiful weather, into the farm-yard strolled Petersen, one of the hands; it was a holiday, and, like the bird, Petersen intended to make the most of it. It was so hot that he had discarded his coat and vest; his trousers were rolled up to his knees, and his legs and feet were quite bare. He found a plank, tilted it at a convenient angle, and half reclining upon it, closed his eyes and smoked the pipe of peace, contented with himself and all the world.

The eagle, that had been dozing on its perch, regarded the new-comer with amazement. Its sense of propriety was doubtless shocked at the sight of Petersen's bare legs. That they were white, and plump, and shapely, could be no excuse in the mind of this cultured bird! It began to chatter to itself; and the more it pondered the matter the more its indignation was aroused. From chattering it took to stronger language, until, in a sudden access of fury, it made a wild rush at those beautiful legs, buried



"CARL LET GO HIS HOLD" (*p.* 145).

its talons deep into their most fleshy part, and pecked at them with its powerful beak until the blood streamed.

Alas! poor Petersen. His holiday was completely spoiled. With a wild yell he flung aside his pipe, and closed in a hand-to-claw tussle with his infuriated assailant. Roused by his cries, some of his comrades hastened to the rescue, and the eagle was beaten off. However, it was a gross case of assault and battery: the bird was evidently dangerous; and so, after turning the matter over in his mind, Carl determined to take it to Bergen, and present it to the museum.

"But tell me," said the skipper, "how did you first become possessed of the eagle?"

"Ah, that is a longer tale," replied the Norwegian. "I shall tell it you with pleasure."

And the following was in effect the story of "The Queer Passenger."

One morning in spring an unusual air of bustle and excitement pervaded the farm. Outside the chief entrance a group of the "hands" were eagerly engaged in discussing an affair of evident importance. Guns, ropes, and rope-ladders lent a formidable appearance to their otherwise peaceful aspect. Opinions evidently differed concerning the matter on hand—no less a matter, in fact, than the assault of an eagle's stronghold. Day by day for a week or more a lamb had been stolen from the farm, and the feathered thief was at last seen making off with its booty. Straightway a court had been held; in the absence of the defendant, judgment went by default; the president —metaphorically speaking—put on the black cap, and "death" was the penalty pronounced. The peasants were now gathered awaiting their master, in order to carry the sentence into execution. In the midst of their talk the door opened, and the farmer appeared, accompanied by his nephew Carl, a tall, muscular youth of seventeen.

"Well, men, are you ready?" The question being answered in the affirmative, the new-comers placed themselves at the head of the small force, and at once led the way in the direction of the hills.

The eagle's nest was perched about two-thirds of

the way up a precipice some nine hundred feet in height. As the cliff was almost sheer perpendicular, the question of climbing it, though mooted by Carl, was at once set aside as quite out of the question. The expedition set to work, first to fix the exact locality of the nest; and secondly, having done so, to descend upon it from above. It was evident that the task would not be easy to accomplish, as the upper part of the cliff bulged considerably outwards.

However, the attempt must be made, and the party, by a roundabout and laborious climb, having gained the top of the cliff, made their way to the spot immediately above the nest. The rope-ladder was hung over the edge, the part where it came in contact with the rock being carefully protected, so as to prevent fraying by friction; and one of the most agile of the men made the perilous descent, whilst his comrades held tightly the end of the ladder. After a considerable time had elapsed, the climber re-appeared. He reported that he had reached a position from whence he could just catch a glimpse of a small corner of the nest, but not a full view of it.

The position of the rope-ladder was altered a little, and another man descended; but when he returned he said that he could see nothing whatever of the nest. Many times the ladder was shifted, and many descents were made, but in each case the result was disappointing. Nor were they more successful in getting a shot at the eagle; it was seen, indeed, hovering anxiously in the air, but quite out of range. In the end the attempt was reluctantly abandoned, and the party returned to the farm very dispirited, having wasted the best part of the day in their unsuccessful efforts. The farmer was cross and silent, pondering his losses, past and prospective; his nephew was equally silent, revolving in his mind a most ambitious scheme. The next day he found an opportunity of going to the cliff unobserved, and the second visit confirmed his first impression. Yes, the precipice could be scaled from below. The glory of killing the eagle should be his, and his alone!

To the uninitiated the task he had set himself might well have been deemed impossible; but to Carl climbing was almost a second nature. He availed himself of any crevice or projection that offered a point of vantage, and slowly, but surely, rose higher and higher. Whenever he found a comparatively secure resting-place he paused to get his breath. Like a prudent general, he husbanded his resources.

At length he came pretty close to the nest—a few minutes only, and the prize so hardly contended for would be within his grasp. Suddenly, to his dismay, the face of the precipice became smooth, and further progress seemed barred!

Higher up, to the right and just out of reach, was a crevice wide enough to afford a hold for the hands; beyond that again, and below it, was a narrow ledge; could this ledge be reached, the eagle's nest looked easy of access. He made a spring, and fastened his fingers in the crevice, but there was no hold for his feet. Hanging thus in mid-air, a new danger threatened him. When he began to climb only one eagle was in the nest; its mate was engaged in providing a breakfast. The mother bird, becoming alarmed at the daring approach of the stranger, signalled the head of the family to make haste home. It quickly responded to the call; and now, with loud screams and menacing gestures, flew about Carl, striking him with its wings in passing, with the evident intention of knocking him down. No time was to be lost. Swaying his body from side to side like a pendulum, until he had gained sufficient momentum, Carl let go his hold, and swung himself on to the ledge. He was now so close to the nest that the second eagle came to the help of the first; his position grew every instant more precarious, so fierce was the attack, and so bold were his adversaries. Besides, he had only foothold, and nothing to steady himself by; and, standing as he did, it was impossible to shoot. His only chance was to lie down. Very cautiously he managed to do so, holding his gun inwards, and supporting it by leaning on one elbow. Still, in that cramped position part of his body *overhung the precipice*, and could he manage to shoot, he dreaded the recoil of the gun. He realised with horror that he would never be able to re-load it. His life hung upon a single shot, for in that *one shot he must kill both birds!* Everything depended on his coolness and nerve. His heart beat fast as he lay still waiting for the double chance that, as likely as not, might never come!

As if to tantalise him, every now and then one of the birds would offer a tempting chance, and yet he durst not fire! His power of endurance was fast coming to an end; he felt that neither muscles nor patience could stand the strain much longer. He thought of his parents, his uncle, his friends; he was young, and life was very dear. In his dire extremity—"Help me, All Father!" prayed poor Carl, "for in Thy hands are the issues of life and death."

He felt calmer, and all his courage and coolness returned as both birds sailed into view. Quick as thought he pulled the trigger, and fired. What if he had missed his aim! He was a dead man.

But the shot was successful; both eagles fell. It was some little time before he could recover himself; then, with a light and thankful heart, he made his way to the nest. Within were a couple of young birds partially fledged; they looked very fierce, but their strength, fortunately, did not match their intentions. Carl put them struggling into his side pockets, and then, skirting the overhanging cliff, climbed warily upward, and at length reached the top in safety. By the roundabout track he descended to the foot of the precipice, where he found the eagles lying cold and dead; then he returned to the farm tired, hungry, and triumphant. His tale could scarcely be credited, but there were his trophies as indisputable evidence. One of the young birds had survived the journey, and gave unmistakable proofs of vitality by its ludicrous exhibition of fierce hostility.

Three years had gone by, and the surviving eagle, now fully-grown, was about to become a naturalised British subject; such was its story. A. E. BONSER.

A TYPE OF ENGLISH GIRLHOOD.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.)

PROFESSIONS FOR OUR BOYS.

TRAINING FOR THE ARMY.

A TALK WITH CAPTAIN JAMES, R.E. BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

EVERYONE knows "Jemmy's"—at least, by repute, for no crammer that lives has passed so many young fellows into the army as Captain James, with whom I recently held the conversation recorded below, and to whose care are constantly confided over a hundred young British hopefuls. I felt, therefore, I could not possibly go to a better man than he for information on the subject of training for the army. Captain James is a short, vigorous, very business-like man, of about forty-five years of age. His manner on the first approach appears to one abrupt to the point

of brusqueness; but this impression soon wears off, and gives way to the conviction that one is talking to a thoroughly sincere and honest man, who is too much in earnest to waste time in mere conventional compliments. I began my conversation with the following remark, the answer to which I hoped would clear away a good deal of the misapprehension that is attached to popular ideas concerning life at a crammer's, which I trusted would allay many paternal heart-burnings, and which would clear the ground for all further inquiry. Nor was I wrong in my prognostications. And this is what I said to him :—

"Captain James, some three years ago I was engaged in visiting the chief public schools for the purpose of writing a series of articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on 'The New Era and the Public Schools.' I then learned from many of the head-masters that they were forming army classes in their schools purposely to obviate the necessity for parents sending their boys to crammers, where, as they alleged, their morals were practically neglected altogether, whilst the education they received was of the most superficial and temporary nature. Now, what have you, one of the chief crammers in England, to say to that?"

To which the reply came as follows :—

"What you say I have, of course, often heard before. I have no hesitation in saying that the public schoolmasters who hold these opinions, or *profess* to hold them, don't know what they are talking about. I am far from saying that every army tutor is an angel under heaven, but the large proportion of them are men who do their duty honestly and well. It is stated that the moral welfare of boys at a crammer's is utterly neglected, that they run wild, and are frequently ruined for after-life. Such, I assure you, is not the case here. We begin work at 9.30, and go on till luncheon; then from 3 or 4 to dinner-time; and no boy or young man is ever allowed to go out after dinner. Now I ask you, what chance a boy has of going wrong under such circumstances? Why, he would have more opportunity at home or at his school than he has here. Of course, I cannot be responsible for the day-boys, any more than a head-master is responsible for the home-boys at a public school; but I do undertake that no boy shall play the fool in *any* respect so long as he lives under my roof. Many parents complain that my rule is too strict. Very well; they can remove their sons: it is a matter of perfect indifference to me; but so long as they are under my care I feel absolutely bound to look after their moral bringing-up and their whole lives with the most scrutinising care. They are not allowed to enter a theatre or music-hall. To be discovered in a public-house would mean immediate expulsion. My younger boys are separated entirely from the older ones who come here either from the Militia or the Universities; they live in separate houses, and they practically never meet. The Civil Service pupils also work apart as, also do officers who are reading with me for the Staff College; for I believe in the system of isolation, both from a moral and educational standpoint. The whole art of ruling boys lies in keeping them in small groups. And now to answer the ridiculous statement that boys are superficially crammed at these establishments. I utterly deny it, in the first place; and in the second place I assert that such a statement, so far as superficiality is concerned, might much more truly be made of the public schools themselves. To begin with, I object altogether to the use of the word 'cramming.' 'Cramming' is the name given by inferior teachers to a standard of imparting knowledge to which they are unable to attain themselves. Which is the more likely to be well taught for the Army or the Civil Service: the boy who forms one of thirty or forty in a class at a large public school, or the boy who forms one of three, or four, or five with me? Again, as to the class of tutor. *I* can't afford to keep tutors who are hideous failures. The public schools *do*. I know what I am talking about," vigorously went on Captain James, in reply to a feeble protest on my part. "I see more of the average product of the public school than anyone living, and I hear what the boys themselves have to say of them; and I unhesitatingly say that at every school there are masters who, to use an expressive schoolboy phrase, are habitually 'rotted' by their classes. Now, what can you expect of such men but failure? I keep no man of that kind. Every man here is not only a master of his own particular subject, but he is master of those confided to his care. Power of discipline with me counts for as much as power of teaching. Another point in favour of education at an army tutor's is this: that he and his assistants devote their *whole* attention to *teaching*; here *education*, and not *athletics*, is the thing most thought of. Athletics—much as I believe in them in their proper time and place—have been, and are, the

CAPTAIN WALTER JAMES, R.E.

(*From a photograph by Russell & Son, Baker Street, W.*)

TEST WORK.

curse of our public schools. You know as well as I do that the chief worship at the public schools is athletics tempered with a little learning. Mind you this : I am no opponent of the public schools, because I think that the education and the associations a boy has at a *good* public school are beyond price, but I unhesitatingly say that I can pass dozens of boys who would fail if they went straight up from a public school, simply because, poor fellows, they don't get offered them the opportunities which I absolutely *enforce* upon them. My belief is that it doesn't matter what a boy is educated upon as long as he is thoroughly taught something, and the basis of that something has been of a literary nature. I prefer a boy from the classical side of a public school to one from the modern side, which is too often used as a sink, into which the public schools empty their rubbish. The weak part of all public schools is that they rarely teach the higher mathematics, and never properly in conjunction with classics. Again, no public school ever teaches modern languages to any extent; and it will be found, by reference to the Eton calendar, that nine-tenths of those boys who have obtained the Prince Consort's prize for French and German are partly of foreign extract, or have lived much abroad. Now, I firmly believe that at a properly conducted school the literary faculty can just as well be cultivated in French and German as in Latin and Greek."

"And now as to your own method of work here Captain James?" I said. "Will you tell me something of what you do and *how* you do it?"

"Certainly I will," he replied. "In the first place, as I said before, we work in very small classes, which are divided amongst upwards of forty tutors, each one of whom is a specialist in his own line, most of whom have been with me many years.

"For military subjects I have nine officers to help me, of whom four are Staff College Graduates in Honours. Three well-known University men give lectures on English and constitutional history, English literature, and political economy, Roman and English law. French, German, and Italian are taught by six tutors, and here I may mention that I keep one man for French dictation only. Russian, Spanish, Turkish and Arabic, Hindustani, and Sanskrit, are taught by specialists. In all cases the literature as well as the language forms part of the education in each subject.

"Six wranglers teach mathematics. Five classical honour men look after the classics; an M.A. of London takes care of the moral science department. Geology, geography, physical geography, botany, chemistry, heat, light, electricity and magnetism, geometrical and freehand drawing, are all most carefully taught here by specialists. We have, as I will show you, no less than thirty-seven class rooms, so

that the education the boys receive is far more individual than you could imagine possible."

"And what branches of the army do you recommend for different classes of boys?" I asked.

"The cavalry for boys who are well off, the infantry and the Indian army for poor men's sons. There is no particular advantage from a military point of view for a boy going into the engineers or the artillery, though I grant there are often good civil appointments for clever engineer officers."

"Lord Wolseley," I remarked, "was very emphatic the other day, in talking with me, on the necessity for every officer who wanted really to rise in his profession going to the Staff College."

"And I thoroughly agree with him," replied Captain James. "I have a good many officers who come here all specially to prepare for the Staff College, besides others who come to be prepared for Promotion Examinations, and you may often see them on a Saturday afternoon going out into the country with a tutor, to learn surveying and military sketching. The education here, as I will show you, is just as practical as it is theoretical. I greatly approve of young fellows going out to India; all real soldiery is done in India."

"And of what class—mentally—are the boys you get, as a rule, Captain James?"

"Well," he replied—and coming from a man of such vast experience, his answer is well worthy of careful attention—"I don't think that boys are nowadays as earnest as they used to be"; and when I replied, in great astonishment, that I had thought the very reverse was the case, he explained himself by saying: "The fact is that a boy's social position at a public school depends upon his athletics rather than upon his educational attainments. The public school hero," he went on, truly enough, "is the cricketer, the half-back, the good oar, rather than the thoughtful scholarly boy. Again, the spirit of the age lends itself to *smatterings*, and that is what I have chiefly to contend with. Boys often come to me knowing nothing really of Latin and Greek. They remind me of the king and Walpole talking Latin together, which the statesman had half forgotten, and the king never perfectly learned."

After Captain James had told me of his large preparatory school at Stony Stratford, where boys are taught in small numbers, and where they are divided into preparatory classes for the professions they are likely to enter in after-life, he asked me to go round some of his houses, of which he has some three entirely devoted to studies in the district of South Kensington, and see for myself the very practical nature of the training which is here given. The first room I entered was the "Military Model Room." Here the young fellows see by means of models what things really are, while at the cricket ground they see actual constructions thrown up by the volunteer engineers.

"We teach the war game here," Captain James informed me; "as the best means of imparting tactical instruction."

In another room curious and interesting military maps hung upon the walls. One bore the inscription: "The 1870 Campaign up to Sedan, September 1st." Another represented the 1814 Campaign in Champagne.

THE PRINCIPALS.

"The fellows see these things every day," observed Captain James, "and so they get into their very flesh and blood. We ourselves turn out a lot of maps in our lithographic department, which are used for Staff College and Military History Examinations."

Captain James then took me into the geological rooms, chemistry laboratories, physical laboratories, and the like. The whole system appeared to me not only to be established upon a very thorough basis, but also upon a very interesting and a very attractive one. It is one which appeals pre-eminently to the ingenuity and skill and to the imagination of a young fellow, as well as to his merely mental capacity. He is thereby taught to be interested in, and to be fond of, the profession into which he is about to enter.

The whole establishment is conducted on a military basis. The heads of houses are under orders to send in daily a report to the chief.

"No nonsense is allowed here, I can assure you," said Captain James. "All my success is due to strict discipline. I allow no slackness in dress. A fellow here cannot loaf about outside the house in his slippers. Every young fellow under my charge is required to attend church on Sunday. A tutor who cannot keep order gets his *congé* at once; a boy of bad character is immediately expelled.

"We have a capital cricket and football club, and an admirable ground only a short distance from here, for I am a great believer in athletics *in moderation*. I have been rather severe on the public schools in this respect; at the same time, I gladly admit that they invariably send me my finest fellows. All I say is this: I pass many who would fail if they went up straight from the public school, and if I get a boy early enough I will ensure his getting into the army; but I don't pretend to work miracles, and it is useless for parents to ask me to do in two or three months what previous places of education have failed to do in double as many years. Lots of good—really good—boys can pass straight in from the public schools, but the ordinary boy—and most boys are ordinary," added my host, with a smile—"have a fifty times better chance with me."

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

WITH HINTS TO HOME DRESS-MAKERS. JANUARY.

TO the whimsical dame, Fashion, we will accord the praise that is justly her due, for although she has elected to choose as her favourite of the season the colour brown, yet she insists upon our outdoor garments being relieved by a brilliant beam of colour—vying with the gorgeous plumage of the humming-bird—in either headgear, muff, cravat, or bow. And when the cruel east wind raises a corner of the sombre brown coat we catch a glimpse of a bright coloured silk lining, truly cheerful to the beholder in this grey month of January.

The Blouse.

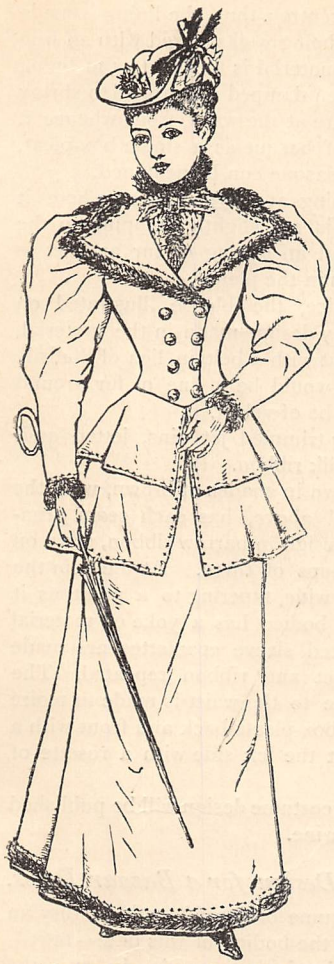
The oft-praised blouse shall occupy our first attention. For evening at home, or concert wear, it is both charming and appropriate, brightening up and utilising many a simple skirt, which otherwise would be consigned to oblivion; for instance, a black crépon skirt, either accordion-pleated or simply finished at the hem with a gathered frill, is raised to the importance of an evening gown by the addition of one or other of the following blouses.

The colour of the blouse we have illustrated is a becoming shade of pink relieved with lines of jet in which the favourite "paillette" is introduced at intervals. A key-note of novelty is struck in the design with peculiarly happy effect, by the tasteful arrangement of the black Chantilly lace veiling the full-frilled basque, thus in a subtle manner breaking the sudden transition from the black skirt to the pale pink silk.

The absence of a belt round the waist has a smart effect, and comfort in wearing is ensured by having the lining close-fitting to the figure. The sleeves are fully pleated at the shoulder and form a puff to the first row of jet, thence to the wrist they fit exactly to the arm.

AN EVENING BLOUSE.

By Messrs. Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W.
(Photographed from life by Walery & Co., Regent Street, W.)



AN ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR A WALKING-DRESS.

For another a beautifully-shaded silk was used, the lovely "green of the tender leaves but newly born," and palest mauve with a shimmer of silvery white, successfully effected a fascination of colour which was increased by the handsome insertion of Nottingham lace—a good example of the charming way of utilising one of the "home industries" which now deservedly holds its own in the competition with foreign manufacture — see sample.

One row of this lace crossed the figure back and front, forming a square; a second was placed three inches below, following the same line but passing beneath the arms. The silk was drawn into fulness, at the waist and neck, and finished with a high collar-band encircled with lace. The sleeves, arranged in a large puff at the shoulder, trimmed at intervals with insertion put on horizontally, fitted tightly from a little above the elbow to the wrist. A plain silk waistband confined the waist.

For very young girls nothing could be prettier than the simple Surah silk blouse, in bright colours—yellow, heliotrope, green or red, becomingly made "gigot" sleeves, and large square collar edged with a narrow frill, finished at the neck with a folded tie and rosette.

New Year's Gifts.

In the 16th century there was a quaint custom prevalent, which is not altogether extinct in our own times, of giving gloves as New Year's gifts; "but being more expensive than all could afford to purchase, money was given instead, which was called glove money."

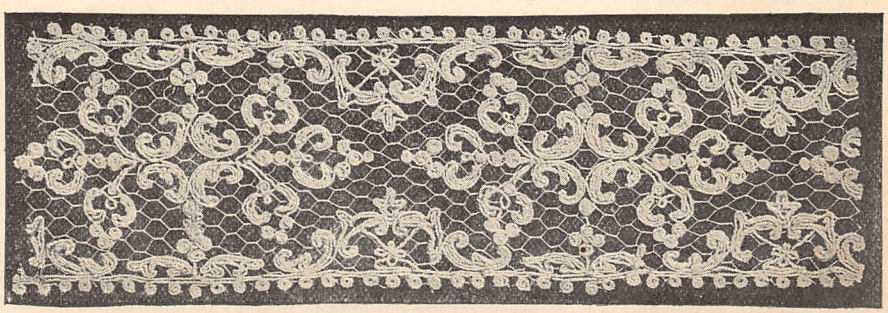
This latter clause, however, does not apply in this 19th century, as no considerable outlay is required to ensure a charming present, whether it takes the form of glove of Suède, kid, or chevrette, or hosiery with its delicate colouring, following in every instance for evening wear the same tone of colour as the gloves and ribbons or ornamentation of the dress. The fan, too, is almost as necessary an adjunct to the evening dress of young ladies as that of the Spanish beauty. A favourite design in them is a group of miniatures; another, large flowers hand-painted in natural colourings, and in many instances the irrepressible "paillette" appears.

The hair, although dressed simply in a high coil, and waved in front and brushed upwards from the forehead—which in the case of high foreheads is softened by a few stray ringlets—is always graced with an ornamental comb or pin, or tiny coronet of twisted velvet worn across the upper part of the coil of hair, with a dainty butterfly bow of lace, in the centre of which nestles a scintillating ornament, the whole design minute and graceful, befitting the youth of the wearer.

Another pretty gift is the lace cravat, which adds a charm to the plain collar of either blouse or bodice, and is often an accompaniment to a cape of velvet and fur. The lace is folded to the width of two or three inches around the neck, and finished in flat-pleated ends drawn through a paste or oriental buckle worn under the chin, the ends standing straight out to right and left in a novel manner.

Costumes of To-day.

The varying climate of our country is proverbial. To-day Boreas challenges us to a brisk walk wrapped in our warmest garments and furs; to-morrow brings a west wind and rain showers, or an east wind with accompanying fog. A costume to suit all weathers has long exercised the brain of the ingenious, with what success the following original costume will illustrate. It is designed by the tailor of a West End firm noted for his excellent "cut." The material employed, of warm woollen texture, is reversible, on the one side



NOTTINGHAM LACE.
(*From a photograph.*)

AN HISTORICAL COSTUME FOR A BAZAAR DRESS.

plain blue, and the reverse showing lines of red at intervals. The skirt is gored into the waist in front where it sets quite plainly, and fully pleated into the back. The long coat reaching to the knee is cut at the back without a centre seam, and finished with a box pleat—a style much worn at present — with ample sleeves cut "gigot" shape. In front the coat is turned back with long revers, opening over a waistcoat bodice made in warm fancy cloth of a contrasting colour and cut double-breasted. This waistcoat is seamed under the arms into a plain, tight-fitting silk back; the sleeves of silk are finished at the wrist with deep cuffs of cloth, in shape like a gentleman's shirt cuff, lined with fine wool lining, and is complete as described. The skirt and jacket are so exquisitely finished at the seams that the whole costume—herein lies the novelty—is capable of being wholly reversed and worn with red lines revealed, thus adding a warmth and cheerfulness to the costume if worn on a dull grey day.

I will describe one or two costumes for young ladies commencing with the design illustrated. Seven yards of material forty-six inches wide will be required, and six and a half yards of narrow mink fur. The skirt is gored into the waist in front and put into fulness at the back, forming two flute-shaped pleats ; this will necessitate a lining in the centrepiece of material either of book-muslin or even horsehair. The width of the skirt at the hem should measure three and a quarter yards, made to clear the ground by two or three inches. The fur trimming is sewn one inch from the edge and headed with a line of jet.

The coat is cut tight-fitting to a little below the waist line and made slightly double-breasted, opening out with large revers ; a double basque cut on the curve is sewn on to the bodice with a tiny piping and the edges ornamented with jet. The back of the jacket is cut without a seam in the centre ; thus, the lining is made with a seam, and after being well pressed with an iron the crease seen in the material is tacked to the lining exactly on the seam, then damped and ironed to shrink it to the line of the figure at the waist, from whence it continues to the edge of basque as a single box-pleat, underneath which the basque can be neatened.

A deep collar, opening at the shoulders where it meets the front revers, is cut slightly drooping to the centre of the back, and an edging of fur and jet is carried around both, as in the plate.

For the under-bodice, the blouse illustrated on p. 150 would be a pretty design made in the material, but finished at the waist with a belt in lieu of the frill. A becoming addition would be a line of fur around the yoke, which might be of velvet.

The hat is of beaver trimmed jet pins, jetted quill feathers and watered silk ribbon.

Another graceful gown in shades of brown, with the skirt cut as described above, has each seam ornamented with a scroll design in narrow ribbon, sewn on with jet beads in groups of three. At the hem the design is seven inches wide, tapering to a point as it nears the waist. The bodice has a yoke of material of which also the pointed sleeve epaulettes are made with the design in jet and ribbon repeated. The bodice from this yoke to the waist is made in moiré silk, turned into three box-pleats back and front with a shaped belt finished at the left side with a rosette of bows.

An original skating costume design will be published in our February Magazine.

Fifteenth Century Design for a Bazaar Dress.

Describing the costume of the fifteenth century an authority states that "the bodice of this date—1465—was worn longer waisted than previously, and the corsage opened down to it, and displayed the stomacher, above which again was seen the gorget or chemisette."* The sleeves were made close-fitting to the arm and terminated at the wrist in a deep hoof-shaped cuff of velvet to correspond with the revers or braces on the bodice. A broad belt encircled the waist, in some instances ornamented with jewels. The skirt was cut to fit plainly around the hips and made with ample fulness at the back, bordered at the hem with a deep band of velvet, or in some instances miniver, which also appeared on the bodice and composed the cuff. The skirt was trained to an absurd length and caught up at one side, thus revealing a short under-skirt of rich material in some shade of contrasting colour to the over-dress. The shoes appear with little or no heel, and were broad at the instep, where they fastened with a strap, and terminated at the toe in a long point.

The "Hennin," or conical head-dress, a fashion imported from Flanders, was an erection of either silk, brocade, or lawn, with velvet coronet across the forehead, fastened with jewels at either side. A voluminous veil of delicate and transparent texture hung suspended from the head-dress at the back. The hair,

* Planché—Dict. Cost.

to be historically correct, should be entirely concealed beneath the head-dress, and only a tiny plaited tress appear in the centre of the forehead.

I will suggest the colours for the accompanying illustration (p. 152): bodice and over-skirt in yellow-green cashmere, bordered with shot black and dark grey velvet, repeated in the revers and cuffs; a stomacher of black velvet; lawn chemisette; the belt and under-skirt of deep red or shot red and yellow velvet; black shoes.

This costume could be worn at a Mediæval-Costume Bazaar.

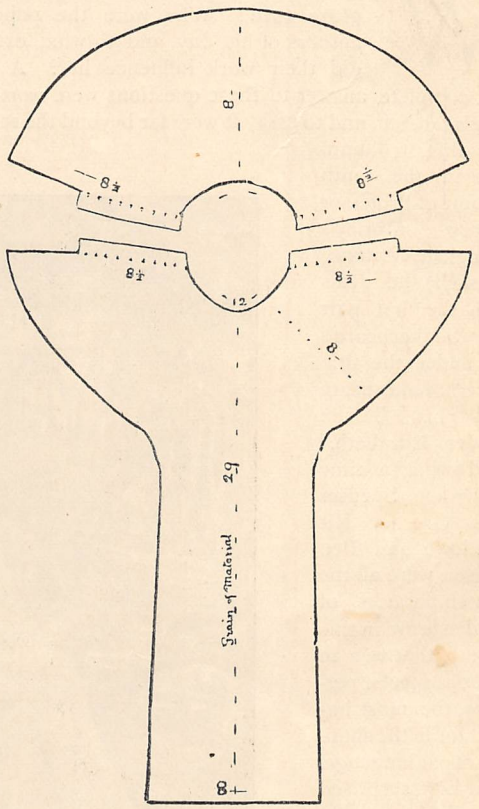
Children's Coats.

The simplicity of the styles now prevalent for out-door wear for the little ones enables a clever mother to arrange a charming and often quaint little coat and hood with her own deft fingers.

The coats pleated into a yoke and worn with double shoulder capes are still first favourites, made in to-day's colourings—viz., watercress-green or beetroot-red cloth, and trimmed with either mink or beaver fur; also red-violet velvet and ermine for wee children of three years.

A pretty sleeve is full from the shoulder to the wrist, with a narrow wrist-band and the fulness drawn into the arm-hole with several runnings. The coat is double-breasted and turned back with small revers. An epaulette frill completes the sleeve, and forms a stylish collar; at the back the coat hangs down in a loose sacque. A three-cornered hat ornamented with rosettes is worn with this coat, which would be a very becoming style for a child of seven.

CHILD'S COAT.



DETAILS OF CHILD'S COAT.

We illustrate a coat for a child of six years. White lamb's wool cloth, trimmed with beaver fur and beaver-coloured velvet rosettes are the materials chosen, the same being used for the little hood. Stockings, shoes, and gloves to match the velvet in colour.

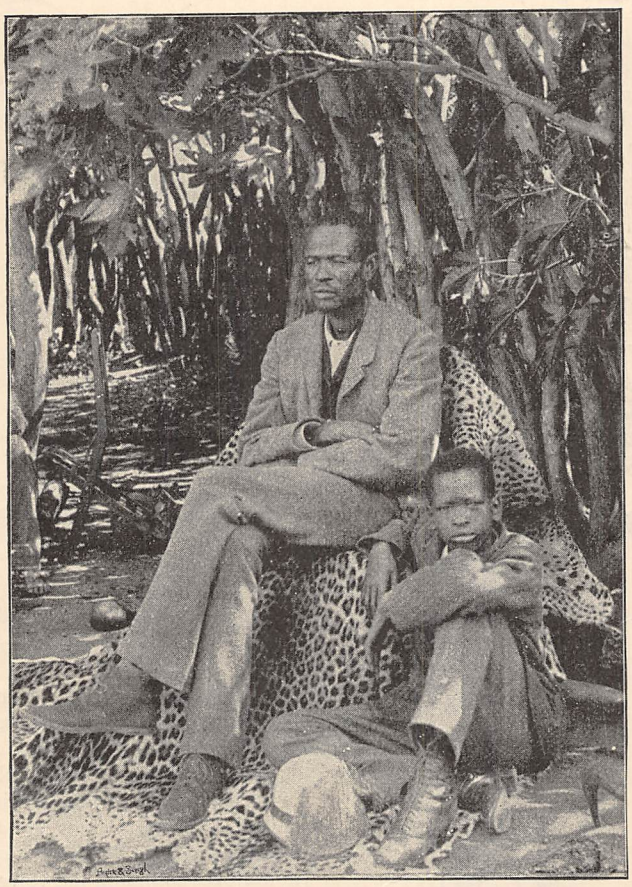
The coat is simply cut full to a V-shaped yoke, the back formed into a double box-pleat. The overcape is lined with sarcenet and sewn in with the coat to the neck-band, also fixed in places down the centre of the front, but *invisibly*; it then crosses to the left shoulder, where it is fastened underneath the rosettes, thus forming a double-breasted garment.

Children's hosiery, in a beautiful gradation of colouring, notably tan colours, adds to the charm of their outfits, and the high boots, laced well up the legs, are worn in shades to match the gloves. A. L. G.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence each (and for one shilling in the case of the child's coat). Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

A GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND.

WHOSE were the books that Shakespeare read? Who were the popular authors of his day, and to what extent did their work influence his? A full and complete answer to these questions were worth a king's ransom, and to essay it were far beyond the scope of this column. But in the tenth volume of Professor Henry Morley's "English Writers" (Cassell), he deals with the first part of Shakespeare's life under the title of "Shakespeare and his Time: Under Elizabeth." And what a time that was! Spenser and Greene, Kit Marlowe and Ben Jonson were all the contemporaries of Shakespeare in this period, that was in some respects, perhaps, the most important in the shaping of our language. And how surprised those writers would have been could they have forecast posterity's judgment, and learned that probably what even students most prize in Greene is that satirical reference, in his deathbed writing, to Shakespeare! With most of them all that we chiefly esteem in them is the accident that they lived and wrote in Shakespeare's day. We search their papers and study the—often petty—stories of their lives for a chance reference to the greatest of their contemporaries, and now it will be possible for even the least learned among us to do so under the guidance of Professor Morley.



KING KHAMA AND HIS SON.

(*From a photograph taken for the Paris Society for Evangelical Missions, reproduced in "The Story of Africa."*)

Someone called Miss Olive Schreiner's "Dreams" "lyrical prose," and no other term would so fitly describe her "Dream Life and Real Life," which Mr. Fisher Unwin has added to his "Pseudonym Library." The three little sketches which make up this briefest volume of the series all stand apart from one another. Even Miss Schreiner rarely drew a more weirdly pathetic picture than that of the little South African wanderer, in the first story, dreaming her pretty dream again and again, and waking to the hard facts of her present plight. The tragic ending of the little tale is powerful, but this one touch is more so. "The Woman's Rose" and "The Policy in Favour of Protection," which make up the volume with "Dream Life and Real Life," are strong sketches too, but by its side they are slight and less real.—From South Africa to Tonquin would be a long journey under any other conditions than those which rule the "Pseudonym Library"; but there it is quite a matter of ordinary sequence, so one is hardly surprised to find that the next volume to Miss Schreiner's is "The Home of the Dragon," a Tonquinese Idyll, by Anna Catharina, which is both picturesque and vivid.

The "posthumous works" of a great writer must always partake to a greater or less extent of the nature of *obiter dicta*. And of an *obiter dictum* it may be said that while it "whether it be wise or foolish, right or wrong, bindeth none—not even the lips that utter it," it very probably represents and expresses the proverbial "first thought" on the subject under review. A thousand and one considerations of policy and expediency may weigh with the author against the publication of these thoughts *at the time*. But when, after the writer's death, these more or less complete fragments of good work fall into the hands of a judicious

editor, there is much to be said for their publication, and little against it, provided the reader always clearly understands that the work is but what its author regarded as the beginning of more finished writing. Here before us, for instance, is another volume of "De Quincey's Posthumous Works," edited by Dr. A. H. Japp and published by Mr. William Heinemann. The chief ornament and pride of the volume is undoubtedly the essay on "Conversation and Coleridge," which gives its title to the work. The picture with which it concludes of the effects on the sensitive little lad of his father's sudden death and his own transplanting to Christ's Hospital is a wonderful piece of writing. "Pope and Didactic Poetry" is another essay one would not have willingly let die, and the whole work is one to be commended to all students not of De Quincey alone but of English literature.

Appropriately dressed in a heliotrope cover there comes from Mr. Fisher Unwin "Princess Heliotrope: or Peter Stummel and the Magic Cherries," the latest, but not the least, of this season's contributions to fairy literature. The author is Pynx Graph, and his story is illustrated by Gertrude Trotter. Both story and illustrations are so full of quaintness and originality that this unambitious little book is sure to please. And when we quote from the ending of the tale that "Peter married the Princess, and in time, when the King and Queen died, Peter and the Princess Heliotrope reigned in their stead; and in their day there was nothing but peace, and honour, and happiness in their kingdom," we have shown enough to prove that here is a fairy tale of the good old kind that was popular when the world was young—and that will make the old world young again.

Africa has been so much to the fore in our newspapers and thoughts of late, that a special interest attaches to the second volume of "The Story of Africa" (Cassell), edited by Dr. Robert Brown. In the chapter on "The Crossers of Africa" particular reference is made in this volume to that portion of the Continent which has the greatest interest for British readers just now, and from that chapter we have borrowed a portrait of King Khama, about whom and his "friendlies" so much has been heard of late. The work, as a whole, is full of incident, and the tale of the gradual opening up of the continent is well told and admirably illustrated, largely from photographs.

The great World's Fair at Chicago is hardly likely to be soon forgotten. If it were, there is a memorial of it now being published in serial form by the Bancroft Co. of Chicago, under the title of "The Book of the Fair," which makes a memento of it such as we have never seen of any similar exhibition. Everything that good paper and printing, and the most exhaustive description and perfect illustrations can do have been done to make this work a complete and worthy souvenir. To those readers who visited the Fair the work will serve as a fund of recollection, while to those who were disappointed of the trip, its pages show the glories of the great gathering on a truly comprehensive scale.

An amusing little work of peculiar interest to gentlemen is published by Mr. L. Upcott Gill, under the title of "The Mysteries, Secrets and Whole Art of an Easy Shave." It is professedly designed "to alleviate the sufferings of mankind," and some of its hints are so practical and full of common-sense that the little book seems well calculated to achieve its purpose.

On the threshold of a new year diaries have a special and commanding interest for everybody. And the wants of all classes are surely met in Letts's Diaries for 1894, published by Messrs. Cassell. The varied sizes and forms of the commercial and office diaries commend them to men of business. Special diaries are prepared to meet the peculiar wants of the clergy, of doctors, and of housekeepers. Other special diaries are "the ladies'" and "the gentlemen's," both very compact and excellently turned out. —"The Professional Pocket-Book" (Rudall, Carte & Co.) is a daily and hourly engagement diary for the year in three handy parts. The plan followed in its arrangement is that adopted by the late Sir Julius Benedict.

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A New Cash Recorder.

The "Champion" cash register which we illustrate is intended to replace the ordinary till where money is

paid for goods sold, and to record the purchase, thus preventing overcharges on the part of the salesman. The machine is only nine inches square at the base and stands on the counter. In a central oval space the amount of the purchase is written in figures, which can be seen by the customer at a glance. Each assistant has his own register, and it is therefore possible to fix any error on the proper person.

Buildings of Steel.

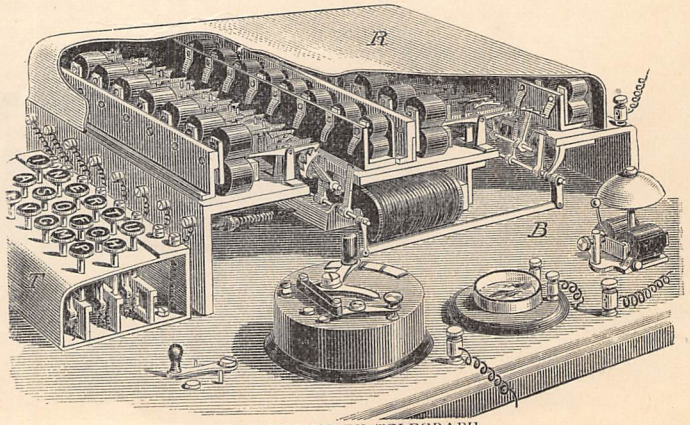
Large buildings such as churches, schools, and colleges are now constructed of iron and steel, and they can be made of handsome appearance. Strength is obtained by making the walls double, and the air of the hollow interior acts as a non-conductor of heat. Such buildings are easily put up and taken down, and they are well adapted for an earthquake country. Moreover, the hollow walls admit of electric wires and pipes being run to any part of the house.

Type-Setting by Telegraph.

The type-printing telegraphs hitherto in use have corresponded to the "single-handed" type-writers; but Mr. Donald Murray, of Sydney, New South Wales, has introduced a new apparatus, which corresponds to the "double-handed" typewriter, and admits of about double the speed of transmission: that is to say, some eighty words a minute. Moreover, the same instrument serves as a long-distance typewriter, a type-setting machine, and an electrical piano. The apparatus is illustrated in the accompanying figure, and without entering into details we may state that when one of the transmitting keys, T, seen on the left is depressed by the operator, a particular combination of electric currents, positive and negative, is sent into the telegraph wire. In passing through the receiving apparatus at the other end of the line (a duplicate of which, R, is attached to the transmitter and forms the body of the figure) these currents excite an electro-magnet corresponding to the key and actuate the proper printing type. There are thirty-two transmitting keys and thirty-two receiving types, as well as a call-bell, B, and other auxiliary devices which we need not specify. The message is printed in ink on a travelling strip of paper, as in the ordinary Hughes typewriter, so largely used on the Continent and at home. Obviously such an apparatus can also be used as a typewriter at a distance, and, indeed, to work any keyboard instrument such as a piano or type-setter. It is, therefore, within the bounds of possibility that a reporter, say in Parliament, will be able to discard his shorthand notes and set up a speech in type as he listens to it.

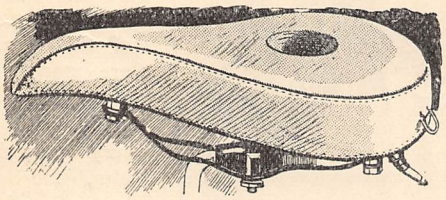
A Pneumatic Cycle Saddle.

For the greater comfort of the cyclist a pneumatic saddle has been introduced, which we illustrate herewith. The saddle is composed of indiarubber membrane, covered with leather, and inflated by the tube



TYPE-SETTING BY TELEGRAPH.

and valve shown under the seat. It weighs only 1¼ lbs., which is less than the ordinary saddle, and it affords a soft, steady, and secure seat. While upon this subject, we may add that Mr. William Doig



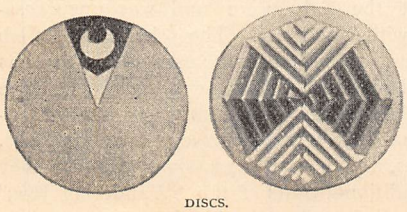
has endeavoured to obviate the drawbacks of the pneumatic tyre in cycles by introducing a pneumatic hub instead. His idea is that the pneumatic principle is more correctly applied at the hub : in short, that the axle of the wheel, not the flange, should be cushioned in air. By the pneumatic hub he expects to get an equal speed and comfort from the machine, and to treble its duration.

The Phonograph in Schools.

The Edison phonograph, which has been used with good effect in preserving aboriginal languages now dying out, and, according to Dr. Garner, in registering the speech of the lower animals, particularly of monkeys and gorillas, has now been adopted in some American schools to assist in teaching languages. A number of pupils may record their lessons on the cylinders one after another. These can be examined by the teacher at his leisure. Similarly the teacher may record a lesson on the phonograph, which the pupils can hear and study while he is otherwise engaged ; and in the same way he can verify the recorded speech. It is easy to see how foreign languages can be self-taught in this way, by using a proper series of graduated exercises. By means of the flexible tubes as many as thirty pupils can be instructed from the same phonograph. Apparently there is a future before this method of tuition.

A Reflecting Kaleidoscope.

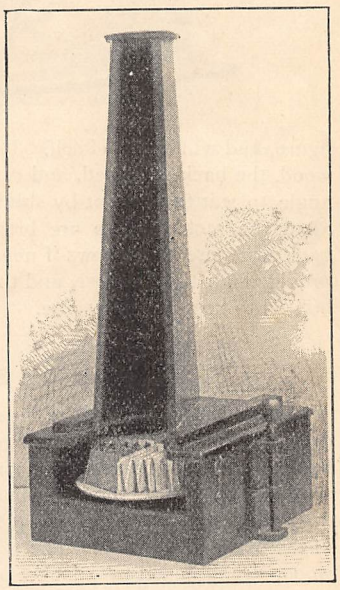
A great improvement has been made in the kaleidoscope, that interesting device for pleasing the eye with changing patterns of divers colours. Mr. John Gorham, M.R.C.S., has invented a reflecting form of the instrument, which gives a surprising number of the most beautiful combinations with simple arrangements of coloured paper or the petals of flowers. As shown in the illustration, it consists of a mahogany box containing a disc having coloured objects of angular or other forms placed upon it. A kind of funnel half open and lined with two mirrors, rises from the box, and the observer looks down the funnel through the eyehole at the objects while he slowly rotates them by turning the peg. The eye sees the objects and also five reflections of them, forming an intricate and beautiful figure which keeps changing while the peg is turned. Further varieties of tint and form are given by inserting a second disc in the line of sight at the base of the funnel.



DISCS.
(A REFLECTING KALEIDOSCOPE.)

Hot Disinfectants.

MM. Chamberland and Fernbach, two well-known French *savants*, have recently found that disinfecting solutions of hypochloride of soda, chloride of lime, and peroxide of oxygen are much more effective when applied at temperatures of 40° to 50° Cent. (104° to 122° Fah.). This agrees with a prior observation of Heider for disinfectants in general. The Frenchmen, however, have also discovered that microbes are more easily destroyed by disinfectants when they are in a moist condition, and they suggest that the walls of a room should be sprayed with water before applying the disinfectant. A cheap practical disinfectant recommended by them is made by "drawing" one part by weight of chloride of lime with ten parts of water and diluting the clear extract with ten times its volume of water.



A REFLECTING KALEIDOSCOPE.

Intelligence and Weight in Children.

It appears, from measurements made in the public schools of St. Louis, U.S.A., that on an average the clever children are also the heaviest and tallest, besides having the widest chests and largest heads. In short, a good physique and a good mind generally go together ; but not always. Moreover, the difference in point of body between the clever and the dull children increases as they grow older. It follows that if a child is below the average weight for its age it should only be moved into a higher standard at school after it has undergone a physical examination, to see if its strength will be equal to the increased strain.

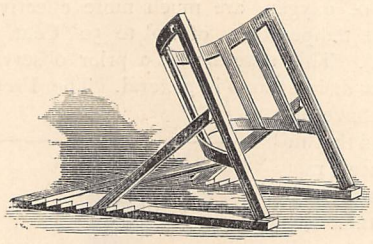
A Telautograph Exchange.

In a former GATHERER we explained the principle of the telautograph, or far-writer, of Mr. Elisha Gray,

the well-known American inventor. The apparatus has now been perfected, and a telautograph exchange, on the model of a telephone exchange, has been opened in Chicago, by which the subscribers will be able to correspond with one another by letters sent through the wire instead of through the post. The sender simply writes, in pencil, on a desk transmitter, and an autograph copy, or fac-simile, is at the same time written in ink at the other end of the wire by the receiver.

A New Bed-Rest.

A bed-rest for invalids, especially the convalescent in cases of heart disease and dropsy, is shown in the



figure, and will explain itself. It is constructed of light wood, the back is curved, and can be inclined to any angle to suit the patient by shifting the hinged props along the rack. There are brass buttons round the back to secure the pillows if need be by strong tapes provided for the purpose, and the wood can be carbolised to keep it wholesome.

The Malay Fire Syringe.

Mr. F. W. Rudler, of the Museum of Geology, has drawn attention to a "fire syringe" for producing fire by the sudden compression of air which Mr. H. Louis, a mining engineer, found a young Malay using in the district of the River Teluban, at the south-eastern end of the Malay Peninsula. The syringe is made of hard wood, strengthened by a jacket of plaited rattan cane, and about two and a half inches long. The tube tapers a little towards the closed end; and a piston of hard wood, packed round with string, is suddenly driven into it. A small piece of tinder with which the disked bottom of the piston is primed thereby catches fire, and on being withdrawn is blown to brightness. The tinder is kept in a pouch, made from the skin of a large bean, ready for use.

The Real "Wandering Jew."

The "Wandering Jew" of mediæval folk-lore had different names in different countries; for example, Cartaphilus, Ahasuerus, and Isaac Laquedem. According to one account the Wanderer had been doorkeeper in the house of Pilate, and had struck our Saviour when He entered it, at the same time ordering Him to hurry. According to another account he was a shoemaker, who had been present at the Crucifixion. In either version, however, he had been commanded to wander

THE REAL WANDERING JEW.—FIG. 1.

and live on until the second Advent. That some real foundation existed for the legend can scarcely be doubted, and several old pictures of the Wanderer are extant. Fig. 1 is a copy of a seventeenth century portrait of him, the oldest known, and now in the Munich Library. Fig. 2 represents a sketch now in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, which was made at Avignon where the original was seen on April 22nd, 1784. A clue to the mystery has apparently been discovered by Dr. Henry Miege, of Paris, in a peculiar nervous affection which exists among certain Jews from a district on the frontiers of Germany, Poland, and Austria. Several cases of this disorder, or "neuropath voyageurs," have been treated of recent years at the Salpêtrière Hospital, Paris, to which the fame of the late Dr. Charcot had attracted them. They were all young men, but looked nearly double their age, and were afflicted with a nervous craving for travel which was found to be incurable. Figs. 3 and 4 are portraits of two subjects: one, Moses B——, a Polish Jew of Warsaw, 38 years old. He was educated in a Russian school by the military authorities, and on being pressed to abjure his religion, fled the country. He was then only sixteen years of age, and ever since he wandered from one country to another. At Buda-Pesth he married and tried to settle down, but the impulse to travel led him and his family of three children to Jerusalem, where he left them and resumed his solitary wanderings over Europe, visiting England among other countries and trying to find a remedy for his disease, but all in vain. In 1892 he arrived at the Salpêtrière and was unsuccessfully treated with electricity. The other is, Gottlieb M——, a Jew, of Wilna, 42 years old, who has also travelled over the Continent seeking a cure for his malady. These wanderers speak several languages, are shabbily dressed, with long unkempt locks, wrinkled faces, and a sad expression. In fact, they exhibit the traditional traits of the "Wandering Jew," and Dr. Miege infers that the old legend has arisen

THE REAL WANDERING JEW.—FIG. 2.

from similar cases in the past, which have probably been confounded with one another.

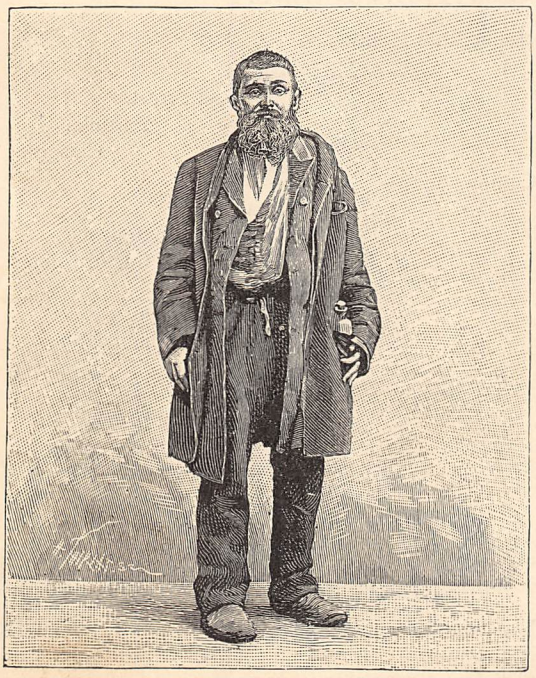
Railway Progress.

We have already mentioned in the GATHERER that steps have been taken to build an electric railway between St. Louis and Chicago, on which the trains shall attain a speed of 120 miles an hour. It has recently been proposed to emulate this project by the mono-rail system of Lartigue, the carriages being supported from a single rail elevated above the ground on trestles. Probably this will be a form of express travelling in the future, whether by steam or electricity. In connection with this subject we may refer to the new "man-catcher," which has been tried successfully on the street cars and electric railway in Brooklyn, New York. The device, which is intended to prevent persons being run over, is a modification of the American "cow-catcher," and consists of an iron frame fitted with wire netting, and air-cushions on spiral springs, which hangs in front of the car to within a couple of inches of the rails. A pedestrian overtaken unawares by the car is simply thrown backwards into the net, and suffers no injury but a slight shock.

Where is the Moon's Atmosphere?

It is a well-ascertained fact that the moon has little or no atmosphere, and as it probably had one, like other planetary bodies, at some former time, the question is: What has become of it? Quite recently Sir Robert Ball suggested that the particles of gas forming the moon's atmosphere have gradually bounded off into space, or stolen away until comparatively few or none are left. This ingenious theory offers the best explanation yet advanced, and it also leads us to surmise that our own atmosphere has been losing particles in the same way from time immemorial. In fact, there is a prospect that millions of years hence the earth will have no atmosphere to speak about, if by that time it has not fallen into the sun or been annihilated by a comet! We should add that Sir Robert Ball's ideas on the moon's atmosphere are not quite novel, as they were set forth by Mr. S. Tolver Preston fifteen years ago: but they have recently borne fruit in other minds, and the hypothesis is now well established.

THE REAL WANDERING JEW.—FIG. 4.



THE REAL WANDERING JEW.—FIG. 3.

The Algonkin Park.

The Canadians, following the good example of their neighbours south of the line, have set apart for ever a tract of primeval forest as a natural park and preserve for wild animals, plants, and trees. The Algonkin Park, as it is called, is forty miles square, and situated in the north-west of Ontario, at the "height of land" where a large number of rivers take their rise from lakes and ponds among the hills. The scenery is very picturesque, and the climate is dry and healthy; there are fragrant forests of pine and cedar, mineral springs, and opportunities of exercise, so that when hotels have been built and a railway opened to it, the park is likely to become a valuable sanatorium. The naturalist will there have an opportunity of studying primeval forms of vegetation, which are fast disappearing in the settled parts of Canada.

NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

IN continuation of the new series of competitions, open to all readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, commenced last month, we announce three further competitions, subject to the General Regulations, published on page 80 of our December number.

HOLIDAY PROGRAMME COMPETITION.—We offer two prizes, of Two Guineas and a Guinea respectively, for the best and second-best programme for a Summer or Autumn Holiday Tour of not less than ten days or more than a fortnight in duration, starting from any place in the United Kingdom. The programme must not be more than 500 words in length, and the cost (details of which must be given) of the proposed tour must not exceed Ten Pounds for each person. Special value will attach to the originality and economy of the suggested tour. Each MS. must be legibly written, on one side of the paper only, and must be signed by the author, and countersigned in accordance with No. 4 of the General Regulations. March 1st, 1894, is the latest date for receiving MSS., each of which must have inscribed on the wrapper enclosing it the words "Holiday Programme Competition."

DETECTIVE STORY COMPETITION.—Three Prizes, of Five Guineas, Four Guineas, and Three Guineas respectively, are offered for the best, second-, and third-best DETECTIVE STORIES, suitable for publication in this Magazine. Each MS. must be legibly written, on one side of the paper only, must be not less than 3,000 or more than 5,000 words in length, and must comply in every respect with the requirements of the General Regulations, published in our December number. Attached to each MS. must be, in addition to the declaration required by the General Regulations, a short outline of the plot of the story, not to exceed 400 words in length. May 1st, 1894, is the latest date for receiving MSS. The words, "Detective Story Competition," must be inscribed on the wrapper enclosing each MS.

AMATEUR GARDENING COMPETITION.—Two Prizes of Two Guineas and One Guinea respectively, are offered for the best and second-best Six Rose Blooms grown by the sender. Each competitor must send three Tea-roses and three Hybrids, each set of three to be of the same name (for instance, three blooms of Gloire de Dijon, and three of John Hopper), and attached to each set must be a declaration signed by the competitor, and countersigned in accordance with No. 4 of the General Regulations, to the effect that the roses sent were grown entirely by the sender without professional assistance (professional gardeners not being eligible to compete). The six blooms must in each case be packed in a box (preferably of tin), and reach the Editor by the first postal delivery on June 23rd, 1894.

COOKERY RECIPE COMPETITION: AWARD.

THE result of this competition is somewhat disappointing, only twenty-one of our readers having sent in papers; and out of this small number four were disqualified, as they bore no declaration of originality. Of the rest, some were verbatim copies of published recipes of well-known writers, a fact which we much regret; in two cases, had we inadvertently awarded the prizes to the senders, the consequences would have been very unpleasant for all concerned. In some instances, the descriptions of the dishes were too vague to be of the least use to a reader, and but few recipes combined originality with economy. We beg our readers in future to read more carefully, and carry out fully, the rules of the competition. After most careful consideration, we have awarded the

FIRST PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA to
MARY ROEBUCK,
2, Burlington Gardens,
Acton, W.

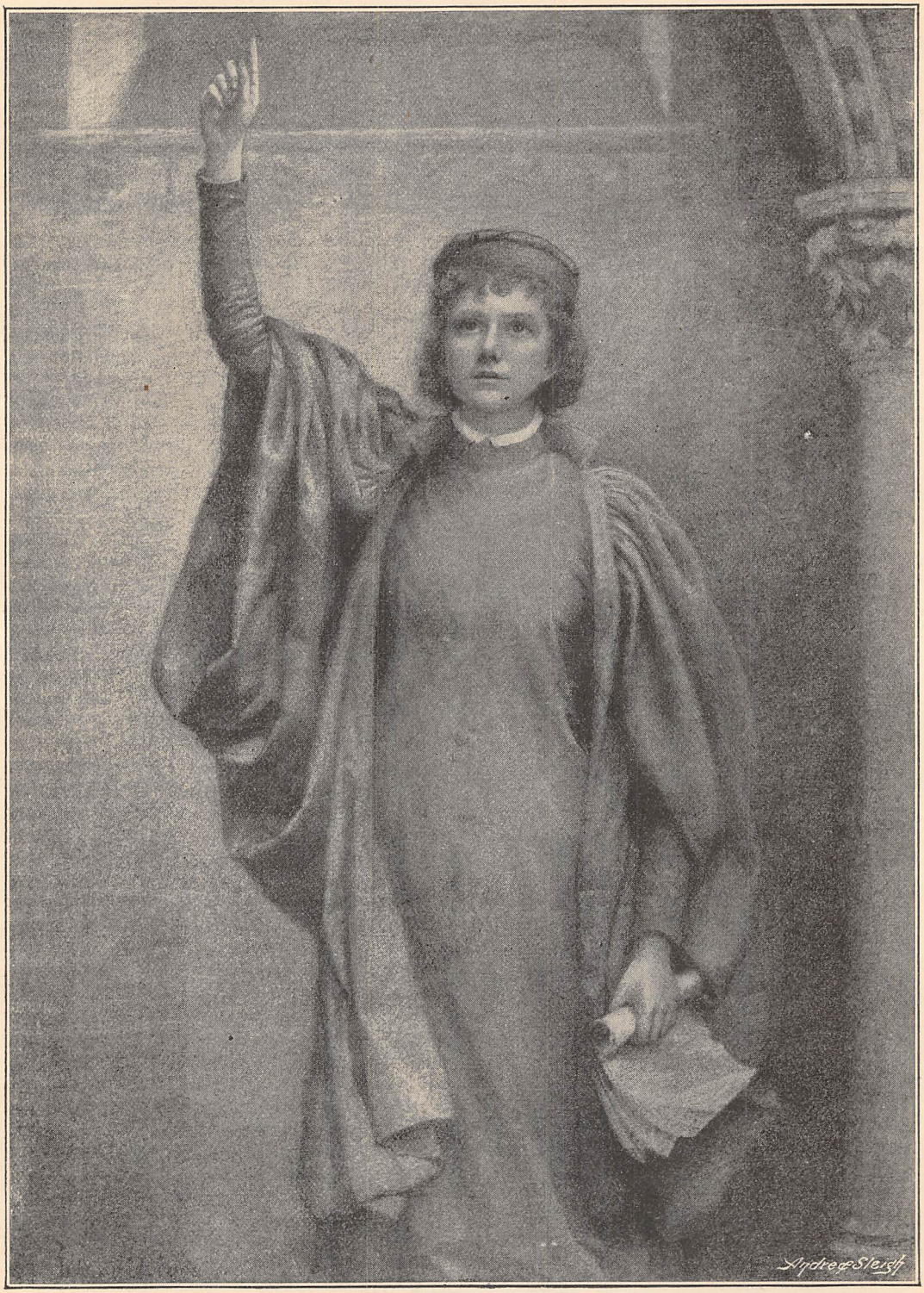
and the SECOND PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA to
Mrs. MARY F. HOWELL,
51, Frederick Road,
Edgbaston,
Birmingham.

Honourable Mention:—
MAY MILLAR,
6, Peel Street,
Partick,
Glasgow.

Commended:—
Mrs. BROADBENT,
Easington,
Castle Eden;
L. CROSS,
Asylum Vicarage,
Caterham Hill,
Surrey;
Mrs. HARTLEY,
The Echo,
Ilkley;
and DOROTHY HARDWICKE,
Mellefont,
Portishead.

THREE-PART STORY COMPETITION.

WE hoped to have published this month the Award in the above Competition, but, as it is not yet completed, we are unable to do so.



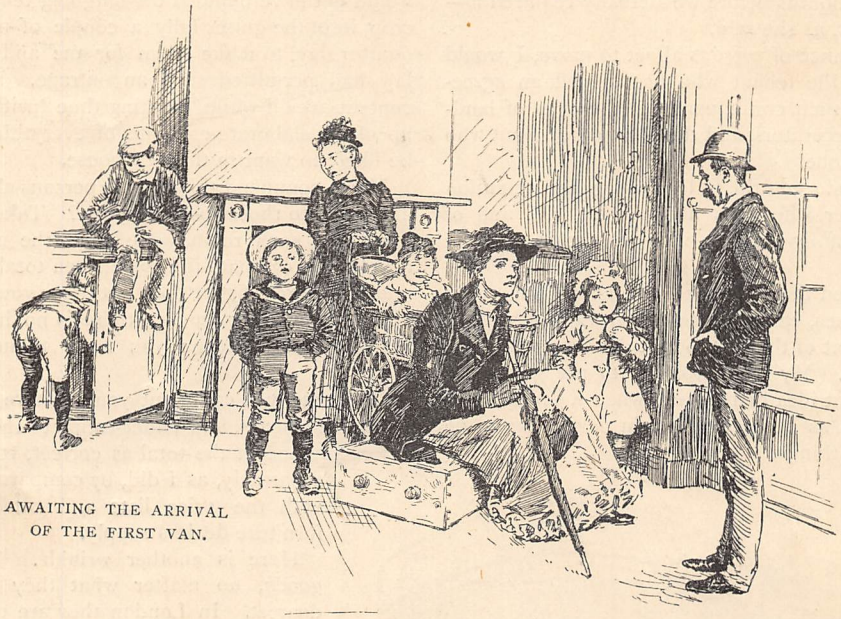
(*From a Drawing by Irlam Briggs.*)

PORTIA.

"*THE QUALITY OF MERCY IS NOT STRAIN'D,*
IT DROPPETH AS THE GENTLE RAIN FROM HEAVEN."

A MOVING STORY.

BY J. HALL RICHARDSON.



AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST VAN.

"UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES."

"WHAT is the matter?"

My friend sat with his head buried in his hands, a look of grim despair upon his face, and his attitude generally suggestive of ill-fortune.

"Matter!" he echoed, "matter enough! I am in the middle of a move. It is the busy time, and at eight o'clock to-night the first van had still to arrive. Goodness knows when we shall be straight."

I smiled sympathetically but complacently. The truth was my own move was a week ahead, and I foolishly imagined that our arrangements were so complete that the prospect was quite rosy—a mere change of occupation and of scene. I know much better now.

Let me look back calmly.

When did the idea of a move first disturb our small, but, until then, contented household? With whom did it originate? You must ask my wife. I should say she would perhaps admit that the first proposal to change our address was made when a certain spring clean revealed the alleged shortcomings of our home. I have myself a distinct recollection of contesting that suggestion, of putting it off, of treating it as a nightmare. But it was not to be shirked. I temporised with my wife, saying—

"A move is a serious business. Three moves, it is said, are as bad as a fire. We may not be able to afford it. Let us wait, say, for a couple of years."

"On one condition," said she promptly—she had evidently thought over the question quietly—"and that is, at the end of the time we go into a larger house."

"I make no such bargain."

"Well, it isn't much use to move into a house of the same size. I would rather stop where I am," she exclaimed petulantly.

"Quite so, my dear."

But there! it was of no use to argue. My wife had made up her mind—not only to move, but to have a larger house, and she has not been disappointed.

We went house-hunting fully eighteen months before the expiration of the two years' truce; but I sternly refused to allow that period to be shortened. On the other hand, at times there were hopes—vain, alas!—that we should have to stay where we were.

I must have worn out two maps of London in searching for an ideal suburb having all the necessary conveniences and time tables, without discovering it. The metropolis is a huge place, but wait until you go on a house hunt, and then you will deem it insignificantly small.

When at last the neighbourhood was determined upon, certain building estates were explored. Of course we wanted a modern house; but the builders, since the failure of building societies, seemed to have entered into a league not to let their houses, but to sell them only to would-be tenants.

Some of these landlords were so off-hand as to refuse, not merely to entertain offers, but even to take the trouble to answer our letters.

However, we did find a landlord ultimately who was not unreasonable, and the house hunt ended in our fixing upon a villa. I pass over the point that my wife prevailed upon me to sign an agreement for its tenancy three months before we actually required it—just to secure it, as she said.

For the guidance of persons about to move, I would just hint that the tenant who has signed an agreement is not of such consequence in the eyes of landlords, agents, decorators, and the rest as the tenant who has not signed one.

It is the old story of the tailor paying most attention to the customer who does not pay his bill, and of treating disdainfully the man who gives cash without pressure.

I soon realised that a larger house entailed not only larger rates, taxes, etc., and incidental expenses based upon the amount of the rent, but at the outset it meant more furniture. My wife broke it to me gently. I have a very faint idea of how and when a certain sum was mentioned as being well within our means to be spent in "new things."

The thought occurs to me that some reference was made to the want of security attaching to most classes of investment in these days of distrust; and I fancy skilful use was made of the argument that money invested in Consols might just as well be invested in furniture, for all the interest either brought in.

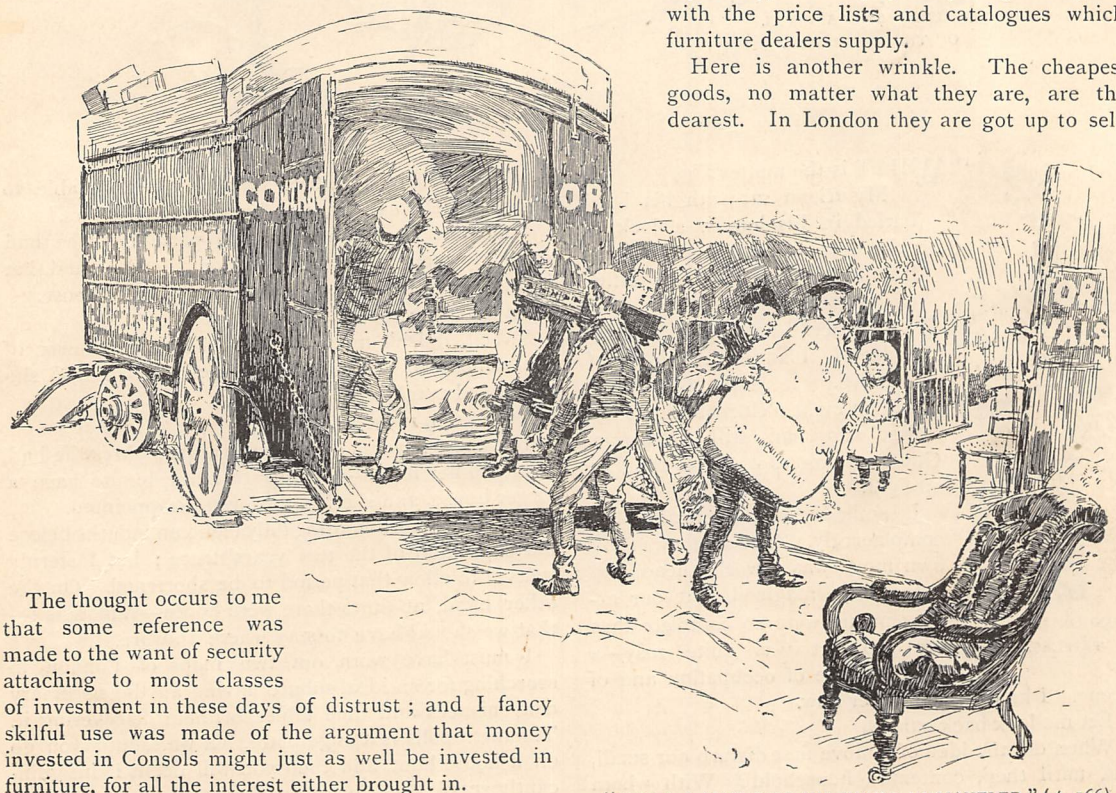
I will let you into a secret. I was wise enough to take my wife's estimate of the cost of the move, and then, quite privately, without her knowledge, to add half as much again to it, for I felt sure that the experiences of my early matrimonial days, when I first discovered that feminine finance is generally weak, would be repeated. I made sure that I had this sum to spare and then awaited events.

Don't conclude that I am blaming the partner of my joys and sorrows. I suppose by this time I had been infected with the moving fever to such a degree that I had reached the same stage as my wife in the insane desire to anticipate matters. I am not sure that I would not have bundled the outgoing tenants neck and crop into the gutter fully a couple of months before quarter day, to make room for me and mine, if the law had permitted such an outrage. But I had to content myself while "beating time" with the drawing up of an elaborate estimate of everything we should be likely to want in the new house.

May I commend this plan to persons about to marry, as well as to those about to move? Take a book, give a page to each room, write down the name of each article, and estimate the cost. Then total up the whole, and if the gross figure does not deter you at once from either marrying or moving, there is no hope for you; nothing can dissuade you from taking that fatal step.

Of course, you can paint your picture in bright but deceptive colours, and under-estimate the prices; but before you accept the total as correct, verify the items separately, as I did, by comparing the figures with the price lists and catalogues which furniture dealers supply.

Here is another wrinkle. The cheapest goods, no matter what they are, are the dearest. In London they are got up to sell.



"WHEN A MAN SEES HIS HOUSE DISMANTLED" (*p.* 166).

If they were plain and inexpensive they would not be such a bad bargain, but they are frequently flashy and trashy imitations of a superior article. It is all show and no wear. As a dealer in the West-End told me—

"The only things one can afford to be careless about in London are textiles. Smoke and dirt will make

silk no better than jute, and it is often economy to buy the latter ; but tables and chairs, which are to last, ought to be good."

There was heart-burning, I am sure, when I compelled my wife to revise her prices by adding fifty per cent. She imagined that I wished to make the move impossible by putting the purchase of new furniture out of the question ; but the result was satisfactory in the end, for economies were effected, after long and earnest consultations as to the articles which might be struck off the list, or placed in reserve to be bought when a favourable opportunity in the dim and distant future should arise.

It was curious how the relative attractions of a coal scuttle and a new picture were pitted one against the other. The coal scuttle came out the winner in the competition. There was something of enjoyment, too, in the realisation that "Necessity is the mother of invention ;" for we hit upon a variety of ways of securing the desired effect at one half the cost, and it is a pleasure to recall the discoveries which were made in this direction by my helpmate.

I would instance one. We had a couch—a good, sound, substantial but Philistine article—a relic of the period when our forefathers had apparently lost all love of beauty of design but not their appreciation of solid wood and workmanship. The couch was too good to sell, in these days, but it would not harmonise with the style of furniture we had selected for our dining-room, which was to be rather Oriental. The problem was what was to be done with the couch, or sofa, as its first owners called it.

My wife solved the difficulty by throwing a Kelim over it, which cost us 16s., and enabled us to strike out of our estimate the item "New couch, £7 10s."—net gain £6 14s.

"MOST OF IT SEEMS OLD LUMBER" (*p.* 166).

I welcomed such expedients, for they were truly economical ; but I shut my ears to the suggestive hint—

"But it is so reasonable."

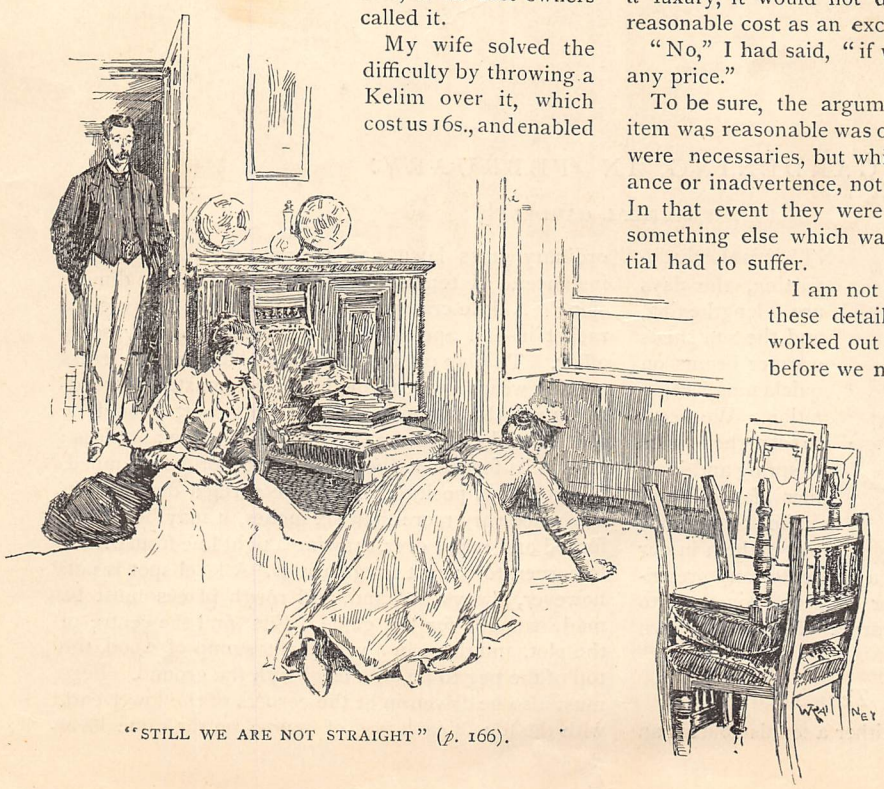
If the article in question duly appeared in our list at a lower price than that quoted to us, it was in my view decidedly not reasonable ; and if the article had been omitted from the list in the first instance as being a luxury, it would not do for my wife to plead its reasonable cost as an excuse for buying it.

"No," I had said, "if we don't want it, it is dear at any price."

To be sure, the argument that such and such an item was reasonable was often applied to articles which were necessaries, but which had been, through ignorance or inadvertence, not been put down in the list. In that event they were bought in due course, but something else which was not so immediately essential had to suffer.

I am not anticipating by entering into these details, for all these points were worked out in theory and on paper long before we moved, and it was because I was so certain as to the correctness of our plans that I felt I could commiserate, in a patronising spirit, the man who had moved, or was in process of moving, at a time when I had personally had no experience of that ordeal.

It was only after the move I found that, even as regards estimated cost, quantities, etc., and indispensable furniture, the



"STILL WE ARE NOT STRAIGHT" (*p.* 166).

original estimate, although it was a guiding star to us, had to be considerably revised and fully ten per cent. added to the total for unforeseen contingencies.

May I enumerate some of them? I pass over the helpless feeling which comes over one when a man sees his house dismantled by pantechnicon men. His household goods appear to be so awfully worn out that it is not surprising to him as he stands at his garden gate, watching the vans being filled, to receive offers from rag and bottle men to buy old lumber. Old lumber! Why, most of it seems old lumber, not worth the cost of removal.

By-and-by it is discovered that these furniture men have done their best to convert most of your property into old lumber. Why else did they blacken your mattresses with their boots? Why did they secretly hide all the keys of your clocks in places which up to this moment are undiscoverable? and why did they forget to remove a score or so of unconsidered trifles, which in themselves are small but in the aggregate require a nice little sum to replace?

I did not trust wholly to the removers. I prided myself on the care with which I went through the empty house to note that nothing of mine was left in it. But such is the difficulty in seeing familiar objects, that I confess I stared at the hat rail in the hall, the tools in the garden, the scraper, the letter-box, etc., etc., without realising that they required to be moved; and, as they were left behind, I have had to buy others since.

Then, carefully mapped out as our plans were in respect to the redecoration of the new house, the refurnishing of a portion of it, and other matters, I frankly avow that none of them went quite right, mainly because, I suppose, we vainly imagined that all the world would busy itself to carry out our behests. Put not your trust in painters, neither in decorators, nor in house furnishers. They all want time. To give them time I kept my old house on for a fortnight, but a fortnight was not enough, and still we are not straight.

My wife has slaved as no member of the working classes will, to put things ship-shape. Order has been evolved out of chaos. I give her all credit. She must have lived on sandwiches and tea for a fortnight. I am afraid to say how many carpets she has laid, how much painting, staining, curtain-hanging, and even upholstering she has got through.

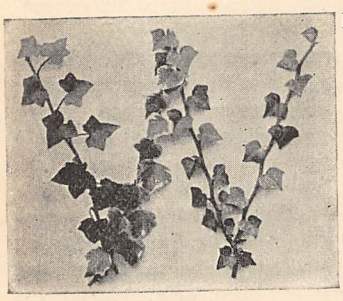
We are of that class who know that "If you want a thing done you must do it yourself," unless you have the money to pay for it. We might have employed a complete house furnisher, but where then would have been that terrible estimate, which up to the present has been our best friend—a species of brake upon the fast coach of extravagance.

Understand me, I do not say that when our labours shall have been completed that the result will not be worth the effort and expenditure, but this I will say, that moving is a frightful trial of one's temper, principle, and pocket. It is not to be lightly embarked upon. A man ought to sit down and count the cost in all respects; and then at the end of it all, you must expect to hear from your best friend the consoling remark—

"Halloa, old fellow, don't you think you have jumped from the frying-pan into the fire? I hear that your new neighbourhood is nothing but a fever trap!"

GARDENING IN FEBRUARY.

BY A PRACTICAL GARDENER.



WINTER is slowly departing, the days are lengthening, and the sun sheds warmer beams on quickening vegetation. We seem to scent the flowers of spring and summer afar off, and make preparations to get them in our gardens. Everyone who has a garden of any pretensions wants a grass lawn for tennis, croquet, or to walk upon—a velvet-pile carpet of Nature's own handiwork.

The Making of a Tennis-Lawn.

This is the month to form either a tennis-court or an ordinary grass lawn, and my remarks apply in both instances. A tennis-court must be of ample dimensions. A little cramped-up lawn, too small to wield a racket in—an apology for a "court"—is a very sorry affair. To play on it is uncomfortable, and the grass quickly wears away, through the feet constantly treading upon the same spot. A tennis-court should be about one hundred feet long and fifty wide: not less; and in its formation the work must not be scamped. Select a level position, and if the surface does not in any place vary more than six inches, it may be simply forked and raked over, drawing a tight line from corner to corner, to correct irregularities. A level spot is not, however, always at hand, and rough places must be made smooth for the game. First find the centre of the plot, and drive in a very stout stump of wood, the top of the peg to be on a level with the ground. Pegs must also be driven in at the corners of the lower end, with the top of each peg, of course, on the same level

as the central stump. This accomplished, dig out a drift from the centre to each of the higher corners of the embryo lawn. At a distance of every six feet drive in pegs, and studiously maintain the same level. Wheel the spare soil to the lower level, spreading it over the ground to the tops of the pegs. This soil must be well trodden down; then proceed to lightly fork up the ground on what was the higher level, and smooth with a straight-edge. The whole business is very simple if carefully done, and an ill-made lawn is a perennial vexation.

I am asked dozens of questions each year about lawns, and the most anxious inquiries are made as to the merit of those formed of turves or seed. Seed is, of course, cheaper; but a lawn formed in this way requires many months to establish before ready to play upon. During the following summer a lawn sown with seed has to contend with drought, birds, and in towns, cats and dogs, marauders that seem to delight in scratching and rolling about on the tender green blades of grass. The use of good turves is strongly advised; and don't spoil the affair for the sake of a few pence. Get decent turves, and well roll and beat them when they have taken root: not before. It is folly to commence "hammering" them down when they are just laid.

HARPALIUM RIGIDUM.

As to cost, one can only deal with the matter generally. Much depends upon the weather and the soil. To form a lawn last year would have cost more than usual, as turves were difficult to either get or lift. If the soil is moderately light, the cost would be about three-halfpence per superficial foot, but it would be twice as much on heavy ground.

Then comes the question of drains, which in nine cases out of ten need not be thought of, but in a stiff clay are essential. Put them six inches deep—not more—and over them place gorse or heather, filling up to the level of the ground with light soil, which should be well rammed down. The subject of weedy lawns will be considered in a future article.

How to Make a Rockery.

It is a happy idea to make a rockery when at work upon the lawn. People will persist in having rockeries. This is a good time to commence, and it is supposed that quite a small affair is to be made. The golden rule is to think more of the plants than the stones, or whatever is used; but eschew bricks coated with cement to make them look like natural stones. The effect is most objectionable to the eye trained to anything approaching artistic perception.

A small rockery should be the home of many pretty Alpine and other plants—flowers that gem high Alpine slopes with colour, masses of gentian like a cloud of blue on the mountain pasture. One may get such things in miniature. Mr. Robinson, in his well-known and delightful work, "The English Flower Garden," says: "The mistake generally made is that of not providing a feeding-place for the roots of the plants. On ordinary rockwork even the coarsest British weeds cannot find a resting-place, because there is no body of soil into which the roots can penetrate and find nourishment sufficient to keep the plant fresh in all weathers." This sums up the whole matter. Lay down the stones in a natural way, and give every plant ample soil. The so-called rockeries in suburban gardens are dreadful affairs—a receptacle for the family

china, while the humble oyster contributes its shell to the general effect. There should be a law against such abominations. The wonder is that even the vigorous little Creeping-Jenny deigns to spread its growth over the surface. Keep the rockery away from trees and damp corners, and let it form part of the garden proper, not a formation for hiding unsightly spots.

The selection of plants will contain things very easily grown, suitable for a small rockery, and nothing will cost more than about one shilling each. These monthly chats are for those who cannot boast of broad parks or acres of garden to indulge their love for flowers. The Prophet Flower (*Arnebia echioides*) may be grown in light soil and on the warmest part of the rockery. Mentioning this plant reminds me of a legendary tale, which, curiously, is not published. Most legends are repeated in books until worn threadbare. This legend was told to a friend by an Indian general. In the Trans-Indus country of our Indian possessions a flower grows wild in great profusion, both in the Peshawur and Eusoofzaie districts. It reminds one of the English cowslip. The natives, who are for the most part Mussulman, call it the "Mohammedic Phwl," signifying "Prophet Flower." The name arose from the great prophet Mahomet, or Mohammed, in his earlier life being compelled to fly to the desert, followed by a band of faithful disciples. Murmurs of discontent arose at the barrenness of their place of refuge. Neither grass grew nor water trickled in that desert spot—cursed by God and forsaken by man. The prophet heard the words of despair and unfaithfulness, and roused himself from his fit of abstraction. He struck his open palm on the parched and burning sand, and there sprang up a plant bearing pleasant-scented flowers, each flower with a dark-coloured spot on each of the five petals. Mahomet then rebuked his murmuring followers.

"See!" said he, "the power of Allah, even in this barren spot, can produce this flower; and cannot he again restore our fortunes and rescue us from our present state of misery?"

The flower is therefore called the Mohammedic Phwl, and the five brown spots, Mussulmans say, are the marks of the thumb and fingers of the prophet's hand.

This is a bright, strong, and free-blooming plant, the spots of dark colour fading with age, leaving a pure golden-yellow petal. The beautiful Milfoils—the double white *Achillea ptarmica* in particular, the yellow-flowered spring Adonis, and the Rock Madwort, that scatters its golden flowers about in early spring, are a charming trio. Then on the rockery, nestling in the more sheltered half-shady corners, one may have the Windflowers—fairy-like flowers that love to haunt the waysides, tinting them with azure blue. *Anemone blanda* has deep blue flowers, which appear in February; the Hepaticas of various colour shine forth in March; and the Japanese species, the pure white and rose, bloom in August, continuing until the season of frosts.

The free-growing white Rock Cress (*Arabis albida*) spreads with great rapidity, making a mass of purest white; and, if possible, get the little *Arenaria balearica*,

WHITE MICHAELMAS DAISY.

the Balearic Sandwort of Corsica, to creep over the facings of the stones. It is like a charming little moss: a perfect mat of green, spangled with white flowers through the summer. Moisture it appreciates, and shade, but grows respectably in exposed spots. In our selection must also enter the various kinds of Thrift—*Aubrietias*, the deep blue and the rosy-coloured *A. Leichtlini*—and Bellflowers of many kinds. The Campanulas are a host in themselves. Nothing is daintier than the deep purple *C. pulla*, nor so pure as the white *C. pumila*, which will thrive even on a poor rockery. *C. carpatica*, *C. fragilis*, *C. muralis*, and *C. turbinata*, are all worth growing, cheap, and require no special treatment. The hardy Cyclamens make bright little clumps of bloom in autumn and early spring, and the Alpine Pinks may be tried against stone, or on a sunny ledge, for instance, where the roots can get plenty of soil; but the plants can bask in the sunlight. They are troublesome, but worth a little coaxing to get the lovely flowers. The Gentianella in a light moist limestone soil is of remarkable beauty. No blue is finer; but the plant is rather eccentric in its behaviour, sometimes flourishing as a weed, sometimes, alas! positively refusing to grow. The white and purple Michaelmas daisies, and the yellow-flowered *Harpalium rigidum* on the higher parts of the rockery will create a glow of colour, and the Ivy give pleasure by trailing over the shadier corners where flowers refuse to thrive.

Do not forget, also, the perennial Candytufts, Irises, the Blue Gromwell (*Lithospermum*), Forget-me-nots, Evening Primroses, Alpine Primroses, Rockfoils (*Saxifrage*) in great variety, Stonecrop (*Sedum*), Houseleeks (*Sempervivum*), Catchfly (*Silene*), Thymes *Veronica saxatilis*, Pansies, and *Zauschneria californica*, in a hot and dry spot, besides the more hardy things, as Wallflowers, Daffodils, Squills, and other hardy bulbs.

General Hints for the Month.

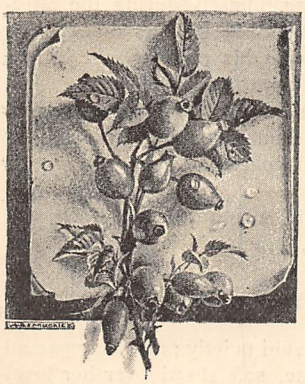
The garden provides work and recreation. Many men are of the same mind as Luther, who declared that "instead of being forced to carry on tedious and other fruitless business, he would much rather, as an old and worn-out man, be delighting himself in his garden with the wonders of God—trees, plants, flowers, and birds."

It is a pleasure even to prepare for their annual manifestation of colour and fragrance. In February plant shrubs, hardy perennials; sow seeds under glass of tender annuals. Start tuberous Begonias, Dahlias, and Fuchsias on a hot-bed, and get seeds ready for sowing. Prepare the ground ready for them, as the majority may be sown in March. Sow Early Peas, as Exonian; and one may plant Potatoes for an early crop on warm borders. Finish pruning; but remember, a tree has life, and to remove precious limbs and shoots does not increase vitality or ensure a harvest of ruddy fruit. Give more air in the greenhouse, repot Fuchsias, strike cuttings of various soft-wooded things, and make up a hot-bed of stable manure and leaf-mould for seeds. Turn over the manure several times before it is used, and wet it, if dry; otherwise, the heat will prove too violent.

THE SLEEVE OF CARE.

By C. E. C. WEIGALL, Author of "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," etc. etc. etc.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.



MISS RACHEL ENDERBY was one of the many Society young ladies who thought Lord Chesney a most desirable "parti."

She was in the habit of constantly asking herself down to Woodlands when she knew that Lord Chesney was at home; and, on the strength of her relationship to his mother, they called one another by their Christian names, and she tried to make herself indispensable to him by interesting herself in all his pursuits, and by sitting with him in the smoking-room whenever he was alone.

She had almost begun to fancy that she had made an impression upon him, and that his grave politeness was changing into something rather warmer, when Tessie arrived on the scene.

Lady Chesney had hardly mentioned her existence to her guests, save by stating that a young friend of hers was coming on a long visit. And neither Miss Enderby nor Holden felt interested enough to inquire any further.

So that the advent of this new personality had been something of a disagreeable shock to Rachel, and to Holden it had been something more, for he, being bound in honour to Tessie, had fallen in love as deeply as his butterfly nature was capable of doing with Miss Enderby.

Of course, he had said nothing in actual words to the lady of his admiration, but she, being quite ready to encourage any admiration of a possible sort, enjoyed his quiet homage.

Seldom, indeed, had a more disconcerted party assembled round a dinner-table than that which

gathered in the dining-room at Woodlands that night.

Miss Enderby was devoured with jealousy, and Holden spasmodically cheerful when he glanced at Tessie, and gloomy when his eyes met Rachel's sparkling black ones.

Lord Chesney had a very worm of misery gnawing at his heart, and his mother was sorrowing for him in his disappointment.

Even Tessie was not as serene as usual, for Raymond Holden had been a distinct disappointment to her, and it gave her something like a decided pang of dismay as she tried to look upon him as her future husband.

Perhaps her taste had become more fastidious in maturity. Anyhow Holden, with his fair hair parted in the middle, his light moustache, and his rather insipid blue eyes, was not the Adonis she had once imagined him.

His manner, too, was to her mind vapid, and his slight lisp was even repelling.

But she tried her very best to smile at him as affectionately as ever, and to answer his eager question as to her doings since last they had met, while her eyes would unconsciously wander to the bottom of the table, where her host sat, stiff and stern, answering in grave monosyllables Miss Enderby's playful sallies of wit.

Lady Chesney was heartily thankful when dinner was over at last, and when the ladies departed to the drawing-room ; though she could not help pitying the two men left together, and commiserating her son for having asked Holden down to Woodlands on a visit of some length—for the young man was one of those useful members of society who can sing a good song and wield an excellent bat in a cricket match.

The concert was over, but there was still the cricket match to come, and Lady Chesney shivered as she thought of her son's misery, with another week of Holden's society to contemplate.

"Are you engaged to Mr. Holden ?" said Rachel eagerly as she came up, trailing her rose-coloured draperies behind her, to where Tessie was sitting, stitching fitfully at a scrap of point lace.

The girl looked up into the expectant face above her.

She was angry with herself that the question irritated her, and therefore she took all the greater pains to answer gently.

"Not exactly engaged, but bound to him in this way," she said ; and Lady Chesney leaned forward anxiously to catch her answer.

"He asked me to marry him three years ago, and my father insisted on our waiting to be engaged till he was five-and-twenty. He has not yet reached that age, so the matter still rests in abeyance."

"Are you very much in love with him ?" said the red, imperious lips, as Rachel reached out her hands to the window, and pulled down a creamy rose-bud.

"That," said Tessie gravely, "is a question that no one but himself has the right to ask."

Lady Chesney in the background heaved a faint sigh of relief, and clasped her trembling fingers over her heart.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," laughed Rachel carelessly, "you lovers are such odd people, that really we poor outsiders may be pardoned for our interest in you. And yet you consider yourself bound to this young man ?"

"I do," said Tessie ; and with a gesture of weariness she rose, and went over to the sofa on which her hostess was sitting, looking more fragile than ever under the shaded lamps.

They both looked across at the brilliant figure in the window, and then Lady Chesney said softly—

"Dear, pray forgive her idle curiosity. And pardon me, my child, but may I give you my best wishes for your happiness ?"

Her voice was instinct with pathos, for had not her plan failed? Was not this girl, for whose sake she had given up her cherished solitude, about to bring the grief of a great disappointment to her beloved son ?

Her sadness touched Tessie with a half-unconscious shade of answering passion.

"No, no," she answered hastily, "not happiness, only—oh ! dear Lady Chesney, forgive me—I think I am tired to-night ; of course I shall be happy when the time comes. May I not help you with your embroidery ? I have just been studying the old Flemish tapestry stitches."

And Lady Chesney, who some years ago had embarked on a series that she intended to rival the famous Bayeux hangings, was happily diverted from Raymond Holden.

When the door opened to admit the two men, they both wore so profound an air of gloom that Rachel laughed maliciously to herself from the shelter of the oriel window.

Holden, after a moment's hesitation, drifted towards Tessie, with his eyes still lingering on the rose-coloured gown.

He had been schooling himself during the after-dinner pauses to renew his old feelings of affection for his first love, and though his manner was a little constrained his voice grew warmer as he spoke.

Of course Tessie was still as much in love with him as ever, and it behoved him as a gentleman to allow her to perceive none of his change of feelings towards her.

"Tessie—dear," he said, with a little gasp, "would you—will you, I mean, like a little walk in the garden ?"

Tessie rose obediently, and laid aside her embroidery.

"Yes, Raymond," she said quietly ; and they passed out, she wrapping a white, soft shawl over her head and shoulders as they went through the hall.

It made her look like a fair spirit in the moonlight, and Lord Chesney moved abruptly to the window to see them pass.

Raymond was whistling a soft air to himself, with his hands in his pockets, but Chesney only saw that his

arm touched Tessie's as they moved, and he started away with an exclamation, and took up a book in a far corner of the room.

Raymond was thinking, in unloverlike fashion, of past evenings that he had spent with Rachel in that same garden.

The very perfume which she liberally used clung round him, and he tried to shake off the influence of the heavy Eastern scent, which was so intoxicating to his weak nerves.

When they had drifted aimlessly down the walk into the rose-garden, Rachel turned round with a laugh into the room.

"Oh, those lovers, what geese they are!" she cried shrilly. "Roger, will you come into the smoking-room with me?"

And Lord Chesney obediently departed in her train.

When Lady Chesney was left alone she wiped away two bitter tears of disappointment, and then applied herself diligently to the fashioning of a fearful and wonderful mediæval beast.

When Chesney was comfortably settled in his favourite lounge chair, and Rachel, knowing that she looked her best against the background of Moorish carving and gold embroidery, had settled herself opposite to him, she began, in womanly fashion, to torture her victim delicately.

"I really think," she said ecstatically, "that Miss Humphreys is one of the loveliest creatures I have ever seen. A little too tall and too slender, perhaps, and inclined to be a trifle angular, but still, perfectly sweet."

A grunt from the depths of the armchair encouraged her, and she went on evenly—

"And her love story, too—so romantic. Betrothed to that young man from her childhood almost. And *so* devotedly attached to him! Dear me, how lucky some people are to have such a blessing given them."

She clasped her hands and looked upwards through her long lashes, then gave a sidelong glance to see if her becoming attitude had been appreciated.

But Chesney's eyes were fixed gloomily upon the ground, and the cigar between his lips was still unlighted.

"HOLDEN STARED AT HER IN BLANK AMAZEMENT" (*p.* 172).

He was a very dull admirer, said Rachel peevishly to herself. Why Raymond would have been on his knees long before if she had given him half the encouragement she had bestowed upon her cousin.

"Do you think that Miss Humphreys really cares for that vapid young fellow?" said Chesney at last, with an assumption of carelessness that did not at all deceive the astute young woman opposite.

"Cares for him? I should rather think so! She positively *adores* him," she answered emphatically. "And, I believe—only don't repeat this, or people would think me too imaginatively romantic—I believe she wears her engagement ring round her neck, for I saw the ribbon. Poor little thing! Though I don't suppose for an instant that she is as young as she *looks*."

Chesney moved impatiently.

"Well, after all, it does not much matter," he said. "Do you mind handing me that book at your elbow, Rachel? I've got rather a headache to-night; too much tennis this morning, I suppose."

This was such an evident dismissal that Miss Enderby could do nothing but accept it, which she did with as good a grace as possible.

"Well, then, I will return to your mother. Those lovers will probably stay out till midnight," she said, as she glided gracefully from the room.

And Lord Chesney uttered a devout thanksgiving as the door closed behind her.

He wished to be alone, alone with his own difficulty and sorrow.

He had never even suspected that Tessie might have a lover; and that that lover should be a guest of his made the matter doubly hard.

But he was so unselfish that his only prayer that night was that Tessie might be happy in her own way with the husband of her choice.

It might not be himself, but he adored her so passionately and truly that he felt that he could see her wedded to Raymond Holden with a thankful heart, if he might know that she would be happy.

Perhaps the most uncomfortable couple that evening was the pair of lovers in the moonlit garden.

When they had sedately crossed the strip of terrace and were walking among the sleeping roses and the nodding columbines, Raymond felt himself called upon to make an effort.

And before Tessie had any suspicion of what he was about to do, he had put his arm round her waist and kissed her cheek.

"Dear Tessie, I am so glad to see you again," he murmured with faint enthusiasm.

Tessie started away from him, and covered her blushing face with her hands.

"Oh, Raymond!" she cried in agitation, "never do that again—I cannot bear it. Oh! Raymond, how could you?"

She was so much upset that Holden stared at her in blank amazement.

It had been so easy for him to kiss her. It was so pleasant a fashion of showing his affection, that he had not calculated upon the effect that it might have on the girl from whom he had been separated for nearly three years.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said ruefully. "It seemed the natural thing, you know, for a fellow to do to the girl whom he was going to marry. But of course if you don't like it, Tessie——"

"No, I don't; but please say no more about it," said the girl, with a little shiver; and they walked on, with a somewhat awkward silence upon them, which Tessie was the first to break.

"How lovely these 'Maréchal Niel' buds are, with the moonlight upon them. Do you remember when we walked to Barnley together, and came back in the evening, and how sweet the dog roses were?" she said, anxious to revive her dead feelings, and to forget everything but the past.

"Oh, ah, yes," he answered hurriedly. "Let me see, of course—I bought you a whole bunch of them in a shop, didn't I?"

"No, that was another time in Tapperton," she said, a little ruefully. "There were no shops in Barnley."

He was doubly confused, and paused to pick a dewy fresh-scented pink bud, which he arranged in her gown.

"Pink always suited you, Tessie. Do you remember that pink gown you used to wear?" he went on, with a sudden happy inspiration.

She remembered nothing about it, but smiled brightly in answer.

"And," he continued, "that reminds me, Tessie. I shall soon be twenty-five now. When shall our wedding-day be? Will you let me fix it soon, Tessie dear?"

Her heart seemed to stop its beating, and she said faintly—

"Wait a little—wait till your birthday, Raymond. You see, I am bound in a way to Lady Chesney. I could not leave her just yet."

"What's the use of putting it off?" he said gloomily. "You were bound to me before you were bound to Lady Chesney."

"Yes, I know, dear," she said gently. "I will do just what you like."

He thought, in his dense, manly fashion, that she was sweetly yielding in her love for him, and that really after all she was very pretty, and he would have been a cad to have given her up when she was so evidently devoted to him.

"Very well, dear, we will say November—an early day in November," he went on, wondering, with a vague pang, whether Rachel would be there, with her brilliant, mocking smile, and her sharp, clever tongue.

This quiet little girl was all very well, with her glorious eyes and her tender mouth; but as for style and smartness, she could not hold a candle to Rachel Enderby, who was the favourite of half of London society, and the enemy of the other half.

When Tessie went up to bed that night, she had to pass the smoking-room door, and as she did so, it opened suddenly, and Chesney, white and haggard, came out.

He started violently when he saw her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with faint bitterness. "I hope that you have had a pleasant walk. Good-night."

And he turned back, his lips tightening as he caught sight of the rosebud in her bosom.

He never saw the mute pathos of her eyes, as she stood with one hand clasping the heavy oak of the banisters.

And he never saw the pink rose petals which, at a sudden touch from her, fell in a rosy snow at her feet upon the dark staircase.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

LADY CHESNEY watched Tessie with anxious eyes for the next few days.

There seemed to be a strange weight on the girl's spirits, and she moved about the house listlessly, avoiding everyone save Raymond, whose society she seemed to seek with an almost feverish anxiety.

He, for his part, was quite ready to make up for any coldness on his side, partly because Miss

Enderby, now that her rival was safely removed, was giving him the cold shoulder, and flying at higher game.

There were no more lingering looks and desultory conversations in the twilight.

not, in spite of all her heart searchings, make out the reason.

One morning Tessie was arranging the flowers in the big drawing-room, with her lover hovering near her.

Lady Chesney was sitting in her tiny boudoir that

"WHAT SHE HAD UNCONSCIOUSLY DREADED HAD COME UPON HER" (*p.* 175).

No more faint pressures of the hand, at which Rachel was such a skilled adept, no honeyed, hesitating words, with clever lifting of the thick lashes and suggestion of a petulant lip.

No, for all the attention that Rachel Enderby paid Raymond, he might have been a mummy.

And this naturally piqued him, for no man cares to see himself slighted for another.

Therefore he doubled his devoted attentions to Tessie, and the girl, bewildered by his change of manner, felt that it behoved her to strive with all her power to return his unaltered love.

To the eyes of the bystanders they appeared a very devoted couple, and it was only Lady Chesney who saw the hunted despair in Tessie's eyes, and the growing pallor of her flower-like face.

She could see that the girl was unhappy, but could

opened from the room, and her son and Rachel Enderby were walking together on the terrace outside.

Rachel looked very handsome, with a lace mantilla carelessly fastened round her hair, and Chesney the personification of a good-looking English squire, with his dogs round him.

Holden's eyes were studiously averted from the window, but he felt, though he did not see, that Rachel's bright eyes were darting bewitching glances at her cousin, and he could hear her merry laugh as she chaffed him gaily for some breach of manners, and tried to rouse him from his reserve.

He looked down at Tessie's white fingers, deftly arranging the rosebuds and maidenhair fern in the tall Venetian glasses, and he drew a shade nearer to her, as Lady Chesney's watchful eyes observed through the half-open door.

"Tessie, dear, there is going to be a tea picnic at Lovers' Leap this afternoon. I heard Chesney say that we were to drive in the wagonette, and that we might have the dog-cart as well if we liked. May I drive you, Tessie?"

A momentary flash of fun leaped into the girl's eyes, and she answered demurely—

"If you can assure me of one thing, Raymond; and that is that you are a better Jehu than you were when you drove 'Flying Peggy' in the T-cart at dear old Brantford. Do you remember how she bolted down the hill, and how frightened you were when you thought I was killed?"

She laughed a little, and Holden answered crossly—

"If you imagine that the accident had anything to do with my driving, you are completely mistaken, Teresa. 'Flying Peggy' was a mare that would have bolted with—with——"

"Alexander himself," put in Tessie. "I was only teasing you, Raymond, and I will go with you of course, only I think that Lady Chesney wants me to go with her, and perhaps you had better drive Miss Enderby. You know that I am rather a coward where horses are concerned."

Holden heaved a sudden sigh of relief.

"Well, if you really don't mind my driving Miss Enderby," he said calmly. "I know that she would like to go in the dog-cart, and Lord Chesney wants to drive his mother, so that otherwise Miss Enderby would have to go alone."

"Oh, I assure you that I do not mind in the very least," said Tessie fervently; and after a moment or two of desultory conversation, Holden strolled off to find Rachel.

How delightful it would be to secure her for himself for a moment or two, without that other fellow to interfere; and he was overpowered with joy when he found Rachel alone, and graciously willing to accede to his request.

When he had left the room Tessie bent her head diligently over her flowers, and presently Lady Chesney in the further room was much distressed at the sound of a strangled sob.

"Tessie, dear child," she called; and the girl went swiftly through the archway into the boudoir, with a forced smile on her shaking lips.

"Do you want me, Lady Chesney?" she said, with a piteous attempt at gaiety. "Can I do anything for you?"

"You can do one thing," said the old lady, stretching out her tender and sympathetic arms, "you can tell me why you are unhappy, and allow me to help you."

Tessie flung herself on her knees, and buried her face in her friend's lap, and there for a few instants allowed herself the luxury of a hearty fit of weeping.

It was only for a few instants, however, for she lifted up her head almost immediately and forced back her tears.

"I cannot tell you why I am so silly," she said, "for I really do not know myself. Only I think that I am not good enough for Raymond Holden. He loves me so truly, and——"

"And you do not love him," said Lady Chesney gravely. "Dearest Tessie, consider what you are doing in marrying a man whom you do not love."

"Lady Chesney," said the girl, with an effort, a look of determination coming into her white face, "we must never speak of this subject again. Do you think that I should be worthy of anyone's respect if I cruelly jilted a man who loved me just because my affection was not as deep as his? No, dear Lady Chesney, so long as Raymond Holden wishes to keep me to my promise I shall be true to him."

Lady Chesney said nothing in reply.

How could she comfort her, when she did not know the whole extent of her grief?

It was patent to all eyes that Raymond was a devoted lover, and she could never be the one to advise Tessie to break faith with him so long as she cared for no one else.

"Well, well, child, do nothing rashly," she said sadly, as she looked up into the noble, pathetic face, and felt with a thrill of grief that this was a girl who was worthy of her son's great love.

And being worthy, how sad it was that she should be divided from him by the abyss of a promise which were better broken than kept.

"And now put on your hat, my child, for we have a long drive before us."

When Tessie came downstairs she found that the dog-cart was just starting, with Raymond and Rachel as its occupants.

For Miss Enderby had discovered that Lord Chesney was to drive the wagonette and pair, and that she would have to talk to his mother all the way were she to accompany them.

So with a light nod and a smile to Chesney, who handed her in, she whirled away, a vision of a smart, tailor-made gown and a jaunty sailor hat.

Raymond cast one effective backward glance at Tessie, which expressed both regret and longing in a clever fashion, and which Chesney, catching sight of, made him wild with jealousy.

Tessie's spirits rose like quicksilver when the dog-cart was out of sight, and she smiled and chattered to Lady Chesney as her host covered them carefully up with rugs and dust cloaks, lingering a little clumsily over Tessie's wrap, his hand trembling strangely as he touched the little hand under the cloak.

Chesney was an excellent whip, and the pair of chestnuts dashed along at a smart pace.

Every now and then he looked back to explain some point of interest on the road to Tessie, and the sight of her bright face filled him with despairing realisation of what might have been if she had been free.

When at last they arrived at the little seaside inn where they were to put up, they found that Holden and Rachel had arrived some little time before, and had gone on along the cliffs, leaving word that they were to follow them to Lovers' Leap.

Lady Chesney, with mistaken ingenuity, immediately invented a headache on the spur of the moment, and pleaded to be left alone to rest until later in the afternoon.

So they tucked her up carefully on the hard horsehair sofa, and with elaborate indifference started together for their walk, poor Lady Chesney sending her hopes and prayers after them.

It was a grey, early September afternoon, and the grey mist that had risen out of the sea seemed to increase rather than disguise the soft beauty of the scenery, and the deep red of the Devon cliffs, against which the green waters of the southern sea sighed and tossed.

Raymond and Miss Enderby were to be seen nowhere, and Tessie walked along at a desperately rapid pace, eagerly scanning the horizon for a sight of the couple she deeply longed to see.

"You are in a great hurry, Miss Humphreys," said Chesney ruefully, as she hastened along over boulder and turfy clump with a rapidity that threatened her downfall every moment. "I think perhaps that if we went at a slower rate you might enjoy the scenery more. And, after all, Mr. Holden and Miss Enderby are, no doubt, quite safe."

He ended with an accent of bitterness, which did not escape her quick ear, and she answered with some embarrassment—

"I am not in the least anxious about them—oh! no. I—I only thought that perhaps Lady Chesney might expect us back before long."

"No, that was not your reason!" said Chesney savagely. "You are afraid of a *tête-à-tête* with me. You are afraid that I shall tell you that I love you and try to win your heart from that fellow who has won it."

Tessie turned white to the lips.

What she had unconsciously dreaded had come upon her, and in her anguish she gave vent to a low moan, and turned to hurry away from the man who had addressed her so suddenly and so passionately.

What was she to do? How could she escape from him?

And above all, what did this tremulous beating of her own heart mean—this signal that betrayed her so basely?

As she turned her foot caught in a tuft of yellow samphire, and she stumbled and would have fallen had not Chesney sprung forward and caught her in his arms.

He too was deadly white, but he had mastered his feelings, and already repented the wild passion of his words. For he had terrified the tender child who had confided in his truth and honour.

"I did not mean to frighten you; forgive me!" he articulated hoarsely.

But in another moment their eyes had met, and in that one long look he knew that she loved him. For one moment of rapture she lay in his arms, his lips on hers, her heart throbbing wildly in answer to his own.

The waves at their feet and the calling sea birds above their heads were the only witnesses to their joy and their bitter sorrow.

She regained her self-control in an instant, and pushing him from her with her weak strength, faced him, white and despairing, her wide eyes full of grief beyond all words.

"You must go away," she moaned, "go far away from me. What have I done? I have forgotten that I owe Raymond my faith."

Her self-reproach was so keen that it cut him to the heart, and he stood looking mutely at her.

Then he said wildly—

"Can it never be, Tessie? Leave that man who is not worthy of you, and come to me, for I love you with all the power of my life."

"I cannot," she said gently; "you must know that it is impossible. Until Raymond Holden gives me up of his own free will, I will never let him know by deed or word that I love him no longer. God knows that I am wicked, but I will try and do my duty, and not break Raymond's heart."

He looked at her lovely face in mute resignation. He knew it was hopeless to persuade her that Raymond had very little heart to break, and he knew that his pleadings would be useless against her determination.

"I will go away to-morrow," he said humbly. "You are a good woman—God knows how much better you are than I am. Do you think that—that Mr. Holden will make you happy?"

"I know that he loves me," answered Tessie.

"I could not bear to see you married to another man. I could not endure to be in England and know that the same country holds us both, and that you can never be my wife," he went on. "I will tell my mother everything to-morrow, and then I will go round the world."

"Oh, what have I done? I have cruelly injured my best friend!" wailed the girl, wringing her hands. "It will break Lady Chesney's heart to lose you. Let me go. Let me leave Woodlands, and you remain with her."

"That will be only depriving her of both of us in a single hour," he said, with a bitter smile. "For I have determined to leave England, and my mother would break her heart if she were to be left alone!"

"Hulloa, you two! Good gracious, what a time you have been, and we have been all down the Lovers' Leap, and up again the other side!" cried Rachel and Raymond, suddenly appearing from behind a cliff.

Miss Enderby's sharp eyes glanced from one to the other, but even she did not guess from the quiet faces of the couple before her that a tragedy had been enacted within a few yards of them.

"Dearest Tessie," said Raymond softly, "you are tired; take my arm."

There was a deeper accent of affection in his voice, inasmuch as five minutes before Miss Enderby had told him sharply that he was "a vapid

idiot," and that she did not care for second-hand attention.

And if Tessie was too gentle for his taste, Rachel had been too much the reverse of tender to suit him that afternoon.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

"MOTHER, can I have five words with you?" said Chesney that evening, as he knocked at his mother's dressing-room door.

Lady Chesney motioned him to a seat, with a smile that strove vainly to disguise the traces that tears had left upon her cheeks.

She had guessed the events of that afternoon from the faces of the principal actors in the tragedy, and she wept bitterly over the failure of her plans. The ghastliness of that tea-party at the stuffy little hotel overlooking the sea was a thing never to be forgotten. For each member of it seemed to know that something had gone wrong beyond the power of human nature to rectify.

Miss Enderby had been rendered so petulant by the utter want of attention she received that, although the others strove to be spasmodically cheerful, she acted as an absolute wet blanket.

The carriages were ordered earlier than had been at first intended, and Tessie gave way quietly to Raymond's entreaties and took her place at his side in the dogcart, while Rachel, in a shocking temper, climbed into the wagonette.

Tessie never forgot that homeward drive.

Raymond was at first so gushing, so enthusiastic about everything, and so full of affectionate protestations.

"Darling Tessie, don't you think that we are so exactly suited to one another?" he had ended by saying.

But the girl's quiet "I hope so, Raymond," spoken with a pathos of which she herself was hardly aware acted as a damper on his spirits; and he began to reflect sombrely, as they drove along, upon the sparkling wit that had made his drive with Miss Enderby a roaring farce.

It was evening now, and the mist was a little chilly, and Raymond shivered as he drew up the collar of his coat, and mentally compared Tessie to the serenity of a summer's evening, and Rachel to the flash and sparkle of the sunlight.

They were a subdued couple when they arrived at Woodlands, and Tessie had gone straight up to her room, and had not appeared again that day.

"What is it, my son?" said Lady Chesney, as she surveyed his fine, well-proportioned figure, and the turn of his aristocratic, close-cropped head with melancholy pride.

He went over to the fireplace and stood there, with his hands clasped behind him and his head bent down.

"Mother, I think that if you have no objection to the plan, I will take Aspern's offer of companionship, and go off round the world for a bit. I'm getting a bit rusty, and after all, travel does one an immense amount of good. Should you very much mind if I started off in a day or two?"

The colour on Lady Chesney's delicate face flickered out, and she stretched her hand to him.

"My dear, dear son! my poor boy!" she faltered tremulously. "Is it because of Tessie?"

"Yes," he answered, setting his teeth sharply, and flinging back his head with a gesture of impatience. "I have got to get

"'PLEASE LET ME PASS'" (*p.* 178).

over it, mother, somehow, for she will have nothing to say to me."

"Roger," said Lady Chesney suddenly, "will you promise me one thing? Wait for one fortnight before you start on your tour, and if nothing happens before then I promise you that I will put no hindrance in your way. Go up to London to-morrow, and I will give out that you have left home for a time. But wait there, for I have a presentiment that before the fortnight is out something will happen."

Chesney gave a reluctant consent.

"It is no use, mother. I feel sure that such a course will only be a prolonging of the agony that has to be endured. But as you wish it, I will do as you advise."

"Thank you, dearest boy," said his mother fondly, as he leaned over her and kissed her cheek.

How could anyone reject the love of her son? she reflected as she sat there in the twilight after he had left her.

She wondered at Tessie's strength of mind in remaining faithful to a man for whom she felt no real love. But at the same time she admired the girl, and it made her very tender to Tessie as they sat together in the drawing-room after dinner.

When Lady Chesney announced her son's departure from England, Rachel cast one furious glance at Tessie's white face.

She guessed what had happened, and she knew with desperate certainty that Chesney would never turn to her now.

It was a satisfaction to her to think that Tessie had lost her matrimonial prize, and that after all no one had gained it. But that did not in the least soften her anger against the rival who looked so little to be envied, and Rachel meditated a delicate revenge as she sat nibbling at her buttered toast which would at one blow deprive the girl of both her lovers.

If Lord Chesney was blind to her fascination Raymond Holden was not, and with the least encouragement she could bring him to her feet, and make him utterly ignore the chains of honour and loyalty by which he was bound to Tessie.

It was such a pleasant reflection, and afforded so much scope for amusement and skilful planning, that Rachel could not resist a little laugh as she glanced across at Miss Humphreys.

For, after all, with her four hundred pounds a year, and Raymond's income, they would be beyond the reach of want.

And at seven and twenty any eligible offer is not to be despised.

So Rachel laid her plans, and Tessie tried to weave her tender fancies round the man who was so absolutely unworthy of any true affection.

Chesney said good-bye to the girl he loved in the presence of the whole party, for he dared not trust himself to a private interview, and he would not endanger her self-control.

Tessie, who had been weeping and reproaching herself through the long watches of the night for her one instant of disloyalty to Raymond, looked straight into his face with her sad eyes, and bade him the farewell that she hoped was for ever.

She felt sure that if she were left alone with Holden she would love him as she ought to do, and by her patient affection reward him for his years of faithfulness.

She was amazed at Lady Chesney's cheerfulness, for she had feared that her kind friend would hold her responsible for her son's sorrow, and would be inclined to blame her for what she could not help.

Therefore she was much surprised when the old lady turned to her after the dogcart had rattled out of sight, and bade her, with a more tender accent than usual, come up to her room to read aloud while she worked.

"I have asked Miss Home and Lalla Magniac to come to-morrow for a few days to cheer us up, and Miss Home has just telegraphed to me to say that they will be pleased to come."

"How delightful!" cried Tessie; then lowering her voice she said sadly: "I was so afraid that you would be angry with me, Lady Chesney, for what I could not help. And that would have nearly broken my heart."

"My dear child," said Lady Chesney brightly, "I have come to the age when one realises the truth of the proverb that there is no use in crying over spilt milk. So long as you are happy that is what principally matters. We must leave time, the all-healer, to deal with my dear son."

"Yes," whispered Tessie, turning resolutely away from the contemplation of the past, and burying herself with complete success in an animated discussion as to the correct colouring of a hyena's leg.

Raymond was so devoted in his attention to her for the rest of the day, and so utterly callous of Miss Enderby, who had donned her most becoming gown in vain, that Lady Chesney felt absolutely unwilling to do what her son had urged her to do, and beg him to extend his visit for as long a time as he cared to remain at Woodlands.

So it was settled that he was to depart on the day following Miss Home's arrival, and that Tessie was to go home in two or three months' time to prepare for her wedding.

She listened to the plans that Raymond made for their future with quiet interest, but with such an absolute want of the rapture that usually characterises a young bride that Holden grew impatient.

"How quiet you are, Tessie," he said pettishly. "I should have thought that the prospect of a honeymoon spent in Rome and Venice would have moved even you. But you are just as quiet about it as though I had proposed that we should spend our wedding-tour on the top of the Monument."

"Or rolling down Hampstead Hill!" said a lively voice from the door, as Rachel lifted the portière and showed herself in a dainty azure gown touched with silver here and there, and a hat which glittered with silver nodding thistles.

"Raymond—Raymond Holden, why don't you come out? I am going to the kennels and then on the river

for an hour. Oh! I *beg* your pardon. I had no idea that you were so deeply engaged."

And she executed a mocking pirouette as he rose clumsily to his feet, and Tessie turned away with a vivid blush.

"Of course I cannot ask you to accompany me now,"

"SHE LOOKED UP WITH A SUDDEN SENSE OF ALARM" (*p.* 180).

pursued Rachel, half turning away with an accent of regret, and pretending to occupy herself with her long glove. "'Pepper' and 'Mustard' will have to be my companions. Au revoir!"

"Stop," cried Raymond, as he turned from Tessie in her dark gown to the brilliant figure at the door. "Tessie has quite done talking to me now, and I think that, after all, a pull up the river would be refreshing. Shall you mind very much if I go, Tessie?"

Rachel glanced ironically from one to the other.

"I am not looking," she said with a laugh. "You need not spare my blushes, for I know that lovers are terribly affectionate before a short parting."

Tessie walked proudly to the door.

"Please let me pass," she said imperiously to Rachel. "Lady Chesney wants me upstairs."

"What a charming and *affectionate* wife you will have, my *dear* Raymond," said Miss Enderby with a shrug, as she watched the stately figure passing up the oak staircase. "Of course I am an excitable, silly little thing, but my idea of a lover's parting is—very different," she ended coquettishly, with a downward sweep of her eyes; and Raymond felt a thrill as he imagined what a parting with Rachel Enderby would be like, and whether she would—he could hardly even imagine the word—allow him to *kiss* her.

"I don't think, you know, that Tessie is very demonstrative," he said lamely. "But I know that she is very fond of me."

"Is she?" said Rachel drily. "Dear me, how oddly some people do show their affection!"

He said no more at the moment, but her words rankled in his mind, and somehow loosened his sense of responsibility towards the girl who had given up so much for his love.

Miss Home and Lalla arrived later in the afternoon, and the little artist met Tessie with expressions of the keenest pleasure, and then asked to be taken up to Lady Chesney's room, where she was closeted for some time.

Lady Chesney was not feeling very well that day, and was absent from the dinner-table, at which Raymond and Miss Enderby arrived when the soup was finished, with somewhat guilty faces, and eager explanations of the awkward nature of the tide.

Miss Home scrutinised them both through her eye-glasses with a whimsical expression of amusement, which culminated in a broad smile as her glance wandered to Tessie's pale face.

After dinner she drew the girl into the little boudoir leaving the other couple on the terrace in the moonlight, and despatching Lalla upstairs to talk to Lady Chesney.

"Now, my dear child, I want to have a good talk to you. Is that the man you are going to marry? That young whipper-snapper with a face like one of the young men in 'Patience?'"

She turned Tessie's averted face round to her own, and putting her arms affectionately round her waist, drew her down on to the sofa.

"Please don't say that about Raymond," pleaded Tessie hurriedly. "He is really a very good young man, and he is so devoted to me, and we shall be such a happy couple. Fancy—he told me yesterday that he had never felt his feelings towards me change since the day that he told me of his love. And it makes no difference to him my being penniless now, though of course when he first spoke to me I was by way of being an heiress."

"Do you know, Tessie, my dear, that I am reluctantly compelled to admit to myself that you are a fool," said Miss Home slowly.

Then, with a quick gesture, she laid her hand upon the girl's lips. She had caught a sound from the adjoining room to which, in her agitation, Tessie had been deaf.

The portière that divided the two rooms was unlooped, and fell in soft thin folds across the archway, and through it came to the two who were now unsuspected listeners the distinct sound of voices.

"My darling, how beautiful you are! How I love you! You are so clever, so brilliant; so different to me—so far above me! How can you condescend to love me?"

It was Raymond's voice in passionate pleading, and on Tessie's horrified ears fell the unmistakable sound of a kiss.

"For shame! for shame!" said Rachel Enderby in her clear, ringing tones. "Raymond, you are engaged to Tessie Humphreys. Do you forget that?"

"Engaged to her? No; rather forced to marry her against my will—my inclination," protested Holden, his words hurrying after one another with an absolute oblivion of facts or circumstances. "Do you think that I care for her by the side of you, darling Rachel? Promise me that you will be my wife—promise me——"

Miss Home, with a malicious triumph in her face, dragged Tessie to her feet and supported her, white and trembling, to the portière, which she suddenly lifted and dropped behind them.

"Now, Tessie," she whispered, "if you have an atom of pride in your composition, you cannot hesitate to exert it now."

Raymond was on his knees at Rachel's feet, with her hand pressed against his lips.

Miss Enderby turned her triumphant face and her satin-covered figure, sparkling with diamonds, towards them.

She realised her success as she looked into Tessie's reproachful eyes.

Their entrance was so unexpected to Holden that he sprang confusedly to his feet. But Miss Home, with an imperious gesture, checked the words upon his lips.

"Many thanks, Mr. Holden, we have heard quite enough," she said ironically. "Will you allow me to inform you—as you ought to have seen for yourself before this—that Miss Humphreys never felt any real love for you, and what affection she did feel died long before yours did."

Then, with a grand bow, she passed Tessie's hand through her arm and left the room, utterly ignoring Miss Enderby.

When Tessie reached the quiet shelter of her room, and was alone, she laid down her head on her pillow and burst into tears.

"Thank God! thank God!" she sobbed. "I am so glad that is at an end. For I never loved him. But oh! I have lost——"

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

"*Woodlands.*

"*Sept. 20th.*

"DARLING PHYLLIS,

"I must come home to you and mother before many days are over.

"Do you know what it is to have missed your happiness in life: to have marred what promised to be a fair flower of joy?

"No, I know that you cannot understand what I mean, for I hardly do myself; only Raymond Holden has cared nothing for me all this long time, and is now engaged to a Miss Rachel Enderby, who is staying in this house.

"You must not think that I cared for him at all, for I know now that I never loved him in the true sense of the word. Only his love seemed to promise me a refuge from the storms of the world, and I feel now as if I was cast adrift.

"Heigho! what a melancholy letter.

"It is, perhaps, a little mortifying to my self-pride to see Raymond adoring someone else when he vowed he adored me alone.

"Anyhow, good-bye for the present. How I long to see you again!

"Your loving, incoherent, sorrowing

"TESSIE."

This letter drove Phyllis Humphreys to the verge of distraction and mystification.

She did not show it to her mother, for Mrs. Humphreys would probably have had a fit of nerves on the spot, and have been incapacitated for several days.

But she merely informed her that Tessie would probably return in a few days, and sat down and waited for the outcome of events, which were at present unsatisfactory.

Tessie had, perhaps, hinted at more of her sorrow than she knew; or perhaps Phyllis, with a sister's quick intuition, guessed the truth by the mere avoidance of the mention of Chesney's name.

At Woodlands an unsatisfactory air of mystery pervaded the place.

Lady Chesney was, to Tessie's surprise, not in the least sympathetic when she had been informed of the rupture of her engagement.

She merely remarked that it was just as well that they had found out their real feelings before it was too late, and begged Tessie to postpone her departure for the space of a week.

Raymond and Rachel were, perhaps, the most unblushing pair of lovers that ever took a house by storm.

They were so absolutely devoted to one another, in outward appearance, at least, that the occupants of the house seemed to spend their time in trying to avoid them.

Tessie, from feeling relieved and thankful at being no longer bound to a man for whom she felt no particle of affection whatever, grew, as the days sped on,

sensible of a feeling of loneliness and of longing to be appropriated by someone.

She seemed to be not actually needed in the house, for Lady Chesney and Miss Home were hourly companions now, and she was left with Lalla, whose mute devotion was very touching, if not satisfying.

Rachel Enderby seemed to rejoice in showing-off her lover before Tessie, and in displaying his devotion, and demanding his unwearied attention at every turn.

It was, therefore, a relief when Raymond felt it expedient to depart, after an extended visit of two days. And when next day Rachel packed up her possessions and took an exultant leave of Woodlands, proclaiming loudly that she was going to be introduced to her new relations, no one felt inclined to shed a tear.

Lady Chesney had laid her own plans, and had been seconded in them by Miss Home, who had advised a little discretion and delay in summoning home Lord Chesney.

It was not that they were not convinced that Tessie cared for him, but that they could not feel quite certain that she would not refuse him if he came at once, out of uncertainty as to the real nature of his feelings and her own.

She had had a great shock in Raymond's disloyalty, and a shock is apt to unsettle body and mind, till calm reason asserts its sway once more in every-day life.

And so it was that Miss Home shook her head sagely, and laid a restraining hand on Lady Chesney's impulsive inclinations.

"No, no," she said, "wait a few days before you summon him home again. Tessie is not certain of her own mind yet, and your son is not a man who can afford to be trifled with. His disposition is scarcely one to bear a second rebuff."

When Woodlands was empty Tessie tried to exert herself to act her old part in the household.

But she found that the light-heartedness which had once been so natural to her, refused to return at her will, and she fancied that her old friends looked at her with changed faces.

One afternoon, the day before her proposed return to Helmdale, Lady Chesney suggested a drive, and begged Miss Home to accompany her.

Lalla had arranged some other amusement in the village, and Tessie, left alone, took her book down to a favourite seat of hers by the river.

It was a perfect afternoon of golden September weather.

The oak coppice sloped down to the river bank on the Woodlands side, and opposite the russet hues of autumn were beginning to soften the fern-carpeted dales, and the empurpled moors that rose and faded away into the misty blue of the sky.

Tessie's Browning fell unheeded to her feet as she sat above the swift stream, watching the swirl and eddy of the river as it splashed against its brown boulders.

She was so still that a little bird darted out of a green hollow and settled opposite to her on a twig, and beginning to call shrilly, presently woke the whole coppice into song.

Tessie was thinking of the long railway journey before her on the morrow, and of the story she would have to tell her mother and sister when they met.

There would be no triumphant return for her, for she had tasted of the bitter waters of failure, and she would have to confess that nothing she had taken in hand had succeeded. She was one of the great army of the unsuccessful who swell the paths of the world.

As she thought out her dreary imaginings, and tried to check the tears of disappointment that would overflow her heavy eyes, there came a sound of movement in the tangled undergrowth above her, as of a heavy body forcing its way through bent twigs and clinging briers.

She looked up with a sudden sense of alarm, and there, among the thick leaves and sprays of honeysuckle, she saw the outline of a dark, lowering face, the eyes of which were fixed upon her with unutterable malevolence.

She started to her feet in terror, her tongue cleaving to her dry mouth; unable to cry out—unable to do anything but hold up her trembling arms in mute entreaty.

For it was the face of St. John Baker, and in his hands he held uplifted a huge fragment of rock, poised in malevolent suspense above her head, ready to crush her in its fall.

How long they stood thus facing one another Tessie never knew; but presently, his rigid muscles relaxing with a grim smile, Baker flung the boulder, which caught the girl on the shoulder as she sprang aside from it, and with a mighty crash splashed into the sounding river.

The blow overbalanced her, as he had intended, and with a shrill scream for help, which sent its echoes ringing up into the very vault of heaven, she flung up her arms, and slipped backwards down—down into the cold, peaceful water. And at the same instant Baker's face disappeared.

The current was so strong that it seemed to bear her away down stream in spite of her cold fingers clinging to the fern roots and the water-plants on the bank; and she had given herself up for lost when she felt a pair of strong young arms round her, and a cheery voice in her ear.

"Tessie, dear Tessie, it is I—Lalla! Hold tightly to me—there is help coming; only a little longer."

Lalla had been coming to join her friend, and had seen the whole affair when she was too far off to do more than scream to one of the gardeners, and then speed like an arrow down the bank to the spot where Tessie had disappeared for the first time.

She was not a moment too soon, for Tessie was utterly exhausted, and when Chesney, who had that moment arrived from London, appeared upon the scene, followed by two of the gardeners, they were only just in time to rescue the two girls from a certain death.

Tessie was quite unconscious, and Chesney, with

a growing horror at his heart as he felt the dead weight in his arms, carried her into the house and laid her on the sofa in his mother's room.

Then kneeling down at her side he began to chafe her hands despairingly, and to call frantically upon her name.

"Tessie, my darling—my sweetheart! God help me if you are dead! Have they brought me home too late—only for this?" he cried. "Mother, is she dead? Look at her white, still face——"

Miss Home, with vigorous energy, took him by the shoulders and turned him out of the room.

"Get along with you, you great stupid man!" she said, trying to disguise a suspicious huskiness in her voice. "She is no more dead than you are. And if you don't go away and behave yourself till she comes to herself, I'll—I'll tell her what I think of you."

With which mysterious threat she shut the door in his face, and left him to wander, like a caged animal, up and down the corridor, wondering, hoping, trembling at every sound.

When Tessie opened her eyes upon the world again the first words that she said were—

"Lalla; is she hurt? Oh! Lady Chesney, she saved my life."

And a rush of quiet, thankful tears relieved the tension upon her brain and heart.

"Lalla is perfectly well, dear. She was not so long in the water as you were, and you shall see her as soon as possible. Meanwhile, she is in bed, with a roaring fire and some hot negus. But is there no one in the world you can think of that you would like to see at once?"

There was a mischievous smile playing about the corners of Lady Chesney's mouth, and a merry gleam in her eyes; and as Tessie looked at her a warm flush crept up into the girl's cheeks, and without speaking she turned aside her head and covered her face with her hands.

"My dear daughter," whispered the old lady, as she bent down and kissed the blushing face; then opened the door and drew Miss Home away.

There was a firm step upon the polished floor, a strong hand drew down Tessie's trembling fingers, and she was folded to her lover's heart.

There she lay quiet and calm, in all the beauty of her fulfilled hopes.

Of what use were mere words when her lover's lips were on hers, his kisses warm upon her glowing cheek?

And in the next room Lady Chesney and Miss Home lived over their love stories again, as they waited, hand in hand, rejoicing over their dear one's happiness.

"Why were you so obstinate, Tessie?" said Chesney fondly, as he drew away for an instant to take a long look at the white-gowned figure on the sofa, whose happy eyes were drooping so resolutely before his own. "Look at me, my darling, and tell me how you dared fancy that you could ever marry a man whom you did not love? I call it positively wicked, Tessie," he concluded in severe accents, thinking how perfect the outline of her oval face was, and how well the Chesney diamonds and sapphires would look in her bright hair and on her fresh, dimpled throat.

"It—it must have been a mistake," murmured Tessie, playing with the hand that held hers in such a close grip.

"It is a mistake that must never occur again," he said lightly. "For if it ever happened again you would break my heart."

"I thought that mine was broken already," said the girl, lifting her eyes to his for one short instant. "But somehow, it must have been imagination."

"Tessie, I will *not* wait more than six weeks to claim you as my wife," he answered seriously. "And if you cannot get your gowns ready in that time—why, we must spend our honeymoon in Paris, and buy them at Worth's."

* * * * *

When Phyllis received a telegram and a letter in quick succession next day she performed a *pas seul* round the little drawing-room, much to her mother's astonishment.

"Mummie darling," she cried, "we are to go to Woodlands by the next train. It's a place somewhere in Devonshire, and Tessie, our little Tessie, is going to be a viscountess."

And for once in her life Mrs. Humphreys did not have an attack of nerves on the spot.

After Tessie's wedding old Lady Chesney insisted on carrying off Lalla on a long visit to the Dower House within a stone's throw of the gates of Woodlands.

And as Mrs. Magniac made no objection to the arrangement, and even went so far as to send a diamond bangle to Tessie as a wedding-present, the end of Lalla's life bade fair to be brighter than its beginning.

When Tessie reached Woodlands after her honeymoon was over the first face that greeted her with a pleasant smile of welcome was Ada's, the *ci-devant* lady's-maid at Mervyn Court.

And when the new Lady Chesney found that her husband's loving care had extended so far as to provide her with an old friend as her special maid, she almost wept with delight and thankfulness.

"Oh, miss—my lady, I mean," said Ada tremulously, as she furtively wiped away a tear, "I never thought that I should be so happy in all my life. Oh dear! oh dear! But I mustn't cry over your beautiful silk. It'll maybe be unlucky, and I should like to keep every care away from your sweet face, if I may make so bold as to say so, my lady."

St. John Baker was never seen again, and with him vanished the last shadow that had darkened Tessie's happy life.

THE END.

TODDLES.

(With Illustrations from photographs by Mr. J. H. Hield.)

ONLY two little baby eyes
Waking at dawn I see;
But sweeter than all the brightest skies,
Are those baby eyes to me.

Only a baby child at play,
Toddling about in glee,
Little enough to the world, you say,
But all in the world to me.

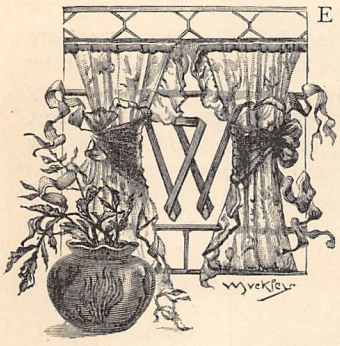
Only a baby voice that rings
Merrily all the day;
But it drowns the discord of worldly things,
And helps me along my way.

Only a baby soft and mild,
Only a baby's mirth;
But it speaks of Him who was once a child,
And leads me away from earth.

F. E. WEATHERLY.

DISAPPOINTMENTS AS A CAUSE OF ILL-HEALTH.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



WE are always very ready if we are in an unhappy frame of mind to attribute our despondency to some derangement of a bodily function. We generally blame the liver, which is stimulated to increased activity by a thousand and one popular remedies. We are too apt to forget that the mind reacts on the body just in the same way as the body reacts on the mind, so that the old proverb, "A healthy mind in a healthy body," well expresses their mutual relation.

I propose in this paper to call attention to some common instances in which bodily health and well-being are influenced by the state of the mind.

The light-heartedness, and joy, and good health which follow the receipt of welcome news, the "broad-paunched content" that accompanies a successful career, are examples of such influence, and many more will occur to my readers.

Just as the body is thus affected for good, a baneful influence may be exerted on it by a reverse state of mind, and this is rather the side of the question I shall consider. The highest of man's faculties is the faculty of judgment and self-control. He acquires it last, for it is developed by his experience of life; and it is most easily lost.

When a man becomes excited—whether as a consequence of ill-health (in the delirium of fever), or of profound emotion (excessive joy or fear), or of poisons (the action of alcohol and other drugs), it is well known that he becomes beside himself, and often commits acts or says words which in his calmer moments would have remained undone or unspoken. In these cases cause and effect are easily recognised, but very frequently the effect does not follow the cause so directly: it is less intense, but more lasting, and more far-reaching in its results.

In the instances I have mentioned bodily health is rarely affected permanently by the excitement, for it soon passes away; occasionally, however, a terror may induce long-continued nervousness. Many cases of St. Vitus's dance—a disease chiefly affecting children—are attributable to fright. When the emotion is less intense and more prolonged, the faculty of self-control is weakened, profound mental disturbance results, and an unhealthy state of mind is induced, which reacts in turn, causing bodily ill-health (loss of appetite and sleeplessness, with the long train of their attendant consequences). The chief causes of such disturbance are (1) Disappointment in love—chiefly affecting young women. (2) Failure in business or want of success in the competition of life—chiefly affecting men. (3) Loss of friends by death. Men and women are very differently affected. Men become cynical and morose, or give way to excesses; comparatively rarely does a direct influence on their health result.

Women, on the other hand, are more prone to suffer physically. This difference seems to depend upon the greater activity and the more busy occupation of men, which prevents them to a certain extent from dwelling unduly on any emotion. The influence of emotion is first a nervous exaltation, followed afterwards by nervous depression—best instanced by religious fervour and despair.

In the every-day things of life similar influences are experienced. Let us take an extreme case of the state of being in love. In the earlier stages the poetical and sentimental predominate. Life is viewed through rose-coloured spectacles, and the lovers breathe an unreal atmosphere and live in an unreal world. This is the stage of exaltation, and it has little effect on bodily health other than tending to induce neuralgia. But too frequently it is followed by the stage of depression.

Mutual disappointment may occur—the disillusion may occur before marriage, and the engagement is terminated. The lady's disposition becomes warped and soured; her health declines, and she develops into a moody, irritable, nervous invalid. At first there is little organic disease, and if she be of well-balanced mind she soon throws aside her lassitude, and emerges a better, kinder, more sympathetic woman on account of her suffering.

But if she dwells on her disappointment and fails to occupy herself, she becomes permanently nervous and hysterical, and as a necessary consequence her bodily vigour is affected. She is no longer capable of useful work, for she can take no interest in anything. A life may be similarly spoilt by excessive indulgence in grief. The hopeless longing for the dead (for this feeling there is no sufficient word in the English language—it is best expressed by the Latin word *desiderium*) causes the life to be centred in retrospection and remorse, with consequent ill-health.

Lastly, want of success in life constitutes a disappointment which reacts on bodily health. Any prolonged worry or even a sudden shock experienced by adult persons—particularly after the beginning of the down-grade period of life—result in profound disturbance. The relation of intemperance to ill-health has even yet not been fully recognised. I have no doubt in my own mind that much of the excessive drinking during the later years of life depends upon an unhealthy state of the brain, induced by business anxieties and disappointments. Retrograde changes have begun in the various organs, which are, in consequence, more susceptible to injurious influences.

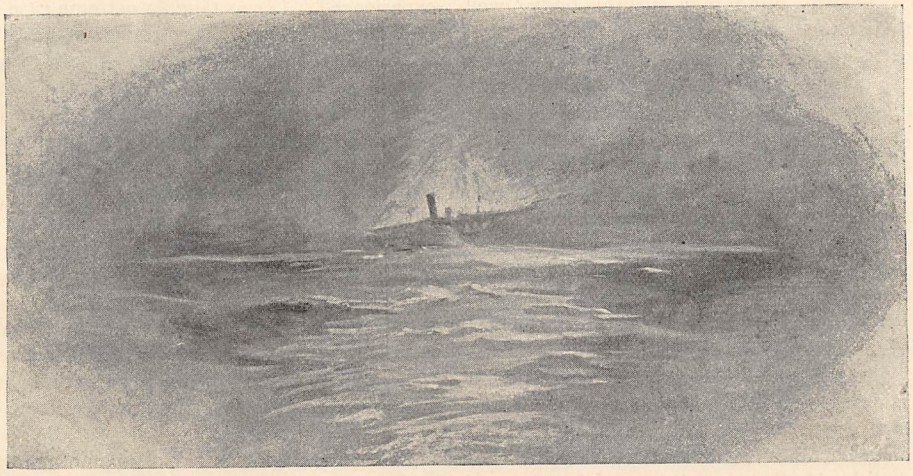
How are these conditions best remedied? Change of scene is to be recommended and active occupation to be provided. But, as in so many other conditions, much depends upon the individual. A determined effort must be made to overcome weakness—a continual endeavour to cease from morbid brooding; attention must be directed from self and concentrated on others, and as time elapses less and less difficulty will be experienced in realising that, after all, there still exists an interest in life. When this stage is reached complete recovery is not far distant.

I have directed attention to what may be termed the major disappointments of life, but it must not be forgotten that little disappointments, especially if they are frequently repeated, exercise far-reaching influence. Those of us who take interest in children and their little ways know well how bitterly they feel the non-fulfilment of a promise too often lightly made and soon forgotten.

Apart from the possible influence on character, there is no doubt that sensitive children suffer in health by such neglect. They grieve and brood over what they consider a serious slight, and lie awake, unable to sleep, and rise in the morning unrefreshed to begin a new day. It ought to be a matter of conscience to perform every promise made to a child.

A NIGHT ON A LIGHTSHIP.

BY HERBERT RUSSELL.



IN THE GLEAM OF THE FLASH LIGHT.

THE sight of the tiny bright spark, regularly waxing and waning far out upon the windy blackness which shrouded the stormy ocean, put it into my head to wonder what manner of life it was on board a lightship; and the thought brought a resolve to improve my acquaintance with the calling of those who man that familiar object of our home waters—the floating coast beacon.

I was spending a short holiday at the quaint, breezy old town of Deal, abreast of which stretches that most perilous of all shoals, the Goodwin Sands. It chanced that during the morning following the night on which I had stood watching the winking spark dancing out upon the deep, as I strolled along the shingle slope of the beach, I came to where several longshoremen were making ready to launch one of those famous boats locally termed a galley-punt.

They were bound away on a cruise to look out for ships requiring assistance, and invited me to accompany them. I sprang over the gunwale, the others followed, and away sped the little craft, souse into the surf that was making the pebbly shore resonant as mountain-crags in a thunder-storm. We sailed the bleak Channel till nightfall, but the foaming waters were as destitute of ships as though we had been out in mid-Atlantic.

I had been seated for upwards of an hour upon the floor of the boat, to get some shelter from the

keen wind piping up out of the east, but shortly before it fell dusk I raised my head above the level of the gunwale to take a look around, and found that we

"STOOD WATCHING US AS WE APPROACHED" (*p.* 186).

were within biscuit-toss of the *Gull* lightship. In the west, through a rift in the lead-coloured sky, showed the sun, hanging blood-red and rayless close down to the hard green rim of the sea that way, and tinging the atmosphere with an angry crimson flush, which came shaking in a dull trembling glow across the foaming heads of the waves.

The red-hulled vessel, with her name painted in huge glaring white letters upon her side, rode heavily over the surges, dipping her bluff bows with wild headlong plunges into the billows, and crushing them into a short rolling surface of snow, which washed seething past her ruddy bends. The light of the setting sun found a dull reflection in her wet sides, and the water all about her was full of lambent fires flung by the gleaming red planks.

An idea came into my head whilst I watched the tossing fabric, and I said to the man steering the galley-punt—

"Can you put me aboard that lightship?"

"What for, sir?" he answered.

"I should like to spend the night on her. You can take me off again to-morrow."

"Why, it's against rules to allow visitors aboard after sunset," he said. "But one of her crew is an uncle of mine, and maybe they'll take you. Leastways, we'll ask them."

He slightly shifted the tiller, and under the impulse of her powerful lugsail the long slender boat went surging towards the lightship. A man came to her bulwarks, and stood watching us as we approached. Recognising the Deal-men, he waved his hand.

"That's my uncle," said the boatman.

He then shouted—

"Jim, here's a gent as wants to spend the night out along with ye. Let him come aboard, mate. We'll fetch him again in the morning."

"I must ask the mate," replied the other, and vanished.

But in a moment he reappeared at the side, accompanied by a man clad in pilot cloth and brass buttons, who, after staring at me for a moment, shouted to the men to bring the boat alongside. With wonderful dexterity they steered the galley-punt close to the wallowing hull. Watching my chance, I sprang, and in a moment gained the deck.

My first impression on stepping over the side of the lightship was that of the massiveness and strength of every object upon which my eye rested. The decks were broad, and looked the roomier for the absence of the familiar details of shipboard furniture. Everything was painted the same bright colour of red, from the short stump of bumkin forking out over the bows, to the long arched tiller twitching at the ropes which lashed it amidships as the sea eddied round the rudder.

A couple of men, dressed in a costume very similar to that of men-of-war's-men, with the word *Gull* embroidered in red letters across the breasts of their jerseys, sat together forward upon the barrel of the great windlass. By my side stood the man in brass buttons, and the fellow whom the boatman had hailed.

I said to the former—

"Are you the captain?"

"No," he answered. "I am the mate, but I am in charge of the vessel."

"But you carry a captain, I believe?" said I.

"Our crew," he replied, "consists of ten hands, not including the skipper nor myself. These are divided in this manner: nine of the men forward are told off into three reliefs, one of which is always ashore for a month at a spell, so that we never have more than six of them in the forecastle, with one extra hand, in the shape of the carpenter. In this way the men get two months of shipboard life and one month of Trinity House work ashore. The skipper and myself take it in turns each alternate month to command here."

"I understand. And how many men do you keep on deck looking out at a time?"

"The six forward hands are divided into three watches, and each watch takes its turn of four hours on deck and eight below. For myself, I am free to come and go as I please. Of course, I am always called when anything happens demanding our attention."

I crossed the deck and looked over the bulwarks, which came breast-high, towards the Sands. The tide was about half-flood, so that the shoal was completely covered, but the pale flicker of the breakers against the deepening gloom of the evening plainly showed their whereabouts. I asked the mate how far off the edge of the Goodwins the *Gull* lightship was moored.

"A little over a mile," he answered. "Not a bit too far, sir, I can assure you, when a heavy northerly or north-easterly gale is blowing, and we are making bad weather of it, with all our chain—two hundred fathoms—paid out."

"Suppose you were to break adrift, with such a lee-shore as that: what would you do?"

"Well, we should set the sail, a great lug, and try to reach clear of the shoal. But the odds are ninety-nine in a hundred that we should take the ground and go to pieces; although I have heard of a lightship parting her moorings and washing clean across a bank, eventually driving right out to sea. We always have a spare anchor and cable ready for letting go. But you may take it that when one chain has parted the other isn't going to hold you for very long."

Just at this moment the hour of sunset, as shown by the nautical almanack, arrived, and the mate, after glancing at his watch, called for the men to light and hoist the lamp. It was a magnificent lantern, built round the base of the mast, full of silver reflectors, which flashed prismatically as the rolling of the vessel caught the western gleams.

The wicks were ignited, the rope by which the beacon was hoisted to its proper altitude taken to a winch, and four men, laying hold of the handspikes, rattled it up the mast. As soon as the lamp was in its place it began slowly to revolve. Although it was still broad twilight, the radiance beamed out brilliant almost as the noontide sun. It was difficult to tell the full intensity of the flashing from the deck: one needed to be half-a-mile away to judge the effect of those long shafts of light sweeping round like the spokes of a wheel upon the gleam. But I could see the glancing of the crystal squares in the sheen, and where the lantern was screened off to give the flashing appearance to its revolutions was to be known by the long black shadow that always followed the slow gliding beams of radiance.

I said to my companion—

"That is a splendid signal."

"Ay, sir, it's a good light. Hoisted to a height of thirty-eight feet above the level of the sea, it's visible for ten miles in clear weather."

My eye fell upon a little cannon trained through the bulwarks aft. I inquired if the piece was used for firing distress signals. The mate replied that it was.

"When we see a vessel standing in dangerously near to the Sands," said he, "we fire a warning gun. If she goes ashore, we begin firing guns in quick

succession ; and if it be night-time, send up powerful magnesium rockets. But the present system of signalling is capable of much improvement. Should the wind be off-shore, our guns cannot be heard on the land ; and if the weather is thick, our rockets are not seen. My belief is that it will ultimately come to telegraphic communication with the coast."

"Tell me," said I, gazing out into the fast deepening gloom, "what you would number as the risks of a lightsman's life ?"

"Why," he answered reflectively : "first, there's the ceaseless danger of being anchored close to a deadly shoal. Then there are the chances of collision. You would be surprised how frequently lightships are run foul of by vessels. It seems rather hard that we, who are stationed for the safeguard of ships, shouldn't be free from the dangers attending careless navigation. But apart from the conditions I have named, I do not know that we run any particular risks."

"Are the men liberally treated by the Trinity House ?" I asked.

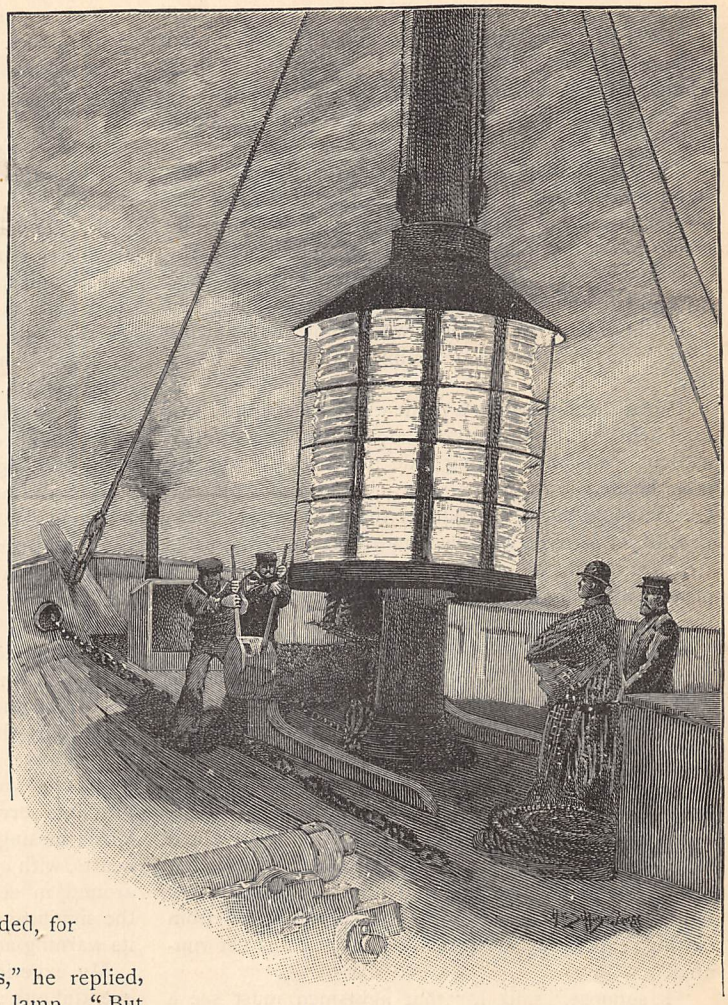
"On the whole, I may say they are, sir. The wages are good : better than those of sailors of corresponding grades."

"The lightsman should be well rewarded, for surely his life is intolerably dull," said I.

"It grows a bit monotonous at times," he replied, looking up at the rhythmically turning lamp. "But aboard this ship we're better off than the crews of most vessels in the service, for we're tolerably close in with the coast ; and there's some comfort in being able to spy your home through a telescope. In the more outlying lightships—the *Middle Swin*, for instance—it must be terribly lonely work. Would you like to step below, sir ?"

I followed him to the companion hatch, and we descended the ladder. The cabin was a small, plain, but comfortable interior, with several sleeping berths opening off it. Passing through a short passage, we entered the oil-room, whose odour I had noticed directly on coming below. Four tanks stood ranged against the bulkhead, each capable of holding a hundred and fifty gallons of oil. From the beams above hung rows of spare lamps and reflectors. Passing out of this compartment, we came to the 'tween decks, where stood the powerful clock-work machinery which revolves the lantern. Beyond lay the forecastle, which I also visited, and found it a commonplace sailors' living room, furnished with hammocks, lockers, and a table cleated to the deck.

Four men sat below here, one of them building a little model by the light of a bright swinging lamp and the others puffing at their pipes and watching him. I took notice of their smart and seamanlike aspect.



"'THAT IS A SPLENDID SIGNAL'" (*p.* 186).

"Tell me," said I, addressing the man who was building the model, "how you mainly occupy your time on board this vessel ?"

"Why, sir," he answered, "those amongst us that have got any skill amuse ourselves by making mats, work-boxes, little articles of furniture, and toys such as this. Then there's a tidy library aboard. In summer-time pleasure-boats frequently come alongside, and throw us parcels of newspapers, which are very welcome, to be sure."

"What sort of food do you get ?"

"Ordinary shipboard fare, but the best of its sort. The Trinity House biscuit is famous, I believe, for its excellence."

We returned to the deck again. It was quite dark now : a stormy night, with a shrill blustering of wind on high and a roaring of waters over the side. The effect of the great mist of light shed by the lamp upon the gloom was remarkable. For ever the long

spokes of luminous silver continued to sweep round the orbit of the shadowy mast, lighting up a broad patch of pale waters upon the inky surface of the deep wherever the labouring of the hull flung the shafts of radiance like great moonbeams over the foaming billows.

The tempestuous noise going on around took a new significance when I glanced in the direction of the fitful glare made by the breakers raging upon the Goodwins away out abeam. I cannot express the sense of deep loneliness that came to me as I strained my sight in the direction of the reef, and thought of the little ribbed islets which would now be showing their heads above the creaming race of the ebbing tide.

Those sands on such a night would be the very embodiment of the spirit of solitude. The desolation of a silent ice-island, floating pale under the straggling moonbeams down in the far reaches of the Antarctic Ocean, could not be profounder than the weird loneliness of yonder reef, whose yellow grains conceal greater treasure than the coffers of a hundred Oriental princes, and bury the bones of more sailors than manned the combined fleets at Trafalgar.

I inquired of the mate what depth of water the *Gull* was moored in, and he replied, About eight fathoms. The vessel at that moment giving an unusually heavy lurch, that sent me staggering against the bulwarks, I said—

"You must occasionally get some wild tumbling about?"

"It grows terrific at times. You see, we're but a small ship—I can't tell you our burthen off-hand, but it's a trifle under two hundred tons—and being very light, there's nothing to stop the little hooker from cutting capers when a really heavy sea is set running."

"I suppose," said I, "that lightsmen must see a great deal of shipwreck in the course of their professional career?"

"Ah, sir! that's one of the greatest hardships of our calling. It's a bitter, bad job for a man to have to stand idle, watching a vessel go to pieces, near enough to hear the cries of drowning sailors. I've seen some weird and awful sights in that way on tempestuous nights, when the gleam of our flash-light has regularly thrown out the shadowy shape of some vessel hard and fast ashore yonder, her canvas streaming in tatters from the yards, and the spray bursting over her in clouds. Yet one of our most particular rules is that we must not leave our vessel on any pretext whatever. A ship's company may be perishing within easy reach of us, but we can do no more than fire guns, send up rockets, and pray that the lifeboat may not be long in coming. On the whole, it's a wise and proper regulation. The desire to save life is very strong, particularly amongst seafaring men; but what could we do with a cockle-shell like that in such seas as run out here?"

And he pointed to a little double-ended boat hanging at the davits.

At the mast-head, above the lantern, was hoisted a large, red-painted ball. I inquired the purpose of it.

"It is a distinguishing mark," responded my companion. "For example, the *Gull* is known by her one red ball, the *East Goodwin* by a diamond with a triangle over it, and the *North Sand Head* by three red balls. The Trinity House vary the designs of these signals as much as possible. The *Calshot* shows two red triangles, one on each mast; the *Tongue* and the *Nore* both carry black balls; the *Long Sand* a large red diamond; the *Knock* a large red ball surmounted by a small one; the *Duke of Edinburgh* half a red ball; and so forth. There's utility in the plan, for a shipmaster spying a lightship too far off to read the letters of her name can tell by her masthead signals, which show clear against the sky, what vessel she is."

We continued chatting in this fashion till it grew late, and the mate asked me whether I would like to go below and turn in.

"There's a berth at your service," said he. "You'll not care to keep the deck all night long, I suppose?"

I answered that I should be glad to go and lie down; on which he conducted me to a mere box of a sea bedroom. Stretching myself along in the bunk or sleeping-shelf, I lay for a great while, listening to the strange groaning and creaking sounds arising from the wooden walls, and thinking of the inexpressible service to navigation rendered by the gallant fabric tossing under me, and her little crew of brave hearts, with eyes always peering out into the darkness around in search of any ship which should mistake the significance of the noble beacon that flashed forth its warning across the tumbling waters.

My experience had not, indeed, proved a very eventful one; there had been no wrecks, no occasion to fire guns and send up rockets and blue lights. Yet I would not have missed spending those few hours on board the *Gull* for a great deal. I had gained an insight into a phase of the longshore life of our coasts concerning which but very little is known. To most dwellers by the seashore the lightship is an object as familiar as the coast she guards; yet how many, as they gaze forth at the tiny spark, burning bright and clear on a breathless summer night, or fitfully flickering in the howling blackness of a winter tempest, let their thoughts go out to the men who form the crew of the brave old craft?

It needs that sympathy which can only come from understanding the sort of perils that beset him to be able to appreciate what a devoted and heroic calling that of the lightsman really is.

Thus musing, I presently fell asleep. When next I opened my eyes it was broad daylight, and the mate was standing in the cabin with his hand upon my shoulder, telling me that the Deal galley-punt was again alongside, and waiting to convey me ashore.

Words by GEORGE WEATHERLY. *Music by* J. MOUNTFORT.

Allegretto. *p* *cres.* *f* *dim.*

ACCOMPT.

Delicato.

Ped. * Ped. *

mf *parlate.*

What shall I play to you, what shall I play?

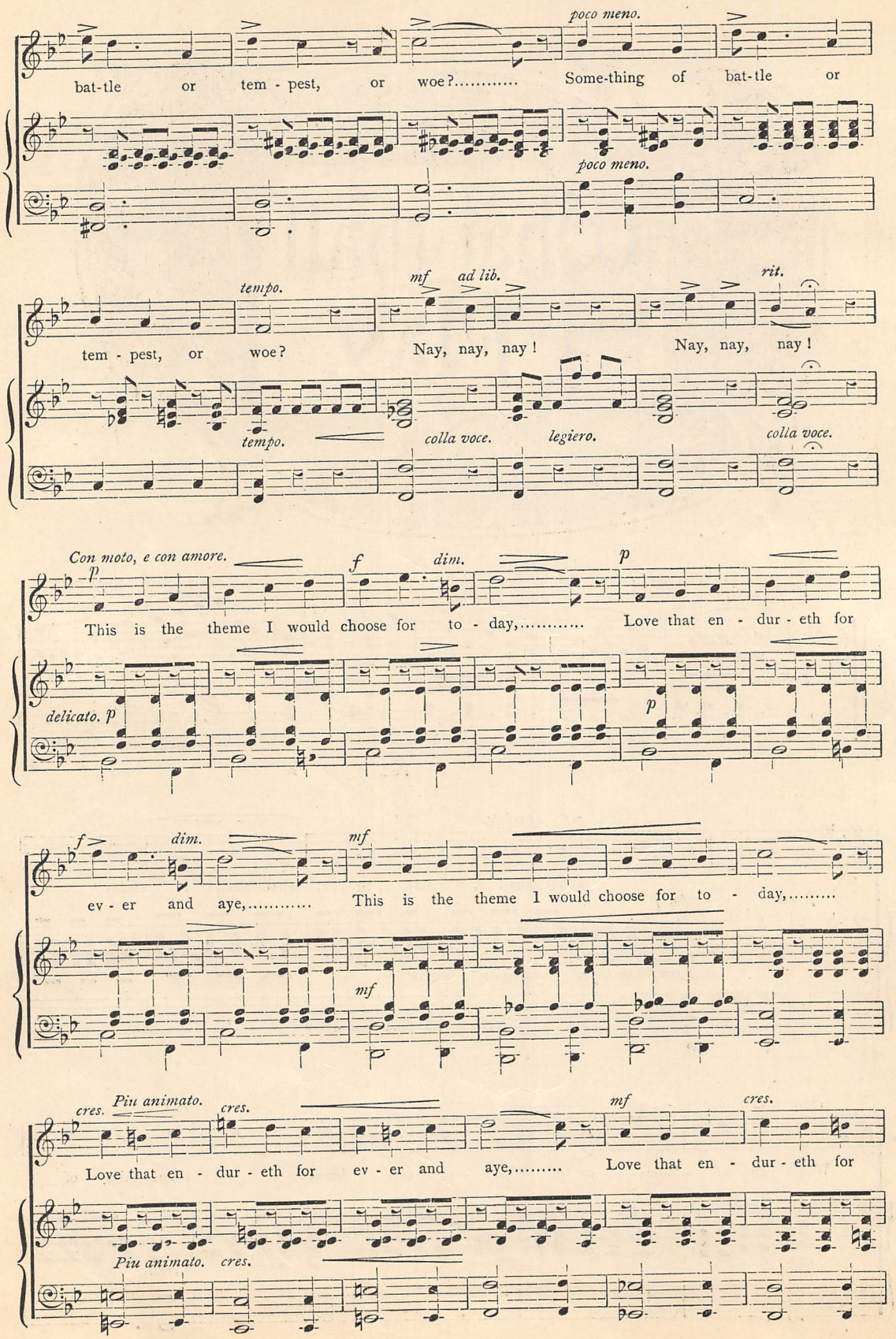
p *rit.* *tempo.* *p*

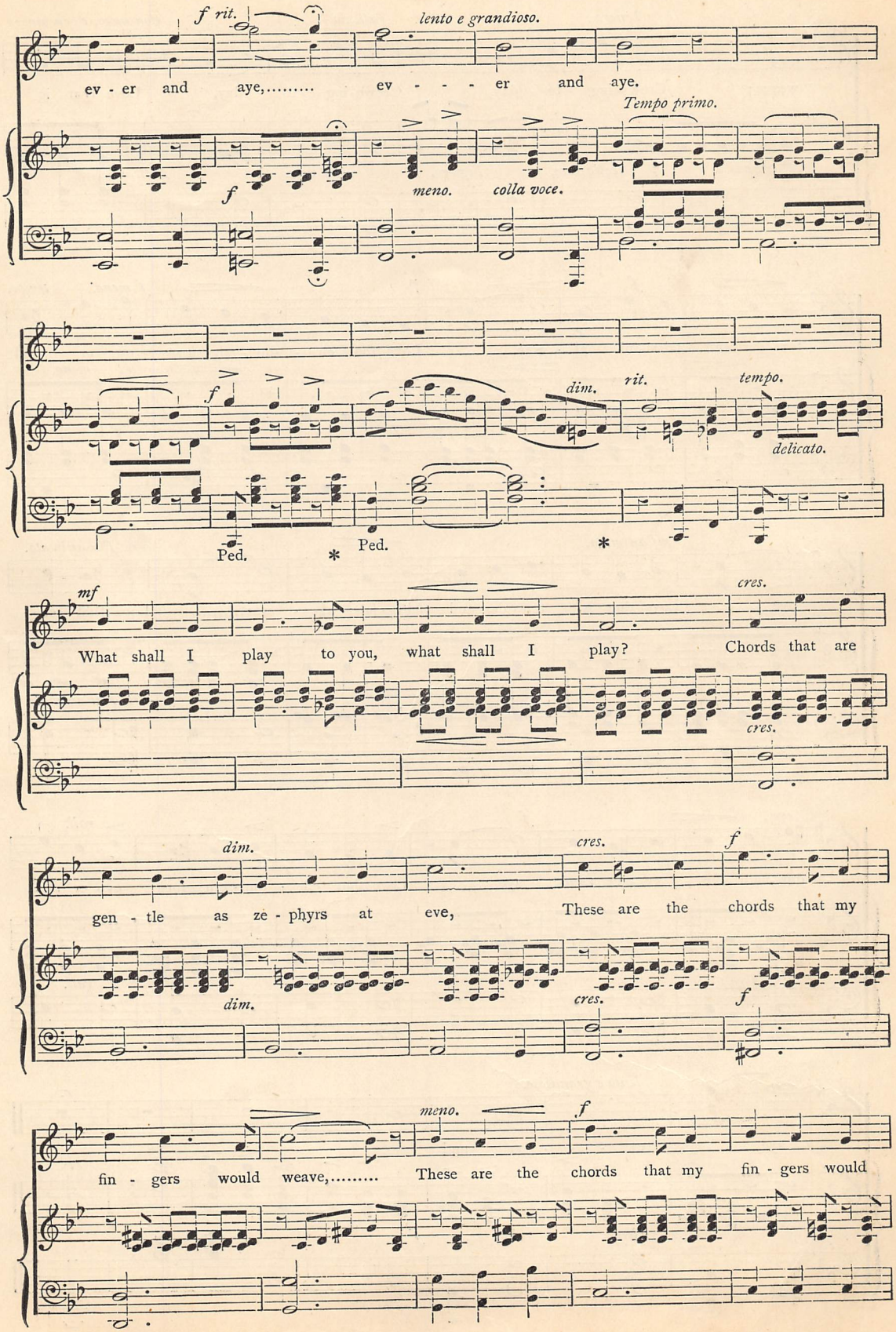
sempre delicato. *marcato.*

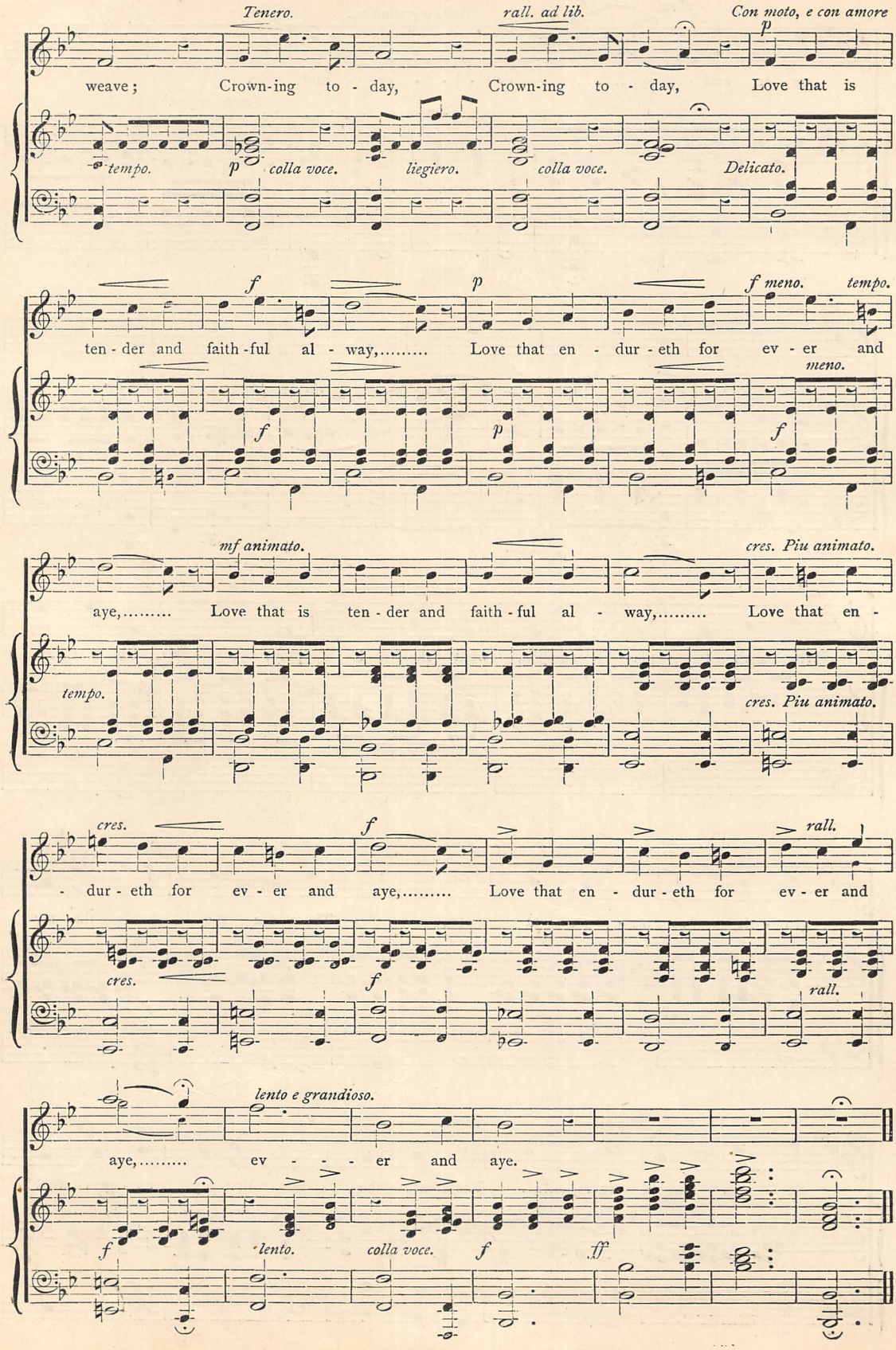
cres. *cres.*

Would you of fame or of hap - pi - ness know? Some - thing of

cres. *cres.*

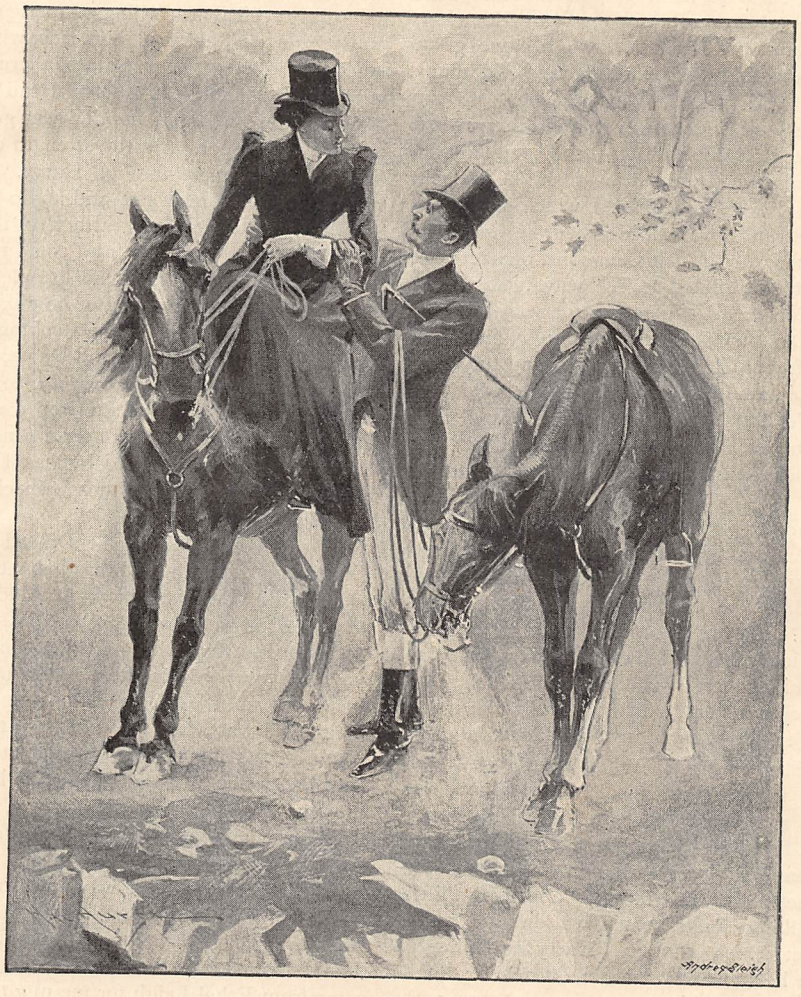

poco meno.
bat-tle or tem - pest, or woe?..... Some-thing of bat-tle or
poco meno.
tempo.
mf ad lib.
rit.
tem - pest, or woe? Nay, nay, nay! Nay, nay, nay!
tempo.
colla voce.
legiero.
colla voce.
Con moto, e con amore.
p
f
dim.
p
This is the theme I would choose for to - day,..... Love that en - dur - eth for
delicato. p
p
f
dim.
mf
ev - er and aye,..... This is the theme I would choose for to - day,.....
mf
cres.
Piu animato.
cres.
mf
cres.
Love that en - dur - eth for ev - er and aye,..... Love that en - dur - eth for
Piu animato.
cres.


f rit.
lento e grandioso.
ev - er and aye,..... ev - - - er and aye.
Tempo primo.
f
meno.
colla voce.
f
dim.
rit.
tempo.
delicato.
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
mf
What shall I play to you, what shall I play? Chords that are
cres.
cres.
dim.
cres.
f
gen - tle as ze - phyrs at eve, These are the chords that my
dim.
cres.
f
meno.
f
fin - gers would weave,..... These are the chords that my fin - gers would


Tenero.
rall. ad lib.
Con moto, e con amore
p
weave; Crown-ing to - day, Crown-ing to - day, Love that is
tempo.
p
colla voce.
liegiero.
colla voce.
Delicato.
f
p
f meno.
tempo.
ten - der and faith - ful al - way,..... Love that en - dur - eth for ev - er and
meno.
mf animato.
cres. Piu animato.
aye,..... Love that is ten - der and faith - ful al - way,..... Love that en -
tempo.
cres. Piu animato.
cres.
f
rall.
- dur - eth for ev - er and aye,..... Love that en - dur - eth for ev - er and
cres.
f
rall.
lento e grandioso.
aye,..... ev - - - er and aye.
f
lento.
colla voce.
f
ff

IN A FOG.

BY EDITH E. CUTHELL, AUTHOR OF "ONLY A GUARDROOM DOG," "THE STORY OF A GLAMOUR," "LADY LORRIMER'S SCHEME," ETC. ETC.



"THEN HE DREW ME DOWN TO HIM" (*p.* 195).

I WAS very miserable. Not that I even allowed to myself that I was; but I *was* miserable, all the same. Yet I had had a most delightful summer, even for the age of twenty-one, when all summers are delightful. We had taken a villa at Dinard. You know that sweet little Monaco of the North, perched upon its pretty dark cliffs, on one side the rock-studded sea, on the other the beautiful winding Rance, the Dart of France, with its snug coves and wooded heights, and inland, behind it, the chestnut woods and apple orchards of Brittany.

We had great fun at Dinard. Mamma, indeed, said it was a great waste of money to have taken us abroad at all. For we are all perfectly content if we can only get a tennis-ground and other girls and men to play with on it, and that we had in the Square garden without leaving London. But though we got up a tremendous tournament, to the somewhat bewildered admiration of the French contingent, we did many other things too at Dinard. We bathed, at least once a day, in great parties on the smooth sandy *plage* of the little cove, to which rocky steps led down from our villa, arraying ourselves in wonderfully gay costumes, though we did not wear hats in the water, like the French ladies. We made up shrimping parties about the rocks at low tide, tucking up our skirts and paddling like children. I do not remember that we caught very much, but it was great fun. We sailed and rowed about the Rance, and made expeditions and got up picnics at all the old ruins for miles round.

The Hallams had the next villa to ours, and they were a large party, too. We did not actually know them in London to call upon, but we met the young Hallams about at the houses of mutual acquaintances. Especially did I seem to meet very often Harry, the soldier, who was always running up from Aldershot. At Dinard, we and the Hallams soon became great friends, and made many expeditions and did many things together. Harry came over on leave.

At first he was just as nice as ever, and Harry, when he likes, can be *very* nice. But then, gradually he altered, and became silly and sulky—so unlike himself. He said it was I who had altered, which was quite false. The girls said it was all Monsieur le Comte de Courcy, Lieutenant in the 4th Dragoons, quartered at Dinan. Now, I quite failed to see why it should be the Comte de Courcy. I saw no reason why I should not talk to him, and try to teach him to play tennis (in full uniform) without Harry Hallam having anything to say to it, if it amused me to do so. And it did amuse me. We had first met Lieutenant de Courcy when we went up to Dinan to see the Thorneys, who had taken a house there, and went with them to the races.

The officers of the 4th Dragoons, a very fine regiment in pale blue and silver, with long hats and tails of horse-hair hanging from the troopers' brass helmets, performed prodigies of valour over the steeplechase course—in full uniform, of course. M. de Courcy really could ride, though Harry Hallam was so scornful and sniffy over his horsemanship. He had charming French manners, too, and I had never met a Frenchman in society before, my only acquaintances of the nationality being our French master at school and the young men at Truefitt's. M. de Courcy was very small, and neat, and dapper, in his sweetly pretty uniform, which fitted him so exquisitely, and gave him such a waist that Harry declared he wore stays! He could play the piano charmingly, and sing little French half-talking songs, which we did not much understand, but which annoyed Harry exceedingly. But I am sure he understood them even less; for I am persuaded it was his poor acquaintance with French that was at the bottom of Harry's appreciating M. de Courcy less than we did.

However he, Harry, sneaked through his examination in French I can't understand at all. Then M. de Courcy spoke no English, and so Harry lost all our jokes with him. So it made Harry very cross and sulky when M. de Courcy came over to Dinard—as he did very often, especially from Saturday to Monday; and we all went to the *concert de gala* at the Casino on Saturday nights. Mamma was so pleased with him because, instead of going to the Casino on Sunday night to the concert, which always took place that day there, according to foreign custom, he would come over to us and dine, and sit with us quietly in the garden all the evening after church. Mamma said she thought we had a "very good influence over the young Frenchman." If so, we must have had a very bad one over poor Harry; for when M. de Courcy turned up, the former promptly trotted off in high dudgeon, and was not to be seen at the evening service.

Then Miss Annabel A. Cawson, of New York (*vide* the hotel list), appeared on the scene. How I disliked that girl from the very beginning! She was one of your typical travelling Americans, disgustingly noisy, and well dressed and rich, with a thin yellow aunt and several huge Saratoga trunks in tow. It appeared she knew an officer friend of Harry's, who had married an American, and was going to stay with them at Aldershot. On the strength of this, she began making a complete fool of Harry. He is so easily managed by a pretty girl, and, to do her justice, Miss Cawson was undeniably attractive, though I couldn't stand her ways with men, and could never, never have imagined that Harry, of all people, could possibly admire *that* sort of girl! But he did, as anyone could see with half an eye; and said so, moreover. So then, just to show him that I could be proud too, and that if he had been annoyed over a nice Frenchman like M. de Courcy, I could be annoyed over such a glaring bare-faced flirtation with a horrid American girl—why, I became just as chilly to him as I knew how. But it was very hard sometimes, especially when Miss Cawson wasn't by!

All this completely spoilt Dinard for me. M. le Comte went off with his brass helmets to the manœuvres; Harry departed back to Aldershot, saying *au revoir* to Miss Cawson, who was to pay her visit there shortly, but with hardly a good-bye to me! I can't tell you how miserable I became, or how I hated the place, and the life, and the people now, and how delighted I was when we went back to England.

But it was my turn to go and stay with old Aunt Caroline. She lives all alone at Brighton, and we have to pay her periodical visits, which we hate. Brighton in September is dreadfully dull; Aunt Caroline is never anything else. I became quite moped, and got into the way of crying about nothing at all. Mamma professed herself quite shocked at my looks when I returned to town, and said she was thankful when, about the end of October, an invitation came from Ethel Leigh for me to go and stay down in Loamshire. Ethel and I were school friends, and I always enjoyed staying at Leigh Court, if—if it had not been for Ethel's brother, Lionel. He was all very well as far as he went, but he wanted to go a great deal too far for me. Ethel was always praising him up, and telling me how good he was, and how devoted to me, and hoping I'd try and like him just a little, at first, etc. All this had, of course, the opposite effect on me, and I felt that, upset as I was over the Dinard business, I was in no mood to stand Master Lionel's attentions, and did not accept Ethel's invitation till I heard he was safe away from home.

Loamshire is a great hunting country—all the Leighs great riders. The season was just beginning, and no one thought or talked of anything else but horses, and foxes, and chances of sport. It was a refreshing change, and cheered me up. The first Monday in November, the opening day of the season, the hounds met at Crosby Toll-bar, a famous fixture,

and all the country-side turned out. The Leighs insisted on mounting me on an old cob, which knew far more about hunting than I did, and, clad in Ethel's second habit (she had at least two), I rode up with the others. We were a little late, and the hounds had already moved on with the mass of horsemen and women to Crosby Gorse, which lies under the Down. It was a dull, misty November morning, the woods sere and damp, and the odour of moisture pervading alike the newly-turned plough and the rank pastures. The horizon was vapoury, and great cotton-wool-like clouds rested on the Down above. But everyone agreed it was a good scenting morning.

They found almost directly in Crosby Gorse ; they always have been, from time immemorial ; and almost before I knew what they were up to, the two or three hundred riders had scrambled and jostled off through a gate, across a fallow, and over some fences, while I, or rather the cob, followed as best we might. I had always loved riding, though I had never ridden across country in my life. The novelty and the excitement intoxicated me, and I urged the cob along to the top of his bent. Ethel had vanished. She was well mounted, and invariably rode in the first flight. All the other Leighs had likewise disappeared, but I kept my eye fixed firmly on the broad back of a burly farmer, whom Ethel had recommended as a safe pilot, knowing every inch of the country—and every gate, too, she had added, with a sneer. He led me through several, over some fences which the old cob negotiated to our mutual satisfaction, and at last I found myself following him up the steep slope of the Down. But the farmer was a heavy weight and careful of his mount. I, light as a feather, and wild to get on, did not find it in me to wait for him, and pushed on alone up the hill as fast as the cob would go.

But on the top of the Down I found myself in a sea of mist, cut off by a white wall from the world below. Guided by a shout here, a blast on the horn there, I made my way in the direction I fancied the hounds were running in. But sound is delusive in a fog, and ere long I was forced to confess to myself that I was quite lost. How long I galloped up and down steep slopes of short crisp grass which seemed each to resemble the last, I do not know. I believe I really kept going round in a circle, as people do when they are lost. But I soon got quite frightened, and began to wonder what on earth I should do, longing for the white veil to lift, for some sound or sign of living creature in this uncanny, weird, cloud-cuckoo land.

Suddenly I fancied I heard, in the far distance, the ring of a horse's hoofs. Once more I began galloping in the direction whence the sound came. But the cob, who was old, and whose wind was not so good as it had been, began to show signs of having had enough. We were tearing down a steep slope into the fog, impenetrable at but a short distance, when quite suddenly he bore away to the right, and no endeavours on my part would induce him to keep straight on. So engrossed was I with trying to coerce him that I did not notice a horse galloping up behind me, till there came a warning shout—

"Hi, there ! Look out in front ! Chalk-pit !"

The voice sounded strangely familiar. I turned my head. A young man in a pink coat, on a bay horse, reined up abruptly, as if he had been shot. It was Harry Hallam !

Then a little whiff of breeze stole up and lifted the white wall of fog in front, disclosing, almost at my very feet, an unprotected sheer drop of sixty feet into a chalk-pit below !

Whether it was the fright, or the fatigue, or the sudden shock of seeing Harry, I don't know ; but I behaved like a goose. I turned quite white and queer, and felt myself falling off the old cob's back.

The next thing I knew was that Harry was standing by me, his bridle over one arm, and the other round my waist holding me on, and looking up at me with a sort of anxious look in his eyes, such as I had never seen there before.

"Thank God !" he muttered, under his breath. "To think that it should have been *you* I stopped !"

I had never heard him speak in such a tone before, so grave and tender. It *was* so nice to hear his voice—that voice which had haunted me for weeks, and which I thought I should, in all probability, never hear again, that, though I looked down upon him with a smile and began—

"Oh, Harry !" I couldn't go on, for I burst into hysterical tears.

"Oh, Evie ! Evie ! Don't !" (He had never called me Evie before.)

And then he drew me down to him—the cob was low, and Harry is very tall—and kissed me ; and I let him.

"Don't, Harry ! I'm all right now !"

"Are you quite sure ?" He hesitated to let me go.

"Quite," I replied, straightening myself in my saddle, and wiping my eyes. "I'm an idiot, but—but—I've been *so* miserable !"

"So have I !" and he looked up at me imploringly, and got hold of my hand. "Will you forgive me about—about that Miss—what's-her-name ?"

"And you me about Monsieur de Thing-me-bob ?" I added, looking down upon him, half smiles, half tears.

Harry gave me his answer. It was not verbal. Then he mounted, and we rode home together.

The fog had lifted a little, showing brown and russet patches of the grassy and woodland world below. But we had lost the hounds irretrievably, and I felt so tired out with my unaccustomed exertions that Harry insisted on taking me back to Leigh Court at once, though he thereby gave up any chance himself of what turned out to be the best run of the season. It was a long ride back, but oh ! so pleasant, and we did not hurry ; and Harry, who was staying with a friend near, it appeared, put up his horse and stopped to dinner, and wrote to papa that evening. So that was the end of our both being in a fog in every sense of the word.

WASHABLE GOLD EMBROIDERY.

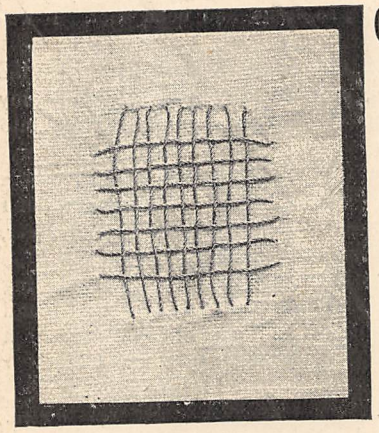


FIG. 1.—DARNING WITH GOLD THREAD.

ONCE the prejudice against the use of tinsel upon linen and cotton materials is removed, there are many effective and handsome embroideries to be executed with the new washable gold thread, but the best advice I can give those who are proposing to employ this thread is, "See that you get it," as the advertisements say. It is not every shop that supplies this particular make of gold thread, and in many places, owing more to the ignorance of the shop assistants themselves than to a desire to impose, the purchaser is put off merely with a finer make than usual of the Japanese or Chinese threads. By the exercise of a very small amount of intelligence it will be seen that these threads cannot possibly bear any rough wear, much less washing, for many of them are made simply of gilded paper twisted over a core which is cotton in the commoner sorts, silken in the better. Of course the first time this is wetted, the paper becomes reduced to pulp. The washable gold thread, when closely examined and unravelled at the end, will be found to consist generally of three strands, which, when they are untwisted in their turn, will be seen to be composed of a very slender metal wire wound round a silken or cotton core. The Comptoir Alsacien de Broderie, of 15, Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris, and late of New Bond Street, supplies a specially good make of these washable threads, which generally costs about twopence or threepence a yard, according to the number, there being three sizes. The postage of sample skeins costs but little. It is very pure, and so can be depended upon never to tarnish unless brought into contact with sulphur. For this reason it is better to employ it upon linen that is unbleached rather than upon such as is dead-white in tint, as the chemicals used in the bleaching are very apt to disturb the brightness of the metal. To use with this, the same firm provides spangles which are also guaranteed to wash, and, as everyone appreciates a certain amount of brilliancy in fancy work, they are likely to become very popular on embroidered tea-cloths, table-cloths, dainty serviettes, pillow shams, and sideboard slips.

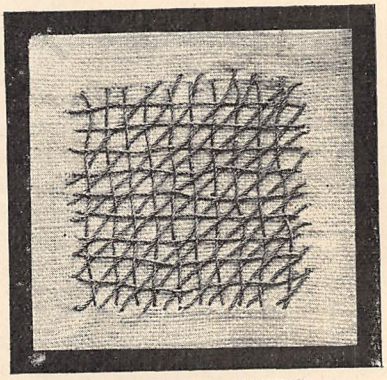


FIG. 3.—LACE DARNING.

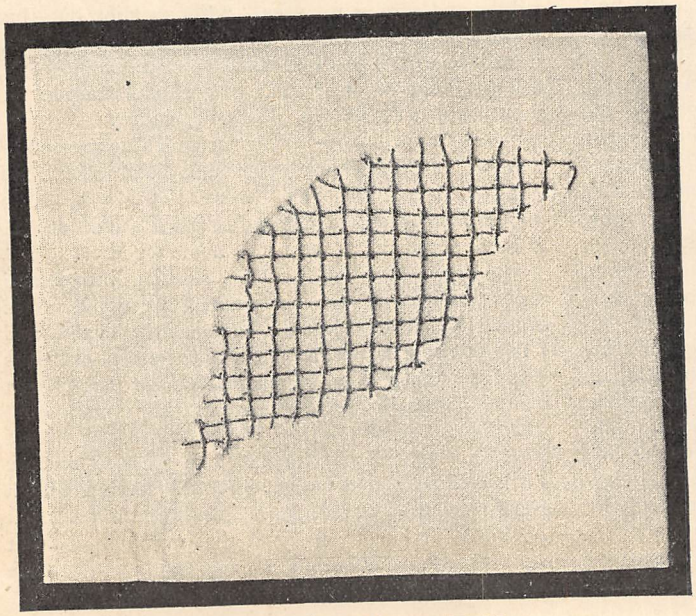


FIG. 2.—SIMPLE LATTICE STITCH.

Turning now to the use of the tinsel threads, I will give first a few details of the stitches for which they are most suited. There is the ordinary lattice-work darning (Fig. 1), which serves as a filling for almost any size and shape of design. The strands may be put nearer together or further apart, as desired, according to the size of the pattern, the lattice being sometimes large enough to admit of a small spangle being sewn in the middle of each square. Then there is the lattice given in Fig. 2, where an agreeable touch of colour is added by the stitches which secure the strands and in the French knots which may be placed, if space permits, in the middle of each open space. In Fig. 3 is given yet another form of darning, in which three sets of threads are interlaced instead of two. The two sets of horizontal and vertical threads are here laid first,

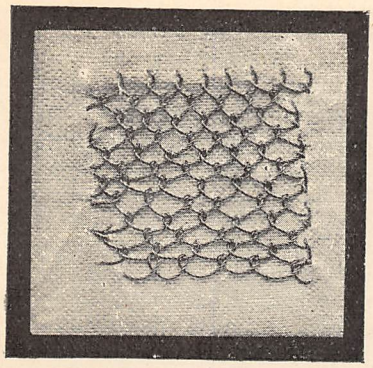


FIG. 4.—POINT DE BRUXELLES.

and are crossed with lines taken across them diagonally. All these varieties of a simple stitch lend themselves as well to the filling of a ribbon-like design as to that of any particular leaf, scroll, or flower, and, when evenly executed, an uncommon appearance is given to the work, as of a gold gauze ribbon among the more solid portions of the

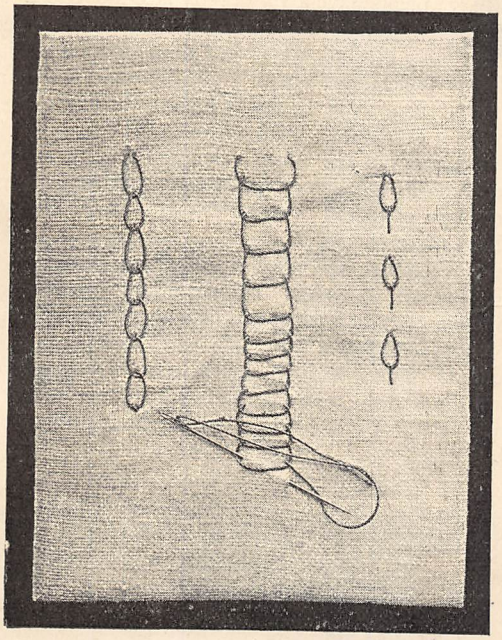


FIG. 5.—CHAIN, OPEN STEM, AND PICOT STITCHES.

embroidery. It is a pretty idea also to use one gold strand only in the darning, and to alternate this with a thread of colour.

Few fancy stitches are more effective than the simple lace filling, point de Bruxelles, given in Fig. 4. Most workers know how to work this, but when gold thread is employed, it must be left even looser than when silk or cotton is used. Instead, too, of taking each buttonhole stitch through the linen, it is better only to catch it through those in the preceding row, securing, of course, the end loops in the usual way. Should the work seem at all likely to slip out of place when thus executed, it is easy to catch the gold down here and there with an invisible stitch of gold-coloured horse-tail silk. Chain-stitch loosely worked answers well in gold thread, because the wiry nature of the tinsel allows the stitches to set well open, like miniature rings upon the work. A few chain-stitches are worked towards the left of the detail in Fig. 5, and picot stitches, which are executed in the same way, are given at the right. Open stem-stitch, as in the middle of Fig. 5, is similar to chain-stitch and more effective in certain positions. It is worked somewhat in the same fashion, but, as shown in the example, the needle is put into the loop, and brought across diagonally at the back of the work. Some little practice is needed to get the stitches all of the right degree of tightness, but they may be placed quite close together, as shown in the lower end of the detail, or far apart, as at the top. They may also be worked of almost any width. Hence the stitch may be employed for broad stems, for narrow leaves and petals of flowers. In leaves that are wide

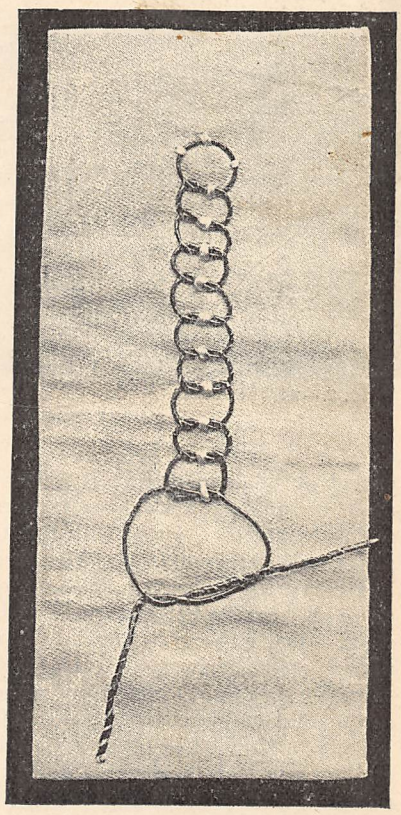


FIG. 6.—THE LINK STITCH.

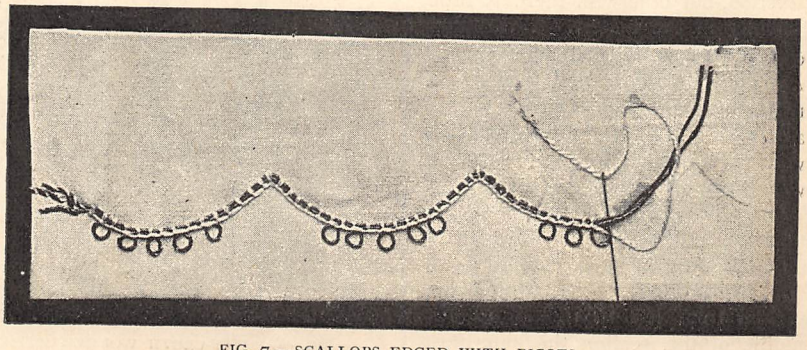


FIG. 7.—SCALLOPS EDGED WITH PICOTS.

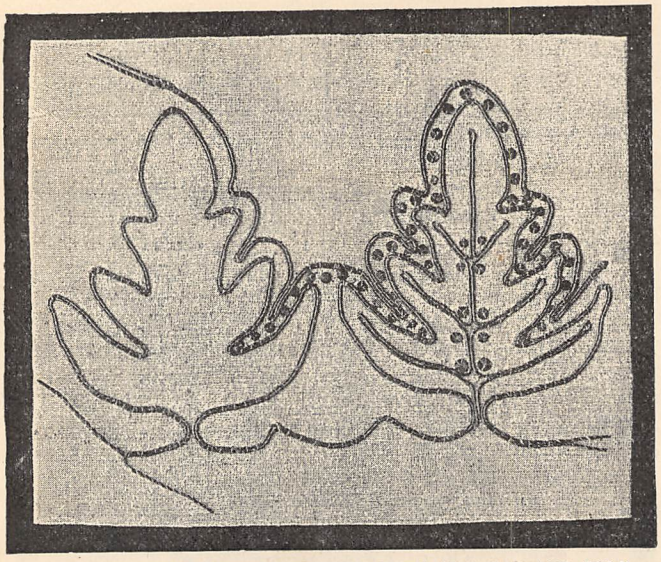


FIG. 8.—BRAIDING DESIGN EXECUTED WITH SPANGLES AND GOLD THREAD.

enough to allow of it, a great improvement may be made by running three lines of darning down the middle by way of veining, and if the stem-stitches are rather wide, these will help to keep them in place.

A very pretty and simple stitch, for covering narrow stems and straight bands along the edge of a piece of work, is that in Fig. 6. To work it, it is advisable to pin out the material taut to a heavy cushion or to execute it in a frame. Use two strands of gold, and sew down the ends about a quarter of an inch apart, but side by side. Then take a thread in each hand, and tie them once as if an ordinary knot were to be made. Draw up the tie till it is about a quarter of an inch from the beginning of the work, and, after seeing that it is even on each side, catch it down with a stitch worked with gold-coloured horse-tail silk. Then make a second tie a quarter of an inch from the last; sew this down, and continue till sufficient are made. Some care is needed to get the links exactly even and all the same size, and twisted in the same direction, but otherwise there is little difficulty in the matter. A variation may be made by leaving larger spaces between the rings, and sewing a spangle in the middle of each.

A pretty way of finishing off the edges of a tea-cloth, or almost any other piece of work, is given in Fig. 7. A series of scallops is traced on the material, and these are followed with a double line of gold caught down with button-hole stitches which are worked from left to right. In the middle of the scallop the outermost strand of gold thread is twisted into five loops. To do this, after making a button-hole stitch, give the strand a turn to make the loop of the size required and support it under the thumb of the left hand while a button-hole stitch is made close to the loop and on the right hand side of it. This holds it down firmly to the linen. Make another button-hole stitch in the ordinary way, and then another picot, or loop. In the example there are only five picots for the sake of clearness, but they may, if desired, be placed along the whole curve of the scallops, the two which set in the angles between two scallops being interlaced. The button-hole stitches, if worked tolerably close together, give a sufficiently firm edge to the embroidery to enable the linen to be cut away beyond it, when the picots have a very pretty lace-like effect.

Many of these stitches have to be worked by drawing the thread through the material instead of couching it down upon the surface, as is the case with the coarser makes of gold. A large round-eyed needle is required, and not too great a length of tinsel at the time. Also, as it does not very readily slip, only a very short piece of thread need be drawn through the eye of the needle; then if this becomes chafed, and breaks in its passage through the linen, merely a small piece need be cut off when the needle is re-threaded. Economy, even in such a minor way as this, tells in the long run when a large piece of work has to be executed. The ease with which the thread can be drawn through the material enables it to be used for a great variety of the fancy stitches generally worked with silk or flax.

FIG. 9.—TRAY-CLOTH WORKED WITH WASHABLE GOLD THREAD AND INGRAIN FILOSELLE.

A particularly easy way of getting a good effect by the use only of gold thread and spangles is shown in Fig. 8. Here a double strand of tinsel is simply couched down to the material, a design somewhat similar to many used in braiding being selected, and having sufficient space between the outlines to allow of sprinkling the ground with spangles. A good selection of fancy articles traced for working in this way is always to be had from the Comptoir, and the worker may judge whether she prefers such as are carried out merely with gold to such as are mixed with coloured embroidery of the usual kind. Sometimes the metal is itself sewn down with a colour, the stitches being only large enough to cover the two strands exactly. The spangles are generally caught down with three stitches carried over the edge, and through the hole in the middle. The largest spangles require four of these stitches, or they will be apt to curl up at the edges when they have been in use for some little time.

FIG. 10.—DAMASK OUTLINED WITH GOLD THREAD.

An example of the use of the washing gold thread with ingrain filoselle is given in Fig. 9. The tray-cloth shown here is one of those to be had at any fancy shop—in this case of Messrs. Vicars and Poirson's design—and has a pattern traced on it that was specially well adapted to the work now under consideration. All the longer stems are followed with a double row of gold, and the little stars that are dotted about the sprays have each a spangle by way of centre. The design requires that these should be graduated in size, and where they near the tip of the spray the smallest of all are used by themselves without any encircling stitches of silk.

Another pretty embroidery that may be done with these threads is the outlining of the designs on damask. This is a style of work that has been very popular when carried out with silk or flax threads, but a set of fine satin damask doyleys is by no means to be despised when ornamented with a delicate outlining of gold thread interspersed with the glittering spangles. The finer portions of the design need but one row of thread, especially when the damask is of a good and fine make. In the little doyley shown here (Fig. 10) there is no convenient place for spangles, so the gold thread is used by itself. For the more slender veinings and markings of leaves and flowers the gold thread is untwisted and each strand, used separately, is worked in outline stitch in the customary fashion. The gold, from its very nature, can scarcely be expected to set as flat against the material as do silk or flaxen threads, but the work will not be injured by being pressed on the wrong side with an iron.

Yet another washing fabric for gold embroidery is single-thread canvas; and beautiful and artistic handkerchief sachets, book-covers, and other things can be made to look very "old world" and quaint if the gold is mingled with good and subdued colours of silk. The task of drawing the tinsel through the canvas is a very pleasant one.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.

MARGARET'S WAY.

By ANNIE E. WICKHAM, Author of "Two Women," etc.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

HOW welcome that voice sounded in her ears. She could not but be friendly to this friend in need. Indeed, she no longer felt at enmity with Geoffrey Fenham now that she had escaped from his offers to give her money; she felt that she had conquered—she could afford to be generous.

He appeared at a lucky moment. She was helpless amid the turmoil and bustle of the station. She

delivered all responsibility about her luggage and herself into his hands.

He drew her to one side out of the way of passengers while he found her many boxes.

"There is half an hour to wait. Come and have some tea," he said when he came back.

She meekly assented. Her head was aching, partly from crying, partly from the heat of the day; the noise of trains and pushing of passengers confused her still more. She clung to his arm, and allowed him to find a quiet corner where they could have tea in comparative peace.

"How does Independence feel?" he asked, with a twist of his mouth.

Margaret tried to sit upright and to regain some of her old alertness and vigour, but her wan face and reddened eyes belied her efforts.

"Confess you were glad that I turned up to meet you," he continued, with a teasing smile.

"How did you know that I should come by this train?"

"I had a telegram from Cole that you had left by the twelve train, and, as I was passing through Cheltenham, I thought I would wait and see you in your new character: the independent young woman."

It did not occur to Margaret to ask whether he had been visiting Birmingham.

"Finished your tea? Then we had better be moving. Your train must be nearly due. Or will you come back with me to Fen Court? Think of Mrs. Jones, and how delighted she will be to see you back!"

For a moment it seemed to Geoffrey that she hesitated. Then she smiled and shook her head.

"That is likely," she said.

"Too much wisdom to expect from you, eh?"

His beaming, honest boyish smile claimed an answering one from her.

"If you like to put it that way," she said.

The Birmingham train steamed in, and people took their seats.

"Mrs. Jones made me travel first-class. I wanted to travel third."

"Wise Mrs. Jones! Here is a comfortable carriage. The guard will look after your luggage. You are sure you will not come back with me to Fen Court? There is a return train leaves in ten minutes. Come, Margaret, get out of this carriage and return with me to home."

But Margaret shook her head. She would not trust her voice to speak.

"You will not like these people to whom you are going; you will find things very different to Fen Court. Be wise in time."

Again Margaret shook her head.

Geoffrey's kind face looked a long way off, as through a mist. His firm, smooth hand clasping hers, and his voice pleading in her ears, were the only real things amid the hurrying to and fro of passengers and the shouts of porters.

"The house at Bridge End will be your own; you can have your friends to stay with you—Miss Seymour and anyone else you like. Your horse and ponies shall be sent there for you, and you shall be your own mistress. Come, Margaret, be a sensible girl! I hate to think of you out in the world, roughing it, when you ought to be at Fen Court; when you would have had everything but for a childish bit of temper."

Those four words spoilt the preceding ones.

Margaret drew her hand from his.

"I will take nothing from you."

Those words were her sheet-anchor. They were beginning to beat into her brain.

"I will take nothing from you! I will take nothing from you."

"Nonsense! We have all to give and take in this world. You even have taken tea from me," he said, with that comical twist of his upper lip—a twist which always made a network of fine lines about the corners of his eyes, "and you are going to take a good deal from this Mrs. Lester, are you not?"

"Only for a time."

"Why not take it from me for a time? You have no answer. Well, it is your foolish obstinacy. You have said you will take nothing, and you think it grand, independent, standing on your dignity, to stick to your words. Is that not so?"

Margaret was searching for her pocket-handkerchief.

"Do not cry, child. Get out and wait for the train to take you back. You will not? Very well then, we will part friends. Take my handkerchief—women never can find their pockets—and wipe your eyes. You will be a pretty object before you meet your cousins, and I told them——. Here is the guard for your ticket. Shake hands, and we are friends, are we not?"

"Yes," between her sobs.

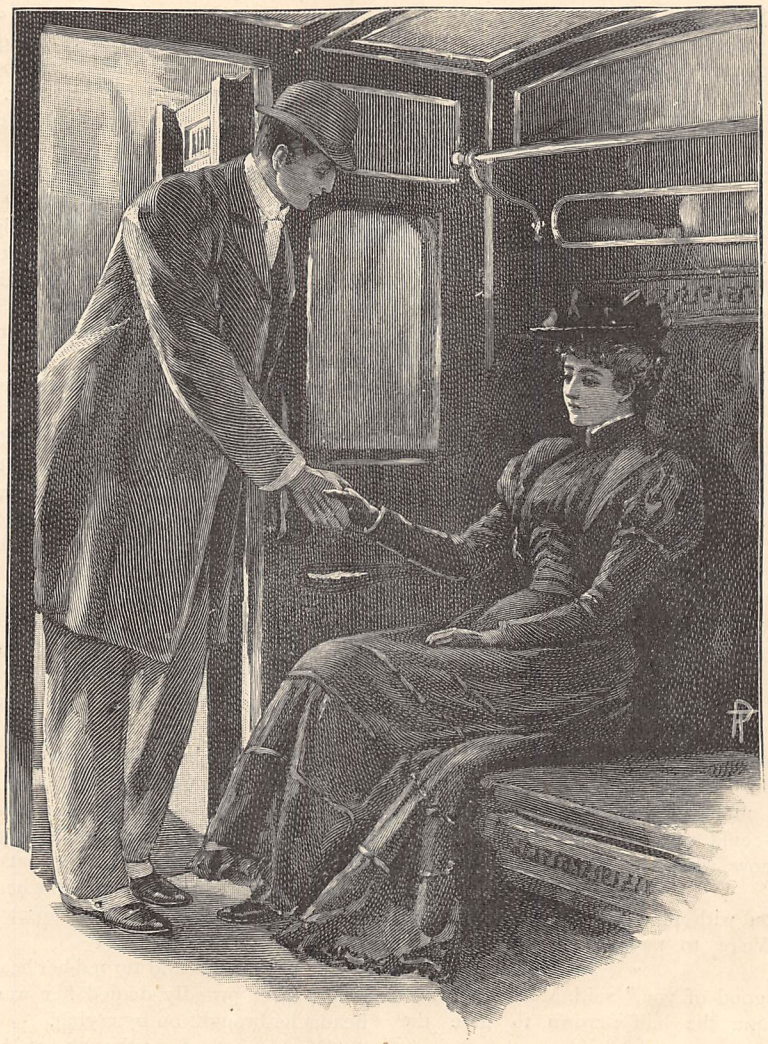
"I may find myself in Birmingham shortly. If so, I shall call upon you to find out how you are getting on, and how you like your new quarters. Your train is moving."

It was with Geoffrey's handkerchief to her eyes that Margaret passed out of Cheltenham station.

A forlorn, crushed little figure in the corner of the railway carriage, her fair head pressed against the window pane, her shoulders heaving with sobs, her face working like a child's, were the last sight Geoffrey had of her. Truly an independent, working woman!

Birmingham was reached too soon for Margaret; she had not yet recovered her composure. But she pulled herself together, gave one last fierce wipe to her poor eyes, and stepped upon the platform of New Street station.

Trains puffing and whistling, trains coming in, trains going out, trains in front, behind, on either side of her, Margaret, deafened by the din, stupefied by the bustle, stood stock-still and looked up and down the platform. Among the hurrying, busy crowd of persons hailing porters and looking for their luggage she saw no one who might be looking for her. She could not stand at the door of the carriage waiting, and she made a step forward and tried to stop a porter. He muttered something and passed on.



"'COME, MARGARET, GET OUT OF THIS CARRIAGE AND RETURN WITH ME'" (*p.* 200).

"By your leave, ma'am!" was shouted behind her, and moving out of the way of one hand-truck of luggage she found herself stepping against another.

She retreated towards her carriage, when, to her dismay, the train began to move. Her travelling bag, small portmanteau, and hat box were in the train. She had not thought of lifting them down herself, and now they were gone. She stood and looked about in a dazed fashion.

At last an unemployed porter asked if he could find her luggage, and Margaret gratefully accepted his help.

"Lester, the name on the boxes? Right, miss. There's a young lady looking for someone of the name of Lester, miss. Perhaps it's you she's looking for. There she is over there."

Margaret looked. She had seen the girl at whom the porter pointed walking up and down the platform as though searching for someone; but no suspicion crossed her mind that it might be she who was the person sought. This could not be a cousin—this girl with the hat with many feathers, the startling red silk blouse and the plaid skirt; neither could she be a servant—servants always wore black. The porter must have made a mistake; she must be looking for some other person of the name of Lester. Margaret turned away and followed the man to where he said her luggage was lying.

"Five boxes? Here they are, miss. You must go to the lost property office for the ones you have left in the carriage. Go upstairs, cross the bridge, down number two platform——"

A mass of directions poured upon Margaret's confused ear.

"I shall never find it," she said at last; "you must come with me to show me the way."

"Is your name Lester? It is! Then you are my cousin. I'm Mary Lester. Glad to see you. Lost some of your luggage? I'll go to the lost property office and telegraph for you."

The girl in the red silk blouse, plaid skirt, and rakish hat warmly shook Margaret's hand. An honest pair of eyes beamed into Margaret's, a wide mouth smiled a warm greeting.

"I should have seen you before but that I had quite another idea of you in my mind. I thought you were older and more—more——"

Mary Lester coloured, and broke off in the midst of a sentence.

"I'll run off and see about your lost luggage," she continued quickly to hide her embarrassment; "you stay here. I'll be back directly."

After a time that seemed an hour, but was, in fact five minutes, Mary Lester returned. Margaret saw her coming down the stairs and along the platform towards her, her cousin chatting to the porter.

"It was fun, my going off without knowing what you had lost, and, to crown the joke, I lost my way. This station always bothers me, often as I've been in it. Luckily I met your porter, and he and I went together and gave a full description of your things. They'll be delivered at our house to-morrow, the man said. We'll have a cab. It's cheaper to go by 'bus, but with all this luggage we must cab it. I guess you're tired after your journey; you look pretty well done up."

"I—I have no money," said Margaret, with a blush. "Could—could you lend me half-a-crown? But I do not know when I can repay you," she added.

"I'll lend it you with pleasure, but what do you want it for? We're to pay for everything, you know."

"That is very good of you," said Margaret gratefully; "but I want the half-a-crown to give the porter."

"Give the porter half-a-crown? I say! Why, two or three coppers are quite enough. I'll give him fourpence, and he'll be quite pleased. But half-a-crown!"

Mary laughed until the plume of feathers in her hat nodded.

Margaret, blushing, partly at the loudness of Mary's hearty laugh, partly at her own generosity, silently followed her cousin to the cab. The porter was given the few pence instead of half-a-crown, nor did he seem surprised at the smallness of the sum. Margaret, watching the transaction, wondered how a grown man could be offered such a paltry sum, or how a lady could offer it.

The cab rattled and rumbled through the streets to the accompaniment of Mary's chatter.

"This is New Street. Good shops, ain't they? but not as good as in Corporation Street. We'll come down to-morrow and look at them."

"I have no money," said Margaret wearily.

"I haven't either, but we don't come to buy. We walk up and down and look at the shops and meet people. Everybody does. I come down nearly every day—it's so bright and lively. I'm glad you've come to stay with us; you and I will be companions for one another, and go out together. Ma never has time to come out with me, and Nell cannot walk."

"Cannot walk?"

"No, she's a cripple. Something the matter with her spine. Always been the same. Poor Nell!"

Mary's face clouded over; her bright eyes filled.

"Nell's peculiar, but you mustn't take any notice of what she says. She's often in pain, and it must be dreadful for her always lying in the same room. But there! it's no use worrying over what can't be mended."

Her face cleared. She pointed to the shops they were passing.

"You get awfully cheap things there—stylish, too. I bought this skirt at that shop. It was a remnant, and I got it cheap at the summer sale. It goes well with the red blouse, don't you think?"

Margaret "did not think." She knew that Mary's dress outraged every canon of good taste; but politeness and Mary's delight in her dress prevented her saying so.

"Ma does not like it; ma likes such quiet, dowdy old things, but I couldn't afford to buy another dress, and so I had to wear this. I wasn't really sorry either."

She laughed her honest, hearty laugh, and gave Margaret a little wink.

"There! I see you're worn out with your journey and with crying. I can see how you've cried, poor child! I'll give you something that's a fine thing for a headache brought on by crying when we get home. I always use it when I've been upset by ma or Nell, or when——"

She bit her lips and turned her head away.

Margaret proudly denied her want of a cure for a headache brought on by crying.

"Your eyes look as though you'd a headache," said kind-hearted Mary; "but I won't bother you if you don't want any remedies. We're getting near our house now."

The cab had turned into a side street, where the shops were scattered among rows of houses, where the passers-by were few.

There was an air of respectable poverty about this street of small houses, all built alike. Another turn, another street! The respectability heightened; bow windows appeared on either side of each front door.

"They cannot live in a street like this," thought Margaret to herself; "the houses touch one another."

But the cab stopped before the door of No. 10.

"Here we are!" said Mary. "I must ask the cabman to help Jemima up with our boxes. I am afraid you won't have much room; but you won't mind, will you? I've brought her, ma."

A tall, stout figure filled the narrow passage.

"At last! Are you very tired, darling? It's a

dreadful journey! Come into the drawing-room and let me give you a cup of tea. You will like a cup of tea before supper, will you not?"

Mrs. Lester, her arm round Margaret's waist, led her into the smallest room Margaret had ever seen.

"And this is the fair-haired baby I held once in my arms! How delightful it is to meet again. If only my dear husband were alive! Excuse me for a moment, dearest. I must see that that extravagant child of mine does not overpay the cabman."

Mrs. Lester left the room. A second later Margaret heard the voice that had been dulcet in addressing her raised in a shrill altercation.

"I've brought you a cup of tea," said Mary, entering the room, "and I've unstrapped your boxes. There's very little room, I'm afraid, but, if you can manage to-night, I'll see what can be done to-morrow. Be sure and lock your boxes, or Jemima will be trying on all your things, and Jemima isn't too clean."

The front door closed with a bang; the cabman, worsted in the fight, drove away. Mrs. Lester returned, a flush of victory on her sallow cheeks.

"Dearest, supper will be ready in half an hour," she said, seating herself on the small sofa by Margaret's side. "My poor Nell wishes to see you——"

"Let her have supper first, ma. She looks so tired."

"Very well then, dear, have supper first. You must try and put up with our simple ways after your grandeur at Fen Court. My dear husband left me very poorly off."

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

"SUPPER'S ready, if you are," shouted Mary's voice up the narrow stairs.

"Ask our lodger to come in to see me," Margaret heard sharp, sneering tones say in the next room.

"After supper," Mrs. Lester answered.

Something more was said in the bitter, disagreeable voice of the first speaker. Margaret hurried downstairs.

Mary, still wearing her hat, did the honours of the supper table.

"Ma will be down directly; she's with Nell now. I've poached an egg for you. How do you like it—hard or soft? I hope this is all right. Jemima spoils everything she touches, so I do most of the cooking."

"Mary! Mary!"

"Yes, ma."

"Are the sweetbreads for Nell's supper cooked?"

"In a moment. I must run into the kitchen; I shan't be long."

Mary left Margaret to a supper of poached eggs, toasted cheese, and watercress.

Margaret dropped the knife and fork. Mary gone, she might end the pretence of eating without hurting the feelings of that kind-hearted girl.

The long summer evening was turning dusk; the scraps of sky to be seen between the housetops were covered with feathery clouds, flushed with the reflection of the setting sun. Margaret looked round the small room, at the ugly, dingy green, cheap paper on the walls, at the horsehair-covered chairs, at the black marks on the ceiling above the gaseliers, at the supper table without flowers or silver to relieve the commonness of the glass, and the coarseness of the napery. Her soul sickened within her.

The memory of another dining-room filled her mind, a long room with windows facing the sunset, pictures covering the walls, a table laid with finest linen, sparkling glass, shining silver, Jones the Silent at the great carved sideboard.

A lump came into Margaret's throat, but she choked it back. Tears rose to her eyes, but she winked them away.

"I will not think of Fen Court; that part of my life is done with. I have given up the loaves and fishes of this life and taken to toasted cheese," with an attempt at a laugh as the odour of that mousey tit-bit rose to her nostrils.

"Shall I help you carry up your sister's supper?" she asked when Mary, with a laden tray, entered the room.

"No, thank you; I can carry it easily. Will you pour me out a glass of claret? Thanks. There! I have spilt a drop. Does it show? Nell is so particular about her meals being nicely served. She cannot eat anything if there is a mark on the napkin or the china."

Margaret thought that the small drop of claret would not hurt.

"Mary! Mary!" Mrs. Lester's voice called.

"Coming, ma. The sweetbreads will be cold if I change the napkin. I must leave it."

Mary toiled, with heavily-laden tray, up the stairs. She returned flushed and tearful, but with a smile already beginning to widen her mouth.

"Nell saw the spot of claret, after all. She was very angry. What is the best thing for claret stains?"

"I do not know. Did you upset it down your dress?"

Mary was rubbing the front of her plaid skirt with salt and water.

"No; Nell did it. Poor Nell! I am so sorry that I spilt that drop on her napkin. She cannot eat any supper now, and ma is finishing the sweetbreads. Dear! dear! this is dreadfully stained, and it is the only skirt I have fit to wear. I shall have to go out in my petticoat."

"I have heaps of dresses; you can have one of mine. We are nearly the same height. I am in mourning, you see, and coloured dresses are of no use to me. If you will accept one——"

Mary's arms were round Margaret's neck before the sentence ended.

"You darling! you'll give me one of your dresses? It is good of you! I can see they are the best cut, and I can easily make it fit me by letting out a little."

Margaret was abashed by Mary's gratitude for her small offering.

"You have had no supper," she said, to stop Mary's thanks, "and the eggs and toast are getting cold."

"I must make Nell a little bread and milk; she might eat that. Bread and butter are enough for me."

She cut herself a chunk of bread and butter, and took a bite which reminded Margaret of the hatter's tea-party.

"Mary! Mary, ask your cousin to step upstairs. Nell would like to see her."

"Come along, Margaret. Mind the stairs; it is getting so dusk you can scarcely see, but ma doesn't like the gas being lighted until it's quite dark. Gas runs up to such a lot of money!"

Stumbling up the stairs in the darkness, Margaret was dazzled by the light in the room which they entered. She shaded her eyes with her hands.

"So this is our lodger?" said the sharp, biting voice Margaret had heard speaking before supper. "Well, I am disappointed."

"Hush! hush!" said Mrs. Lester, with a nervous laugh.

She came towards the couch by which Margaret stood, and laid her hand upon her daughter's shoulder.

"Hush! hush! Our Nell has had a bad attack of pain this afternoon, dear Margaret; you must not mind what she says."

Nell, a wizened, twisted creature, lay upon the sofa. A lamp with a pink shade stood on a table by her side, but no shade could make Helen Lester anything but ugly. Her expression was repulsive. Malignant, elfish, spiteful, her dark eyes looked out under beetling brows from her sallow face.

"A LUMP CAME INTO MARGARET'S THROAT, BUT SHE CHOKED IT BACK" (*p.* 203).

"Take off the shade, Mary. Let me see her face. No, I call her a disappointment. Do you call yourself pretty?"

Margaret flushed.

"I—I—do not know. People have said that I am."

"Ah! but then you were rich. I call you plain; I never like light women—they are always plain. Women should be dark. Give me my glass, mother."

Mrs. Lester took a hand-glass from the nearest table and gave it to the deformed creature.

Margaret stared at the way she examined every feature of her withered, old woman's face in the glass.

Nell twitched into place the embroidery of the pink garment she was wearing, and arranged the black hair hanging over her shoulders.

"Yes, women should always be dark," she repeated, laying down the glass. "Put on the lamp-shade, mother. So you've given up a good income and mean to earn your own living? What a fool you must be!"

"Who told you that?"

"A little bird whispered it," said Mrs. Lester archly.

"Did Geoff—did he—

"Now, now, dearest girl, do not worry. We have heard of your noble refusal to take money from him."

"Noble! I call it foolish," sneered Nell.

Mary brought a basin of bread and milk for the invalid.

"I hope this is decent," said Nell. "Be careful, mother; you are dragging my hair back. What a careless woman you are! You know how trying it is to even a perfect face to have the hair strained back in that unbecoming fashion."

In tying an elaborately-embroidered napkin round the deformed girl's neck, Mrs. Lester had inadvertently pulled back from her shoulders her long black hair. The veil of hair removed, the deformity of the left shoulder and upper part of her body was painfully revealed.

Mrs. Lester hurriedly pulled the coarse black strands over her daughter's shoulders. A coloured silk pillow was brought by Mary and placed under Nell's head; the basin of bread and milk was put on a low table and drawn to the side of the couch. During the preparations for her supper Nell kept up a running fire of sarcastic remarks on her mother's and sister's awkwardness.

"What a frightful figure you have, Mary! Why do you wear a dress that calls attention to it? How awkward and clumsy you are! What coarse, thick hands you have! No wonder they break or upset everything you touch. Cannot you get something to make them look more like a lady's hands?"

She spread out her own thin, clawlike fingers upon the sofa blanket to draw attention to their white slenderness.

"A slight difference, is there not?" she said, looking at Margaret.

Margaret turned away. She could not pander to the poor creature's abominable vanity. Mary's red, work-roughened hands were a thousand times more beautiful than the white, attenuated, cruel-looking claws of the invalid.

A low cackle from the couch made her start.

"I know what you are thinking, sweet cousin. That Mary's temper is better than mine. But wait, wait! you will soon find her out. How jealous she is—how envious! Even of me lying here."

Mary did not speak.

"Eat your supper," said her mother soothingly. "Margaret would like to go to bed now. She is tired after her long journey."

"How can she be tired? She has only been seated in the train. Do you play chess, dear cousin Margaret?"

"Yes; Mr. Fenham and I played it every evening."

"We will have a game now. Fetch the chessmen, Mary."

"I am tired; I——" began Margaret.

"I am sure Margaret will have just one game with you, will you not, Margaret?" interrupted Mrs. Lester before Margaret could end her sentence. "One short game. Nell is a very good player, and she beats us so easily that there is no pleasure for her in playing against us."

"My head is aching, and I feel very stupid; but if Nell really wants to play——"

"Ma, Margaret is dreadfully tired!" said Mary.

"There is Mary interfering again. She is afraid that you will get too fond of me—like me better than her. I *will* play chess, if I please. I *will*. Do you hear me, you Mary, with your red cheeks and raw-beef hands!"

Nell snarled like a savage cur, her thick eyebrows pulled together, her thin, livid lip caught up from her yellow teeth.

"Margaret will have a game of chess with you. Fetch the board and men, Mary. Do not irritate your sister by standing still and looking at her."

The chessmen were fetched and placed in position. A low chair was put for Margaret by the couch. The invalid was propped up with many silk cushions, and the lamps were placed where the most becoming light fell upon her face and hands.

Mary was sent away to make beef-tea.

"You must make it. I know I shall want something in the night. What are you whispering to Margaret?"

Mary had whispered in Margaret's ear—

"Lose the game."

"You shall not whisper. Leave the room and make my beef-tea, and make it good."

The game of chess quickly ended. It was lost by Margaret in the most barefaced manner.

"I know what Mary whispered to you now. She told you to lose the game. I saw you tried to lose it. Well, now you shall play another."

"My head is aching. I am so tired. To-morrow morning I will play as long as you wish."

"You will play to-night."

This roused Margaret's spirit.

"I am afraid you must excuse me," she said, gathering the chessmen together to place in their box.

"Mother! mother!" screamed the deformed woman, "make her play another game with me."

Mrs. Lester started from the nap she was enjoying.

"What is it? What! the game finished already! Margaret dearest, you won't mind playing another game, will you? It is quite early yet——"

"You have asked us to give you a home out of charity," said Nell, with a sneering laugh; "you must do something for your living."

"Margaret knows how glad I am to have her with us. There is no talk of charity, dearest girl; but, if you are not too tired, another game with Nell——"

Margaret had silently taken her seat again. She was placing the men on their squares.

A cunning smile played over Nell's withered face. She glanced from under her eyebrows at Margaret and smiled again to herself. What a slave she might make of this pampered, aristocratic cousin, merely by playing upon her feelings! Nell chuckled to herself.

It would be a piece of false mischief such as her soul loved.

Chess was a game in which Margaret excelled. Mr. Fenham had been a famous player, and he had taught Margaret to become a worthy opponent.

To beat Nell would have been child's play at any other time; but to-night, racked with headache, stupid and heavy with sleep, she could not concentrate her attention. The game was a long one, but it ended in Margaret's victory.

At last she might go to bed. She stumbled into her bedroom, threw off her clothes, and lay down upon the hard mattress, too tired to think. The window glimmered faintly in the first pale light of dawn as she turned out the gas. Nell's voice, scolding and sneering, came shrilly through the thin walls.

Once there was a crash of broken china, and Mary's voice raised in expostulation. Margaret buried her head in the bed-clothes to stifle the sounds. She felt dislike, dread, a shrinking horror, towards the deformed creature with her ludicrous vanity and hateful selfishness.

"Am I like that? Am I as bad as that? Do I never think of others? Do I spare others as little as she spares Mary? Poor Mary! She has not gone to bed yet. She must be tired. I wonder how many times she has been up and down stairs this evening. Does the servant do nothing? If I were Mary, I should be cross and bad-tempered; but she smiles and laughs, and does not seem to mind that Nell. I do like Mary, but I wished she dressed differently and did not speak with that horrid twang. I like Mary. She must be good. I wonder what Geoffrey would think of her. He liked Enid, and she is quite different from Enid. I wish Enid had not said such things to me. If they were true, she need not have said them."

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

NELL was several years older than Mary. She could remember the time of her father's prosperity, when they had lived in a large house with horses, carriages, and servants at their command. That time was long past—Mary could not even remember it; ruin and her father's death had happened when she was scarcely more than three years old.

Little difference was made to Nell by the ruin of their fortunes. A smaller room, Mary and her mother instead of servants to wait upon her, a few of her most expensive whims denied her, those were the changes that the smash brought to Nell. Mrs. Lester sacrificed the household to the deformed, evil-tempered woman.

Nell must have her delicate stuffs wherewith to clothe that twisted body, Nell must have rich, luxurious food, if Mary and the maid-of-all-work starved. From the day she could walk alone, Mary had been her sister's slave.

So long had the slavery lasted that neither to Mrs. Lester nor Mary herself did another order of things seem possible.

No breakfast was laid when Margaret descended the following morning. An untidy, dirty maid, whom she supposed to be Jemima, was pretending to dust the dining-room. She stopped the dusting to stare at Margaret.

"They won't be down for another hour yet, miss," she said in answer to Margaret's inquiry what time breakfast would be.

Margaret was healthily, heartily hungry, and the hour seemed a very long one. The two rooms, dining-room and drawing-room were destitute of anything to interest or amuse.

No books or papers were to be found. No piano was in the drawing-room, no ornaments or knick-knacks. An effort at decoration had been made by draping the white marble mantelpiece with cheap art muslin.

At last, when Margaret had looked a weary time at the windows on the opposite side of the street—when she had noted the names on the butcher's, baker's, and milkman's carts which stopped at the houses (none stopped at Mrs. Lester's door), Mary, yawning, in a dirty blue serge skirt and a print blouse covered with stains, entered the room.

"Poor thing, you must be dying of hunger," she exclaimed on hearing the length of time Margaret had been down. "I'll have breakfast ready in a moment."

She scolded Jemima in a good-tempered, friendly fashion for not having given Margaret something to eat, and laughed at Margaret's attempts to help her lay the breakfast things.

"I've made the tea and toast and boiled you an egg. Sit down and begin. I must take up ma's breakfast, and see what Nell would like. Don't wait for me."

It was well for Margaret that she did not wait, seeing that Mary did not sit down to breakfast that morning. She was in the kitchen cooking Nell's breakfast while Margaret was eating hers. Several

times she poked her head into the dining-room to see how Margaret was faring, and once she came in and snatched a piece of dry toast from the table.

"Must take my meals when I can," she said, laughing; "pour me out a cup of tea, there's a good girl. I want to take you into Birmingham to-day, and show you some of the sights."

"Can I help you with your work?"

"Oh! will you? There's a heap of things to do. If you would, we could get off earlier."

Margaret washed the breakfast things, dusted the drawing-room, and helped Mary make the beds. The sight of the boxes reminded Mary that they were not yet unpacked.

"I will help you when I have dressed Nell. I shall enjoy seeing your pretty things—and so would Nell," she added. "We'll go down to New Street this afternoon. I expect someone will meet us there."

Mary's fresh colour deepened.

"I'm engaged, you know. His name's Ben Waller. Ma doesn't like it; she and Ben don't hit it off somehow, but still she hasn't said downright we shan't be engaged, and he comes here."

Margaret's experience of engaged persons was small. She looked at Mary with awe.

"Are you to be married soon?"

"Oh! no, he's not making enough for us to get married, but Ben is pushing—he means to get on. If only we had a little interest. Uncle Robins could easily give him a berth in his firm if he liked, but he won't. There, it's no use troubling, and we are very happy as we are. That's Nell's bell. I expect she is ready to get up. I'll be as quick as I can, and then we'll unpack your boxes."

Mary's bright face was downcast when she came back after an hour's interval.

"Would you mind showing Nell your dresses? She would like to see them ever so much, and Jemima and I could easily drag the boxes into her room, and you could unpack them there as well as here."

"It is such a trouble——" began Margaret doubtfully.

A shrill voice interrupted the sentence.

"Mary and Jemima are to bring them here. I wish to see your dresses."

The two girls looked at one another. Mary silently motioned with her lips that Nell's orders should be obeyed.

"What is Mary saying?" continued the harsh voice. "I know she is whispering something. What is it? Why does not Margaret speak? I insist upon your boxes being unpacked in my room."

"It is too much trouble to drag them across the landing. Mary and I will unpack them here, and we will show you what dresses are worth seeing."

"I will have them unpacked in my room. I will! I will! I will!"

The last "I will!" was a hoarse yell. It brought Mrs. Lester from her bedroom in her dressing-gown.

"Mary! Mary! Tormenting your poor sister again! Nell, dearest, what is it? Mary won't allow the boxes to be unpacked in your room!'

"It was not Mary. It was I," said Margaret.

"My darling girl, I am sure you will give in to the wishes of our dear invalid. To see your trunks unpacked would give her a morning's pleasure. Jemima and Mary can easily drag them in. I am sure your heart is too soft to deprive my sweet girl of a little pleasure."

What could Margaret do but give in? She saw her boxes taken into Nell's room to be unpacked. Unwillingly she followed them, keys in hand.

"How do you look by daylight, cousin Margaret? M—m—m! Your eyes are larger than I thought, and your skin is not bad for a fair woman. I don't call you a beauty, though; but I dare say you think yourself one. You can begin to unpack; I am quite ready."

The room was shaded by pink blinds from the hot sunlight. Nell, in her pink gown, lay upon a couch covered with a pretty pink cretonne. Wall-paper, curtains, carpet, all were of a delicate shade of pink, or had the shade repeated in their pattern.

"Take out your evening dresses first. Mary, stand out of the way. You need not touch the things—Margaret can do it alone. That is not a bad dress. Yellow! Yellow does not suit fair people. It would be exactly the thing for me. Hold it against my face. The very thing! You do not want coloured dresses, cousin Margaret; could you not give this one to me?"

The dress was one of Margaret's favourites; she was deaf to the cool request.

Jemima, broom in hand, peered from the doorway at the silks and muslins. Mrs. Lester and Mary carried the frocks to Nell. She clawed them with her skeleton fingers and sneered at material or make, though her eyes glittered with a hungry greediness and her hands could not leave hold of velvet and satin.

"Ten evening dresses!" sighed Mary.

"You mean to try to make her give you one. I know your ways," said her sister.

Mary coloured, and tears came into her honest eyes.

"Don't let us have any crocodile tears here. She is only trying to cry for your benefit, Margaret. None of these dresses would suit her or you either. They would be the exact thing for a dark person. That yellow brocade and the pink silk, they might be cut exactly to do for me."

But Margaret began to replace the dresses in the box. She had no intention of giving anything to Nell. An evil expression crossed the deformed woman's face; she gave a malevolent chuckle.

The boxes were unpacked; the last dainty or luxurious trifle had been held by Nell's greedy fingers. There was nothing more to show.

"Two o'clock, and no dinner cooked!"

Mary rushed downstairs, followed by Jemima. Mrs. Lester departed to finish her dressing; she had watched the display of Margaret's goods in her dressing-gown. Margaret was left alone with Nell.

"Shut the door, I want to speak to you," she said. "Come closer to me."

She caught Margaret by the wrist and held her.

"Do you know that you are living on charity? Charity! You are eating our bread, and you see that we have little to spare?"

Margaret nodded her head.

"We have not enough to feed ourselves, much more to feed paupers."

"I do not want to stay with you long. I am answering all the advertisements I see in the papers. I would take anything, but no one will have me."

"You will never find a situation. People will not have chits like you. Besides, you could stay here as long as you liked if you paid."

"How can I pay? I have not a penny in the world."

"You have all these dresses, these ivory brushes, this lace and embroidery. If you gave me something every week it would be paying."

"I will give them to Mrs. Lester and Mary."

With an angry snarl Nell thrust her cousin backwards.

"You know they will not take your things. You think to save your dresses that way, beggar!"

"Mary wants dresses more than you."

Nell threw her hands out and beat them against the sides of the couch.

"How can you? How can you be so cruel? How can you laugh at me for not wanting dresses?"

"I did not mean—I was not laughing at you. But Mary has such shabby dresses, and she works hard, and——"

"Would I not work hard if I could?"

Nell burst into tears; Margaret was doubtful whether they were real or pretended.

"My sweetest! crying? What is it?"

Mrs. Lester had entered the room.

"Margaret has been laughing at me because I cannot walk or work hard like Mary. She means to give Mary some of her dresses, and she will give me nothing."

"I was not laughing. But I said that if——"

"Mother, mother! is it not cruel of her? Laughing at me!"

"Dearest, no one could laugh at you. You have mistaken Margaret; and I am sure, if she is so kind as to give away any of her pretty things, you are the person whom they will most delight. Mary's tastes are not refined like yours; she would not care for those delicate shades."

"Nell said that by giving you my dresses I might pay you."

"Pay! My dearest girl, there must be no talk of paying between us. You must have misunderstood Nell. She knows as well as I that we are delighted

"EACH A PRESENT IN THE SHAPE OF JEWELLERY" (*p.* 209).

to have you with us for any length of time. Our home is small and humble, but we give you what we can."

She put her hand with a caressing gesture on Margaret's shoulder.

Nell met a warning look from her mother. She turned her head sullenly away.

"Let me hear nothing more of paying, dearest girl. If you give my sweet Nell a present she will be grateful and I am sure prize it highly."

"Tell Mary that I should like a sole for my dinner," interrupted Nell, "and while I am waiting Margaret and I will have a game of chess."

"Very well, my dearest. Here are the chessmen, and you will let Margaret go when our dinner is ready; will you not?"

"I will see," said Nell indifferently.

Before the game was fairly begun a message was brought by Jemima that dinner was ready.

"The game must be finished afterwards," said Margaret.

She rose and walked to the door.

"Come back!" shrieked the deformed woman.

"After dinner," said Margaret.

"The game shall be finished now!"

"After dinner," repeated Margaret.

She opened the door, closed it behind her, and walked downstairs.

Wildly Nell's handbell tinkled, loudly she shrieked, but Margaret walked downstairs with a firm step, if beating heart.

"What is it?" asked Mary, leaving the sole she was frying for Nell's dinner.

"She must be ill," gasped Mrs. Lester, hurrying upstairs.

"I said that I would have my dinner before finishing the game of chess," Margaret explained.

Shriek followed shriek. Mrs. Lester's voice praying, beseeching her darling to be quiet, mingled with the noise.

"You must finish the game now. You can eat a piece of bread and butter if you are hungry."

Mary's rosy cheeks were white; her voice trembled.

"I am not hungry, but it is nonsense always giving in to Nell. You should be firm with her—she wants a firm hand," said Margaret, repeating one of Mrs. Jones's maxims regarding herself.

"That she do, miss," from Jemima.

"She will not stop until you go upstairs and finish the game. We shall have a policeman here shortly inquiring what is the matter, and the people opposite are already at their windows staring across."

Mary was right. The shrieks continued, a crowd began to collect before the house.

"You must come upstairs, Margaret," sobbed Mrs. Lester; "I can do nothing."

Margaret gave way.

Nell's shrieks stopped on her appearance.

"I knew you would have to come," she said in a triumphant voice.

Her hands did not tremble when she moved a chessman—no excitement was in her face. She had deliberately set herself to scream until her wish was obeyed.

"I think you must be mad," said Margaret.

She felt a positive loathing for the woman.

"Not so mad but that I can get my own way," retorted Nell.

She chuckled, a hoarse sound in her throat, and looked at Margaret with bright, snakish eyes.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

FROM morning to night the household was at the beck and call of the cripple. Her bell brought Mrs. Lester, Mary, or Jemima to her room, no matter what their occupation, no matter how their work suffered. For Mary there was no rest. Cooking, dusting, fetching, and carrying were her portion.

Her only recreation was a shopping expedition into Birmingham, a walk down the fashionable street, New Street.

She never complained. Nor as far as Margaret could see did she feel that there was any reason for complaint. Though expecting to meet her lover that afternoon, she cheerfully gave way to Nell's command that she and Margaret should stay at home.

"He may come up to see me this evening," she said.

No Mr. Waller appeared; but Mary's good temper did not desert her, nor her patience lessen with Nell's troublesome whims.

"Perhaps it's a good thing he did not come," she said when they were assembled in Nell's room for the evening.

Her busy fingers were altering the dress Margaret had given her.

"I should not have had time to rip this dress, and I really do want some other skirt than the plaid—it is quite spoilt;" with a sigh to the memory of the plaid. "Ben never likes to see me working."

"Ben is a selfish brute," snapped Nell.

Nell was as near to good temper as she ever became. Margaret, on the arrival of the luggage she had left in the train, had given to Mrs. Lester and her cousins each a present in the shape of jewellery. Nell (Margaret was ignorant of the value of her offering) received Benjamin's portion. Consequently she permitted Mary to alter the dress with fewer sneers than might have been expected and the household to enjoy a short peace.

"To-morrow, ma, I'll take Margaret down New Street. You'll see everyone if it's a fine day, as it's sure to be. People will be going to Scarborough or Llandudno in another day or two. I wish we could have gone. Ben says they have such fun at Scarborough, rides and excursions."

"I hope I have not kept you at home," said Margaret.

"Oh! no, my dear, we shall go away for our change of air in the autumn. My brother has a moor in Scotland, and we shall probably pay him a visit."

Mary's honest face grew crimson at her mother's words ; she bent her head over her work.

"The drawback is that we have no invitation," Nell said wickedly ; "and, if we had, we could not go. I cannot be moved. You need not believe mother's fine stories about our invitations and the places we have visited. Neither she nor Mary have slept a night out of this house since they came into it."

An awkward silence followed this remark. The deformed creature enjoyed the confusion written on the three faces.

"You need not look away, Margaret. We think nothing of a few lies in this house."

"My sweet !"

"Do we, mother ! Then your thoughts must quarrel with your words. Now, Margaret, I want to hear about Fen Court : what servants you had, what you did, what you spent."

To describe Fen Court with a lump in her throat, was a difficult matter ; but Margaret was rapidly learning her lesson. One day with Nell was a liberal education in obedience. Better hear Fen Court derided, laughed at, scorned, than enter into a fight of wills with a woman who cared nothing for what she said, who was absolutely without self-control.

Tired, exhausted, Margaret described the house, the grounds, horses, carriages, servants with a trembling voice and shaking lips. In her heart she echoed Nell's closing words at the end.

"I think you a fool to give all that up for this."

Certainly she had not given it up, it had been taken from her ; but she had refused a liberal allowance which would have given her compensation for what she lost. Pride said that she was right to refuse that offer of Geoffrey's. Kind Geoffrey, good Geoffrey ! How he had begged her to return to Fen Court ! Yesterday ! was it only yesterday that she had seen him ? The time seemed a hundred years. He was one of her own people.

She belonged to the Fenhams, not to the Lesters. Honest, cheerful Mary ; soft-voiced Mrs. Lester, sneering, violent Nell belonged to another world—a world that Margaret saw for the first time and did not like.

That second night she sobbed herself to sleep.

"Now we can get away," said Mary dressed in the frock—Margaret's present—"Nell is asleep. She did not sleep at all last night, and ma says she will look after her when she wakes. I must get some fish and flowers at the market. Ben always comes to dinner on a Sunday, and I like to get a few flowers. They take off a bit from the shabbiness of the furniture. Put on your best dress and hat, and hurry, or we'll have no time for the shops."

"You have been quick," she said when Margaret reappeared. "I wonder if I've got the same look of style about me that you have ? Ben thinks so much of style. I suppose it's in the cut of the dress. All the 'buses will be full for certain. Don't let them push in front of you, whatever you do, or you'll never get a place. See that woman in the lace mantle ? she'll get a seat, you'll see. She doesn't care how she pushes."

They were at a place where five roads met. A group of persons, principally women, waited at the edge of the pavement for an omnibus.

"Can we not walk ? It will be so hot in an omnibus," said Margaret.

"We shall go on the top."

"On the top !"

"Everyone goes on the top now. Ben grumbles that the men have to ride inside to let the ladies go out. Do you mean to say you've never been outside of a 'bus ?"

"Never."

Margaret smiled to think of Mr. Fenham's face if he had seen or heard of her on the top of an omnibus.

"Here's one coming down Hagley Road ; the one with three horses. We'll get on that."

Other persons decided to do likewise. The group surged over the kerbstone, the lady in the lace mantle well to the front of the crowd. Up the narrow stairway maid and matron pushed, regardless of manners.

"This is nothing," said Mary ; "wait until you see the crowd in New Street waiting for the 'buses. It's awfully hot. Phew !"

She fanned herself with her pocket-handkerchief.

"You must not mind pushing, Margaret. We should have got seats on the top if you'd been a little quicker. But there ! we escape the dust inside, if it is hot. The shops aren't bad, are they ? But wait until you get down further. The best of this way is that we haven't to go through any slums. Here's the Free Library. I go there sometimes to see the ladies' papers. That's the Town Hall, isn't it fine? Here are some good shops. We'll walk up and look at them. We get out now. I wonder if Ben is anywhere about ?"

No Ben was to be seen.

"We'll go to the market first, and then come back and see the shops."

Margaret shrank from the fish stalls in the market. The smells, the noise, the sights, were scarcely compensated for by the fact, proudly mentioned by Mary, that this was the best fish-market in England. Two men bawling praise of their wares one against another fascinated her.

Their voices never ceased. No one paid any attention, no one was attracted to their stalls by the shouts, but they were shouting when she entered, they were shouting when she left ; perhaps they are shouting still.

"Now we must find Ben," said Mary, when she had haggled over the prices of fish and flowers ; "he will be somewhere in New Street. He always expects me on a Saturday morning, and waits about for me."

"Is there anything going on ?" asked Margaret.

The number of people doing nothing in New Street astonished the country girl. Margaret's experience of a town was London, where men and women only walk for a definite object.

"Nothing. Everyone comes in on a Saturday morning. We stroll up and down, and meet our friends and talk."

And block the pavement for those individuals who

were unfortunate enough to have business, she might have added.

Loudly-dressed girls, often accompanied by youths, stopped Mary to have a chat or to be introduced to her cousin. Everyone knew Margaret's name. If they stared curiously, they shook hands warmly. Their

Turnings of heads, remarks from Mary and a friend in front to Margaret and a younger girl behind, pauses before shop windows, were the accompaniments of the stroll through New Street.

"Hullo! you girls. Blocking up the gangway as usual? How are yer, Mary? How smart we are!

"A MAN'S VOICE IN THE PASSAGE MADE MARGARET SPRING FROM HER SEAT" (*p.* 213).

loud welcomes, their "did yer's" and "don't yer's" came pleasantly to Margaret's ear for the sake of the warmth of their greeting.

Who could be stiff with the genial, laughing crew? Not a girl of nineteen. Their feathers might wag several inches higher from their bright hats than was necessary, their gowns might be glaring in colour and detestable in make; but the faces underneath the wonderful hats were cheerful and sunny, the hearts in the tightly-fitting bodices beat with much the same feelings as Margaret's own.

They walked up and down looking for Mr. Waller. A suggestion from Margaret that the pavement on the other side was less crowded, and that there they would find walking easier, was scouted by the rest of the party.

"Nobody walked that side! They would not see a soul! This was *the* side."

Quite the toff! Where's the cousin? I tried to get up last night to have a squint——"

He was interrupted by a laughing chorus from the girls. Margaret was brought forward by Mary.

"This is Miss Margaret Lester, Mr. Benjamin Waller. How do you like my dress, Ben? Margaret gave it to me; wasn't it kind of her?"

"Ripping! both dress and kindness. How do you do, Miss Margaret? Glad to make your acquaintance. Where are you girls off to? How long are you off duty, Mary?"

"We must be going back soon. Nell will——"

"Oh, hang Nell! We'll have another stroll up New Street. 'Tisn't often I have the chance of escorting four such fine young women."

Mr. Ben Waller was a smart young man. His hat sat jauntily upon his head, his well-brushed coat was made in the latest fashion, his trousers were neatly

turned up from his polished boots, a cane and one glove were held in one hand; on the little finger of the other hand he wore a large ring.

"Hang it all, Mary, a fellow must look a gentleman," he said, when confiding to her a piece of extravagance connected with his dress.

"Isn't Mary a jolly girl?" said Mary's friend, joining her younger sister and Margaret.

Mr. Waller and Mary walked before the three girls.

"Did you ever know anyone like that Nell? Mary's foolish to put up with her. I'm always telling her so, but she won't listen. Don't you think Mr. Waller good-looking?"

"No. Is he supposed to be?"

"Rather! He is so gentlemanly, too." Mary stopped. "You must go back to that beast of a Nell, I suppose. You'll have some difficulty in getting a bus. Everybody will be rushing for seats at this time. Good-bye, Mary. We shan't go for another hour. I want to meet Jemmy Parret to arrange about Monday."

"You may be sure we shan't go till we've seen Jemmy," laughed her sister.

Mary and Mr. Waller joined in the laughter.

They parted at the foot of Corporation Street, the sisters turning up that fine way with many nods and knowing looks from Mary and her lover.

"There is a 'bus just going," said Mary; "but it will be full before we can cross."

"Are all these people waiting for omnibuses?" said Margaret, looking at the crowd.

"Yes, and there'll be more yet. I believe there's a thunder shower coming," as a drop of rain fell on the pavement. "We shall have to fight for places."

"Hold on to Mary. She's a rare hand at getting into an omnibus; she'll pull you through."

"Look, Margaret; that's the Grammar School behind us."

"Where your humble servant went to school as well as other great men. It has a mint of money, has that old place. You'll see something now, Miss Margaret, when the ladies rush for their seats. You won't see many men among the crowd. They know better! There's no quarter given in this fight. Shall I hold your parcels, Mary, until you're in? The rain is coming! A football scrummage is nothing to what it will be getting into that 'bus. There's Pilkington hoping to get a seat. He won't have a chance among the ladies."

"Take my arm, Margaret, and push. There's that woman in the lace mantle! she shan't get a seat before me. Take my parcels, Ben. Have you a firm hold of my arm?"

Drops of rain were beginning to fall. Umbrellas had not been thought of, starting from home on a cloudless, hot August day. To open dainty lace or chiffon parasols was to have them spoilt, but it was a choice of two evils—hats or parasols. How everyone pressed for foremost places on the edge of the pavement! What a rush there was when an omnibus drew up beside the kerbstone! The lady in the lace mantle was foremost in the fray, but Mary was not far behind.

Arms and shoulders working, she gallantly hurled herself into the mass of gaily-coloured prints and muslins. A parasol used as a battering ram by a stout lady did much execution, and worked the way to a seat for the happy possessor. The gathers of Margaret's dress went with a loud rip, Mary's hat was knocked over one eye.

On the step of the omnibus Margaret was nearly pushed backwards by the vigorous arm of the lady in the lace mantle. Meanwhile the conductor leant against the side of his omnibus, his hands in his pockets, his face stonily indifferent to the crowd pushing past him. "They're worse to-day than usual," said the conductor of another omnibus from the pavement.

He laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"We've just managed to get the two last seats inside. It's beginning to pelt with rain. Is my hat straight? Pilkington did not get a seat. I thought he wouldn't. He won't in the next, either; they're all waiting for that. They won't go outside in the rain."

Mr. Waller threw Mary's parcels into her lap.

"Shall be up this evening. Good-bye. Must get into a shop and wait for the shower."

He and Pilkington, who had given up the hope of a seat, hurried away together, heads down, coat collars turned up.

The women straightened their hats and bonnets, smoothed out their creased skirts, fanned their flushed faces. Good humour prevailed among the victors. They could even look out and smile, as they drove away, at the struggle taking place on the steps of the next omnibus.

"What did you think of Ben? Isn't he handsome?" Mary asked.

They were walking along the side street which led to Mrs. Lester's house, when this question was asked.

"He's got such fine eyes, I think. Did you notice how his hair curled? Nell calls it red, but it isn't really. It's a gold auburn. Ben is awfully particular how he dresses and what colour he wears."

Margaret listened in silence to the tale of Ben's perfections. Happily for truth, time was not allowed her to answer Mary's remarks on his perfections.

Margaret passed the afternoon playing chess with Nell. She was tired with the morning's excitement, but knowing that such a plea was useless with the invalid, or that to resist would be more fatiguing than to submit, she resigned herself to the long, long games.

A peculiarity of the Lester household was the indefiniteness of their meals. There was no fixed time for dinner, tea, or supper. Until Margaret had come, a white tablecloth had covered the dining-table only on Sundays.

Mrs. Lester, Mary, and the servant had snatched their meals in the pauses of their servitude on Nell.

Since Margaret's arrival an effort had been made to alter this state of things. The tablecloth was laid at the beginning of the day; it remained on the table until the evening. But the irregularity of the meals continued.

Nine, ten, eleven for breakfast; one, two, three for dinner; five, six, seven for tea; what did an hour matter? After the orderly, regular meals at Fen Court, Margaret's health was likely to suffer from the change.

The rain came down in sheets; the room was close; Nell was biting in her remarks.

A loud ring at the door, a man's voice in the passage made Margaret spring from her seat.

"Geoffrey!" she said.

END OF CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

THE PARLIAMENTS OF THE WORLD.

BY ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

I.—OF PARLIAMENTS IN GENERAL.

THE CLOCK TOWER.
(*From a photograph by J. Valentine & Sons, Dundee.*)

FROM a time to which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, large communities, as soon as they have approached a high degree of organisation, have felt it necessary to delegate a portion of their governing duties to an assembly of presumably their wisest. Such assemblies have assumed a wide variety of forms: they have sometimes worked, while they have always talked; and the very name of Parliament, which we now regard as most appropriately theirs, indicates that the latter function is the one with which they have always been most associated in the popular mind. The word, derived from the French *parler*, which signifies "to speak," came itself from France some seven centuries since. It was the invention of the reign of the Seventh Louis, a monarch who seems to have done nothing in particular to distinguish himself beyond convening a general assembly of "states" under the now familiar name. Not yet did it reach England, for in our Statutes its earliest use is to be found in 1275; but that earliest use was of singular significance, for it was in the preamble to the First Statute of Westminster.

Although the name is thus comparatively modern, the institution, in its essence, is of remotest age. It is of world-wide spread: even in Russia there are the elements from which Parliaments in more civilised nations have developed; and its growth and expansion alike demand study and supply instruction. Far in the mists of antiquity is hidden the origin of legislative assemblies. A constant succession of such was certainly not demanded in the case of the Medes and the Persians, whose boast it was that their laws altered not; but this condition of immobility was scarcely more remote from our present Parliamentary ideas than the extremely fluid practice of the Athenian Senate, which changed its president every day. Yet it is interesting to recall this latter body, because Socrates once held the chair, and showed as brave a front against a clamorous assembly as Speaker Peel would be sure to do in this present age. It is a far cry from Socrates to Speaker Peel: to make the chain complete, we ought to have as Speaker for a single sitting Mr. Herbert Spencer. But the Athenian Senate, like the Roman Senate of a later day, had special glories of its own. The scholastic idea of these assemblies, roughly speaking, is that they were composed of venerable men who wore long beards, which were occasionally plucked by the Goths. It is as incomplete a generalisation as the vague belief of the casual visitor to Westminster that the House of Commons is a body of bald-heads, who sleep in the intervals of exclaiming "Hear, hear!" But in these days of impressionism it is just that kind of hasty view which is apt to be permanent.

England has so often been described as "the mother of free Parliaments," that it has come almost to be generally believed that all similar assemblies the world over are modelled upon the Westminster pattern, and that that pattern has been fixed and immovable. Our old friend "the intelligent schoolboy," if he were asked to define the commencement and the composition of Parliament, would doubtless reply that it was called into existence in the thirteenth century by Simon de Montfort, and that it has always consisted of two Houses, with the Sovereign at the head. That is a widespread but curiously inaccurate

impression, for Parliaments existed in this country long before De Montfort, and originally were composed of a single Chamber. "At the first," Speaker Coke—known to legal fame as "Coke upon Littleton"—told the House of Commons exactly four centuries since, "we were all one House, and sat together, by a precedent which I have of a Parliament before the Conquest by Edward the Son of Etheldred, for there were

SIR JOHN ELIOT, KNT.
(*From a contemporary painting.*)

Parliaments before the Conquest. . . . But the Commons, sitting in presence of the King and amongst the Nobles, disliked it, and found fault that they had not free liberty to speak. And upon this reason that they might speak more freely, being out of the Royal sight of the King, and not amongst the great Lords so far their betters, the House was divided, and came to sit asunder. A bold and worthy Knight at the time when this was sought (the King desiring a reason of this their request, and why they would remove themselves from their betters) answered the King, 'That his Majesty and the Nobles being every one a great person, represented but themselves; but his Commons, though they were but inferior men, yet every one of them represented a thousand of men.' And this answer was well allowed of." How far this story has substantial basis is a question for the constitutional historian, but it is a charming legend, worth remembering.

There is this to be said for the English Parliament—that at a time when every other free assembly of the kind had been destroyed it vigorously upheld its manifold rights. "Strangers," once wrote that illustrious confessor of liberty, Sir John Eliot, "have observed the felicities of England by her Parliaments." And well they might, for this country kept the lamp of representative government alight when it was extinguished in all parts, elsewhere. Constitutional historians boast that the pedigree of our Parliament can be traced straight back to the Britons, who, even before Julius Cæsar faced the chalk cliffs of Kent, had a "Commune Concilium" of their own—a title which, though now restricted to a portion of the governing body of the City of London, was, as lately as the reign of Elizabeth, applied to the House of Commons itself, the Speaker admonishing the members that they ought not to talk outside of the debates in which they had been engaged, and "showing unto them that they are the Common Council of the Realm." From the British "Commune Concilium," which is supposed to have given sovereign authority to Cassivelaunus, the historian passes to the Saxon Witenagemot, or Meeting of the Wise—for our forefathers occasionally proved their skill in the framing of complimentary epithet; thence to the Great Council of the Norman Kings; and onwards to the English Parliament. The pedigree is better attested than some of those which figure in Bernard Burke and strut through the pages of Debrett; but it has its gaps. From the days of De Montfort, however, every gap is to be explained; but it is not to be imagined that the assembly the great baron was the most potent agent in summoning was precisely like that which sedately sits at Westminster to-day. It was still, and it remained for long, mainly the Great Council of the King, and it moved with the Court. It wandered at the Sovereign will from Westminster to Winchester, from Oxford to Northampton, from Bristol to Gloucester, from Coventry to Cambridge, and from York to Carlisle. Only a little over two centuries since it moved out of London, though then for the last time, and lived one whole famous but stormy week at Oxford. Yet, so identified has Parliament become with its most accustomed site, that when the Palace of Westminster was destroyed by fire in the autumn of 1834, the then Prime Minister wrote to William IV., who had offered to place Buckingham Palace at the disposal of the Legislature: "Viscount Melbourne cannot conceal from your Majesty that he would be unwilling to be the Minister who should advise your Majesty, upon his responsibility, to remove the Houses of Parliament from their ancient and established place of assembly at Westminster."

The idea that a Parliament should assemble wherever the monarch kept his Court was not confined to England, for it accounted for the holding at Versailles of the fateful gathering of the States-General, which formed the prelude to the French Revolution. The pages of Carlyle, with their whirl of epithet, and those of Taine, with their embarrassing wealth of fact, have familiarised the reading world with the tumultuous proceedings of that epoch-making conclave—a conclave that developed into a Constituent Assembly, which, in its turn, passed into a National Convention, and which placed representative government in France upon a basis not to be destroyed even by Terrors, Red or

White, by *coup d'état* or Communist insurrection. In these times Parliaments sit not at the temporary resting-place of the Court, but in the national capital; and the framers of the United States Constitution, recognising the jealousies that this modern conception might arouse if it singled out any existing town for the meeting of Congress, created for the purpose that "city of magnificent distances," Washington, and placed it in a territorial District of its own, apart from the original Thirteen States, so that New York, Boston, and Philadelphia alike would have no occasion of envying or crowing over the other. When the Southern States seceded, some thirty years ago, the fact that the Confederate Congress assembled at Richmond made the Virginian city the capital of the Confederacy, though a more politic choice might have been Charleston, in "the Palmetto State," known to books of geography as South Carolina. "Where Parliament sits, there is the capital" is to-day the rule; and the fact that for a few weeks in 1871, because the German troops still surrounded Paris, the French Assembly sat at Bordeaux, and for another eight years, owing to the troubled state of Paris, met at Versailles, simply indicates the extreme state of duress which is needed to create an exception.

This is one of the practical sides of Parliaments, but the picturesqueness of the older assemblies has gone for ever. The time, of course, may again come when ladies shall sit—as ladies once sat—in Britain's Meeting of the Wise. Abbesses are recorded to have deliberated in Saxon times in company with bishops and nobles; and, even when the presence of a feminine element in debate was found by the presumably chivalrous Norman to be embarrassing, they were for awhile permitted to send their deputies to Parliament. But even after the picturesque element of the presence of ladies was eliminated from our greatest Common Council, the attendance of a number of mitred abbots gave colour to the gatherings at Westminster. When abbots had gone, the armed men remained; but although their appearance may have been striking, their accoutrements were to their neighbours a nuisance. "Monition was this day given by Mr. Speaker unto the Members of this House," wrote an Elizabethan chronicler, "that they would forbear from henceforth to come into this House with their Spurs on, in regard it is very offensive to many others of the residue of them. Others also (although nothing was done therein) moved to have Boots and Rapiers taken away." But those were the days when the House of Commons was not simply composed, as it now is commonly considered to be, of mere "Members of Parliament," but of four orders: Knights of Shires, Citizens of Cities, Burgesses of Boroughs, and Barons of Ports, these last being the Cinque Ports. Happily for the Constitution, such distinctions, which were at first very real, never broke the House into sections, and gradually died away. Sir John Eliot left it on record that in the House of Commons "the meanest burgess has as much favour as the best knight or councillor; all sitting in one capacity of commoners, and in the like relation to their countries." And so, although a member might occasionally feel it necessary to plead for indulgence for being "but a Rural and a Countryman," the nominal difference between Knight, Citizen, Burgess, and Baron faded steadily out.

The wearing away of these distinctions has lessened the picturesqueness of Parliaments, while increasing their effectiveness. Because, however, we have no longer senators in curule chairs, it is not necessary to consider that these assemblies of the people's representatives are as unromantic as the loves of the triangles. They are, of course, intensely practical bodies—though, perhaps, not quite so commercially-minded as Beaumont and Fletcher imagined, when they made one of their characters exclaim—

> "I am going to Parliament;
> You understand this bag; if you have any business
> Depending there, be short, and let me hear it—
> And pay your fees."

They exist for a very definite purpose; and, as Francis Bacon once told the House of Commons, "The Cause of Assembling all Parliaments hath been hitherto over Laws or Moneys: the one being the Sinews of Peace, the other of War." There, in a nutshell, lies the reason why Parliaments are worth the study. Little more than a century ago there was only one true specimen of such in the world, and that sat at Westminster. The second in these modern times assembled at Washington; and now they are spread the wide world through. To-day, whether as French Assemblée Nationale or German Reichstag, Swedish Diet or Spanish Cortes, Bulgarian Sobranje or Servian Skupshtina, Volksraad of the South African Republic or Congress of the United States, Parliaments are to be met at every turn. Time was when those who thought themselves philosophers could airily dismiss such assemblies with a recommendation to some fortunate soldier to lock the door of St. Stephen's, and put the key in his pocket. But, apart from recollection of the historic warning that none have gone about to break Parliaments, but Parliaments have broken them, Westminster is now far from the only Parliament to be considered. There is to-day, indeed, not one of the five continents which has not a representative legislative body in active work.

IN THE COURSE OF ONE EVENING.

A DELICATE flush overspread Netta's face that was not entirely due to the fire-light, as she knelt on the rug, and there was a soft half-laughing gleam in her eyes.

"'GOOD-BYE, MY UNKNOWN CAVALIER'" (*p.* 217).

"He is certainly the ugliest man I have ever seen," she said to herself, and laughed into the fire; "but I love ugly men."

And then the glow deepened and suffused her whole neck and face as she sprang up.

"What am I saying or thinking? When I have not even spoken a word, and he has only acted as a gentleman is bound to do! I *will* not think of him." And then Netta fell to scrawling heads of ugly men upon a scrap of paper that lay to hand—such scraps always did place themselves under Netta's fingers. "They are types, all types," she told herself; but one type predominated so strongly that she suddenly, in her impulsive fashion, thrust the whole sheet into the heart of the fire and sprang to her feet.

She went to the window and looked out. It was still foggy—denser even than when she had come in more than half-an-hour since, after that adventure which still brought a smile into her eyes and the colour to her cheeks as she dwelt upon it. The fog had come on early, and it was bitterly cold, so Netta had left the Art School, and, sketch-book in hand—had turned homewards, rather out of temper with the weather.

"Don't lose yourself," had been the last laughing remark of a fellow-student as she stepped out into the gloom; and Netta had scoffed at the idea. Still, she had felt some little alarm when she once left the

well-lighted thoroughfare, and turned into the dark quiet streets in which her direction lay. This was her first experience of a real unmistakable London fog, and she felt terribly afraid of the crossing in which the horses loomed suddenly into sight, and in which one could hear the heavy crunch of cart-wheels which were perfectly invisible.

She made a sudden rush across a road which seemed to her clear for the moment, and felt a violent shock and recoil, and discovered that she had thrown herself almost straight into the arms of a gentleman, who appeared for a moment taken aback. He, however, caught her arm and steadied her, while Netta, with a disturbed face, murmured some apology, and then ventured to ask her way.

"Not in this direction at all," was the cheering answer. "You must cross the street, keep straight on as far as Morton Road, then turn——"

"Then I really am lost!" ejaculated Netta. She had not meant to say it, but in her dismay she gave utterance to her thought. The names of the streets were strange to her, and she could not distinguish names or be sure of turnings in the fog.

There was a moment's pause, during which Netta stole a timid glance at the gentleman, and met his eyes fixed intently on her face. Pleasant eyes they were, too, frank and kindly, and not altogether strange. Every day for the last few weeks had Netta encountered their passing glance on her way to the Art School. She felt conscious that they expressed admiration, and she knew also that their owner had stood and noted the direction when she turned the corner and disappeared under the quaint doorway.

Then lately strange bunches of beautiful flowers had been left mysteriously for her at the Art School, not distinguishing her by name, but by some obvious personal indication, which left it in no doubt that Netta was the favoured lady. The other students had teased her about it, but Netta had taken home the flowers and laughed over her unknown admirer, at whom she never even glanced when they encountered each other, but who she felt sure had sent the flowers. Here they were at last then, face to face—the plain man with the kind pleasant eyes, and the girl who, with her freshness and beauty, was a pleasure to look upon. Netta was usually remarkably self-possessed, and she soon regained her usual good sense.

"If you will be so kind as to explain very clearly, I shall be able to find my way, I should think," she said.

He hesitated a moment, a sudden eager light leaping into his eyes.

"If you would allow me, I would show you the way myself; I should know the way blindfold. If you will trust to me——" and he stopped questioningly.

Netta had always been told by her country relations never to trust herself to the guidance of strangers in the streets, and she had hitherto held herself as a model of propriety. Yet after one look at his face she decided.

"Thank you," she said, and he crossed the road with her.

It was strange how safe she felt, and yet he hardly spoke beyond a short sentence or two; yet now and again he looked down at the striking, beautiful face, with its crown of golden brown hair, and the soft, laughing brown eyes, trying now to look very staid and sober. If he was ugly, he was the pattern of chivalry, thought Netta—poetic, perhaps artistic, in his tastes, as she noticed a volume of Dante in his hand. In a shorter time than seemed possible, Netta found that they were passing the familiar houses, and her guide stopped.

"This is your road; you cannot mistake your house," he said, with a smile—Netta noticed how it transformed his plain face. "I am very happy to have been of any service to you."

He lifted his hat, and his eyes just glanced at some violets that Netta had held all the time in her hand, and he turned away.

"How nice of him not to come quite to the house," thought Netta. "Good-bye, my unknown cavalier; you are a true gentleman. And I wonder if it was you who sent me these sweet violets?" And the colour surged into her face as she looked at them.

This had all happened nearly an hour ago, and now Netta was waiting for her sister to return, and eager to tell her adventure.

Rat-tat! Netta ran to the door, and took in a very thick, business-like looking letter, addressed to "Miss Freda Brooks," and taking it to the fire-light, she scrutinised it curiously.

"For Freda; who can it be from?—such an important looking document, and in a man's handwriting, too! What can be inside it? Oh, I wish it were a cheque from some charitable person to two poor struggling girls, or a fortune!"

Netta's dreams of possibilities were cut short by another call to the door: a vigorous peal this time.

"Freda at last, poor dear! Now we will solve the mystery. How did you make your way home through the fog, Freda? Come in and have a nice rest, and you shall have an extra early cup of tea to make you warm. So give me your things, and take this chair." And Netta pulled forward the shoes which had been warming upon the fender, and flew out with hat and jacket, and then turned her attention to the strange big letter which Freda had discovered, addressed in an unknown hand to herself.

"Be quick and open it," Netta cried laughingly. "I have hardly been able to keep my hands off it, I was so devoured by curiosity. Have you an unknown admirer too, Freda? Read it aloud, there's a good soul, and put an end to my agony."

Freda was provoking, for, after the usual fashion of foolish mortals, she began by examining the post-mark, and studying the outside of the letter before she cut the envelope and satisfied Netta. There was a strong likeness between the two sisters, though Freda was the smaller, slighter, and darker, with more quickness in her movements, a keen bright glance, an intellectual face, and a humorous mouth. The room in which they sat was impressed with the individuality of its occupants and of their respective occupations, and leaning towards science and art. Hard times

"NETTA WAS THE FIRST TO STRETCH OUT HER HAND" (*p.* 219).

had these two known, but were happy in each other, and they struggled on with high aims before them, and a moderate amount of success, thankful for every gleam of sunshine and every step onward, rarely grumbling, though often wishing for things they had not, but, on the whole, content to be among the world's workers.

Freda uttered a startled exclamation. "Oh, Netta!" she cried; and her sister, catching the excitement, came and looked over her shoulder at the letter, which they read together. What she read sent Netta waltzing round the room, and Freda, with a radiant face, gasped "Oh, Netta!" a second time, with deeper meaning still.

"And," cried Netta, "if you had only known the guesses I made about it. I never dreamed I was so very near the truth. It is like a fairy tale. I feel like a princess, Freda. A real fortune left to us! Is it true? or—or—is it only a dreadful mistake?"

Freda seized the letter, and read through the business-like communication again—not much like a message from "Fairy-land" in its dry, pointed phrases.

"Come," said Freda presently, "we must steady ourselves a little, and look matters calmly in the face. The facts are these. This is a lawyer's letter, telling us that some far-off distant cousin in Philadelphia has died. We did discover that from the paper, didn't we, Netta? But Cousin George has remembered, late in the day, how much he owed to father, and hence this £10,000 between us. I can hardly take it in yet. I am sure I am a rich woman, however. To-morrow, Netta, I shall go and buy that large new dictionary I want so badly—oh! and heaps of books."

"And I," said Netta, "shall go and buy all the paints and canvases, and the hundred and one things I have been short of. Won't I lay in a stock!"

Netta seized her sister round the neck, and kissed her impulsively.

"Oh, Freda, this is a wonderful day! This grand news has almost sent my special piece of news out of my head. I have been so lucky. I have had an order for a picture to-day: so good, it means that others will follow, and I do begin to feel an artist indeed. My picture is to be after the style of this"; and she brought from an easel in the corner an exquisite head.

Netta was a born artist, sensitive to the beauty of form and colour in every fibre of her nature, with an entire devotion to her art. Though the sisters lived alone in London lodgings, they were not quite alone in the world; but these are times in which women take their share of the work, and, with the approval of their near relations, these two had come to London

to earn independence and win their way: not an easy matter, but they had already gained a fair footing by dint of much study, great self-denial, and persevering effort. As Netta was artistic, so was Freda scientific to the core, and the work of the two blended into and harmonised with each other.

Freda taught in a High School of note, and was an enthusiastic teacher, who put her whole soul into her work, and, conscious of the vastness of her special subject, gave much time and study to it. Attractive in looks and manners, with deep zeal and a firm will, Freda was popular, and sure to succeed. Before her mind in the dim future rose visions of a future head-mistress-ship, as Netta dreamed of success and large sums for her pictures. The girls had certainly prospered, and now could even afford—as they could not at first—to make friends and ask them home.

To exceptional abilities helping hands are always sooner or later held out, and the two had plenty of courage. They each had their own friends, and formed part of a pleasant, social, intellectual little circle. There are many girls so situated in this busy London of ours who have to fight their own battles, to hold their own in the great struggle: bright, clever girls such as these, happy in their work, with high aims and healthy aspirations: good, true, and earnest, in all their hard struggles keeping a bright face to the world.

Netta and Freda lived among evidences of their work. Sketches and paintings were pinned here and there upon the wall, and an easel in one corner held several others. Books were everywhere on the tables and on the walls—works on education; poets: Longfellow, Tennyson, Whittier, and others; Ruskin, with well-worn covers; for Netta and Freda regarded him as only less than inspired, and had placed his framed likeness in an honoured place in their room; novels in bright bindings, volumes of essays, books of travel and research: all that bespoke a wide reading.

"It seems like night already," said Netta, looking out into the fog. "Let us have tea, and then I will tell you of an adventure I have had;" and a vivid blush made Netta look radiantly lovely.

Freda moved her microscope from the window and began adjusting it on a side table, and took down some bulky volumes.

"Not work, surely, to-night," said Netta, turning her bright face; whereupon Freda laughed, for Netta held a pencil in her hand, and had taken up her never-failing sketch-book.

"What do you call that?" she asked. "But I must do some work, for I have still to teach my girls to-morrow, and even fortunes cannot put off that. But I shall not do much after; we will make plans instead."

A knock at the door was followed by the entrance of a neat maid.

"Please, Miss Freda, a gentleman wants to see you. This is his card; and a letter has just come for you, too, miss. Shall I show him up?"

Freda and Netta looked at the card, which bore the name of "Carolus Westlake."

"What a name!" cried Netta, in merry scorn. "The same name as our London cousins, who ignore our existence. Perhaps it is one. I am prepared for anything to happen this evening."

"No doubt this is someone in connection with the lawyer's letter. Yes," to the maid, "show him up."

As the door closed Netta put on a mock grave face.

"Freda, does it occur to you that it may not be quite the correct thing for two such very young people to receive a gentleman in their private sitting-room?"

"Now, Netta, lawyers are always old and grey—most proper people——"

The door flew open, and a gentleman, hat in hand, stood on the threshold—not old or grey, with a slightly surprised expression upon his face as he took in the cosy little room, with the bright fire, the lamp, microscope, books, and pictures, the litter of finished and unfinished paintings, and, above all, the two occupants.

But the look suddenly changed into one of real unmistakable pleasure. Freda still held the letter in her hand unopened. She bowed sedately and motioned him to a chair; but Netta caught his glance, and coloured, with a shy look in her sweet brown eyes as the corners of her flexible mouth curved into a smile. Freda looked slightly mystified at these signs, but she said quietly—

"You come, I suppose, from Mr. Forest, about the will?"

"Not exactly," replied Mr. Westlake, looking surprised. "I know the firm, but I came, as I told you in my letter——"

Involuntarily Freda glanced at the note she had placed upon the table.

"Ah! some delay, I am afraid; that is the letter I sent. Of course you do not know me if you have not read it; but my name, I hope, is not quite strange. I am your cousin, Carolus Westlake. Won't you shake hands, cousins? Or must I bring credentials to prove my identity?" and a bright smile illumined the dark and somewhat rugged features of the young man.

He had a pleasant, kindly face, homely in features, but with a strong look that inspired confidence. Netta was the first to stretch out her hand.

"I did not guess I had to thank a new cousin for coming to my help this afternoon," she said.

And then Freda had to learn of the accidental meeting; but neither Netta nor Carolus alluded to the daily passing or the gifts of flowers, even though his eyes had wandered to a small vase upon the table which held some violets, the sweet scent from which filled the room with fragrance.

But Freda, after the first surprise, with her usual habit of getting to the root of things, wanted explanations.

"We certainly knew we had London cousins, but how did you find us out? and why did you come? Tell us all about it, please, and satisfy our curiosity."

"Cousin George of Philadelphia is at the bottom of it," said Carolus. "You little know how I have been surprised. Of course you know about his will; your

first words told me that, and it also concerns me. He has left you each a certain sum, and the remainder to me, coupled with certain conditions. Do you know of these?" somewhat anxiously.

"No; nothing but the bare fact. Mr. Forest said he should call."

"My letter explains the rest. No," as Freda took it up; "may I ask you not to open it now? But according to my mother's wish, I called on you to say how very glad she would be if you would come and talk matters over with her."

"We do not even know where you live, Mr. Westlake," said Freda reservedly.

"Here is the address," and he wrote it in a firm hand upon a page in his pocket-book and tore it out. "Believe me, now we have found new cousins we shall not lightly let them go again."

"How charming to find new cousins!" said Netta to Freda, when they were alone again. "And do you not like him, Freda? What does he remind you of?"

"Of a Prince Charming in a bear-skin," laughed Freda, which Netta secretly thought was an unkind judgment passed upon her courteous knight. But Freda was bent upon reading his letter.

"Listen to the conditions, Netta."

"Stay; let me guess them. The proper thing would be that Cousin George insisted that one of us must marry Carolus, or all our fortune would go to him. I do hope it is not that;" with a sudden gleam of anxiety.

"Listen; it is not quite so bad. Cousin George's condition is that we must take his name unless we wish to forfeit the money. In that case our £10,000 goes to Carolus."

"Oh! I couldn't give it up now," said Netta. "I don't so much mind about the name. Brooks—Westlake. One is quite as pretty as the other, I think. Carolus Westlake sounds especially well."

Netta's voice said the name a little softly, as if it were precious.

"Now let us have tea."

But not yet; for downstairs was a shutting of doors and the sound of voices and steps upon the stairs. In another minute Carolus entered again, accompanied by a lady, like to him, but with all the plain outlines softened by a beautiful motherly expression that was greatly attractive. Carolus was smiling.

"This is my mother," he began; but she looked at each girl through her glasses, then went straight up to them and kissed them.

"My dears, you are surprised to see me—you must be; but I met Carolus, and made him bring me here. It has been such a funny mistake all through."

Netta drew up an easy-chair by the fire, while Carolus, declining to sit, stood near.

"It was all through Mr. Forest. When he wrote to my son about the will, he quite gave us to understand that our two cousins who shared the money with him were maiden ladies, about my age. He called to see Carolus this afternoon, but, of course, he was here, and then I heard more about you—as much as Mr. Forest knew; so when he went I left a message for Carolus, and put on my bonnet and came straight off to see you. But I met him; so here we both are."

Freda smiled, and Mrs. Westlake turned to her son.

"I shall not keep him here now I have seen you, so you may go, Carolus; but remember, I shall want you at home this evening. I shall follow you very soon with these young people."

When Carolus had departed for the second time, his mother began to talk over matters. First she insisted that they should return and spend the remainder of the evening with her, in order that they might become better acquainted with each other, and talk over the terms of the will.

Freda was inclined to hang back at first, because, as she afterwards said to Netta, it seemed as if everyone could find you out when you had money, but when you were poor no one cared about you. But the thought was only a passing one, and she felt it unworthy when she saw Mrs. Westlake's kind, motherly face, and understood the mistaken idea that had been formed of them.

Besides, Netta looked so very much as if she wished to go that Freda gave way, and without more ado the girls went to wrap up before going into the cold night air. The fog had quite disappeared by this time, and the stars of the dark November night were sparkling frostily.

"I have been admiring your pretty room," Mrs. Westlake said, when they returned, "and I have been wondering how you came to be all alone here in London. You must tell me all about yourselves. Carolus thought he had a surprise for me when he began to tell me about his pretty young cousins, but I knew before, at least, that they were young."

Outside the door stood a neat little brougham, which whirled them away to a more fashionable part of London. They were speedily before a handsome house, and here for a few minutes Freda and Netta were left alone together.

"Freda, this is a wonderful evening," said Netta, with a beautiful colour in her fair face, and her brown eyes shining; "it seems like a piece out of a fairy tale. I can hardly believe it is I at all, and only yesterday—only this morning, even—we were going on so contentedly in our old humdrum way."

"I can't grasp the situation at all," confessed Freda. "It is too much at once. I can only think at this minute that I have not even glanced at my work for to-morrow, and I have not put away my microscope."

"Never mind your work; you can throw it up now if you like; or, better still——"

But the entrance of Mrs. Westlake put an end to their confidences.

That evening was for ever a red-letter day in their minds. For the first part of it only the three ladies were together, and they put off "business," as Mrs. Westlake termed it, until Carolus should be present. Mrs. Westlake was wrapped up in her only son, and Carolus formed a large part of her conversation with Netta and Freda. She loved to talk of him and his goodness to those she liked; and Netta, at least, loved to hear, with heart responsive.

"And to think that but for poor George's death we might never have seen each other; but now that I have found you, I shall not let you two dear girls out of my sight."

She could not conceive how Netta and Freda could be happy in their independence. The very idea of their living in lodgings was dreadful to her, and she was a little shocked at the fact that both were quite content to earn their own living—nay, actually gloried in it, and even announced their intention of pursuing what they each looked upon as their life work.

"Only now I shall give myself wholly to Art," said Netta; "and Freda has always longed to go to Cambridge, and really study. She will turn out a shining light, and be famous, I know. You have no idea how clever and scientific Freda really is."

But these modern ideas did not quite commend themselves to Mrs. Westlake's old-fashioned notions as to what was befitting young ladies with money of their own.

"Such independence does not seem right in a woman, dear," she said, gently, to Freda. "It is the men who are appointed to be the bread-winners, and sometimes women grow hard when they struggle for themselves. It is against Nature."

"I can't agree with you," said Freda, in answer to the gently-spoken prejudice; "though sometimes it is small wonder if one does grow hard. But surely independence is a good thing, and it is not every woman who has a man to fight for her. It is nobler to work for one's self than to drag on others. And besides there is interest and happiness in work. How I should miss my teaching and my girls! I hope that Netta and I are not hard and unwomanly—I know we are not."

Mrs. Westlake, who had no daughter, and knew in reality very little of the part taken in the intellectual and labour world by women, could not quite enter into the feelings of the two girls, but she had conceived a thorough liking for them, and made them promise to spend at least one day in every week with her. She even proposed that they should both come and live with her, but the girls refused decidedly, though gratefully.

"'WE HAVE BEEN LIVING IN A FAIRY TALE TO-DAY'" (*p.* 222).

Carolus returned, and the business was discussed. It was lightly settled, and Netta and Freda agreed to appear before the world henceforward as the Misses Westlake. It was wonderful how quickly an intimacy sprang up in the course of a few hours, but then, in two hearts at least the seeds had been sown weeks before. And Carolus behaved quite like an old friend, and they even discussed their future plans.

Carolus Westlake, they soon discovered, was a man of many friends. Thomas Hughes has said in one of his books—

"Happy is the man who has the gift of making friends, for it is a blessed gift."

Carolus never thought of himself at all, and there was a strange charm even in his plain face, but his clear deep eyes were so honest and humorous, and held such a happy smile, that they drew hearts to him like magnets. He met everyone, too, in such a friendly, cordial spirit, as if they could have no possible unfriendly feeling towards himself, so that he seemed to possess a key that unlocked all hearts. Yet he was a man of few words, and spoke little.

And yet, though some people—as Netta did—called him even ugly upon a first and casual glance, they never remembered it or repeated it when once he had flung the magic of his strange attraction over them. They sought to enrol themselves among the number of his friends.

Netta found that his sympathies were wide, and she was soon talking to him quite comfortably of Art, and of her hopes and aspirations, and sung the praises of her artist friends. And he drew Freda out upon the subject of her work and her difficulties, and she discovered that he too was a devotee of Science, and he communicated some of his own theories to her, and the results of some observations of his own, and Freda found that, almost unconsciously, she began to lean towards his opinions.

Altogether, Cousin Carolus and his mother were friends worth gaining.

Freda discussed her idea of going to Girton to devote herself to hard study, and spoke feelingly of resigning the post she held in the High School, which she felt ought now to go to someone who stood in more need of it than she did herself.

"But do nothing in a hurry," counselled Cousin Carolus; "you must look at things all round."

"We have been living in a fairy tale to-day," said Netta, turning her happy face from the piano, where she had just been playing some of Mendelssohn's "Lieder."

"And I too," Carolus replied, letting his clear eyes rest upon her glowing face—"I, too, have been in a fairy tale," and under the gaze he bent upon her her eyes fell and the colour rose again.

The time came for the girls to go, and Carolus accompanied them. The night was clear, though cold; the moon had risen, and the tall dark trees of the square stood like black-robed sentinels against the silver light. At the door, Netta turned and gazed upward.

"Is it not lovely?" she said impulsively. "All Nature is lovely. Henceforth I live for Art: the highest and best thing there is."

"But there is one thing even higher and lovelier than Art," said Carolus, with a tender glance at her enthusiastic face.

She glanced up shyly, half-frightened at the depth and earnestness of his tone.

"And that is——" she said, and stopped.

"Love," he replied.

The end tells itself. It was that rare and beautiful thing—love at first sight. Netta discovered that Love was not incompatible with Art. As Freda afterwards said, Cousin George little guessed when he left his money to be divided among the cousins what events he was bringing about.

Freda had her heart's desire and went to Cambridge, and, as Netta foretold, won herself a name by her ability, and became the pride of her college.

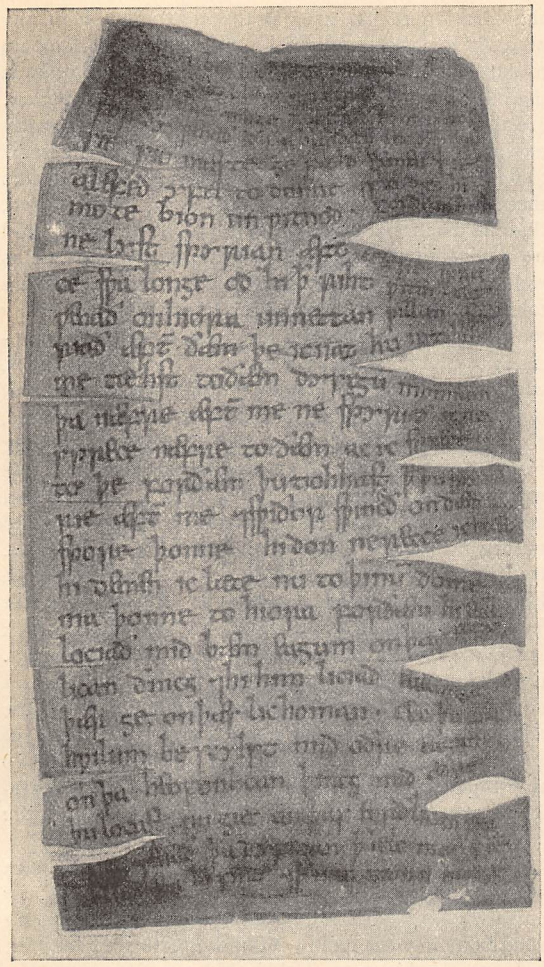
But, as Netta said, all the changes and their happiness dated from one eventful evening.

ENGLISH MONARCHS AS AUTHORS.

I.—ALFRED THE GREAT.

PRINCIPALITIES and Powers pass away, and the surest immortality that man can gain on this earth is by means of books. Truly, *litera scripta manet*. In the Republic of Letters there are master minds, but no monarchs. Kings and queens when they enter the arena of literature must fight as fairly and fiercely as their humblest subjects, and the fittest survive in the struggle for existence. But without further introduction, which savours of truism, let me begin to review the literary works of the monarchs who have occupied the English throne. I shall not, of course, attempt to touch such writings as pertain to a monarch's position—such as State proclamations and laws, interesting though these may be to the student of history. I am here concerned with literature alone.

Alfred the Great is our first Royal author, and none of his successors has surpassed him. He was himself no great scholar, perhaps, but he was pre-eminently wise. His services to literature and education cannot be well over-estimated. Learning was rapidly decaying in this country when Alfred ascended the throne. He did everything that he could to spread the light, and in the peaceful intervals of his reign translated numerous Latin works into Anglo-Saxon, or English,



KING ALFRED'S TRANSLATION OF BOETHIUS
(*folio* 104, *Cotton MS.*).

as I prefer to call it, so that the books could be readily "understanded of the people."

The monarch's first work was a translation of Boethius's "Consolations of Philosophy." Alfred had the Latin re-written and then explained to him, and he afterwards turned the book into English. The king's translation of this, as of all other works, was singularly free. *Traduttori-traditori*, say the Italians —and Alfred left out and added just what he pleased, transposing the order of his author's chapters, and dividing them as the fancy took him. The result is a great deal more interesting than if the translations had been literal, for we are enabled by these paraphrases to understand what manner of man the king was.

Boethius, according to Gibbon, was "the last of the Romans whom Cato or Tully could have acknowledged for their countrymen." After having obtained the highest honours and seeing two of his sons consuls, Boethius was imprisoned at Pavia for opposing Theodoric. In prison this noble Roman wrote his "Consolations," in the form of dialogues between Wisdom and himself. Boethius has been sainted since his martyrdom in 525.

The king tells us in his preface that "Sometimes he set word by word, sometimes meaning by meaning, as he the most plainly and most clearly could explain it, for the various and manifold worldly occupations which often buried him both in mind and body." He then quaintly appeals to his critics :—"And he now prays, and for God's name implores everyone of those who list to read this book that he would pray for him, and not blame him, if he more rightly understand it than he could."

Extreme modesty, it may be said, is a characteristic of Royal authors.

In the Cottonian MS. of this work is a metrical version of Boethius's metres. I know that critics are not agreed that these verses are by Alfred at all, but his preface to his prose translation runs : "When he had learned this book and turned it from Latin into the English language, he afterwards composed it in verse." Martin Tupper has put King Alfred's verse into modern English, preserving short metres and "apt alliteration's artful aid," which is the chief characteristic of Anglo-Saxon poetry. This is how the poems begin :—

Thus Ælfred us
Eald-spell reahte ;
Cyning West-Sexna
Cræft meldode.

Literally translated, with the addition of particles, this reads :—

Thus Alfred to us
An ancient story related ;
The King of the West-Saxon
Displayed *his* art.

Tupper's version is worth giving for the sake of comparison :—

Thus to us did Alfred sing
A spell of old ;
Song-craft the West-Saxon King
Did thus unfold.

Long and much he longed to teach
His people then,
These mixt-sayings of sweet speech,
The joys of men.

That no weariness forsooth—
As well it may—
Drive away delight from truth,
But make it stay.

So he can but little seek
For his own pride :
A fytte of song I fitly speak,
And nought beside.

A folk-beknown and world-read thing
I have to say :
To all the best of men I sing
List, ye that may.

This poem seems to be by Alfred, and also the next, which tells the history of Rome and of Boethius in prison :—

Much mourning there he lay,
Nor thought to break his chains,
But to the Lord by night and day
Sang thus in sighing strains.

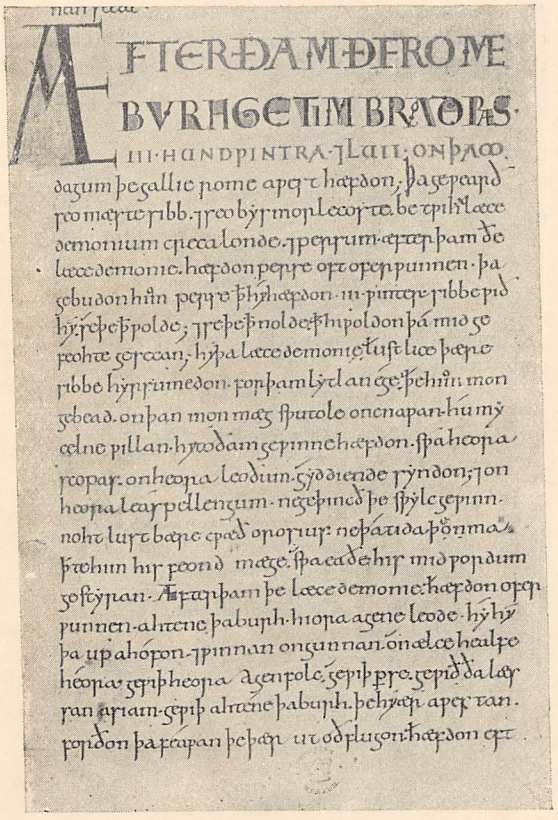
These strains are admirably rendered, and some, especially Alfred's Psalm to God (only suggested by a

line or so of Boethius), beginning, "O Thou Creator of the bright stars," may be well known. Alfred himself had suffered the pains of exile, and could sympathise with the sadness of Boethius. Before I pass from this work, let me give two verses (rendered by Tupper, who, as becomes the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," accompanies his versions with highly moral comments) from "The Uses of Adversity":—

Whoso wills to till a field
Well to bear a fruitful yield,
Let him first pluck up and burn
Thorns and thistles, furze and fern,
Which are wont clean wheat to hurt,
Lying lifeless in the dirt.

And this other likeness, too,
Well behoves us all to view,
Namely, that to those who eat
Honeycomb, it seems more sweet
If a man, before the tear
Of honey, taste of bitter cheer.

Alfred's next "translation" was of Bede's well-known "Ecclesiastical History," and it is characteristic



KING ALFRED'S TRANSLATION OF THE "COMPENDIOUS HISTORY OF THE WORLD" (*folio* 42, *Cotton MS.*).

of the king that as he is writing for southerners he omits the venerable author's references to Northumbria.

While Boethius tells us more of the monarch's personality than his other works, his version of Orosius's "Compendious History of the World, from the Creation to A.D. 416," is the most valuable of any of his "remains." For Alfred brought the book up to date, and the geography of Europe added by him is the only one of that time written by a contemporary. He also included an account of the voyages of two early navigators, Ohthere and Wulfstan. The king seems to have written just what he heard from the voyagers themselves. "Ohthere told his lord, King Alfred, that he dwelt north-most of all the northerners," and he navigated the North Cape and the White Sea as well as the Baltic, where Wulfstan went also. We are told that the Norwegian Ohthere "was a very wealthy man in those possessions in which their wealth consists: that is, in the wilder animals. He had, moreover, when he came to the king, six hundred tame deer of his own breeding. They call these reindeer; of these, six were decoy-deer, which are very valuable among Finns, because with them they take the wild deer. He was amongst the first men in the land, though he had not more than twenty horned cattle, twenty sheep, and twenty swine, and that little he ploughed with horses. But their revenue is chiefly in the tribute that the Finns pay them, which tribute is in skins of animals, feathers of birds, in whale-bone and ship-ropes, which are made from the whale's hide and from the seal's. Everyone pays according to his means; the richest must pay fifteen skins of the marten and five of the reindeer, and one bear's skin, and forty bushels of feathers, and a bear or otter skin, kirtle, and two ship-ropes, each sixty ells long (an ell equals twenty-four inches), one made from the whale's hide, and the other from the seal's."

Ohthere travelled with a two-fold purpose. "In addition to seeing the country, on account of the horse-whales (walruses), because they have some very good bone in their teeth; of these teeth they brought some to the king; and their hides are very good for ship-ropes. This whale is much less than other whales: it is not longer than seven ells; but, in his own country is the best whale-hunting; there they are eight-and-forty ells long, and the largest fifty ells long; of these, he said, that he was one of six who killed sixty in two days."

Orosius, of course, was the great Spanish theologian-historian, born towards the end of the fourth century, and was the friend of St. Augustine and of St. Jerome.

In the interval of peace between 897 and his death, Alfred translated the pastoral of St. Gregory—a long sermon, as it were, with sixty-five heads. Here is a specimen (Sweet's translation for the invaluable Early English Text Society) of the admonition to the gluttonous and the abstinent:—

"Let the gluttonous hear what St. Paul said. He said that it were good for a man to abstain from meat and wine, as an example to his brothers. Let the abstinent also hear what he said again. He said that ye may drink wine moderately for the weakness of your stomachs. He said so, because he wished the greedy to learn not to desire flesh-meats immoderately, and, again, the abstinent not to despise the eaters because they avail themselves of the gifts from which the others abstain."

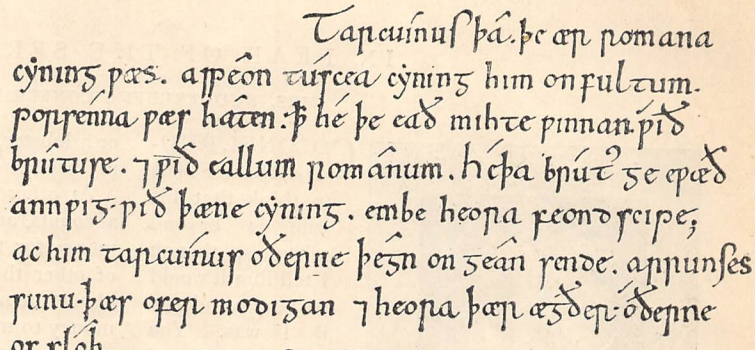
But the most interesting part of this book is the King's well-known preface :—

"So general was the decay of learning in England that there were very few on this side of the Humber who could understand their rituals in English, or translate a letter from Latin into English ; and I believe that there were not many beyond the Humber. There were so few of them that I cannot remember a single one south of the Thames when I came to the throne. . . . . Then I remembered how the Law was first found in the Hebrew tongue; and again, when the Greeks learnt it then they turned the whole of it into their own language. And again, the Latins also. . . . . Wherefore I think it better, if it also appear so to you, that we, too, should translate some books, which are the most necessary for all men to understand —that we should turn these into the tongue which we all can know, and so bring it about, as we very easily may, with God's help, if we have rest, that all the youth that now is among the English race, of free men that have property, so that they can apply themselves to these things, may be committed to others for the sake of instruction, so long as they have no power for any other employments, until the time that they may know well how to read English writing. . . . . When I remembered how the knowledge of Latin had formerly decayed throughout England, and yet many could read English writing, I began, among other various and manifold troubles of this kingdom, to translate into English the book which is called in Latin 'Pastoralis,' and in English 'Shepherd's Book.' . . . . and I will send a copy to every bishopric in my kingdom ; and on each there is a clasp worth fifty mancus. And I command in God's name that no man take the clasp from the book, or the book from the minster."

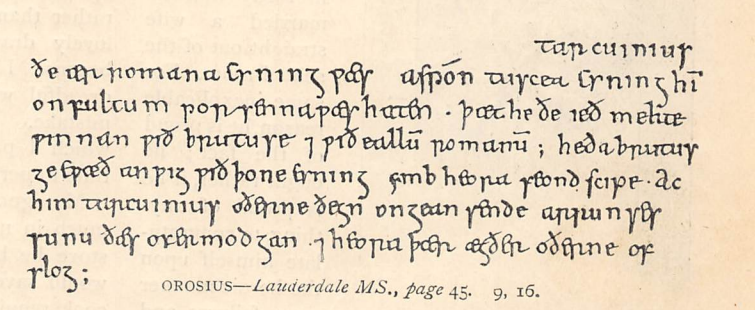
Three of these copies have been preserved to the present day. A mancus is stated in the laws of Henry I. to be then worth twenty pennies.

King Alfred's "Handbook," a commonplace book, in which he made notes of his tutors' teaching, has been lost, but several fragments have descended to us through William of Malmesbury.

"Blossom Gatherings," from St. Augustine's Soliloquies, is most probably a translation by King Alfred. The preface begins abruptly, and is a laboured conceit. Whoever the writer may have been, he evidently was a great admirer of those whom Voltaire would have called "valets," for he alludes to—"The everlasting home which He has promised us through St. Augustine, and St. Gregory, and St. Jerome, and through many holy fathers; as I believe also that for the merits of all those He will both make this way more convenient than it was ere this."



OROSIUS—*Cotton MS., folio* 30*b*. 8—15.



OROSIUS—*Lauderdale MS., page* 45. 9, 16.

Sometimes the king is alluded to as the translator of "Æsop's Fables," but the MS., if it ever existed, has been lost. Alfred's "Proverbs" are the production of the thirteenth century. One doubtful fragment is entitled, "The Parliament at Shiffard."

But, according to Professor Freeman, Alfred's most abiding monument is the encouragement which the king gave whereby the English Chronicles grew into their present shape out of the local annals of the Church of Winchester. Forty years ago an almost complete edition of Alfred's works was published by a National Committee, formed to honour the thousandth anniversary of the birthday of one of the greatest monarchs of all time.

Other kings that afterwards ruled this country were liberal patrons of literature; notably, Canute, who is stated to have beheaded a minstrel-poet that did not please him. Most readers will remember that as this king was rowing near the Minster of Ely, he heard the monks chanting, and composed a ballad, of which the following is the only stanza now known, although the verses were long popular among the common people of England :—

> "Merrily sung the monks in Ely
> When Cnut, King, rode thereby ;
> Row, my knights, row near the land,
> And let us hear these monkes' song."

Henry I. was known as "Beauclerc," or "The Scholar," but he has left no literary works to testify to his scholarship. Richard I. is our next Royal author, and his contributions to literature are songs of the troubadour kind.

R. MAYNARD LEONARD.

IN FEAR OF THE SERVANTS.

(MRS. RUDDERBUFF'S CONFESSIONS.)

COLONEL RUDDERBUFF likes to think that his wife is beyond mistakes, though I tell him it would be very wonderful if I was. You have often heard him say that he married a wife straight out of the school-room. For some inexplicable reason, he is proud of the fact; he ought rather, if he is proud of anything, to congratulate himself upon the heroic manner in which for one long year he bore my failures and mismanagement.

Naturally, I had had no experience whatever, but I felt very grand in being the mistress of a large house. The Colonel had only settled in England upon his marriage, so I took to no old-established servants, but, unlike the heroine of a novel, I had to get and keep my own.

This was mistake number one. I did not set the proper way about it. I went to a registry-office, of the character of which I knew nothing, and engaged servants upon the recommendation of the proprietor, without even taking up their references—one or two produced written documents, which I just glanced through; but as I did not insist upon a personal interview with their late employers, I had no means of finding if they were forgeries.

The result of my neglect was that we were ill-served, insulted, robbed; our house was filled with a set of desperate characters. I used often to shudder at my cook, and I afterwards had good reason for my impression that she was hiding from justice. Further details I will spare you, for I strive to avoid one of the most common errors of English women—constant talk about servants.

At last I got respectable people, and we settled down to safety, but I fear not to comfort. I was a wretched housekeeper; some days I forgot all about dinner, while on others I would fuss about it for hours.

Often when friends stayed with us we would drive to a concert, and sometimes on the way back my husband would ask me what I had arranged for supper. I must say, to my shame, that nine times out of ten I had forgotten all about it, and before our guests the order had to be given to stop to buy oysters or a lobster, while my kind husband would try to turn my neglect off with a joke.

At other times he, who was most careful about the accounts, and never owed a penny, would give me the money for the weekly books, and I, with my head full of other things, would put them aside, and forget all about them till I had run up arrears which I had not money to meet.

I was terribly afraid of my servants, and would put up with badly-cooked meals and late, untidy ways rather than speak. I used to hide a duster in that lovely drawing-room you have seen pictures of, because I was ashamed visitors should see the dreadful way in which it was kept. This was a mistake. I ought not to have done the work for which I paid a servant, and which she had ample time to perform.

My ignorance of all domestic details stood very much in my way. I let our beautiful polished brass stove be black-leaded, because the maid thought it would save trouble! And I implicitly believed that cook required a bottle of best brandy for each plum pudding!

I spent a great deal upon dress, and yet never looked nice. I was always trying experiments.

I bought heaps of cheap things at sales which I did not really want, and had the dress-lengths made up by cheap dressmakers. The result was that I had a numberless quantity of dresses, and not one *decent one*. I called myself economical, and wasted half my dress allowance.

Then our baby came; and on looking back, I wonder that the Colonel did not drown us both! His life must have been unbearable. From the moment that I felt that baby hand in mine I had no other thought, and for the first three months of my child's life I had no other subject of conversation.

I gave up housekeeping entirely, and my dear husband, believing me to be weak and languid instead of lazy, undertook it himself, and got bothered to death: for he is a busy man, a magistrate, with all sorts of duties outside his own home.

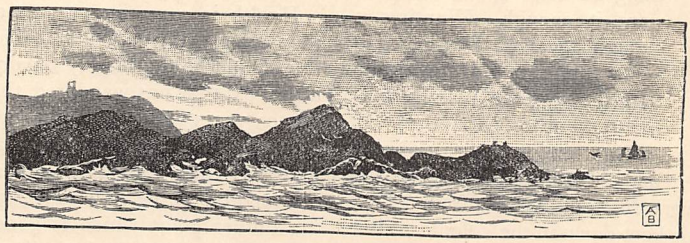
I refused to have a proper nurse, as I wanted to have the management of the infant entirely in my own hands; so I engaged a young girl, and between us we played all sorts of experiments upon that poor dear child. That the young life was not sacrificed was due neither to her mother nor her nurse, for we kept her up at night, awakened her suddenly any hour of the day, left her for hours without food, to be over-fed in proportion at other times; we actually did not always wash and dress her!

I refused to part with her at night, when my husband often spent hours walking up and down with the wailing child in his arms. I shall never forget those nights, neither, I fear, will he, nor the long lonely evenings when he sat alone while I was occupied in my nursery.

We saw no society. It was little wonder that our house lost its popularity ; even our dearest friends got weary of the repetition of my baby's charms.

At last my mad career was very mercifully stopped. The Colonel fell ill—so very ill that the doctor thought it more than probable that he would not recover. I knew then that he was dearer to me than twenty babies ! And I heard then something else. Sitting by his side one night, when he was far down in the valley of death, I heard him whisper ; he was talking not to me, but to the angel of that other great first love of his, who seemed to be at his side ; he did not go into any ecstasy at her presence—I suppose it was too natural—but he just looked up with a kind of gasp of content, and said, "Oh, Mary ! it has been so uncomfortable."

That was my husband ! The only complaint he ever made was in the delirium of fever to a dream woman, but his patience worked my cure. He was given back to me, thanks be to God, and he came back into a different world from that he had so nearly quitted. It is difficult to put the wrong right, but never, while life lasts, impossible ; and through much disappointment and many failures I have at last made our home as comfortable and cheery a place as it is beautiful.



"BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD."

SHALL OUR SONS EMIGRATE? YES, THEY SHALL.

BY ARNOLD WHITE, AUTHOR OF "PROBLEMS OF A GREAT CITY," "TRIES AT TRUTH."

The New Lands.

SITTING at my study window on the northern heights of London, and looking at the broad province of houses in the Thames valley canopied with smoke, the earth paved away with granite, asphalte, and wooden blocks : rain falling and wind sighing : the thought of the blue sky unappreciated in many distant lands assists me in the pleasant task laid upon me by the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE. Decidedly it is good in the abstract for some of our sons to get away from this fierce struggle that year by year increases in severity. If the son contemplated be

> "Tall and handsome, and twenty-two,
> Ten thousand a year and nothing to do,"

then, perhaps, there is something to be said in favour of settling down at home, in spite of the general want of employment, the muggy air, and the depressing environment incident to "merry England" in the end of the century.

Or if he be an Admirable Crichton, or even an Asquith, and owns a "brain and cerebellum too" that give him a pedestal above his chums, a banker's balance, with healthy, lucrative, and interesting occupation, then it is equally clear that the mealie pap of the Transvaal, the salt pork of Manitoba, or the tea and damper peculiar to the Darling Downs, are delicacies that may be left to others. The sons who shall emigrate, to my mind, however, are the scions of those middle-class families who are the strength of our country.

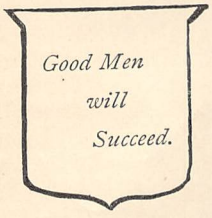
These lads are not very brilliant, but they are numerous. They are no fools, but they have good appetites, plenty of pluck, healthy instincts, strong home affections, prefer cricket to Cato, football to Photius—Macaulay used to read him as a relaxation from study—and not seldom have fallen in love with the dearest girl in the world. From their youth up they have read Marryat and Kingston, Rider Haggard and Kipling. In their British blood there is the microbe of travel.

They have vague longings to get on in life, to travel, see the world, seek adventure, and, like Balbus, marry the girl. Their souls abhor the minute sub-divisions and restrictions of our intricate civilisation so far as they themselves are affected. Clerking is a miserable trade, and sucks the life out of tens of thousands of the finest fellows in the country. The sons who shall emigrate north, south, east, and west, if they have the right stuff in them, suffer from restless, unsatisfied longing.

The ostriches at the Cape, bred from a single pair of wild birds captured on the free and breezy plains

of the sunny north, retain in their silly heads an unquenchable desire to return to the boundless plains they have never seen. Along the northern fence of an ostrich camp the big birds gather, craning their long necks towards the Zambesi they shall never see. They never lose the longing for the unknown north. So with our sons, if they are of the Blood. Adventure is in their veins, even though they stand idle in the market-place, no man hiring them, because they have no saleable knowledge or faculty, and no special equipment or capacity exchangeable for gold.

My first point is, then, that those sons shall emigrate who want to succeed. Lord Beaconsfield used to say that we could all obtain anything we wanted, but we must want it enough. Wanting it enough means willingness to suffer and to do far more than the average man is willing to do or to bear.



The emigrant sons may make up their minds that a young good man—a very different creature from a good young man—cannot be kept down in the colonies. But he must start with definite ideas as to how to succeed.

Bearing in mind that the colonies are for the most part composed and built up of second-rate men, he has a chance not offered him at home. First-rate men do not, as a rule, need to emigrate. Third-rate men are not wanted across the sea. The first thing to do is to acquire some faculty or craft that shall in the worst of times procure a livelihood. The emigrant son should be taught three things—to shave himself, to cook his own food, and to milk a cow; and he must learn to do the three well.

He will find them uncommonly useful. It will be all the better for him in the "roustabout" work he will have to undertake if he can get a good rough working knowledge of carpentry, wheelwright work, shoeing horses and rough building, bricklaying and masonry. He must make up his mind to begin at the bottom of the ladder. There is many and many a good man who will never rise high because he will not begin low.

If the emigrant son will make up his mind to abstain from "forty rod" whisky, "Cape smoke," and new brandy, he will be worth more in the market than if he indulges in those aids to reflection.

Insobriety is so prevalent across the water, and the liquor is so consistently and uncommonly atrocious, that a man addicted to habits of abstinence from alcohol soon acquires a cash value that is pleasant enough to anyone determined to get on. Loneliness, homesickness, *ennui*, and heat all combine to drive a man to get some change of thought out of the sulphuric acid and box of matches of which much colonial liquor seems to be composed.

The stuff is so incredibly dangerous that anarchical compounds are little worse. Middle-class emigrants without capital will find no better investment than rigid avoidance of the more ardent liquors provided by refreshment caterers—of sorts.

As to destination. Horace Greeley was wont to say—

"Go west, young man."

On the same grounds, and for the same reasons, I would say—

"Go south, young man."

There is more future in the Dark Continent than in any other part of the planet. It is half-way to Australia, and enjoys permanent protection of the six thousand miles of salt water that lie between Cape Point and Leewin. A pot of jam made in Africa sells as well and costs less to bring to England than Australian or Tasmanian preserves.

Health is a matter very much more under control than is generally supposed. The teeth of the emigrant son should be thoroughly repaired; for the sinews of a trek ox, that has wandered through sand and veldt for ten years with a four-ton waggon attached to him requires all the consumption and mastication available. If the grinders of the man are few, the time is not long before he goes to his long home.

Another point which is generally neglected is the obvious fact that in hot climates—and all emigrant climates are very hot for a part of the year—cold, and not heat, is the perfidious foe to be confronted. Chills are most dangerous at night, as any sixpenny book on hygiene will tell you. To my emigrant son, therefore, I strongly urge the invariable use of a cholera belt.

To keep the equatorial regions of the human body warm and at an even temperature is the easiest and most effective insurance against dysentery and its large family circle of diseases. If tea, coffee, or cinchona planting be the form of occupation chosen by our sons, the climatic conditions are such that the invariable companionship of a cholera belt is as necessary as the lightning conductor to a church spire.

There is no possible shadow of a doubt that until the emigrant finds his feet he will be much more uncomfortable physically than he would be at home as a postman or a cowkeeper.

On the other hand, he loses no status. If the question of emigration is to be decided by a comparison between the physical comfort and mental enjoyments during the earlier period of colonial residence, and the amenities available to the average day labourer in England, the verdict must be against emigration.

But it is not fair to judge of a half-painted picture or an incomplete statuette. The reasonable probabilities must be taken into account. If a man is really determined to get on, scorned delights and laborious days are more surely rewarded with the wild olive of success in the England across the sea than in lingering by the side of the old folks at home.

To bear the brunt of the early years with courage, and without too great a strain on the nervous system, incessant and unbroken correspondence must be

The Prospect.

maintained with the home circle. If you do not love some other fellow's sister, at all events cling to the love of your own. Tell all you have to say, and in a short while the weekly mail will be an intensely bright spot in a weary week.

Newspapers acquire a pathetic interest. Advertisements ignored at home are read in the prairie, veldt, or bush, with an eager and greedy eye. It is impossible to over-rate the value of the home tie. Many a hard and gallant life has been helped over the dangerous and difficult tract that intervenes between the early effort and the final achievement by simple home letters. Very likely, nothing particular was in any of them.

To the recipient they were rays of light, grateful in his exile as mare's milk to the thirsty Tartar or opium water to the Rajpoot. When a little success comes, it is good that the emigrants' sisters should join them; and when more success at last arrives, they cannot do better than change sisters under the sanction of the ecclesiastical authorities on the spot. The "dearest girl" has probably made other arrangements.

On the whole, our sons *shall* emigrate; but there is much that might be done to make emigration ventures more of a certainty than has hitherto proved to be the case.

SHALL OUR SONS EMIGRATE? NO.

BY A STAY-AT-HOME.

The Mother Country's Claims.

WHEN Mr. Punch was asked whether life was worth living his reply was that "It depends on the liver," and similarly in the consideration of this present question a good deal is involved in who and what are the sons. Square pegs will not fit round holes—save, perhaps, at the expense of a ruthless paring down that renders them weak—and the sons who must live an open-air life, under conditions impossible in a land more than half-civilised, are certainly not such as we want to keep at home.

But, after all, these untamed Britons are in a small minority, and of their brothers we have the right to claim at least the pick for the mother country.

Have we no lands at home that are lying uncultivated, that we should send the best of our sons across the seas to break and till foreign soil? From every quarter of the compass comes the same cry of farms being given up, of land once cultivated being tilled no more. And while this is the case we are asked to send across the seas the very men who might make use of these waste spots in our own islands.

I grant you that the agricultural life in Great Britain must differ in many respects from that of newer lands. The men who are to succeed in it will not be hunting farmers, driving big-wheeled dog-carts and attended by liveried grooms. You would not get that sort of thing if you took to hoeing and weeding a prairie or ploughing the forest primeval. And you must not expect it if you are going to try to make the best of the old country.

If only half the men who have made competencies as "settlers" across the seas had shown the same indifference to appearances at home that they have been obliged to do elsewhere, and had exhibited an equal willingness to put their hands to work early and late, a good deal of recent economic history would not have had to be written, and the face of the homeland would have been much more pleasant to look upon. And the pity of it is that for years we have been encouraging the very men who might have done this work for the Mother Country to leave her in the lurch and to use their energies towards the raising and rearing of fresh competitors with her.

I am far from saying that all our middle-class boys should stay at home. But I do say that, even for those who possess the healthy craving for an outdoor life, there is room and work in England, and that trained heads and willing hands may find profitable occupation within the four seas. Let us have our science applied freely to the questions of the soil, and reason brought to bear upon the selection and rotation of crops; in short, let our sons do for the old country what they are so often urged to do for the new—give her the benefit of an educated common-sense—and it will be not only to her advantage but their own.

An Obvious Opening.

But it is not every young man who wants to live his life or do his work in the open air. Napoleon called us a nation of shopkeepers. He would have been nearer the mark if he had called us a nation of merchants, for it is as the producers and carriers of the world's merchandise that we have made and keep our reputation.

And how are we to meet the oft-heard lament that we are being beaten out of this market and so on, if we encourage the best of our sons to leave us? Merely to hold our own we require the best we can give of invention and skill, as well as of material. As time goes on the tendency is to insist upon education being carried further, as well as being made compulsory.

We not only insist that every child shall be educated but that to a further point and a later age. So a larger and larger number of teachers in proportion to the population will be called for. And while this incidentally calls for more recruits for the home-army of peace, it offers an example of the many new fields for employment, and extensions of old fields, which are being opened every year for the sons of the middle-class.

It is a mistake to suppose that there is no mean between the open-air life of the agriculturist and "clerking." It would not be too much to say that in the mean which undoubtedly exists lies the strength of Britain's position in the commercial world. To say nothing of the learned professions, or of the world of art and letters, to call the chemist, the engineer, and the mechanician "clerks" is about as impudent as the classical division of the world into Hellenes and "Barbarians."

We have still a good deal to learn from other countries, and we must learn and apply our lessons if we are to hold our own. For instance, even our great cities are, as a rule, far behind second-rate townships of America, and even Scandinavia, in facilities for telephonic communication; and in the use of natural forces for the supply of electrical power we are really little better situated.

We shall have to swallow all our insular prejudices against "new-fangled ideas," and we can employ hundreds and thousands of our educated sons in applying science to our commercial and industrial life, no less than to agriculture.

And we must get rid of that middle-class fetish—the "black-coat" idea—and let our sons work with their hands in the old country as freely as we do in the colonies and the clearings. Why should Mrs. Grundy hold up her hands in pious horror when her sons and nephews take to honest manual work here, while she thinks it so "brave" of them to do it on the fringe of the backwoods and the bush?

It is no cant phrase to say that what is responsible for two-thirds of middle-class "failures" is the lack of good technical education. We are too apt to look upon technical education as a thing desirable only for "artisans," and to conclude that the son of the proprietor of a large industrial business is fully qualified to share his father's responsibilities (and step into his shoes by-and-by) when he has been given a good general education, and has been passed direct from the class-room to the counting-house. It was not by men trained (or rather left untrained) on these lines that our commercial supremacy was won, and we shall hardly maintain it by their aid. Our sons must be educated to understand the sources and character of the raw material for our manufactures, and the conditions under which they are produced. They should learn the practical side of the processes through which they have to pass, and the value of the machinery by which the changes are wrought. And they should, finally, understand the markets for which they are working.

What do We Lack?

We are a good deal nearer this Utopian state of things than we were twenty years ago, it is true, and I venture to think that a steady perseverance along the same path would lead to such an appreciation of British manufactures as would provide an untold number of openings for sons yet unborn.

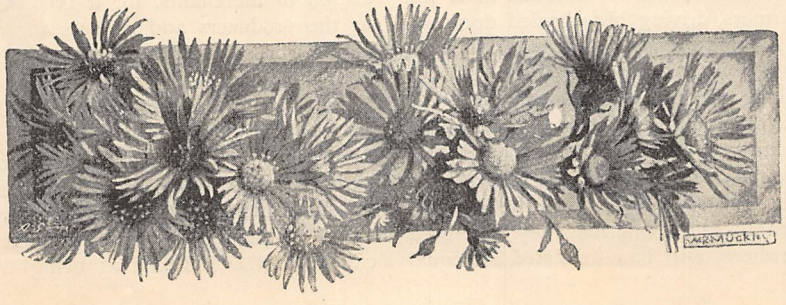
There is another reason that will surely not be without weight among the readers of this MAGAZINE. What the clan was to the old tribal Celt the family is to the modern Briton, and the power for good of the family circle is bound to be relaxed just at the time when it is most valuable, if our sons are to be "emigrated" at the season of life when the step will be most profitable to themselves and their adopted land.

I do not want to tie every son to his mother's apron-strings—far from it. Molly-coddling is not part of that healthy family life which is our national glory and honour. But this point is one which must not be overlooked, though it need not be more than stated.

The instinct for family life is especially strong in the national character, and probably is stronger in the middle-class than in any other, and it is a factor in the situation not to be lightly ignored.

Lastly, where are our sons to emigrate to? Every mail brings fresh reports of meetings of "out of works" at the Antipodes. The new lands of Africa are hardly developed or opened out enough for practical colonisation, as yet, on any other than the ancient "pioneer" lines. And, when South America is rivalling the Antipodes in "crises" and "crashes," and Canada is only asking for labour-emigrants, where are the poor boys to go?

They had better look facts in the face, and put their backs into the work which lies to their hand, of making the best of the old country.



WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

FEBRUARY.

THE month of February has brought a lull in the whirl and change of fashion, and the ceaseless strife for novelty has somewhat abated, only to burst out with fresh vigour later on in the spring and early summer novelties. The designs, colours and materials in favour last month are still to the fore, and for evening wear a becoming shade of deep yellow is much worn; this tint appears for young ladies in plain satins or brocaded silks in self colours with a simple design of buttercups, daisies, or tiny festoons of flowers, with garniture arranged in soft lace.

One very charming example was made in dainty yellow brocade, with the bodice both back and front cut in a deep basque-point, plain-fitting, the sleeve arranged in one large puff, finishing above the elbow and continued to the wrist as close-fitting as permissible with any degree of comfort. The neck, slightly low, showing a string of pearls worn around the throat, was cut round; from thence a deep frill of lace veiled bust and shoulder. The simply-cut skirt rested five inches on the ground at the back, and was relieved from severity by the small festoons of lace which trimmed the hem.

Tiny round bunches of purple violets gave a pretty touch of colour to the festoons across the front, and also appeared in the folds of the lace around the neck of the bodice and in the coils of hair, these latter bunches, being of the natural flower, gave a delightful fragrance and charm of youth to the whole.

The handsome richness of the moiré antique silks of the present day's fashion is admirably adapted to the importance requisite and so well becoming to those who hold the honoured position of grandmother in our generation, and when worn with a fichu and wrist frills of lace, and a dainty cap of the same treasured article with a couple of pink roses nestling under its soft folds, a successful completeness and picturesqueness is attained worthy the pencil of an artist.

Passing from the subject of evening musical or dinner gowns, our interest centres in the warm wraps or cloaks required wherewith to face the inclemency of the outside elements, and the one in our illustration is well worthy of our consideration. It is made in a material of the Cashmere order, presenting a silky surface broken by tiny, irregular ripples seen in no other cloth, and dyed in several reversible colours in harmonising tones: for instance, brown and amber, fawn and pale blue, thus obviating the necessity of a lining—an acknowledged advantage where warmth and lightness of weight are the essential requisites. The cloak is circular, the front hanging straight and plain, and forming two folds at the centre of the back.

A deep collar graces the shoulders, forming a point front and back and set into pleats; a border of beaver-fur edges both it and the standing-up collar, which latter is of an exceptionally beautiful shape, and may be worn either curving over, as shown in the illustration, or standing up around the ears and across the mouth in the perfection of cosiness. Two short evening mantles were made respectively in grey-blue and pale flesh-tint pink, patterned over with a large check in soft, evasive colours. One of these had a deep frill forming a shoulder-cape made in single box-pleats, with strips of fine mink fur inserted between each, and a high soft collar, bordered with the same

AN EVENING WRAP.

By Messrs. Scott Adie, Regent Street, W.

(From a photograph by Walery & Co., Regent Street.)

COSTUME IN CRAPE AND VICUNA CLOTH.

fur; the lower portion of the cape was plain, and reached a few inches below the waist.

Another three-quarter cape had two box-pleats in the centre of the back, and a double shoulder cape set into box-pleats on the shoulders, reaching to the waist in deep points. These and the high collar were alike edged with the exclusive French martin-tail fur.

A beautiful travelling coat—such a one would be a delightful addition to a bride's trousseau—was made in putty-coloured cloth, cut semi-fitting to the figure and reaching to the hem of the skirt, fastening double-breasted with two rows of handsome buttons, and lined throughout with fur. The deep cuffs and large collar were of beaver fur—a most successfully stylish coat.

One in a similar design, but lined with handsome sable, was lately made by this firm (Scott Adie) for H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife.

Tailor-made Costumes.

Modified 1830 costumes have their merits; artistic gowns individualise the wearer, but the gown that is most becoming to a good figure, and has the advantage of looking "in place" either at outdoor sports or morning visits, is decidedly the tailor-made gown, with its neat, trim skirt, innocent of fold or drapery, and "tailor-built" coat modelled to the figure by the tailor's skilled manipulation—that in many instances for slight figures shows no seam in the back of bodice, with basque frill sewn into the waist line almost invisibly—made in homespun or Scotch tweed.

For country walking, or the healthful game of golf, I would advocate a costume in grey plaid, the skirt made in a kilt reaching to the ankle; plain-fitting waistcoat fastened straight up the front with many small buttons, and an overjacket, tabbed and buttoned in the time-honoured Scotch fashion, with a cap of the same cloth, and a heron's quill and cairngorm stud fastening it into place.

For the latter game the coat should be cut freely and the sleeves made with ample fulness. To turn to the inevitable "Zouave" jacket, it is now seasonably made in fur. A dark green cloth costume was trimmed with a border of chinchilla fur and narrow gold galloon. The coat had a deep basque cut away in front, large sleeves, and a "Zouave" entirely composed of chinchilla. The toque was Russian in character, with green aigrette and a rouleau of green velvet resting on the hair.

Mourning.

With us, garments of sable hue are the acknowledged form of mourning; but that of other nations is variously expressed. Gold was chosen by the Egyptians, typifying scattered hopes, as fallen leaves; and the Turkish, by wearing violet or blue, express their full belief in the happiness of the departed.

In France, in the fifteenth century, white was the regal colour worn by the Queen in her widowhood.

Of late years there has been an endeavour made to minimise the quantity of crape worn and diminish the duration of the period for mourning; much of the richness and dignity which crape imparts to the apparel of those the melody of whose lives has passed into the minor key of sorrow have thus been lost. It is now the indication of "good taste" for all the members of the family to wear crape both on indoor and outdoor gowns during the first twelvemonth, and after the first six months to lessen the quantity towards the end of that time. The orthodox mourning for a widow is silk, entirely veiled with crape; a small bonnet also of crape, with a tiny cap of white resting on the hair in front, and a long pendant end or veil of crape with a deep hem. The white collar and cuffs—or "weepers" as they are termed—complete this handsome and becoming costume. Her daughters will wear dresses of vicuna, a beautifully soft, silky-surfaced material, possessing the requisite "dulness" of black, trimmed with graduated bands of crape from hem to waist, the bodice cut to the newest shape, ornamented with deep frill or vest, and sleeve puffs of crape. For outdoor wear a tight-fitting jacket of dull cloth, with revers and cuffs of Astrachan or black fox; and pretty little crêpe bonnet with long net veil, worn over the face.

The little children of the family will also wear vicuna cloth

SKATING COSTUME.

frocks, trimmed with tiny bands of crape, which will also accentuate the outline of the square yoke or revers on bodice, and form deep cuffs on the sleeves; jackets of rough cloth with deep shoulder-cape made quite plain, and edged with stitching, and either felt or beaver hats ornamented with corded ribbon bows, or rosettes composed of bows. These latter look particularly well, confining the brims of the hats into the three-cornered shape which obtains at the present moment. Later, serge frocks trimmed with rows of braid, as the design shown with diagram, employing the braid in place of the narrow velvet ribbon.

FROCK FOR CHILD OF THREE YEARS.

Following the deeper mourning, serge gowns are worn, upon which is introduced handsome braid, put on in deep vandykes or seven rows of graduated braid sewn close down to the hem, which is edged with a border of astrachan or black fox fur. As an alternative, a costume of cloth with a raised pattern simulating the lines seen in "watered silk," relieved with dull silk and galloon edging. The accompanying design for a mourning-costume (p. 232) has a draped skirt as now worn, put into fulness at the back, and showing a little of the trimmed underskirt at either side; a simple close-fitting bodice, fastened by means of lacing at the back; a soft draped collar of crape cut on the bias and finished with a bow; beneath, a series of narrow crape bands decorate the bodice. The upper part of the sleeves is formed as a puff, and armlet in crape. This design would make well in serge and braid to take the place of crape on drapery and bodice.

Skating Costume.

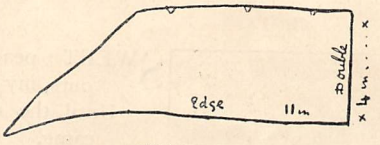
The pendent icicle, the moss-like covering of snow on bough and bramble, and the whistle of the blackbirds, all indicate to those who are "keen" on skating that pleasant hours in the enjoyment of a merry skim across the frozen lake are in store for them. Our illustration (p. 232) represents a most wearable costume for such an occasion, arranged in a combination of soft thick woollen material, warm brown in colour, and velvet the deep tint of a ripe tomato; the fur may be either mink tail, skunk, or sable. This design is adapted to the very fashionable "pelisse" now worn by arranging more fulness in the front of skirt and attaching it to the narrow basque, opening straight down the front and lined throughout with silk.

The costume under our notice is cut in a bell-shaped skirt, with deep hem or flounce reaching to the knee of velvet or velveteen, headed with a narrow line of fur which is repeated a few inches higher on the material. A shoulder-cape of stylish appearance is made in the red velvet outlined with fur, and finished at the points with small mink tails. The cuffs and collar are also composed of velvet and fur. A charming toque of the same materials is arranged with a pretty bow, and two tiny upstanding fur tips clasped with a buckle. The muff, formed as two deep frills of velvet divided with a band of fur, is sometimes worn pendent from the waist by a fine metal chain. The whole design may be carried out in red cloth bordered with black velvet, or bottle-green cloth and velvet trimmed with astrachan. We shall illustrate a "Liberty" hat in our next number.

Children's Frocks.

Before proceeding to the explanation of the designs I must mention soft satin ribbons are worn as sashes, tied in a large bow and ends at one side of the front, giving a dressy appearance to an evening frock.

The design for a child of three years is made in white cashmere, embroidered in pale gold silk, a design of feather-stitch and triple dots at intervals. The front width is cut with material on the double, and the under-arm seams slightly shaped in to the waist. The back piece may either have a seam down the centre, or open seven inches to the lowest row of running threads at the waist. The dotted lines in diagram indicate the runnings, which should be mounted on to a narrow band at the neck, allowing a tiny heading. A pretty effect is attained by drawing narrow yellow gold ribbon through the "casings" at the waist, and tying in a bunch of bows at the back; the skirt has a hem with a tuck, above which is the embroidery, the latter repeated above and below



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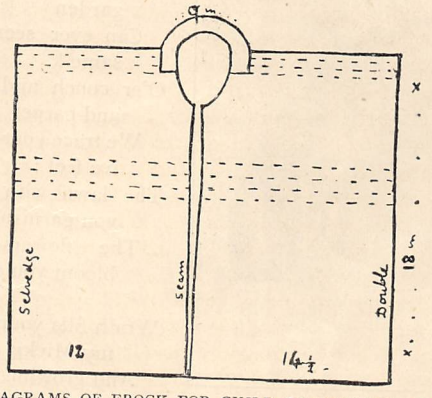


DIAGRAMS OF FROCK FOR CHILD OF THREE YEARS.

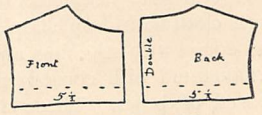
the waist and across the square. The epaulettes are shaped into the armhole, pleated into a triple box-pleat, the edge ornamented with feather-stitch.

The addition of a velveteen yoke and sleeves to the wrist makes this a serviceable frock.

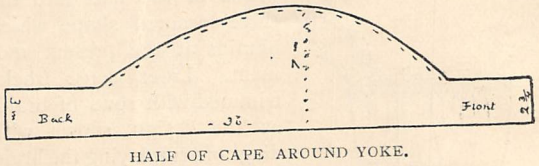
DAY FROCK FOR CHILD OF FIVE YEARS.

The day frock for child of five years is composed of two widths of material thirty-six inches wide, gored in to the waist at each seam, and put into full gathers at the yoke. A deep hem is headed with rows of tiny velvet ribbon. The lower portion of the sleeve is full, sewn into a short sleeve of lining, across which the two puffs are "mounted"; the wrist is finished with a two-inch band and rows of ribbon and a rosette of loops. The square yoke is lined with silk or sateen put into a narrow neck-band, open in front. The dots across the front—see diagram—are placed one inch up from the edge, and indicate the line that the shoulder-cape frill is sewn, thus allowing for the flat appearance of the same. On the shoulder the cape forms deep epaulettes sewn at the dotted lines into the armhole. The yoke, collar, and cuffs are trimmed with rows of ribbon, and two pretty rosettes conceal the fastenings in front; otherwise, the back is exactly similar. This design, made in woollen material, would make a pretty outdoor garment for late spring or early summer wear.

A. LL. G.



HALF OF YOKE.



HALF OF CAPE AROUND YOKE.

(DIAGRAMS OF DAY FROCK.)

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence each (and for one shilling in the case of the child's frock). Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

MIKE.

MIKE.
(*From a photograph.*)

SWEET peace was ours, my Micky,
Until the day you came,
But neither home nor garden
Can ever seem the same!
O'er couch and chair and carpet
We trace your sportive feet;
The lawn with holes you garnish,
The flowers that bloom you eat.

Wrath fills your heart, my Micky,
And growlings swell your breast,
When in your path comes straying
Some uninvited guest;
But rolling, rolling over,
"*Wot larks!*" you seem to say,
As both of you together
Rush headlong down the way.

What are your thoughts, my Micky,
The joys that fill your mind,
When o'er the waves victorious
You sniff the salt sea-wind?
Or Tabby's tail pursuing
Across the wall you fly,
Then pause to watch her slumber
With puzzled, doubtful eye?

Oh! bold and black-nosed Micky!
Life is not wholly free
At times from dews of trouble,
My doggie! e'en for thee.
Yet Love doth make thy sunlight,
And long may years renew
The heart-links that unite us,
My comrade tried and true!

M. S. HAYCRAFT.

A GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND.

I ONCE thought I knew something about Cornwall, but that was before I had read any book of "Q.'s" except "Dead Man's Rock." Now I have been reading "The Delectable Duchy," and though I read it within the limits of Greater London, and the snow was whirling wildly outside my window all the while, the book carried me back to Cornwall, and I saw the western land again as I saw it last under the glory of an early autumn sun. But how much I had missed before! (I can assure "Q." that I *never* carved "Smith" or "Thompson" or "such names" on the tombs of any of his forefathers, though I was a latter-day tourist, afoot in the Duchy.) I was one of a class of which "Q.'s" "Journalist" (in the Prologue) is not only a servant but a type. I saw what my guide-book told me to look for, and a good deal more; but how mad I was to imagine I had seen or heard the half of what there was to be seen or to be heard and learnt before I left the Duchy for the third time! I feel I owe "Q." a deep debt of gratitude for the pictures of Cornish ways and Cornish folk in "The Delectable Duchy" (which is published by Messrs. Cassell). I defy anyone to read those "Legends of St. Piran" without laughing long and heartily, and the Registrar in "When the Sap Rose" is worth turning to again and again; but of all the stories and sketches which go to make up this volume there is not one better than "Love of Naomi." (Of course it is reminiscent of "Enoch Arden," but it is no worse for that.) Poor Mr. Geake! You must read about him for yourselves if you would know his story, and you must read every page of "The Delectable Duchy"; and then, even if you have visited Cornwall oftener than I have, and tramped more miles along its roads and cliff-paths, you will know why I feel—as you will also—that I had hitherto only been toying with the alphabet of the Cornish character.

"The Children's Library," published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, has for its latest volume "The Little Glass Man," a collection of short fairy-stories from the German of Wilhelm Hauff. I am not quite sure whether children will appreciate the introductory chapter, but they cannot fail to enjoy the stories which follow it. The "Glass Man" is delightful reading, as most of the folk-tales and fairy-tales of the Black Forest are. I have always been attracted by the pretty dress and handy size of the "Children's Library," which are as fascinating in one way as "The Pseudonym Library" is in another. For my own part, I can never dissociate the idea of "proof slips" from this latter series, and constantly find myself wondering how I am to make marks which will be intelligible in the narrow margin allowed me! But this is an objection that very few readers would take, and one that does not mar my own pleasure in handling the volumes. The latest addition to the number is "Mimi's Marriage: A Sketch" from the Russian, and is a powerful study of St. Petersburg society and its ways, not in all points pleasing; and in the course of translation one or two curious pieces of English have slipped in. For instance, I noticed "lays" for "lies" in one place, and "dirt" as a verb in another.

What perennial interest there is in the subject of employment for ladies. In this one month I have received two books from different publishers on this topic, evidence at once cogent and pathetic of the

need there is for guidance in this direction. First from Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co. comes "Ladies at Work," a series of "Papers on Paid Employments for Ladies," with an introduction by Lady Jeune, and each separate branch of work for ladies dealt with by an expert. A few years ago a paper on "Journalism" as an employment for ladies would have sounded sadly out of place and certainly out of keeping with all one's preconceived ideas of the fitness of things feminine. But now there are not only lady-writers, as there always have been, but lady-reporters and special correspondents. And the paper on "Journalism" in this volume by Miss Fanny L. Green is among the most useful in the series. Two—on "Teaching" (by M. T. Wallas) and "Elementary School Teaching" (by F. Harrison)—are also practical and up-to-date. Miss Charlotte M. Yonge's paper on "Authorship" is a little disappointing, but the concluding paper by Miss C. R. Coleridge, on "The Lady of all Work," is, in many respects, the best in a good book. Including Lady Jeune's "Introduction," there are only fifteen chapters in the book, but in Mrs. H. Coleman Davidson's "What our Daughters can do for Themselves" (Smith, Elder & Co.) there are upwards of fifty. I am not going to attempt to set one book against the other, for Mrs. Davidson necessarily goes over much of the same ground as Lady Jeune and her friends, though with not quite the same fulness. I should say that a lady with a bent for one particular occupation would do well to see what one of the experts, under Lady Jeune's guidance, says; whereas a lady who wanted to know if there was not something she could do had better turn to Mrs. Davidson's pages.

I take a kindly interest in any story of military life—not that I ever wielded a lethal weapon or am any other than a man of peace—because a good many years ago I was sent to one of the London barracks by an enterprising editor to "interview" all the privates I could induce to talk to me, and then write up "Life in the Ranks." And as that was my first newspaper article, I gave so much time and thought to its preparation that I have regarded myself as more or less of an authority on matters military ever since. So I followed the story of Troop Sergeant-Major Mole in "A King's Hussar" (Cassell & Co.) with a lively interest as a good picture of life in the ranks of a good cavalry regiment, and well through them to the top rung of non-commissioned life. Things have changed for the better in regard to many of the details of a soldier's everyday life since our hero began his career, but this is, on the whole, a faithful picture.

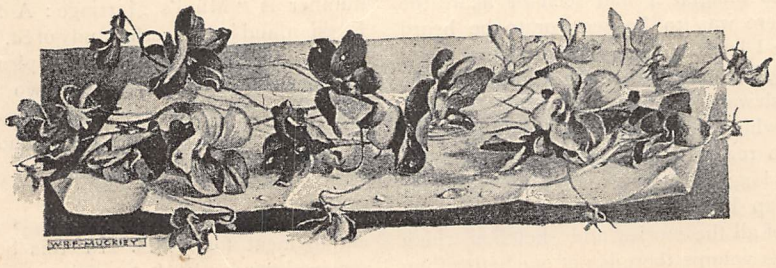
Only a few pages earlier in this number there is a discussion on the question, "Shall our Sons Emigrate?" If they have any thought of doing so, I should advise them to read "The Art of Living in Australia" (Eyre & Spottiswoode), by Dr. P. E. Muskett, for a good deal of what he says with special reference to Australia is applicable to colonial life anywhere, and the cookery recipes and kitchen information would be found invaluable.

There is a good deal of allegory and not a little adventure in "Beyond the Blue Mountains," Mrs. L. T. Meade's splendid book for children, published by Messrs. Cassell. It would be very easy to give other names to many of the characters, but that would be to spoil the effect of the story, the very art of which lies in its life-likeness and the vivid interest with which one feels bound to follow the adventurous journey of its child-heroes. One might even call the book a sort of nineteenth-century "Pilgrim's Progress" from a children's point of view.

I wonder how many readers of the MAGAZINE remember the Poem Competition in which the prize winner was Miss Kate Thompson Sizer. Once or twice since I have seen stories from her pen, and now Messrs. Jarrold & Sons send us a new one, "The Wooing of Osyth," a Story of the Eastern Counties in Saxon Times. A stirring story, well told, I would dub it, and I would add that it is well illustrated by M. M. Blake.

"The Little Squire: A Story of Three" (Cassell & Co.), by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, is the next story I take up, and I find it a story in which children play an almost equal part with grown-up characters. It is surprising to note how the old hard-and-fast line of demarcation has been broken down of late, and the change is, on the whole, one for the better. There is a good, strong "mystery" in this story, the secret of which is well kept to the end.

BOOK-MARK.

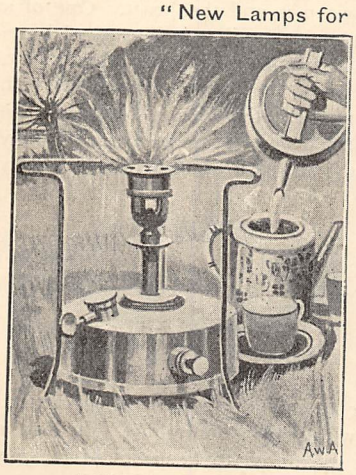


THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

"New Lamps for Old."



A WICKLESS LAMP STOVE.

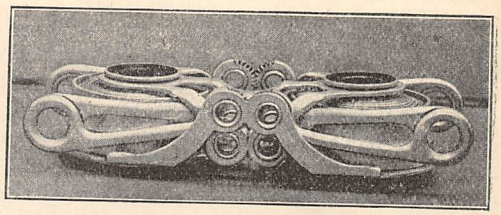
The Swedish stove which we illustrate herewith burns the gas from petroleum oil contained in the reservoir below and requires no wick. Once lighted, the burner vapourises the oil, and there is neither smoke, smell, nor disagreeable heat. The stove is inexplosible, and will be found useful both in summer and winter for cooking and boiling purposes. It is stated to boil a quart of water in three or four minutes, and cook a rump steak in five minutes. When the flame is at its maximum the consumption of oil is one-third of a pint per hour.—While upon this subject we may also mention the "Beehive" wick, intended for burning the heavy oil used in bicycle lamps. The wick has been introduced by a Manchester firm, and is chemically treated, so as to last much longer than the ordinary wicks.—We may also refer to the method of enriching oil gas by the hydro-oxy process, now in practical operation at Huddersfield. The oil is converted into gas in retorts, and oxygen gas, made by the Brin process, is commingled with it before it is cooled. The oxy-oil gas thus produced is ultimately mixed with the ordinary coal-gas, and serves to enrich it. Moreover, with the cheap oil of the United States, the oxy-gas alone can be used for illuminating purposes.

Transporting Liquid Air.

Professor Dewar has recently forwarded a considerable quantity of liquid air from the Royal Institution, London, to Cambridge, by taking special precautions to keep out heat. The precious liquid was carried in a glass flask with double walls. The air between the walls was pumped out and a small quantity of mercury put in its place. Under the extreme cold of the liquid air a film of solid mercury condensed on the outer surface of the inner wall, and formed a reflecting surface highly impervious to heat. This done, the whole flask was packed in solid carbonic acid, which froze the mercury and produced an almost perfect vacuum between the two walls. The protecting envelope of the liquid air had a temperature of 80° C. below zero; but it must be borne in mind that the temperature of the liquid air was nearly 180° C. below zero, so that the difference between the air and its protecting jacket was nearly that between ice and boiling water. Despite this discrepancy, and the jolting of the train, the liquid air reached its destination with only a slight loss of bulk.

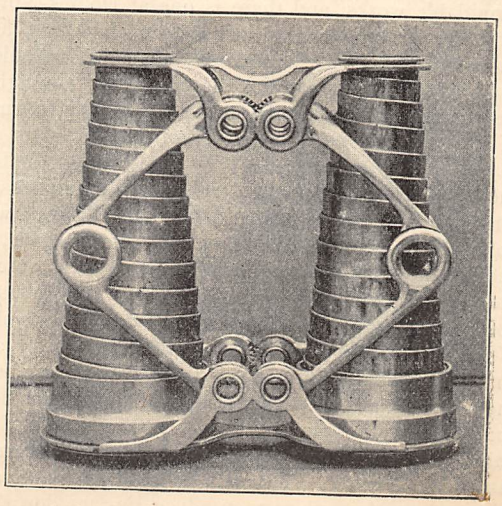
A Folding Binocular.

The folding binocular which we illustrate is the invention of a London optician, Mr. Aitchison, and supplies an instrument which is available for use either as an opera or field glass. As will be seen from our



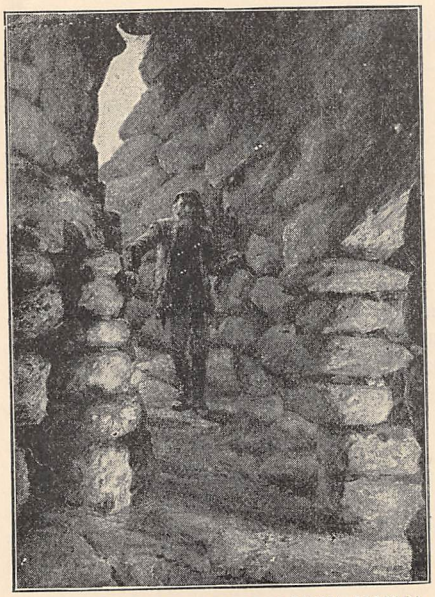
CLOSED.

illustrations, the opening and closing of the glass are effected by side-pieces of aluminium, which act as levers, and secure, by means of toothed ends, a perfect parallel movement between the lenses. When closed, the instrument is barely an inch in thickness, so its compactness and portability are assured. The tubes



OPEN.

are formed of volute coils of aluminium, wound on a taper mandrel, the grooving of the inner edge forming



ENTRANCE TO THE NOURAGHE OF SANTA BARBARA.

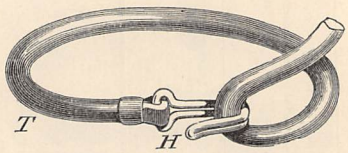
a complete series of diaphragms, that adds greatly to the definition of the lenses. Although the new glass is so strong as to be practically indestructible, it weighs, with its case, less than six ounces, and may be carried in the pocket with no greater inconvenience to the wearer than is caused by an ordinary pocket-book. The consequent gain to all sight-seers, travellers, and naval or military officers is apparent.

The Nouraghes of Sardinia.

On the plateaux of Sardinia there are many singular ruins, called "nouraghes," whose origin is something of a mystery. They have been considered as temples, and tombs, towers of silence, and watch towers. Built of large hewn stones, and enclosed by walls, they are formidable works, and there is one at Domus-Novas which is a real citadel, with sixteen chambers, and walls 500 feet in circumference and eight feet thick. It is supposed by a recent explorer that the nouraghes were really refuges for the cattle and people in times of war or plunder, and this is probably the right explanation of the mystery. They may be compared to the old Gaulish underground refuges to which we referred in a former GATHERER. The Sards who colonised Sardinia in early times came from Lybia, on the other side of the Mediterranean, and were a pastoral people. They were probably the builders of these nouraghes, which, we may add, are also found in North Africa, the Balearic Islands, Southern Italy, and the Caucasus. While upon this subject we may mention that a curious case of optical illusion has been found in a wall of a ruined Gallo-Roman temple of the third century on the summit of the Puy-de-Dôme in Auvergne, France. The wall is built of black and white stones, laid so as to produce zig-zags down the wall, black and white by turns. Standing at a distance the horizontal layers of stone appear to converge, an optical illusion known as "Zöllner's figure," and published by him about forty years ago, but which we now know to be much older. The use of the illusion in the rites of the temple is still a matter of conjecture.

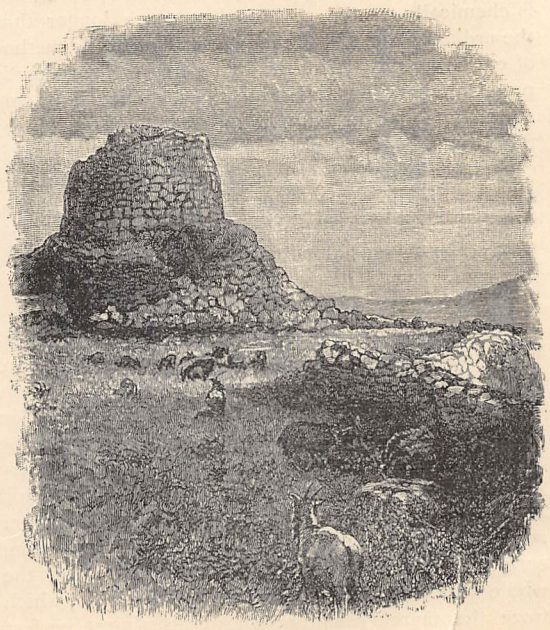
A Simple Tourniquet.

A tourniquet is, of course, a ligature for arresting the flow of blood by compressing the limb above the wound, that is, between it and the heart. One of a very simple and convenient nature is illustrated herewith. It is simply a length of indiarubber tubing, T, with an open metal hook, H, fastened to one end with leather, and in a moment the rubber band can be turned round the limb once or twice as the case may require, and slipped into the hook, where it is firmly held by the expansion of the rubber through the openings of the metal, so that the more it is pulled the faster it holds. Every household and every traveller by rail or otherwise might reasonably be provided with such a tourniquet. It costs a mere trifle, and is warranted to keep sound for any time in this country, and for two years in India.

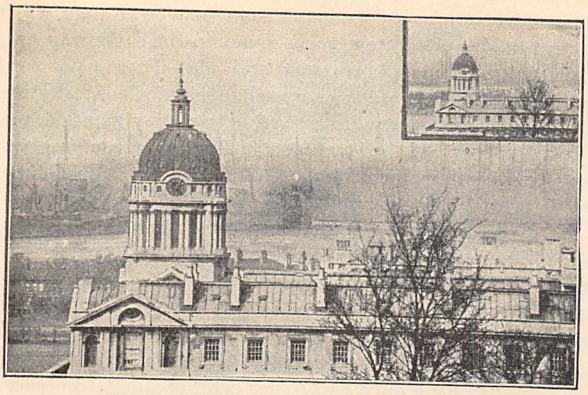


Advances in Photography.

Our illustrations show an advance in photography which we owe to Mr. Dallmeyer. In Fig. 1 (on p. 239) the small picture in the corner shows the picture resulting from the use of an ordinary lens, the large one shows the result with Mr. Dallmeyer's teleobjective

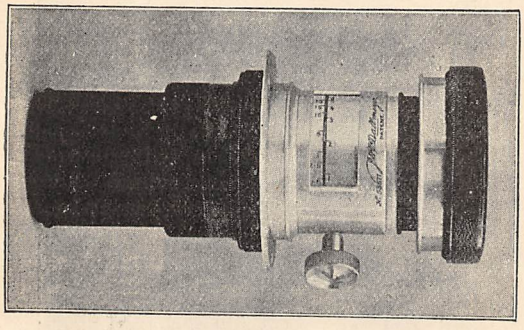


NOURAGHE AT SANTA BARBARA.



PHOTOGRAPHING FROM A DISTANCE.—FIG. 1.

from the same point. We should explain that the two pictures in Fig. 1 are cut out of large plates, but are here reproduced in their original size. In Fig. 2 the attachment by means of which the long distance photographs are secured is shown.—While upon this subject we may mention that Mr. G. W. Morgan, of Aberdeen, has brought out an ingenious method of taking photographs after dark by the magnesium light. The sitter is not exposed to the long glare of the ordinary magnesium or the electric light; but a travelling frame quickly gleams the light over him in such a way as to allow the photograph to be taken



PHOTOGRAPHING FROM A DISTANCE.—FIG. 2.

—Amateur photographers will welcome a simplified meter for calculating the necessary exposure, recently brought out under the name of the "Junior Watkins." Having only two movable rings, it is simpler than the older form, and a blue-tinted glass greatly facilitates the reading of the tints of the sensitive paper. It is so portable that it may be carried in the waistcoat pocket.

The Highest Observatory.

M. Janssen, the well-known French astronomer, has now completed his observatory on the summit of Mont Blanc, and personally made the first observations. A good idea of the structure will be gathered from the illustration we published in THE GATHERER in March of last year. M. Janssen has already confirmed his previous observation to the effect that the so-called "oxygen lines in the solar spectrum are really due to the atmosphere of the earth and not to the presence of that element in the corona or outer layer of the photosphere. The corona, in fact, is mainly composed of two light elements: hydrogen and "helium" (which is yet unknown on the earth); but occasionally iron, calcium, magnesium, and other heavy elements are projected into it from below. This envelope of hydrogen allows the solar heat to radiate freely into space. Were oxygen to mingle and combine with it forming water, the radiation would be seriously impaired.

The Electrical Wizard.

An interesting and instructive toy is the "Electrical Wizard," which has been introduced into London from abroad. It consists of a flat box containing a small electric bell, a battery to work the bell, and two metal contact makers connected by flexible wires, one with the battery and the other with the bell. A number of metal points are also joined by wires in such a way as to complete the circuit of the electric bell when corresponding pairs of them are touched by the contact makers. Each of these points projects upward through a square in a card marked with the questions and their answers. The questions may be on historical, scientific, or, indeed, any instructive subject, and further, any user of the box can make a card for himself with his own questions and answers. The questions occupy the left half of the card, the answers the right. Now, suppose the question is asked, "Who discovered America?" To find the answer, one contact maker is held against the metal point corresponding to the question, and all the points in the right half of the card are touched one after another. When the child reaches the point at the answer "Columbus," the bell will ring.

Heating Iron in Cold Water.

A curious experiment shown at the Chicago Exhibition will be understood from our illustration. It is due to MM. Lagrange and Hobo, of Brussels, and consists in heating a bar of iron white hot in cold water. The bar is plunged into a bucket of acidulated water as shown, and an electric current is sent through the water by connecting the bar to the negative (—) pole of the dynamo through the tongs, while the water is connected to the positive (+) pole by means of a leaded plate (L) about 16 inches long and 9 inches wide. When

HEATING IRON IN COLD WATER.

a current of 150 ampères is used the iron immersed in the water immediately becomes red-hot. Wrought iron and steel actually melt in the water after a time, and even carbon becomes amorphous. The temperature, in fact, reaches 4,000° C., and with a current of 220 ampères it is raised to 8,000° C. A flame of burning hydrogen surrounds the metal in the water, and it is believed that as the electric current decomposes the water into its constituent gases—oxygen and hydrogen—the hydrogen collects round the iron and offers such a resistance to the electricity that a high temperature is produced. For the same reason an electric arc lamp burns brightly under water.

A Wooden Fireproof Door.

Fireproof doors are usually made of iron, but these are objectionable in several ways; and it is satisfactory

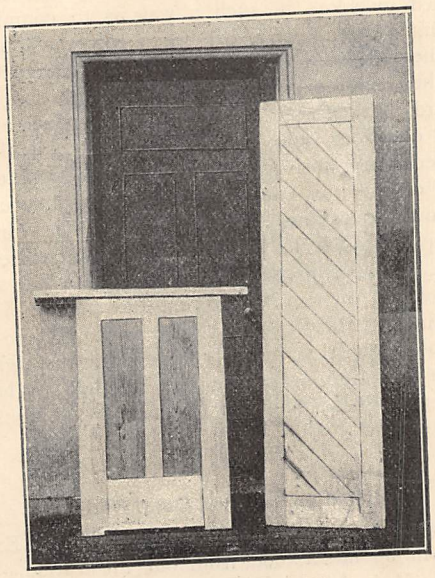
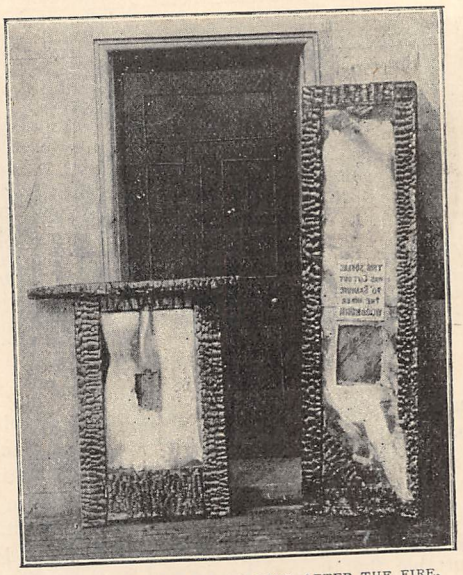


FIG 1.—BEFORE THE FIRE.

to learn that a wooden door, resembling the ordinary kind, but fireproof, has been brought out. The door, as shown in Fig. 1, is hollow and filled with sheet asbestos. Recent trials at Nottingham have shown that, after twenty-five minutes' exposure to fire, the wooden frame is charred, but the interior or mass of the door remains sound, as will be seen from Fig. 2. For ordinary houses and public buildings these doors have some advantages over the heavy and unsightly iron ones.

Experimental Criticism.

Literary criticism has, until now, been left to the intuitive appreciation of the critic; but Dr. L. A. Sherman, an American, has taken a new departure in applying the methods of science to literary works. Great things are expected from this new science, which would investigate a poem much in the same way as a naturalist would dissect and classify a new bird. Nevertheless, we are somewhat sceptical of its future. Among other results arrived at we may mention that the length of the sentence in English prose has been contracting since the days of Elizabeth. Sir Thomas More, Sidney, Spenser, and others, employed from 40 to 60 words to the sentence, whereas Macaulay, Emerson and others only use from 20 to 30. There are exceptions: for example, Bacon who used 22, and Matthew Arnold, whose average was 37, or about the same as Addison's. Again, the English sentence has become more simple and predicative. Spenser and Sidney have only 4 to 10 per cent. of simple sentences, while Macaulay and Lowell have 20 to 40 per cent. There is also a growing tendency in poetic writers to express their ideas with fewer words, which is owing, as Dr. Sherman thinks, to the "association value," or in plain English, the suggestiveness of the words having increased. A child, in learning to speak, advances through a similar phase of development, according to Dr. Sherman. These results are interesting, and the pursuit of "experimental criticism" may lead to some valuable facts and principles as regards form and style; but, after all, this mechanical literary anatomy has very little to do with the real life and soul of prose and poetry.



A WOODEN FIRE-PROOF DOOR AFTER THE FIRE.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Intending competitors are reminded that in the Puzzle Maze Competition, February 1st, 1894, is the latest date for receiving entries, and in the Debate Competition, February 15th, is the latest day. The rules under which these and other prizes are offered are published in our December number.

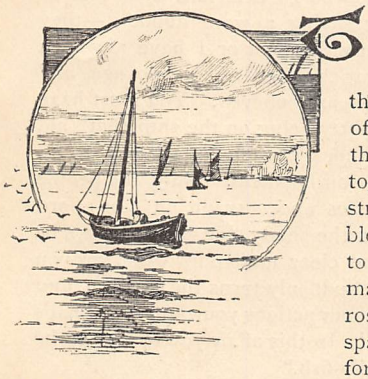
A DAINTY MAIDEN.

ON A LEE SHORE.

By CLARA E. CHEESEMAN, Author of "Had He Known," etc.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"And lo! beneath the morning's blossoming fires,
The shining city of a hundred spires!
In mists of gold, by countless havens furled,
And glad with all the flags of all the world!"



THE wide, calm haven was full of shipping—a fleet that carried the flags of all nations. Where the shores narrowed together the sluggish stream seemed to be blocked with vessels—to be choked with masts. Side by side rose the tall, tapering spars; in the distant forests whence they had been taken the pine trees had scarcely stood closer together. Behind this barricade of hulls, this *chevaux de frise* of masts, were the wharves and warehouses of a noisy, crowded port, teeming with men and merchandise. Above the low shores and the streets full of clangour and turmoil was the hot, hazy sky of an Australian summer. The haze seemed red in the distance where the railway ran, where wound the stream.

This was the port of Williamstown, and by that narrow, muddy stream—the Yarra, which here met the waters of the bay—the tide of wealth and commerce rolled to the city of Melbourne.

However, it was the Melbourne of over thirty years ago—a great city even then, but not covering a third of its present area. It was the Melbourne which but recently had lived through the feverish days of the gold discoveries.

The ships whose sails whitened the harbour still carried gold away—gold dust, gold bars, gold coin. But the time was to come when there would be more wealth in the bales of wool with which they were packing the holds of the vessels in port than in all the gold from Victorian mines.

The *Hirondelle* was loading with wool. Bale after bale had been swung into the hold and pressed downwards, until the first mate jocosely protested that he expected the planks to start from their fastenings and the decks to bulge. In the case of his own vessel the absurdity of this idea was more apparent than it might have been in some other instances, for the *Hirondelle* was almost a new ship, and as staunchly built as any that had entered Port Philip. She was a handsome clipper barque of 1,500 tons, her lines were as fine as any yacht's, and her lofty spars carried an immense spread of canvas.

She had broken the record in her first trip to Melbourne; only they did not say so then, for the phrase had not been invented. Her captain was justified in being proud of her, and, unless he were destitute of that love of a sailor for his ship which has become proverbial, it might well be supposed he would be as careful of her safety as his own.

While amidst noise and dust and heat the men on deck toiled at the loading of the ship, and the mates superintended, the captain sat at ease in his cabin. This, of course, was as it should be. What is the use of a mate, of a subordinate of any kind, if he does not do the work?

Captain James Birkwood, though an original character in some ways, had this, in common with most persons in authority—that he never forgot the duties of his inferiors. He was an excellent disciplinarian; but he knew how to make himself popular with a crew.

He knew his trade also, for but one fault had ever been found with his seamanship—that he was daring to the verge of recklessness. There were people who called him "foreign," judging from his black hair and eyes, and his swarthy skin, which was dark even when one accounted for the sunburn which had bronzed it; but Birkwood came of English stock, and, perhaps, was not much credit to it.

Of another sort was the man who sat on the opposite side of the cabin table, and talked with the captain in low, earnest tones. He was small and slender in frame, and his thin, sharp-featured face contrasted with the dark one opposite seemed insignificant and blanched in colouring. The hand which he laid on the table, and with which he gesticulated occasionally, looked too small and white, and too finely kept for that of a merchant seaman.

There did not seem to be anything nautical about him except his dress. But he had served his apprenticeship to the sea, and had made two or three voyages with Birkwood as first mate. They were cousins, though in appearance, at least, there was no sign of the relationship.

"So you think it easy, do you, Ferrars?" said the captain.

They had been alone for about five minutes. The black steward, Victor, whose imposing figure was clad in pure white, had slid noiselessly about the table, placed wine and glasses thereon, and retired.

"Easier than most things of the sort," said Ferrars confidently.

"Well, I don't know how you can be sure of that even. It's our first attempt, isn't it? I don't know what your experiences may have been, but I'm certain of my own."

"What does it matter about our experiences?"

"Why, there are things to learn in every trade. It's

all very well going jauntily into this; but if we haven't stolen before we shall be sure to do it clumsily."

"You are the most reckless man I ever knew," Ferrars said, glancing about him apprehensively. "Someone will be hearing you to a certainty. But I believe the more danger there is in a scheme the more you like it."

Birkwood laughed.

"There's danger in this, and difficulty too. You're not much younger than I am, but I think I may say that in beating about this world I've sailed two feet to your one. If you fancy this is going to be managed without a lot of trouble, you're mistaken. It looks easy—yes; but like everything else that pays, it has got to be done by the sweat of our brows. And when it is done we shall have precious well earned our wages."

"Well," Ferrars said, "it's a big wage, remember."

"Well, you seem to think I'm fond of danger; but who told you I was fond of brain-work and this eternal plotting and contriving you put upon me? There's a hitch in your arrangements, after all. Do you know the weight of the stuff?"

"No—not exactly."

"It weighs about nine hundredweight. I reckoned that out last night. It isn't a parcel you can conveniently stuff into your pocket, my boy, or carry off in a bundle under your arm."

"Of course I knew it would be heavy," Ferrars answered; "but I didn't suppose it would weigh that."

"You can figure out the little sum for yourself. To be sure, it's not bulky—it goes into a small compass; but that's rather against us than in our favour. The men about us are too highly educated. You ask any one of them to handle a moderate-sized box that weighs nine hundredweight, and see if he doesn't have a near guess of what's inside. We can't pack it as you proposed. We can't pretend that it's a few trifling effects you forgot to take off the ship when we parted company after our last trip. It will have to be put in several packages, so as not to excite suspicion on account of the weight, and however we may divide it up, it will make more luggage than you've carried about with you in the whole course of your life, Dick Ferrars."

"I was afraid that idea wouldn't work," admitted Ferrars. "Remember, if you please, that it wasn't mine."

"I don't remember anything of the sort. But, if it isn't yours, find a better one to put in its place."

"I can't see that the weight's of any consequence," Ferrars said boldly. "What is it to anyone but ourselves how much property I have on the *Hirondelle?* If you agree to take charge of nine hundredweight, or nine tons even, what have other people to do with that? Who's going to make remarks or question about it—the crew?"

"I've a mate here, Ferrars," interposed the captain, "who's a long way sharper than ever you were."

"Very likely," said his cousin, with rather a sour smile. "He may wonder about it a little. I don't care about him exercising his mind in that way. But I should hardly think he'd venture to interfere with us. He won't ask why you're so obliging as to lumber up your decks with my property, or why I didn't have it put on board my schooner. If he does, he'll be the first mate who's taken liberties with you."

"Ay, I dare say."

Birkwood laughed.

"I don't anticipate that sort of interference. But aftewards there might be talk. The crew—the men who haul at the ropes, who go here and there just as they're ordered, never saying a word about it—they think a lot more than either you or I have any idea of. They've queer stories to tell after a voyage, and sometimes those stories are believed. You must have a reason for your property being on the ship, that's all. You and I aren't virtuous enough to be able to do things without any reason for them. Only the people who are miles and miles above suspicion can afford that. When you're on the shady side, Dick, always be careful to have a good clear motive for whatever you do, so that if anyone suddenly turns the light on, and begins to inquire into your actions you can say, 'That's how,' or 'That's why.' In this affair you've got to be as transparent as a jelly-fish."

"For one who never meddled with anything of the sort before, you seem to know a deal about it," said Ferrars sneeringly. "I will show you a reason. It's well known that I've bought a schooner—that I mean to trade about the islands—Fiji, Samoa, and so on—and I'm supposed to be getting my trade goods on board. In reality everything I do require is on the schooner now, and she might leave at once, instead of waiting, as we agreed upon, until you've sailed, and overtaking you at the Heads. I shall send her off this very day."

"And what of that? I see nothing in it."

"But I do. The schooner goes—I stay behind. You're the cause: you press me to wait another day until you're ready to sail, and have a passage with you as far as the Heads, where I can pick up my schooner again. We're cousins and old shipmates and all that; it's natural we should like to have a sort of farewell trip together."

"Oh! very natural," Birkwood assented.

"Well, suppose I discover, immediately after my schooner has gone, that something absolutely indispensable has been left behind, or forgotten, or never been ordered—something in the way of trade or provisioning or what you like, that I can't and won't do without. Such mistakes aren't so very uncommon—and I'm a careless fellow. It's a new thing I'm taking up; I've had no experience in the island trade. There are a few odd boxes or cases that I must have with me, and through your good-nature I bring them on the *Hirondelle.*"

"I see," said Birkwood. "All right—bring them aboard."

"The tops will be screwed—not nailed on," Ferrars continued. "They can be moved in a few minutes without any noise. As for the gold"—his voice was hardly above a whisper—"that's divided already."

"Yes," said Birkwood, and this time he also spoke more cautiously. "They'll not send more than five thousand in a box."

"We can't reckon on much time," Ferrars went on, in his low, husky voice. "But between us we ought to be able to manage it. We can have the boxes put somewhere handy. If that uncommonly sharp mate of yours should see or hear more than he ought to, we can easily explain things. I'm opening my own boxes—not much harm in that—to stow away a few things that I've had lying about here ever since our last trip."

"FERRARS HELD UP HIS HAND WARNINGLY" (*p.* 246).

"We mustn't be seen to touch the boxes," Birkwood insisted. "No, no, that won't do."

"Of course, we mustn't be seen if we can help it. We'll get it done during the night you're anchored at the Heads. In the morning my schooner puts in an appearance; we say good-bye as affectionately as you please, and you send me and my boxes over the side. And then *bon voyage!* You take your share of what follows, and manage it as you like."

"As I like!" Birkwood repeated. "Do you think that such a thing can be done just as one likes? If you could satisfy me as to that, I should be easier in my mind. For I tell you, Dick, there's one part of this I like less than all the rest. Let the ship go—it's but a ship after all, though I never trod the decks of one I liked better. Ha! d'ye remember how we raced them up the Channel? The *Atalanta* was close on our heels—a good ship that; but her captain, old Furby, had no nerve. I should think his hair stood on end to see the way we cracked on. I'll allow that my heart was in my mouth. Seemed as if each squall that struck her might rip the masts out of her. But never mind that now. It's not the ship"—his voice fell lower—"but the men I think of. I don't want to have murder on my soul."

"Pooh! murder—who thought of it?" Ferrars answered.

"It isn't often done without loss of life," said Birkwood. "You've the easier part; you've no danger."

"But you like danger," said his cousin promptly.

"Not that sort."

"You seemed to take 'that sort' coolly enough when the *Marmion* was lost."

A sort of dusky pallor crept over Birkwood's swarthy face.

"I swear to you that was an accident!"

"So I should suppose. If it wasn't it ought to have been, for you were freed from all blame, and your certificate returned to you. The poor fellows who got away in the long boat were never heard of more, I believe. Great pity that, especially as it was found out afterwards that they'd no water with them. But I suppose no one else was harmed. Not the owners certainly. The *Marmion* was rather heavily insured."

"Have you any more ancient history to give me?" asked Birkwood.

His voice was unsteady, and his eyes gleamed with a suppressed fury.

"Not at present," said his companion cheerfully. "I ought to be leaving you now. I've to see about my schooner, if what I proposed is to be carried out. But if you have any better way to suggest——"

"Suggest!"

Birkwood seemed to be glad of some pretext for his anger.

"Do you think I was made to throw out suggestions—to hatch schemes for you? Not I? You keep to your part of the bargain."

Ferrars held up his hand warningly. A young man, evidently one of the officers of the ship, came quickly down the companion way, and passed before the entrance to the cabin, within a few feet of where Birkwood and his cousin were seated.

"It's Norman, my new mate," said the captain, in an undertone. "Come along—it's time we were out of this."

Then, as they were going out of the cabin, he turned and added to Ferrars, who was following him closely—

"I said just now that in beating about the world I'd sailed two feet to your one. I don't think it now—no, I don't think it."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"HE travels the fastest who travels alone." If we are to accept this as a truthful saying, Captain Birkwood should have made good progress. There were so few who had any claim on him that it might be said he marched on without impediment.

He had married, but had early lost his wife. He had one child—a daughter—but he so seldom saw her, and was so little concerned with her bringing up, that she could hardly be described as an encumbrance. Certainly he had never thought of her as such, for in his way—in a distant fashion, so to speak—he was fond of his child. "Pity she hadn't been a boy," he said sometimes. He would have known what to do with a boy; he would have brought him up to the sea—would have had him as a companion in his voyagings. But a girl seemed an altogether useless and unnecessary possession. How in the world was he to know anything about girls? He had been cast adrift from home so early in life that he did not remember his own sisters.

He had never felt his incapacity so strongly as on that desolate morning—the day after his wife's death—when he sat with the child on his knee, and wondered what he should do with her. She cried, poor little thing; she missed her mother. With a rough kindliness he tried to comfort her, but soon gave up the attempt in despair, and let her cry on. He remembered long afterwards how she had struggled and screamed with passion, as he tried to put on her shoes, how her tear-stained face was pressed against his rough coat, how her hot little hands clung to him. Where should he send her? Who would take charge of her? His own people in England?—no, no. His father and mother were dead; as for the rest, he never wrote to them, never heard from them. His aunt, Mrs. Ferrars, was the only relative whose help he could venture to ask. She lived near Melbourne, and whenever his wanderings had brought him to that part of the world he had found a welcome at her house. He knew beforehand that she would not refuse to take charge of Ida; he knew also that the child would be happy in her care.

In this belief he was not mistaken. Mrs. Ferrars was one of those good souls who have large reserve funds of kindness for other people's children. She had a son and daughter of her own, but they were almost grown up, and, as she told her nephew, she liked to have a child in the house. It was a wise choice he had made of a guardian. For Ida the change was a fortunate one. But who can say whether it might not have been better for Birkwood if he could have kept the child near him? For to march on without impediment is not always to march safely.

But this was a long time ago. It was seventeen years since he had left Ida with his aunt. During many of these years he had seen nothing of his daughter; but he had her letters, when she was old enough to write, and very often her portrait. So many and so various were his portraits of Ida that they might have served to illustrate a history of the rise and progress of photography. The first Ida was fading away; the last Ida was a very fine young woman, whose face struck one by the exceeding blackness of hair, and eyes, and eyebrows. Indeed, "which was blackest, none could tell."

"Why, I believe she takes after me," Birkwood said as he looked at the photograph. "I should have thought"—there was something of disappointment in his tone—"she would have grown more like her mother."

He saw his daughter oftener now. He was constantly employed in the Australian trade, making regular trips to Melbourne. Mr. and Mrs. Ferrars were both dead; but their daughter Mary still remained in the old home, and Ida lived with her. Mary was several years older than her second cousin; but their companionship had always been as close and as affectionate as that of sisters. It would soon be broken, however. Ida was to be married very shortly.

It was of this event that the captain talked with Mary Ferrars, sitting with her in the dusky summer twilight, at one end of the long verandah, while Ida and Alfred Weldrick sat at the other.

"So you'll be left alone, Mary," Birkwood observed.

"Oh, no, not alone," Miss Ferrars answered cheerfully. "Ida and I will be near each other, and I shall have someone to stay with me. One of my friends is coming to keep house with me. But what I wish is, that Dick would give up this idea of his about going to the Islands, and stay at home instead."

"Oh, Dick won't give that up," said the captain.

"But I don't think he's strong enough to go to sea. It does not suit him."

"Well, I understood that he left me on account of the poor state of his health. But you can hardly call this island trip going to sea. It's a pleasure cruise, that's all. He loiters about from one island to another, and as he can't afford to do the thing for pure love of it, he trades as he goes along. He's laying in enough trade goods to supply the whole of the Pacific. You should see the gorgeous things he's got in purple and flame-coloured calicoes."

"Purple and flame-coloured calicoes? Is there a demand for those in the Pacific?"

"If there isn't, Dick will soon create one. Oh, I think his idea is a very good one. If I were free to go, I wouldn't mind having a run with him myself."

His eye wandered towards the other two sitting apart, and, laughing softly, he said, "It seemed such a piece of formality, asking my consent, didn't it, Mary? Of course, Ida knew that I should tell her to please herself. Why shouldn't she? She has made a good choice; at least, everyone tells me so. I know so little of this Mr. Weldrick, that I'm hardly in a position to judge."

"He is very highly thought of."

"So it seems. I like him well enough; but it wouldn't matter if I didn't, for we are not going to come across each other very often. It's just as well that we shouldn't."

"I'm sure Ida doesn't think so," Mary said warmly.

"But I do, and that makes all the difference. You don't quite know how I was brought up, Cousin Mary. Your mother was my father's sister; but she never knew much of our side of the family. She married well, as Ida is doing. We were a rough, poverty-stricken lot at home. Ay, and I went aboard a ship and worked as a man before the mast. I worked my way up; but I've seen a deal more of the forecastle than the cabin, and most of us will allow that's not the best school for a man's manners."

"I should hope there might be good manners in the forecastle as well as in the cabin."

"There might be, but the other sort is apt to get uppermost. I am only showing you that I come of a different stock from what my future son-in-law belongs to. We shall be all the better friends if we don't meet very often."

As Mary Ferrars was herself of this opinion she did not dispute the statement. Meanwhile, her cousin and Alfred Weldrick were discoursing after a very different fashion. He was very popular in Melbourne society, this young Mr. Weldrick. In most things the world had gone so well with him that he would have had some difficulty in finding anything to complain of. His friends regarded him as a spoilt child of fortune—one who had everything his own way, and who would be improved by a little chastisement, a few reverses or disappointments. He had come to Melbourne to take part in the management of a branch of his father's business, and it was not yet two years since he had left home.

"I heard from my father to-day," he said to Ida. "He must have answered my letter immediately."

"Oh——." She paused; but there was eager interest in the glance of her eyes. "I have been nervous about it—wondering what they would think. Were they displeased?"

"Displeased! What an idea! You must read the letter when we go inside; it is not light enough here."

"I am such a stranger to them," Ida said. "I fancied they might not be pleased—might not approve——"

"I don't see why you should fancy that when they don't say so," Weldrick said with a smile. "I've read the letter twice, and I assure you there's no word of disapproval. It's full of the kindest things—just what I knew they would say—they couldn't be unkind to anyone. When you know my father and mother—as I hope you will some day—you'll understand that. But there's something else I have to tell you. My father wishes me to go home immediately."

"Immediately!" repeated Ida. "But how could we"—she corrected herself—"how could you go at once?"

"I could go at a few hours' notice; but it overturns all our plans. It means putting off our wedding-day for six months, and then, of course, we can't have our trip home together, for I should not be able to leave the business twice in such a short space of time."

"But if your father wishes it you must go."

"Yes. He says here: 'I would have you consider whether it would not be better to defer your marriage for six months or so. I must see you before it takes place.'"

"Then, Alfred," Ida impulsively interrupted him, "it is just as I thought. They are not pleased; they do not wish it. Oh, I don't blame them. Is it likely they will care to see me, to have me at all?"

Weldrick looked at her in grave surprise.

"Are you very much disappointed?" he asked, bending a little nearer to get a sight of the face that was studiously turned away from him. "Ida! you don't mean to say that you are crying about it?"

"It seems as if they thrust me from them," she said in a low voice.

"But that is nonsense! I'm sure they would be very much pained if they heard you say so. You have only to meet to like each other. When you read the letters, you will see that my father must have some urgent reason for sending for me. I am afraid of business troubles. Once or twice before this he has given me hints that all was not going so well as it

should. Then his health has failed lately, and I put that down to annoyance and anxiety caused by the state of his affairs. It is preposterous to talk as he does about growing old! He is scarcely sixty yet, and he looks as young as I do."

They went inside that Ida might read the letter.

"'ARE YOU VERY MUCH DISAPPOINTED?' HE ASKED" (*p.* 247).

Mary Ferrars was already in the drawing-room, with her brother and the captain, and the subject of Weldrick's sudden departure was generally discussed. But he said no more about the business troubles of which he had spoken to Ida, beyond assuring her just before they said good-bye to each other, that he was going home in the hope of being of some assistance to his father.

Birkwood had not attached any importance to what Weldrick had said about his visit to England. He had no interest in his movements or occupations, nor had he even considered the possibility of these interfering with his own plans. But on the following morning he met Weldrick in the street, and the latter at once stopped to speak to him.

"I have been on board the *Hirondelle*, Captain Birkwood," he said, "but I did not find you there. At the agent's office they told me you had just gone out, and I might possibly overtake you. I wanted to see you. I am anxious to get a passage by the *Hirondelle*."

To use his own expression, Birkwood was taken aback. He wanted no passengers on the *Hirondelle*, and least of all this man.

"But, Mr. Weldrick," he said, "we sail early to-morrow morning."

"It would suit me all the better if you sailed to-day. I am quite ready."

"But the *Hirondelle* is not a passenger ship," further expostulated the captain. "We have no room, no proper attendance for passengers. You would find your berth a very rough one."

"Oh, I'm not at all fastidious," said Weldrick, with a laugh. "Unless you've a strong objection to my company, Captain Birkwood, I have made up my mind to go with you."

"Oh—objection!" said Birkwood, in a reproachful tone. "I should be glad—very glad, indeed, to have you with me. But you'll be uncomfortable. If you're not a good sailor you'll not enjoy yourself on the *Hirondelle*. Of all the vessels for rolling and pitching"—he was proceeding to vilify his own ship, but he would go to any length rather than Weldrick should come aboard of her—"she's about the worst I've any knowledge of. What with that, and what with shipping seas——"

"Ah, I see you are joking with me," said Weldrick, who was not to be taken in by talk of this kind. "On a long voyage we all expect a little rolling and pitching. I don't mind it. I'm never seasick."

"Well, I should have thought you'd have preferred to go by steamer. Why not wait for the *Great Britain?*"

"Because then I should not get away before next month. If your ship makes as good time as she has done twice running, she will be at London before the *Great Britain*."

"The mail steamer leaves on the 26th," suggested the captain.

"Yes; sixteen days hence, and it takes fifty to reach home. On her first trip to Melbourne your ship made only sixty, and I believe she was not quite a week longer on the homeward voyage."

"That was exceptional—very exceptional," Birkwood hastened to say. "It had never been done before and may not be again."

"Why, sir, you only exceeded it by a few hours on your next passage. I don't know that I should gain anything by waiting for the mail, and I have a great dislike to the Suez route. There would be no advantage either in going by one of the boats of the Sydney Steam Service, for this month's steamer has just left."

Birkwood felt that he could say no more. Weldrick's statements were perfectly correct. This was before the days of the great ocean liners, and there were few chances of travelling by steamer. There was no faster ship in harbour than the *Hirondelle*, and as she was leaving so early, it was natural that Weldrick should wish to take his passage by her. It would seem uncivil to oppose him any further; or—a more potent consideration for Birkwood—it might even appear suspicious.

"I should have told you at first," Weldrick said, "that I have already paid my passage money, and got an order for a berth. At the agents they promised me that I should be accommodated on the *Hirondelle*, although, as you say, she is not supposed to carry passengers."

"Oh, well, then," said the captain, "there's no more to be said about the matter. You may be sure we shall do our best for you. I only thought of your comfort. There's not much pleasure in a stiff gale of wind off Cape Horn; but perhaps you enjoy being knocked about and slopped over with salt water. I don't, though I was going to sea before you were born. However, you know your own business best."

"This has turned up at the last," Birkwood said to Ferrars, after he had related how a passenger had been forced upon him. "I'd give a good deal to get rid of him, if I only knew how."

"What does it matter whether he goes or not?" Ferrars inquired.

"Why, I rather like the young fellow," Birkwood said uneasily, "and Ida, of course, is fond of him. If anything were to happen to him I shouldn't find it easy to forgive myself. Look here, Ferrars, you're clever, or think yourself so; you've got to devise a way of keeping him off the ship. I said all I could, but he took it as a joke."

"I shall have to decline to help you in that way, captain," Ferrars answered. "If we say anything at all we shall be saying too much. Let him go and take his chance of the danger, as the rest are doing. There are other lives on the *Hirondelle*."

"Yes, you wouldn't care if he was out of the way," Birkwood said. "You're jealous of him. You think that, if he were disposed of, you might have a chance with Ida."

The little man drew himself up haughtily.

"I don't allow anyone to pry into my private affairs, Captain Birkwood. I have never said a word, either to you or to my cousin, that would give you a right to suppose such a thing."

"You never said a word because you knew it was no use," Birkwood said tauntingly.

Ferrars flushed with anger, but he controlled himself.

"If you are so fond of Mr. Weldrick," he said contemptuously, "you can look after him while he is on your ship. You had better give him the benefit of your fatherly care, for go he will."

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

"Down in the south by the waste without sail on it—
Far from the zone of the blossom and tree—
Lieth, with winter and whirlwind and wail on it,
Ghost of a land by the ghost of a sea. . . .
Wild is the cry of the sea in the caves by it—
Sea that is smitten by spears of the snow,
Desolate songs are the songs of the waves by it,
Down in the south where the ships never go."

IN the shipping columns of the Melbourne papers it was announced that the barque *Hirondelle*, James Birkwood, master, had cleared at the Customs for London, and that in addition to a large and valuable cargo, she carried twelve boxes of gold, valued at £60,000.

"A prize for pirates, if pirates sailed these seas,"

Weldrick said to Ida. "Or, if we were at war, one of the enemy's cruisers might do well to look after the *Hirondelle*. But nowadays the ocean is as safe as any other public highway."

"Oh, not quite," Ida said, with a shake of her head that was intended to be very impressive. "But I am so glad that you are going on the *Hirondelle*."

"So am I. I have been congratulating myself ever since I knew I could get a passage."

"Now is it not funny of papa to prétend he doesn't want you with him? It is only a joke, of course. I told him so, and he was obliged to laugh, and confess that he had been trying to take us in."

"Yes. Captain Birkwood was joking with me about it. But do you know, I almost thought he was in earnest."

"Oh, that is only his way of talking. How could he be in earnest? He says that he is delighted to have you as a passenger, and that he is going to be very careful of your safety."

"My safety!"

Weldrick laughed.

"I hope you did not make him promise to keep me under hatches."

"Oh, I said—I was only talking nonsense, you know—'Now, papa, I shall hold you responsible if Alfred should fall overboard, or if anything should happen to him.' And suddenly he looked quite serious, and said, 'I tell you, Ida, I won't take more care of my own life than I will of his. If we should be in any danger—and for all we know there may be danger—I'll do all I can to help him out of it.' I am certain, Alfred, that my father must have taken a great liking to you, for I have never seen him so moved. I think that very few people understand him; that rough manner he puts on is such a disguise. But I know that no one can be better or kinder or more thoughtful of us than he is under it all."

"I am sure you have every reason to say so, dearest," Weldrick answered.

He had his own opinion of Birkwood, but on no account would he have disturbed Ida's belief.

Not in the early morning, as her captain had declared, but towards afternoon, the *Hirondelle* went out of port. Her sails opened one by one to the breeze, until, white from the decks as far as her spars rose aloft, she reeled against the blue. But soon the wind died away almost to nothingness, so that at times the ship seemed to be poised motionless between sea and sky.

Still by slow degrees she drew ahead; but the pure clouds that loitered so long in the field of heaven, the white-breasted sea birds that slept as they floated with the tide had not a gentler—a dreamier passage. The west had reddened as with flame when the first course was run, and the anchorage at the Heads was reached.

That night the ship rocked to her anchor in the shelter of the land. Near her were the lights of two other vessels. One of these was inward bound—a large ship that would take her pilot on board and go up the harbour on the morrow. The other, a schooner, had already been pointed out to Weldrick by Ferrars as his own.

"You leave us in the morning, I believe," Weldrick said.

"Yes; we part company then. I should not be here now; but Captain Birkwood persuaded me to wait for him."

"Yes," the captain broke in. "It's my misfortune that I've always liked you better than you deserve. There must be a soft part about me somewhere, or I shouldn't have taken you in hand, and made a sailor of you. Well, it shows what may be done with unlikely material. But now you've gone out of my way altogether, and mean to turn yourself into a sort of nautical linen-draper, I wash my hands of you. To-morrow morning, Mr. Weldrick, I give this old shipmate of mine his blessing, and see him safe aboard his own little cock-boat. How old is that schooner of yours, Dick?"

"They say she was launched inside of the last ten years," Ferrars replied; "but her age seemed to be a delicate subject. I couldn't obtain any reliable information."

"Twice ten perhaps they meant. Or I shouldn't be surprised at it three times over. I took notice when I went on her with you. I wasn't acting as a marine surveyor, so I didn't examine the hull; but I looked aloft. Nothing new there, Dick; the owners haven't even had it in their hearts to put a new patch on the sails. Her sticks may last you to the Islands; but I should lay her up in the hurricane season."

"I fancy she will last my time," said Ferrars with a significant smile.

The captain and Ferrars were still talking to each other, when Weldrick left them and went below. He slept soundly, and morning came upon him like a flash. For a second he wondered at his unaccustomed surroundings; then he heard the gurgle of water, and through the port-hole the light gleamed green and golden—sunshine reflected from the sea. On deck there was some little bustle. Ferrars was taking his departure, and certain boxes, which Weldrick had noticed on the preceding day, were being lowered into the boat.

"Some of Dick's traps," the captain said cheerfully. "With a little forethought now, he might have had these on his own vessel at the beginning; but if he didn't forget half the things he wanted, he wouldn't be true to his own character. Oh, you're here, are you? Are these the whole of your belongings, or have you a few more tons lying about? For if so, the *Hirondelle* had better go alongside of you as tender."

"The men seem to have got them all," said Ferrars indifferently, as he watched the last of the cases swung over the side into the boat. Then he turned to Weldrick, who was standing near, shook hands with him, and wished him a safe passage home.

"And success to your Island venture!" said Weldrick in return. He had always had a lurking belief that Ferrars disliked him, and he, on his part, did not care for the man, but for this very reason, no doubt, they treated each other with elaborate civility.

"Yes, that's it," Birkwood said. "Success to you, Dick, though my opinion is that you're not born to make your fortune in trade."

Ferrars laughed. "Good-bye, Captain, you'll know the truth of that when we meet again."

For some time the schooner and barque were in sight of each other. But the wind freshened, and the *Hirondelle* ran before it like an athlete on the course. She was far outside the Heads now, the land had fallen lower and lower till it slipped beneath the wavy horizon line, and the deep-furrowed ocean stretched southwards to the white desolation of the Antarctic.

And now the voyage began—the monotonous, but restful time, whose only changes were the passage from day to night, from night to day, the caprices of the weather, the alteration of the ship's course, the making or lowering of sail. Sometimes close-reefed, sometimes under short sail, sometimes with all her snowy grandeur of canvas spread aloft, the *Hirondelle* went her way. Always the same scene around her; always the wave hurrying behind, the wave racing in front; always the long mountain ranges, the deep valleys of the ocean from horizon to horizon. Astern the moving wall of water stooped forward in vain to overtake; at her bows a moving wall of water was cut through before it had time to escape. Onward she went, treading underfoot the seas that flung themselves vindictively at her, that made wild leaps at her deck, but fell harmlessly, shivering into clouds of spray, southwards—and the temperature fell day by day, the sea was coldly pale in colour, the sky no longer glowed with fervent heat. The birds that hovered aloft uttered peevish, discordant cries, as if they also had left a warmer climate, and were dissatisfied with the change. But their nesting places were nearer yet to the ice-bound south—islands that know no summer, and on whose shores the thunder of the surf is never stilled.

The fresh north-westerly winds had given the *Hirondelle* an opportunity of showing her best sailing qualities. She was crossing that wide stretch of ocean where the westerly wind has rule. While it ran side by side with her, filling her sails with a fine steady breeze, which the captain entered in his log book as "moderate," it had proved itself a good and willing slave. But if it should get the chance it would act as a ruffian master, for here, where the water rounds the globe with scarcely a break, are the wildest winds, the heaviest seas, that the voyager has to fear. The sudden passion of a typhoon, the resistless sweep of the cyclone might seem preferable to the constant fury with which, year in, year out, these waters battle with the storm.

By the end of the first week, Weldrick had begun to feel at home on the ship. The days were a little wearisome, for he was not accustomed to be without occupation—and idleness, like a great many better things, requires some sort of apprenticeship. At first he had been in dismay because he had neglected to provide himself with a sufficient stock of books for the voyage. There were none in the cabin—Birkwood's sailing directories excepted, and the log book, in which he was always writing laboriously.

"I'm not much of a reader," he said to Weldrick. "I got my knowledge another way. If you must have books, ask Norman. He carries a library about with him—novels and poetry, and such like stuff. Scientific too?—oh yes! When I was learning my trade we weren't much bothered with science. Now all the young fellows are full of it. We shall have the A.B.'s at it next, and there'll be a new and scientific way of swabbing decks, and of using the tar brush. What can you expect when they've begun to reef topsails by machinery? But he's a good fellow, Norman is, for all his science."

In this opinion Weldrick concurred. He borrowed Mr. Norman's books, but he was not more interested in reading them than he was in talking with their owner. So a friendship was formed, which, considering the short time it lasted, was certainly very intense in its nature. But, as his friend often thought, it would have been difficult to avoid liking Norman. It was strange that the captain should not be able to agree with one who, with all his quickness of intelligence, was so mild in manner and so even-tempered. For Birkwood and his mate had had long arguments on some moot point of seamanship, and the captain had proved the fallacy of the proverb which tells us that it takes two to make a quarrel.

The contention was unusually sharp one day when Weldrick came upon them rather suddenly. It seemed as if Norman had been provoked beyond endurance, for he spoke in a heightened tone of voice, and his face was flushed.

"Well, Mr. Norman," said the captain, "you'll be telling me next that I don't know my right hand from my left. You're so very clever that perhaps I ought to turn out of my berth and hand it over to you. Or maybe"—he forced a laugh—"you're a little nervous, a young gentleman who gets timid when he's in a tight place. I've always liked a near shave, and any way"—he raised his voice angrily, but his anger seemed as forced and unnatural as his laugh had been—"I mean to command this ship as long as I'm on board of her. I don't need any of your science to help me to steer a straight course."

"As you speak about being timid, sir," said Norman hotly, "I may say that I don't think much of the courage that takes men needlessly into danger."

He stopped abruptly when he saw Weldrick, and walked away, leaving him with the captain.

"What is amiss?" Weldrick could not help asking.

"Oh, nothing!" said Birkwood, who seemed at once to have returned to his usual rough and blustering good-humour. "Nothing at all, except that this friend of yours is too clever. He knows too much. That's all the fault I have to find with him."

The same day had been marked by another occurrence. They had sighted land—a spectral-looking coast that was visible for a few minutes only, when the mist that wrapped it rolled upwards like a curtain, then sank again, trailing its feathered edges on the sea. Weldrick learnt that this was the western coast

"'OFF WITH YOUR BOOTS AND BALE HER OUT!'" (*p.* 253).

of Auckland Island, and that homeward-bound ships, whose course was round the Horn, passed near it. The land was to eastward; the wind came in sudden squalls from west or south-west, and a heavy and confused sea tossed the ship to and fro. The next morning she was much nearer the island, and it looked as if she would have some difficulty in getting away from it. Weldrick said as much to the first mate. "We can hardly expect it when we don't take proper means," the latter answered.

Another morning dawned and found the ship still hovering about the same place. Apparently Birkwood meant to have a good look at the island, for this day he sailed the whole length. Weldrick supposed that he intended to double the north cape, but if such had been his desire it was frustrated by the wind veering to northward.

One of the many good qualities which Birkwood attributed to his ship was that of being able to sail a point or two nearer the wind than any other vessel of her class. But at this time, when there was sore need for such an achievement, the *Hirondelle* could make no headway against the squalls that beat her backwards from the point of land she ought to have weathered.

She was put about and ran before the wind in the other direction, when, with one of the sudden changes of weather that make the climate of this bleak and desolate region one long succession of storms, the wind chopped round to the opposite quarter, and blew harder than ever—blew as it only can blow on the unsheltered waste of the South Pacific. Night fell on a scene of tumult—waves rolling heavily in great ridges, that at times towered above the ship as if ready to fall on her decks with all their crushing weight, at times tossed her on their crests as if she were light as an egg-shell. But still she had lost none of her bravery. Her builders had been faithful, and she stood the heavy strain better than could have been hoped.

It was a night to be remembered. Often in later life, when Weldrick heard the rush of waters and the roar of wind, he was carried back to this time. He was alone in the cabin. Early in the evening he had been on deck; but the captain had peremptorily ordered him below.

When the gale lulled for an instant he heard Birkwood and his officers shouting their orders—heard the heavy tramp on deck as the men hurried to their posts. The groaning and labouring of the ship, the agony with which she struggled free of the waves, or righted herself after a fearful plunge, seemed almost human.

But there were times when all sounds were lost save one—that howl of the storm by which the very heavens were torn asunder.

After one of these furious gusts came a report as of a cannon, and the crash of falling wreckage. There was more shouting in the lull that followed, more scrambling of men on the wave-swept deck, to cut

loose the ropes that held the broken topmast that was thrashing about like a gigantic flail. Then for a while it was quieter. The lamp in the cabin swung to and fro—to and fro———

What! Surely he had not been dozing on a night like this. But yes, for Victor the steward was shaking him violently. What a livid pallor was on the man's face!

"Sir, sir! the captain wants you on deck!"

He was on his feet in an instant, though a sudden lurch of the ship almost threw him down again. But he stumbled into his cabin, seized his pocket-book—all he need attempt to save—and thrust it into the inside breast-pocket of his coat, buttoning this up to the neck.

Then he made his way on deck. And now, for the first time, he knew the meaning of the sound that filled his ears—knew it for the heavy boom of the sea on the cliffs and in the caves of a rock-bound coast.

It was not so dark as he had expected. The season—little as it deserved the name—was summer, and on the fiftieth parallel of latitude summer nights are short. Day was breaking behind that pall of fog and cloud, and the dim grey light showed the desperate case of the *Hirondelle*. The streaming decks, the wide breaches in the bulwarks, where sea after sea had swept through, the broken rigging, the splintered spars—all this was deplorable but not the worst. That showed when the mist lifted.

There in awful precipices—rocks that loomed so huge and vast that the very sea after its wild rush to their feet seemed to shudder away again—rose the land, and the current dragged the helpless ship nearer and nearer.

As Weldrick steadied himself to look round, a hand caught him by the arm.

"The boat!" Birkwood shouted. "Quick! there's no other chance."

Weldrick ran to help the men who struggled together on the reeling, slippery deck, trying to get out the boats. He made up his mind that he would not go in the first one.

"I'll wait for you," he said resolutely, when Norman urged him to take his chance at once.

The first boat was in charge of the second mate. It was sent away safely, and in a moment seemed to pass from the ship for yards and yards. It topped the ridge of a great roller, and those on board saw the faces of their shipmates for the last time—saw them as in the darkness a flash might have shown them to each other; then the avalanche of dark green water tumbles over, and they vanish in the curve of the wave.

And only God knows whether from that depth they have returned, or whether death has won them, and their last cry was drowned in the great voice with which the tempest roared against them.

Another boat is ready and another crew. It is a desperate venture in such a sea; but for life all may be staked. Norman beckoned to his friend; the captain shouted, with passionate gesticulations. Now or never!

Somehow—he could not have told how—he flung himself into the boat, a sailor pulled him into his place, and they cast off from the ship.

On the *Hirondelle* some still remained; but they also had their boat—the last of those the storm had spared. With fewer hands, and perhaps not the ablest, there was some mischance in lowering this; it was stove in and filled immediately. Then the few men drew together in stolid, uncomplaining despair. The boat had been the frailest of chances; they knew that well. But to fight with their calamity, however helplessly, was better than standing still.

"All right, lads!" Birkwood shouted. "One place is as good as another to drown in!"

His reckless spirit upbore him even yet, and he laughed in the face of death.

No more could be done. Not for lack of means, but of time, and for the hindering fury of the waves. The ship fluttered to land, sadly as a bird with a broken wing. 'Twas the last flight of the Swallow.

But of these last moments who knows the truth? The one who lived to tell the tale spoke wildly, and men thought falsely, of that high vaulted cavern into which the lost ship drove, of the battering seas that lifted and ground her against the roof of stone, of the fall of loosened rocks, the fearful crash with which her shattered masts were driven downwards, her hull broken asunder.

It may be that he said no more than he believed. In that hour of terror, who could be certain of what he saw? Caves there were, but none so wide and lofty that a ship might enter. Only a bending forward of cliffs hundreds of feet in height. But to be dashed against that pitiless front, to be ground and crunched and torn by sea after sea—such a reality stands far beyond exaggeration.

And what of those in the boat—the last that left the ship? Instantly she had seemed to melt from them in driving mist and rain. There was no overlooking those high mountain ranges. They were alone—the whole world was blotted out. The wave bore them for a moment on a hand that for all its trembling had a cruel and relentless strength, then slid away. Ah! then the fall, the hurrying lower and lower of the helpless, water-logged boat.

"Off with your boots and bale her out!" the mate cried, and the men worked frantically at the hopeless task.

Would their poor boat ever climb the polished slope of green that reared itself so high in front—ever reach the crest?

Never. For the racing wave that should have lifted and borne it onward, falls on it, fills it, presses it downwards. Down, down, where there is no light, no sound, no storm. As the flood rolls over deeper and deeper, as the dim, misty green darkens to absolute blackness, the last thought forms itself, "This, then, is Death."

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

When Icicles Hang.

Words by SHAKESPEARE. *Music by* W. A. ROBERTS.

PIANO.

Vivace.

p *f*

Con moto. (♩=88.)

cres.

1. When i - ci - cles hang..... by the wall, And Dick the shep - herd
2. When all a - round the wind doth blow, And cough - ing drowns the

p *cres.*

f

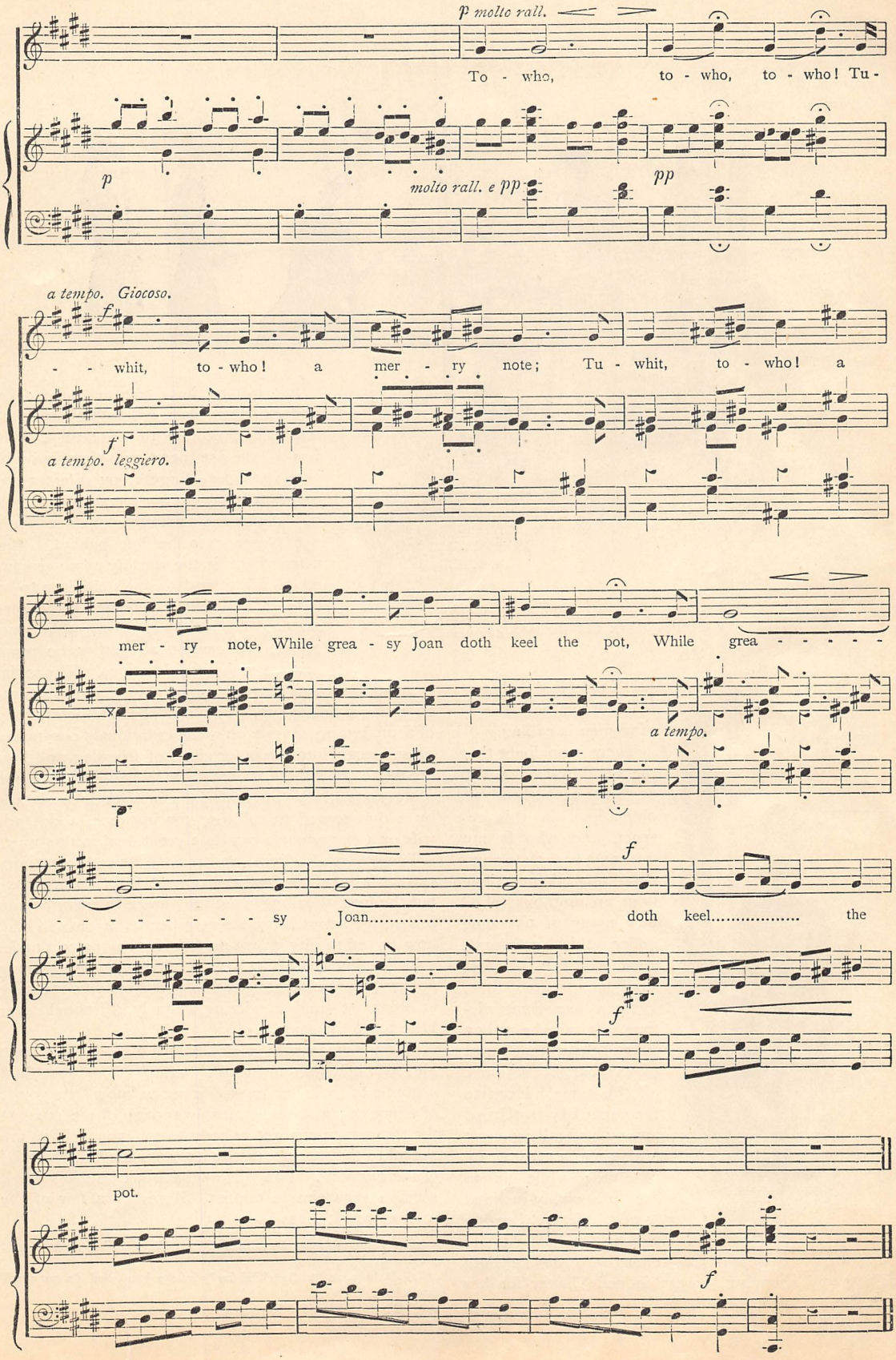
blows his nail, And Tom bears logs in - - to the hall, And
par - son's saw, And birds sit brood - ing in the snow, And

f

milk comes fro - zen home in pail, When
Ma - rian's nose looks red and raw, When

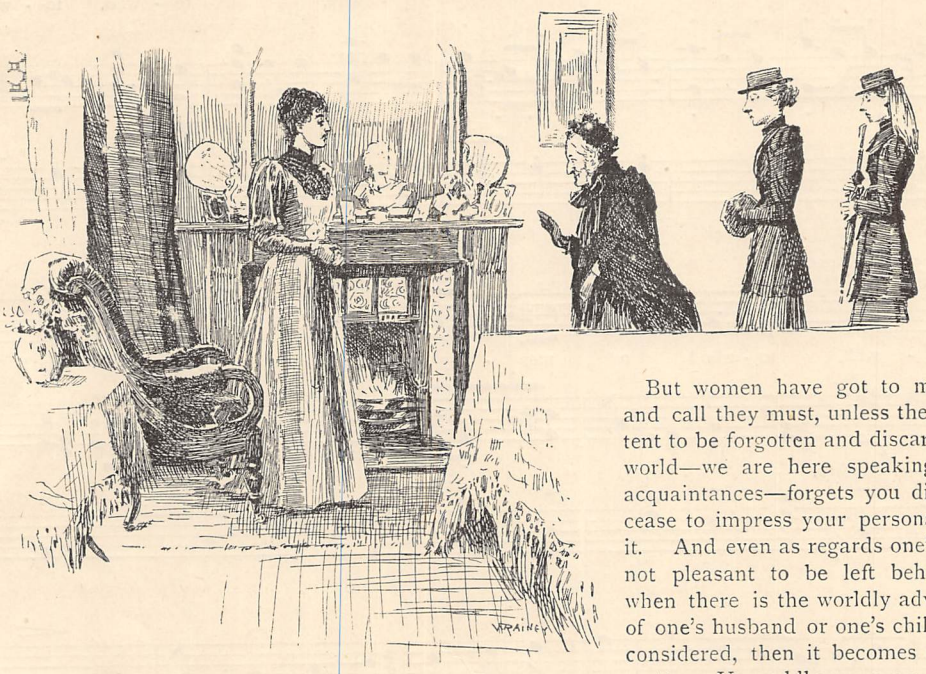
p

blood is nipped and ways be foul, Then night - ly sings the sta - ring owl,
roast - ed crabs hiss in the bowl, Then night - ly sings the sta - ring owl.


p molto rall.
To - who, to - who, to - who! Tu -
p
molto rall. e pp
pp
a tempo. Giocoso.
f
- - whit, to - who! a mer - - ry note; Tu - whit, to - who! a
f
a tempo. leggiero.
mer - ry note, While grea - sy Joan doth keel the pot, While grea - - - - -
a tempo.
f
- - - - - - - - - sy Joan..... doth keel..... the
f
pot.
f

THE SOCIAL DUTY OF WOMEN.

I.—THE AFTERNOON CALL.



"WOMEN HAVE GOT TO MAKE CALLS."

THE principal and most laborious social duty of women is calling.

There is no doubt that the London woman who performs properly all her obligations in this respect, and who is not fortunate enough to command any other carriage than an omnibus (alas! how many of us come under this category), must sacrifice all her available spare time. Women are great victims. It may be only a silken chain that most of us wear, but it galls, all the same. Even to the sociably-inclined among us, calling must often seem a great waste of time; while as to the unsociably-inclined—well, if a London woman be unfortunate enough to dislike both calling and shopping, it were indeed "better for her that she had never been born."

"THE LOVE OF CALLING IS NOT INDIGENOUS."

But women have got to make calls, and call they must, unless they are content to be forgotten and discarded. The world—we are here speaking only of acquaintances—forgets you directly you cease to impress your personality upon it. And even as regards one's self, it is not pleasant to be left behind. But when there is the worldly advancement of one's husband or one's children to be considered, then it becomes a different matter. Unworldly as we may think ourselves, we cannot altogether be proof against such considerations. The social treadmill becomes more and more a duty, and acquaintances must be kept up. For from the cold outer circle of acquaintances, year by year, individuals constantly press nearer into the inner circle of friends; and how are we to know these at first sight? And then, in some professions wives can materially help their husbands by a due regard to calling; for instance, a doctor's wife or a clergyman's can do a great deal in this way.

People with liveliness and social gifts can sometimes extract a good deal of amusement from these visits; but the love of calling is not indigenous in every human breast, for I myself well remember, as a small child, how I used to pity grown-up folk for having to "make calls"—almost as much as I pitied them for being apparently condemned to read the paper every morning at breakfast—and wondering, vaguely, if I should ever have to do the same.

Every woman with social ambitions has one great aim: namely, to appear very "chic." The most fatal obstacle to their "chicness" is not to know little points of etiquette; and yet, curiously enough, these are just the things you can get nobody to tell you. They are not told: they are observed: they are the "shibboleth" of the *parvenu*. The "Etiquette Book" makes it all seem a very simple matter. Here are a few of the instructions it gives:—

(1) Cleanliness must be observed in calling. The hands should receive special attention.

(2) Hold your handkerchief freely in the hand, and do not roll it into a ball.

(3) Never appear in a drawing-room with mud on your boots.

These appear to be but rudiments in the art; they are unnecessary for us, so we would like to go farther, but farther than this the "Etiquette Book" does not take us. After all, we may console ourselves that the best substitutes for "etiquette" are tact, sympathy, intuition. Intuition will teach us that ten minutes are sufficient for a first call; tact that we are not to outstay a later arrival; sympathy that we are not to monopolise the conversation of our hostess. As to how many cards to leave, or how many corners of the said cards to turn down or up—this does not so greatly matter. I am ashamed to confess that, after years of calling, I do not yet fully understand the significance of the turned-up corners. And in bygone days I have favoured certain fortunate acquaintances with whole sheaves of unnecessary pasteboard. *Apropos* of leaving cards, I remember a story of two girls who were sent by their mother to make a round of calls. They took with them a batch of their own cards and those of the people they were going to visit, for the sake of their addresses. Unfortunately, the cards got mixed up, with terrible results to the callers, and even worse complications to the called-on, not to be subsequently unravelled even by an army of etiquette books.

No less important than the art of calling is the art of being called upon. That this is not always well understood, even in circles presumably cultivated, the following experiences may serve to show.

One afternoon in March I armed myself for the battle. I owed terrible arrears of calls, and hoped to get a great number cleared off. The day was well chosen; it was a Monday, and most people go out on Mondays. I seized my card-case and sallied forth. Some of the calls had been owing three, some six, months; but we are not so strict as we used to be, and in London we are less strict than in the provinces, so that my mind only misgave me slightly. Nor did I, although I am distinctly shy, trouble myself about the people I was going to visit. In the days of my youth I remembered to have heard ladies "tick off" on their fingers the subjects of which they would talk at a call. When these subjects (and the fingers) were exhausted, they knew it was time to take their leave. But I was not going to concern myself with such things. I knew that nowadays the less trouble one takes, and the greater the gaps one leaves in the conversation, the more one is thought of.

The first house I arrived at happened to be Mrs. X——'s, in the debatable region between Bayswater and St. John's Wood. It was a stuccoed villa, with a small cat-ridden front garden, decorated with some tombstones—or were they vases?—by way of gates. I was ushered into a fireless drawing-room. A cold east wind whistled in all the chinks, and I drew my furs closer about me. I thought I faintly distinguished the rattle of plates in the distance. Horror! was that lunch being discussed? I looked nervously at my watch; it was just three. I had been obliged to begin my round early. After an interval of five minutes, during which I "took in" all the details of the room—terra-cotta Cupids on plush brackets, be-ribboned hand-screens, photographs of curates and of babies—a maid came in, lit the fire, and retired. If anything makes one feel more particularly unwished-for, it is this cold-blooded lighting of the fire after one's arrival. I waited another quarter of an hour, during which the said fire smoked horribly. Just as the smoke reached a climax, and I was wondering whether I should not fling open the windows and sound an alarm, Mrs. X—— entered. She had evidently changed her gown and adorned herself, regardless of time. As soon as she could see me through the cloud of smoke, she was apologetic and effusive. The fire was rectified, but I soon took my leave, for the twenty minutes' lonely wait had sadly taken up the time. For this reason, also, I was rather relieved when, at the next three houses on my list, the people were all "out." At the last of these—a spacious abode on Campden Hill—in answer to my knock, a servant came out, and looked up at me from the area before answering the door. I have often wondered at this proceeding; it seems harmless enough, and yet for some unknown reason it always irritates me beyond measure, and I defend myself with my umbrella from inspection. From the hesitating way this damsel said "Out," I was convinced that the family were upstairs, having a comfortable afternoon with the dressmaker.

At my next call my experiences were slightly similar. It was in Mayfair. A pompous butler opened the door with that brick-wall kind of expression that "well-bred" servants so greatly affect.

"Is Mrs. M—— in?" I inquired humbly.

"I'll see, 'm." Then, calling to a passing housemaid: "Is Mrs. M—— in to-day?"

"I'll go and ask her," said the girl.

Returning in five minutes—during which the butler

"THE PRICE OF COALS" (*p.* 258).

"SHE HARDLY TOOK ANY NOTICE OF ME."

stood impassive—"Mrs. M—— says she isn't in to-day."

I went away feeling small, and with an inward conviction that if I had had a carriage I should have been more thought of—by the butler, at least.

The next place to which I bent my steps was a "bijou residence" in one of those streets which, although in a fashionable neighbourhood, somehow suggest back mews. Here a pleasant maid smiled at me. By the way, I find that servants have more to do with the pleasantness—or unpleasantness—of a call than one would imagine. They often reflect the character of their employer quite as much as do the surroundings. The surroundings in this case were unjust—dyed Pampas grass in the hall, stuck into gaily-enamelled drain-pipes, and pictures draped with pink Liberty scarves. The drawing-room, also "bijou," was crammed with furniture, so that I had much ado not to knock over two or three tables as I advanced to greet the smiling hostess. An undue partiality for Pampas grass and knick-knacks is not a crime, and I could have been very happy here if there had not been present another visitor—an elderly lady with a voluminous black brocaded cloak, who for ten minutes held forth on the subject of the price of coals.

I extricated myself carefully from the mazy windings of the furniture, and then made my way to a pre-Raphaelite household, where long-necked and anæmic females glared at me from every corner, and the rooms were of an extreme—nay, classic—bareness. Here the lady of the house, Miss Y——, was busy painting, and she hardly took any notice of me. These "easy manners" are, I believe, considered entirely "chic" in some circles; but as it was my first call, and I felt shy, I was not long in taking my leave.

My next experience was at Mrs. Z——'s, a clever, busy woman, much occupied by political meetings and committees. She happened, just as I was ushered in,

to be herself escorting some friends to the door, and she is very short-sighted.

"Did you want anything?" she said kindly, coming up to me. "A hospital ticket, perhaps?"

I fled incontinently.

Twilight was coming on. I began to feel weary, and it occurred to me that a cup of tea would not be inappropriate. With this end in view, I bethought myself of some fashionable relatives of mine who lived close by. I arrived, as I thought, at their house in Eaton Square (but I was not quite certain about the number) and was ushered upstairs. To my horror, who should advance towards me but an old couple whom I had never in my life seen before! The ground reeled under me. Was I in a dream? But they seemed to think they knew me.

"We have not met since that delightful bazaar, Miss C——," the old lady said.

"And how well you acted your part in the farce!" cried the old gentleman.

Whom in the name of wonder did they take me for? At first I thought I would explain, and then—no, I would carry it through. They were most kind and hospitable, but—how in the world I got through that bad five minutes I shall never know.

It was raining when I got outside, and again tea occurred to me. I found my cousin's house at last. It took at least three powdered footmen to escort me up the marble stairs, and when I had got there I wished myself heartily anywhere else. Several people were present, all presumably in the same "set." They talked and laughed vociferously, and my hostess, after greeting me, paid me no more attention. After I had discussed the rival climates of Folkestone and Dover with a neglected old lady very earnestly for five minutes, all the party rose.

"I am so sorry," said my cousin, coming up to me, "that you won't have any tea. What a pity you have to go so soon! Only just a glimpse, wasn't it? The carriage is at the door. What! we can't drop you anywhere? Well, good-bye."

I came away tea-less and misanthropical. It rained still harder, and I suddenly remembered Mary N——, who lived in one of the sad little streets near by. Hers was no "bijou residence," but a poor little ordinary abode, of the kind usually let as "genteel apartments," which have such a plaintive air of having "known better days." Yet the house told of Mary's charm. The ugly door was painted white; there were flowers—early as it was in the year—in the window-boxes, and Mary's nice little maid stood smiling in the doorway to welcome me. Mary herself could not come to meet me. She was still young, but year by year she lay uncomplainingly in her pretty room, not able to move, nearly always suffering, and yet always bright and happy. Her face glowed when she saw me—she was always delighted to see a friend—and she flung away the books and papers which surrounded her.

"Mary," I said solemnly, "I've come to protest."

"Against what?" said Mary, smiling.

"Against making calls. It's a pure waste of time."

"I don't know," Mary said. "It seems to me I should get on very badly if no one called on *me*."

"You're different," I said; and then I proceeded to tell her of my afternoon's experiences.

"Well, I must own that to-day you've been particularly unfortunate. It doesn't always happen so."

"It very seldom happens that a call is really congenial," I grumbled. "I never come away feeling any the better for my visits. Oh, I know what you mean." Here I caught sight of a gleam of fun on Mary's face. "You think that is not the primary object of calling; you think that it is probably I who am unsympathetic——"

"Not unsympathetic to *me*," Mary interrupted sweetly; "but I think you *do* expect too much from people. One should be content with what they have to give. One can't expect," she added thoughtfully,

"'WE HAVE NOT MET SINCE THAT DELIGHTFUL BAZAAR.'"

"that everybody should be made on the same pattern. And even if one doesn't like it, it is good for one to make visits; otherwise, one loses 'the sweet habit of kindness.'"

"Yes, there's something in that," I cried eagerly. "Sometimes, when I've had a bad cold and haven't paid calls for a few weeks, I feel myself getting quite crusted, and I shrink from going out more than ever."

"I know: I have felt it too," Mary replied thoughtfully, "after one of my bad turns. Unsociability grows on what it feeds, and we mustn't encourage it. And, do you know, sometimes I've felt that the most tiresome people—people I've really felt to be quite bores at the time—have given me a kind of mental fillip, and brought me out of myself and my grievances."

"I wonder," I said thoughtfully, "why calls don't make *me* feel so? Perhaps you're right—I don't set about it in the right spirit. But one gets *so* tired of calls—calls when people don't want to see you—calls when you only hope they won't be at home—calls when it's a question of one's husband's interest—calls when the boys are home from school—calls when it's 'the children's hour'——"

"*I* should like 'the children's hour,'" put in Mary tenderly.

"Well," I said, beginning to regain my self-respect, "London isn't so bad as the provinces or the colonies as regards calling. There it amounts almost to a curse. A cousin of mine is married to a barrister out there, and—only imagine!—a very vulgar woman complained to her husband—a rich, powerful solicitor—that my cousin had 'cut her dead' in the street. The husband actually wrote and threatened to withdraw his patronage unless the matter were satisfactorily explained. And my poor cousin is as short-sighted as a bat, and never saw the dreadful woman at all. Such things couldn't happen in England."

Mary smiled.

"No," she said; "we are often rude and ill-bred, but that is a depth we don't sink to."

"Well, things are quite bad enough here. Days at home," I went on, "are my greatest bugbears. People living in the suburbs declare themselves 'at home' on one particular day in the week. Sometimes they have the assurance to announce themselves as only at home 'the fifth Monday in the month'; and how *can* you be expected to remember that? If you *don't* go on their 'day,' it's not considered polite; and if you *do*, you simply don't see them at all—only a number of their friends; and people *never* like each other's friends."

"It's very hard on you," Mary replied smilingly; "and really I begin to think that I am a lucky person. I am never called upon to endure these woes, and I can yet have nice friends who come to see *me*."

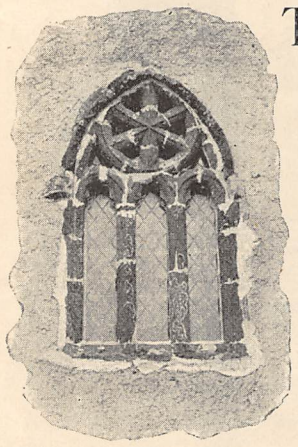
I felt a pang of inward shame.

"Mary," I said, "I'm a brute. I won't say any more."

And here tea came in, and we had the cosiest happiest time together—the tea served in the prettiest little Oriental cups, with the kettle simmering on the hob, and the Persian cat purring at Mary's feet. I felt as if I had left the cruel world outside for a peaceful haven.

A TRIP TO ST. KILDA.

A PRIZE PAPER BY THE REV. R. C. MACLEOD. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.



EAST WINDOW, RODEL.

THERE was a saintly man once, a hard-working parson, who, in the presence of his bishop, was deploring the wickedness of his clerical neighbours who one and all took an annual holiday. "Now I," he went on, "have not slept out of my own parish for fifteen years."

He waited for an episcopal benediction. It came, but not quite in the form expected.

"Oh, your poor parishioners!" said the bishop with exquisite humour.

I am not a saintly man, but I have a fond and tender regard for the welfare of my poor parishioners; and so it comes to pass that I religiously go away for a few weeks every year.

My 1893 holiday was fairly begun when the scene opens. The good ship *Flowerdale* was coming slowly into the quay at Dunvegan, in the Island of Skye, one lovely June evening. I, the parson, was standing, camera in hand, taking a shot at a group on the shore; my brother, the captain, was leaning over the bows meditating.

"Are you coming?" reaches us across the water in three girlish voices.

"Yes," goes back in two stentorian basses.

The owners of the three voices make signs of great joy.

We, the parson and the captain, had been somewhat taken aback when we went on board the *Flowerdale* at six in the morning, by reading the contents of a note from one of our nieces at Dunvegan, which was handed to us by the captain.

She suggested that we should get up at five the following morning, and start for Harris in order to join the *Dunara Castle*, and go in her to St. Kilda.

We had travelled up to Oban by rail the previous day from the South of England, and, tired mortals that we were, were looking forward to a long night's rest with much satisfaction.

We discussed the question, and, not without certain pangs at the idea of again getting up at five in the morning, decided that we would be good, self-sacrificing uncles and go ; and hence the affirmative answer which filled the hearts of those girls with joy. Certainly, if virtue was ever rewarded, it was so on this occasion.

At six o'clock the following morning we were on board the *Lochiel*, snuggest of West Highland steamers, and shaking hands with Captain MacNiel, most genial and charming of mariners, and a few minutes later we were steaming out of the loch.

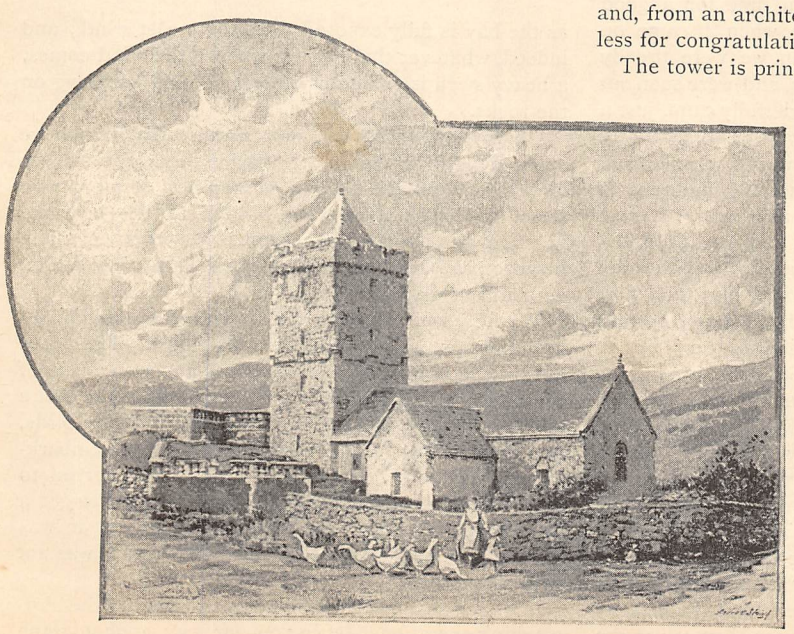
The Minch for once was absolutely calm, and our voyage was most enjoyable. In due course we arrived at Rodel, in Harris. Here the first thing to be done was to send our impedimenta on to Obbe, where we meant to pass the night. We found that the vehicle dignified with the name of Her Majesty's Mail was a sort of chaos of wheels, torn basket-work, and rotten wood. It had probably many years ago been a lady's basket carriage, but now it really was the most wonderful contrivance to be still used that was ever beheld by mortal eyes. Into this we packed our baggage. This was not a very easy business, because, among other misfortunes which had occurred to this ancient carriage, the bottom had come out, and the moment you tried to put anything in, it fell through on to the road.

However, we were in light marching order, and it is wonderful what patience and string will do, so at last we had the satisfaction of seeing this wonderful vehicle start on its way. Here at Rodel, we came across Mr. X——, the agent for the estate of South Harris, who made himself very agreeable, and volunteered to guide us to the church, and show us the most remarkable objects of interest there. I fancy this most interesting building owes its erection to a community of monks, who were settled here in the Middle Ages.

M'LEOD'S TOMB AT RODEL.

It had lain in ruins for many years, until it was roofed in and made fit for Divine service some time ago ; but this was done without any attempt being made to restore it in harmony with the original design, and, from an architectural point of view, is a matter less for congratulation than regret.

The tower is principally remarkable for the figures carved on it ; they are very various. Two are human forms supposed to be very ancient, possibly emblems of some forgotten pagan worship, worked into the walls. Besides these are a bishop or abbot, a sheep, a bull's head, and a dog's head. The east window is a small but beautiful specimen of the Decorated style. Inside are several tombs of the McLeods, the ancient lords of the soil. The most remarkable is the tomb of Alister Crotach, or hump-backed Alexander, dated 1528. It is very richly adorned with carving ; above are figures supposed to represent the twelve Apostles ; on the main portion of the tomb, amongst



RODEL.

armorial bearings and other emblems, is a curious bas-relief. This represents Satan weighing the sins and good deeds of the deceased in a balance; the latter, of course, outweighs the former to the evident disgust of his Satanic Majesty, and to the joy of some angels who are standing round.

Beneath is the effigy of a knight in armour. The inscription runs as follows: "Hic locutur Alexander filius vilmi MacClod dno de Dunbegan anno dei mccccxxviii."

After spending some time sketching and photographing, we went to the house for tea, and then toiled over to Obbe. We had with commendable prudence kept with us our mackintoshes, so with them to carry, besides our cameras and sketching materials, we were rather heavily laden; and to make matters worse, we found that the driver of the mail had left our things at the post-office, a mile short of the coffee-house in which we were to pass the night.

However, we carried part of the luggage ourselves, and chartered a very small boy to carry the rest, who turned out to be a perfect Hercules, and staggered along beneath a burden of two bags and a lot of rugs, to the admiration of all beholders.

Never was a more glorious sunset seen, and we remained out till eleven o'clock or past, watching the ever-changing colours which were brilliantly reflected in the calm waters of the Sound of Harris. The next morning was blazing hot, but we spent the forenoon profitably enough, with the help of camera and sketch-book, and talking to the natives, who were, like all Highlanders, most charming fellows. They were very busy taking some cattle over to the islands in a boat, and it was very amusing to watch the battle between some very determined stirks on the one side, and an army of men and dogs on the other.

About one o'clock the steamer, the *Dunara Castle*, came in. We got on board just in time for a good dinner, and, as we started at once, when I came on deck after refreshing the inner man, we were already nearly through the Sound of Harris, and were soon out on the great Atlantic. It was wonderfully calm, just a little swell, and that was all. We were nearly half-way across the fifty miles which separate St. Kilda from the Long Island, before we saw something like a man's hand on the horizon, which, hazy as it was, we knew must be St. Kilda. An hour more, and we could distinguish the main island straight ahead, and Boreray (a small rocky island) on our starboard bow, and now we rapidly closed in with the land. It was getting late, but the light was good, so I used all the plates in my dark slides on hand-camera shots as we ran in, and had to retire to a sort of black hole of Calcutta, beneath the saloon floor, to put in a fresh supply. By the time I came on deck we were at anchor within the wondrous Dun, the small island which protects the bay upon the south, and the boats to take us on shore were in the water.

The village, which consists of the church, the manse, a store, and sixteen houses, is built facing the sea in one long row, each house separated from the next by a space of a few yards. The houses themselves are built of stone, and roofed with felt, and are certainly very superior in comfort to the black hut of the Skye or mainland crofter. Behind this row of houses is a steep hill, rising to a height of about 1,200 feet. The landing-place is on the north side of the bay, on the extreme right of the village as you look at it from the sea; below the houses is a beach of beautiful white sand. Landing is sometimes impossible in St. Kilda,

UNLOADING CARGO.

as the bay is fully exposed to a south-east wind; and indeed, whatever the quarter whence the wind comes, a heavy swell is generally rolling in and breaking on the rocks.

On my previous visit, twenty years ago, though we spent a week lying on a yacht in the bay, we never landed without the help of a number of men, who stood ready on the rocks to haul up the boat the moment she touched the shore. On this occasion, however, we had unheard-of good luck, and landed without any difficulty.

We were soon shaking hands with the whole population of the island, some seventy souls. The older ones can talk no English, but the younger members of the community speak it well. We expressed the desire to see a man go over the rocks and catch some birds, and though they had on hand a heavy job, disembarking the goods brought by the steamer, two agreed to show off. Before leaving the shore we tried to get a photograph of a number of the people, but it was getting on for half-past eight and the result was not very satisfactory.

We then started off to the proposed scene of the bird-catching operations, getting on our way a photograph

of the village, with some huge stone fences in the foreground. On the hillside we noticed large numbers of hive-shaped little buildings, which we were told were used as silos. There are said to be thirty thousand of them on the island, so that whenever the grass is cut there may be always a silo handy, to put it in. It is remarkable that the inhabitants of a remote island like St. Kilda should have been practising from time immemorial a method of preserving grass, which agriculturists in more highly-civilised parts of the world are only now beginning to look on as a practicable one.

We had a stiffish climb, but were amply rewarded when, on reaching the top, there suddenly burst upon us one of the most wonderful sights I ever saw. We found ourselves standing on the edge of a perpendicular precipice, which even in its lowest parts rises to a height of 800 feet above the sea ; to the right and left of us towered pinnacles of rock, some hundreds of feet higher still, and in front of us the strange rocky shapes of Boreray rising out of the boundless ocean. A good-sized brig was lying becalmed between us and Boreray, but she looked like a child's toy ship from the top of the cliffs on which we stood.

As we climbed upwards it had seemed almost dark in the shadow of the hill, but when we reached the summit it was like going into some brilliantly-lit place, for, though the sun was set in the north-west, the glorious glow of a Highland sunset was still blazing in the sky, and reflected in the smooth water.

We gazed on the wondrous scene in silence for a minute or two, till we were joined by the two men who were to show us their prowess as cragsmen. They selected a jutting-out piece of rock where their proceedings could be easily seen. One of the men stood at the top holding on to the rope, the other, barefooted, literally proceeded to walk down the face of the cliff.

The rope is an innovation only used within the last twelve years, and since its introduction no accidents have occurred. The fowler carried in his hand a slender stick about ten or twelve feet long, to the end of which was attached a noose. On ledges of the rock were large numbers of birds, mainly fulmar petrels, a bird which defends himself by spitting an offensive but valuable oil at anyone who comes near him.

Selecting one of these, the cragsman dropped the noose over its head, and caught it round the neck. Had he been on regular fowling work, he would have allowed the bird to spit the oil into a leather receptacle carried round the waist, wrung the bird's neck, suspended him at his side, and continued his work. As it was he came up again, bringing the bird with him.

He seemed to look on the feat as we should look on a little walk across the street, and, indeed, I fancy, now the rope is used, there is no danger ; but a man wants a good head and practice from childhood if he is to be a first-rate cragsman. We had a long talk with the two men, and then came down, going on the way to see a very ancient underground dwelling, supposed to date from prehistoric times. Before going on board we went to see a man who was very ill. I fear they were rather disappointed that our medical skill was not equal to diagnosing the case. As we walked to the shore we met several women marching along, burdened with sacks of meal weighing two hundred and twenty pounds, which they seemed to carry with perfect ease.

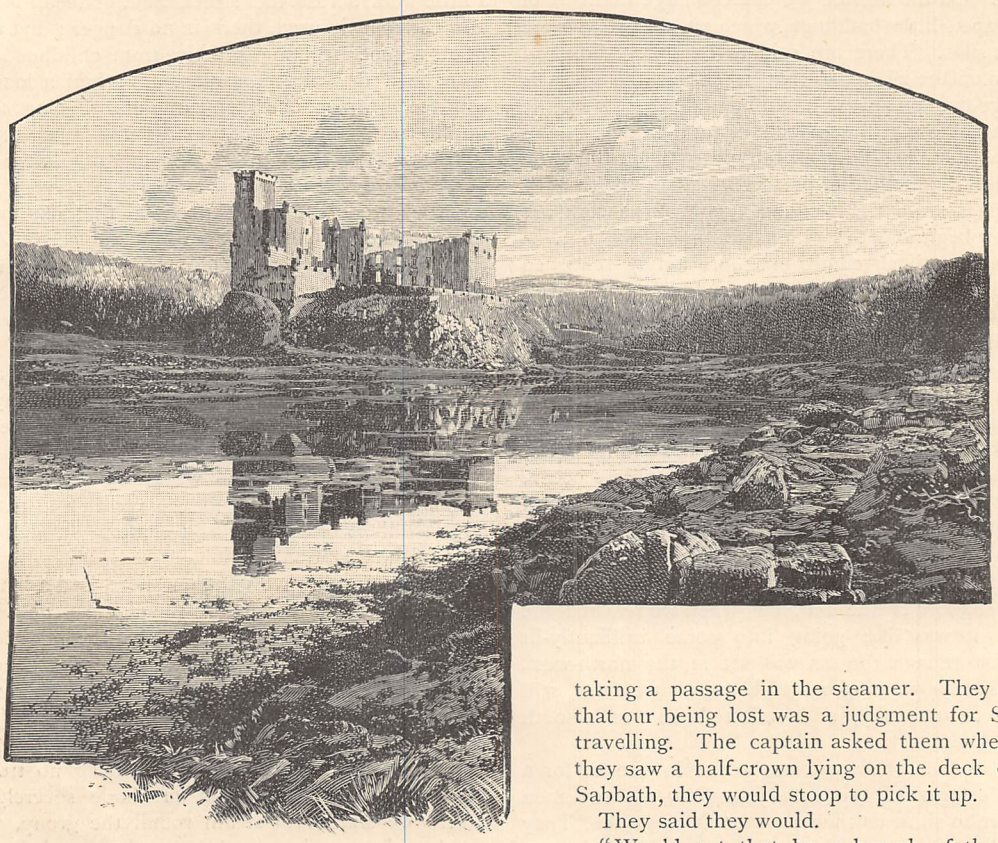
All hands were hard at work landing cargo, as the steamer people wanted to get away the next day, and that being a Sunday all must be landed before midnight, or they must wait till Monday morning.

When we got on board we found the passengers busy fishing over the side of the vessel, and catching large numbers of cod, ling and skate. St. Kilda is a grand fishing station.

Sunday morning we went on shore, had a long talk with the minister, and saw some of the people. The population are all Free Church, and the minister belongs, of course, to that denomination ; he is schoolmaster and doctor as well, and must lead a terribly solitary life, for he is the only highly-educated man on the island.

It was a very hot day, and there being no trees on St. Kilda we felt the want of shade severely. At twelve we started to steam round the group, which consists of the main island, Dun, Soay and Boreray. I suppose there is no finer rock scenery in the world. The outline of the Dun, which is separated from the

AT UIG.



DUNVEGAN CASTLE.

main island by a very narrow channel, is simply magnificent.

At one point the rock is pierced by a tunnel. Crowds of seabirds of all sorts are to be seen on every ledge of the rocks, and swimming on the sea.

It is difficult to exaggerate the magnificence of the rocks, both on the principal island and on Soay ; and when we came to those precipices down which we had seen a man go the preceding evening, we could hardly believe that the descent could be possible, and that we had ourselves seen it done.

Our circuit of the islands completed, the vessel's head was put towards the east, and in a short time St. Kilda was lost in the haze of a summer day.

And soon we were lost also. The haze grew thicker and thicker until it almost deserved the name of a fog, and when land became visible the hills were certainly not those near the entrance to the Sound of Harris. Our dead reckoning had played us false, but whether we were too far north or too far south no one on board could say.

The captain consulted two St. Kilda men who were taking a passage in the steamer. They opined that our being lost was a judgment for Sunday travelling. The captain asked them whether, if they saw a half-crown lying on the deck on the Sabbath, they would stoop to pick it up.

They said they would.

"Would not that be a breach of the fourth commandment ?" inquired the captain.

"Oh, no," they replied, "that would just be a gift from the Lord."

Having thus protested against the wickedness of the whole thing, they said they thought we were too far north, so in accordance with their advice we steered a southerly course, and soon found that they were right, and after a delightful voyage came alongside the pier at East Loch Torbet about eleven at night.

When we came on deck on Monday morning we were on our way across the Minch back to Skye. We spent several hours at Uig, taking in and putting out cargo, which I profitably spent photographing, getting several shots at the boats alongside, the groups of passengers on the deck, and the men engaged in working the cargo.

After further delays at Stein and Colbost we finally arrived at Dunvegan about five in the evening. I would I had space to tell of the happy weeks we spent there, but, alas ! it is denied ; and certainly among the pleasant days of my summer holiday those which stand out in my memory as the brightest of all were those spent on the trip to St. Kilda.

A CORRECTED ERROR.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"Can two walk together except they be agreed?"

"MR. FENTON, you are not coming with me, are you?"

Mr. Fenton, in the act of getting into his great coat, turned, and saw two young ladies descending the stairs. A tall, slenderly-built man he was, with dark hair and moustache and fine hazel-coloured eyes, fringed with lashes so long and silky, that you wondered if Nature had mistaken him for a woman. But there was no suspicion of effeminacy about the face, and the firm chin showed that he possessed in no small degree the power of making up his mind.

He struggled into the second sleeve. "If you have no objection. You haven't, I hope?"

"Oh no," she replied; and he stood waiting for her as she fastened her glove, and drew down from under her sleeve a gold bangle that she always wore.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," she said, with a little smile and upward lift of the eyelashes, and then she turned to the other lady, who, a half smile on her lips, was standing watching them.

"Good-bye, Bessie. Come and see me soon."

"As soon as I can. Good-bye, dear;" and they went out, and Bessie shut the door behind them.

Evelyn Maynard and her companion walked away together. It was a December night; the moon was full, but every now and then was hidden by wild-looking clouds that were driving across the sky. The bare branches of the trees were moving in ceaseless unrest, and the sound was like the roar of the surf breaking on the beach at Colombo.

A sense of exhilaration took possession of Evelyn. "Isn't it a grand night?" she said, turning up her face to the sky, and as the moon emerged from a cloud Alec saw the sparkle in her eye and the colour on her cheek.

"Yes; I like to be out when there's a strong wind blowing. It seems to lift one out of one's self."

"Yes, perhaps," she said dreamily. "Do you like," she went on, "being lifted out of yourself?"

"I do," he replied, with intense feeling. "I often wish I could take some—what's the word?—potion, to separate soul from body for a time—a kind of Jekyll-Hyde business."

"Oh, please," she said, with a merry laugh, "be Dr. Jekyll when I come to see Bessie, for I should not like to think that Mr. Hyde and I were under the same roof."

"Don't be afraid; I will never be Mr. Hyde when you come. But really, have you never felt that?"

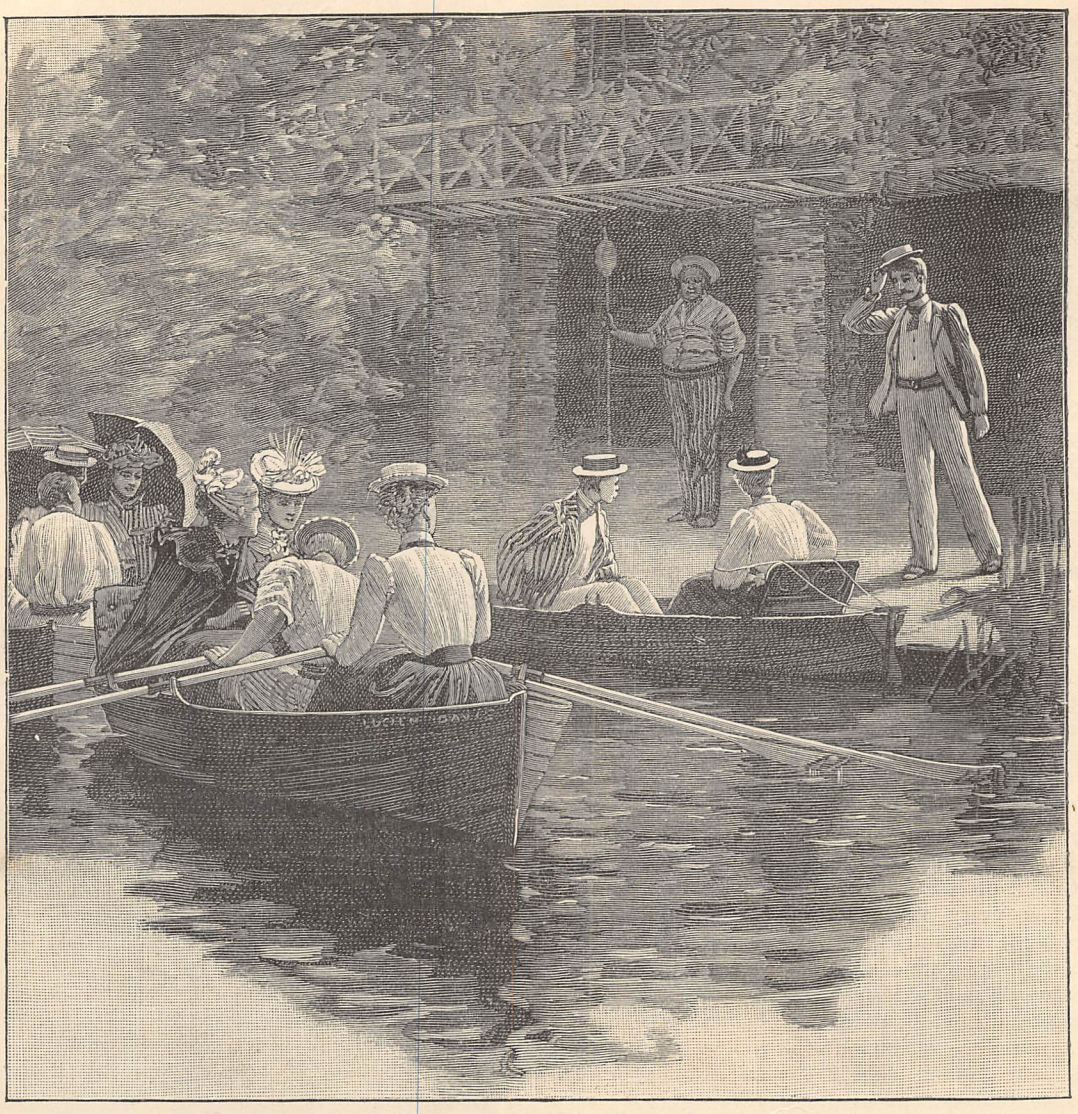
"What?" she asked.

"That you are tired of yourself, and your thoughts and desires, and everything connected with you, and would like to start fresh."

"Yes," she said, "many times; and I have wished I could go to sleep for a year, and awake with my brain all cleared out, and made nice and tidy, ready to begin fresh, as you say."

"I should have thought you——" and then he stopped, and said no more.

"'YOU ARE NOT COMING WITH ME, ARE YOU?'"



"'JUST IN TIME, YOU SEE'" (*p.* 268).

"What would you have thought? Tell me."

"No; it's better left unsaid;" and he drew in his breath deeply, and they walked on in silence.

"Have you been to see the pictures?" he asked abruptly.

There was an exhibition then open, and in the little town where they lived a good collection of paintings was something to be noticed and remembered. His natural manner had returned to him, and his emotion, whatever its cause, had passed.

"Yes, I have often, and hope to go a good many times more before the end. Do you like the Rossettis?"

"N—no," he said doubtfully; "and yet I don't know. Sometimes I do, and then the next time I see them they irritate me. What is your feeling?"

"As a whole, I admire them immensely. I did laugh the other day," she went on, laughing again at the remembrance; "I was looking at 'Dante's Dream,' when two ladies came up behind me. 'There they are,' said one, with a comprehensive wave of her hand: 'there are the Rossettis, and I hate them every one.'"

"I admire that woman," he said. "I should like to know her; we should get on well together. 'Hate them every one,'" he repeated, with a laugh. "How many people would dare to say it, even if they felt it?"

"The picture I like best of all," he said presently, "is 'Love Among the Ruins'; do you know it?"

"'Burne-Jones,' you mean? Yes, indeed, I know it. I could hardly tear myself away from it when

I first saw it. But it nearly made me cry," she added comically.

"I am too cynical and hardened to cry," he said; "but if anything could move me to tears, it would be that picture."

"Mr. Fenton, I do not think you are either cynical *or* hardened—well, yes, perhaps you are a *little* cynical," she said, looking up at him mischievously; "but all that would soon vanish if——" and now she stopped abruptly, and said no more.

"If what?" he asked eagerly.

But she shook her head. "No," she said archly; "you would not tell me what you were going to say a minute ago, and now it's my turn," and she shut her mouth as if it were never to be opened again.

They walked on for some minutes in silence. The moon seemed to have scattered the clouds, and she shone out with pure light, all round her a clear stretch of sky, where one or two stars were twinkling, but so faintly as hardly to be visible.

"Have you ever been to Chester, Miss Maynard?" he asked.

"Yes; I was there last year. We rowed up the Dee to Eaton."

"Just what I did. I had tea at Eaton. I don't know if Bess has told you that we intend to go in extensively for pic-nics this summer?"

Evelyn nodded.

"And Chester—or rather, the Dee, with Eaton for goal—is a fine place for a pic-nic."

"I think so," she replied. "I was there in May, and I never saw anything more lovely than the hawthorn. All the way to Eaton the fields were full of it; it looked as if a bag of flour had been emptied over the trees; and the bends of the river are exquisite."

"Well, if Bessie and I get up a pic-nic, say in the beginning of May, will you come?"

"You're making your plans in good time," she said laughingly. "I have certainly no engagements for May. I think it will be delightful, and I will come with pleasure. Many thanks to you, sir," with a coquettish little smile, "for your kind invitation: which I suppose is Bessie's also?"

"Of course," he replied hastily; and just then a gentleman passing them raised his hat to Evelyn, and Fenton had time to see that he was tall and good-looking.

"That gentleman was with us at Chester," Evelyn said, when he had passed.

"Was he? Who is he?—I beg your pardon, Miss Maynard, that was an impertinent question; don't answer it."

"Perhaps it was," she said mischievously, "but I will answer it, all the same. He is a Mr. Haworth. He rowed well, I remember, and I also remember his cap blew off into the water, and so for the whole of the rest of the time he had to sit in the blazing sun, with no hat on."

"I should think he got a headache," Alec said drily.

"He did—splitting. Well, Mr. Fenton, I'm much obliged to you for having protected me home," she said, stopping in front of a pretty ivy-covered house.

"Are we here already?" he asked in surprise. "I did not think we had come so quickly."

"Yes," she said, "this is home; at least, it was when I came out a few hours ago. Good-night; thank you very much for coming with me."

"It was a pleasure to me," he said quietly, and in a minute he was retracing his steps, seeming to feel on his hand the touch of her fingers.

Evelyn Maynard went straight up to her room. She turned up the gas, and then she walked to the mirror, and looked earnestly into it. She studied the face reflected in the glass for a long minute, and noted the sparkling eyes and glow of colour in the cheeks, and then she gave a quick, impatient sigh, and turned abruptly away.

The door opened, and a lady entered—Evelyn's mother, you could have told at a glance.

"You are late, dear?" she said questioningly. "Did you walk?"

"Yes; Mr. Fenton was with me."

"Oh!" and an almost imperceptible frown knitted Mrs. Maynard's forehead. "It was very good of him, but really I think you are old enough to come home alone."

Evelyn coloured, but said nothing, and moved about the room, putting away hat and jacket.

"Mr. Haworth was here this evening," Mrs. Maynard said, as her daughter bade her good-night, an hour later.

"Oh, was he?" Evelyn said, with a slightly conscious look. "We—that is, Mr. Fenton and I—met him."

"I asked him to come again some evening soon. He was sorry you were out."

"Was he?" Evelyn muttered, as she ran up the stairs. "I'm not."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"O hard, when love and duty clash!"

It was late when Mr. Fenton reached home, and on his road he consigned many cigarettes to Smokeland.

All the way he was thinking of Evelyn, and all the way "her face before him lived," and truly sweeter face could no man look on.

The soft cheeks, tinted with a delicate colour; the mouth, pretty in repose, but prettier when she smiled; the eyes, of that shade of dark grey which is so lovely and so seldom seen, with their drooping lids that gave to them a curious expression of dreaminess; and crowning the little head masses of brown hair tinged here and there with gold—take all these together, and you have some idea of Evelyn Maynard's outward appearance. But what constituted the greatest charm of her face was her expression of pure, true womanliness—of a soul that was turned towards the light.

On his first meeting with her, a year ago, Alec had been struck with her, and recognised in her something that marked her out from other girls. Since then the subtle influence of her sweetness, her brightness, her

whole personality, had gained over him an ever-increasing power, until now he could hide from himself no longer the fact that he loved her. He had fought against it, and had been vanquished.

And now the question arose: "Shall I tell her? Will it be honourable to tell her?"

This was his difficulty:—She, the only child of a wealthy merchant, had been left, at her father's death, in possession of a comfortable little competency; and he—he was only a young solicitor, with undoubtedly prospects of the best, but in the meantime with no income to justify him in thinking of marriage. If he did tell her all his love, he could only say, "I hope one day to be rich; will you wait for me?"

And if he kept to himself the secret of his heart, he might see her won by some man more blessed by fortune than himself, and then his prospects would be realised: he would be taken into partnership, and it would be all to him as apples of Sodom.

Never a word of love had he spoken to her. It was only recently that the great truth had blazed before him, and he did not know if she cared for him in the very smallest degree.

He called up her face before his mind's eye, remembered her upward glance as she said he was cynical, recalled the tender expression as she spoke of the picture that had moved her, thought of the thousand and one charms that seemed to him different from those of all other girls, and a great stab of pain struck through his heart.

"I must tell her," he broke out. "I cannot give her up!"

It was late when he reached home, and Bessie had gone to bed, so he repaired to his own peculiar sanctum—called the Study and the Den impartially—and wrestled with himself, and strove for strength to do the right.

Ever since their mother's death—their father had died when they were children—Bessie had been his friend and confidante, and they had few secrets from one another; but now Alec felt he could not confide even in Bessie, and so he fought with his difficulty alone.

At last the first of May had come. A letter was on Evelyn's plate when she came down to breakfast, and she smiled as she read it.

"Bessie wants me to go with them to a pic-nic on the eighteenth," she said. "It is to Chester and up the Dee."

"I suppose you must go," Mrs. Maynard said fretfully, "though it's far too early for a pic-nic. It is certain to be wet."

"In the end of May, mother?" and Evelyn's eyebrows were lifted incredulously. "I don't think it is too early. It will be very jolly!" and she smiled, but the next minute she sighed.

For she, too, had a troubled heart, and her trouble was this: that she knew that insensibly her interest in Alec Fenton was developing into something of a warmer nature, and—and this was the kernel of the trouble—he did not care for her: she was sure he did not. She had seen him once or twice since that evening in December, and though he had been apparently calmly pleased to see her, and agreeable and friendly, he had been nothing more. If she had only known it, the truth was that he was slowly coming to the decision that, though it cost him his life's happiness, not one word would he say to show her what he felt towards her till he could say, "Will you be my wife? I can make a home for you now."

And Evelyn, in accordance with all the rules of etiquette, dared not let him know anything of the feeling to him that lay hidden at the bottom of her heart, needing only a word from him to kindle it into love.

A few evenings after she had written to Bessie, accepting the invitation, Mr. Haworth was announced. Mrs. Maynard was out, and Evelyn, with some dismay, saw herself launched on a *tête-à-tête*.

Frank Haworth—"the only son of his mother, and she was a widow"—was partner in an engineering firm, and, everybody said, was "making a good thing of it." He was good-looking, good-tempered, and unmarried, but he had determined that he would not long continue in that state, and the lady whom he meant to make his wife was Evelyn. He had a happy confidence in his own powers, and it had not occurred to him that women do not *always* accept offers of marriage.

Evelyn had long been aware that he admired her: he had plainly shown that; but until this evening she had never thought that he felt for her more than admiration; but before Mrs. Maynard, in silks and laces, rustled into the room, he had shown, in those countless little ways that it is so easy to see and so hard to describe, that she was the one woman for him.

That night Evelyn went up to her room with her feeling towards Alec Fenton in no wise changed, but thinking that, whether returned or no, the love of an upright man like Mr. Haworth was, after all, something to raise one's self-respect, and not to be lightly despised.

The eighteenth of May came—as glorious a day as heart could wish—and our friends were assembled at the Chester landing-stage, waiting for the boats. They were a party of some twelve in number, and included Mrs. Maynard and another lady of respectable middle age to act as chaperones to the young people.

Seats were quickly taken, and Mrs. Maynard's brow contracted as she saw that of the third boat Evelyn and Fenton were the only occupants. She was annoyed, and was casting about for a plan by which to break up the *tête-à-tête*, when suddenly a gentleman, clad in irreproachable flannels, came out from the dressing-room and ran down to the water.

"Good-morning, Miss Maynard. Just in time, you see. Is there room for me here?" and without waiting for an answer, Mr. Haworth stepped into the boat and took an oar, and the frown vanished from Mrs. Maynard's forehead.

He had been invited, it seemed, by one of the gentlemen—"Jim there," he said, nodding towards a young fellow in the first boat—and had declined, owing

to an engagement. At the last moment, however, he had found that he could come ; "And here I am, you see," he said, with a smile.

Evelyn introduced the two gentlemen, and then they shoved off and followed the other boats up the river, the sky as blue as sapphire and the water sparkling like diamonds.

Poor Alec ! His visions of a two hours' talk with Evelyn all dissipated !

He inwardly raged against "Jim there" for inviting this man, and against the man for coming, and, not least, against himself for being so foolish as to care how many people were in the boat with him and Evelyn.

But he showed nothing of all this, and outwardly was the type of nonchalance ; but Evelyn now and then noticed a strange compression of his lips, and wondered what it meant.

Mr. Haworth was in grand spirits, and talked so well and so much that there was scarcely opportunity for Alec to speak, even had he been so minded.

"A MINUTE LATER ALEC APPEARED" (*p.* 270).

He rowed stroke, and so was spared the infliction of the sight of this unwelcome guest, but his voice close to his ear and his merry laugh were all to Alec as gall and wormwood.

Evelyn sat in the stern, holding the rudder-strings, and looking more charming, Alec thought, than he had ever seen her. He did not know how she was dressed. She had on something of dark blue, he thought, and he remembered afterwards that he had noticed her little white hat, but he saw few details. He only knew that she was sitting opposite him, the

sweetest being in the world to him; and one day she would be this man's wife, for he soon guessed, from one or two things that Haworth said, that his only reason for joining the pic-nic had been to see Evelyn. And of course she would accept him: good-looking, agreeable, rich—what more could a girl desire?

"Confound the want of money!" he muttered, and he rowed on in grim silence, and the other two chatted and laughed.

And Evelyn? She was, on the whole, relieved that her solitary time with Alec had been prevented. If she had thought that he cared for her only a little, then it would all have been different, but as it was, she told herself she was glad Mr. Haworth had come. He was certainly very agreeable; she had had no idea he could talk so well. He was a great contrast to Mr. Fenton, who sat silent, rowing with powerful regular stroke. She was afraid he was ill—he had hardly spoken a word since they had started.

"Don't you feel well, Mr. Fenton?" she asked, leaning forward and speaking low, so that the question should be unheard by Mr. Haworth.

He flushed like a girl. "No; I have a bad headache."

"Oh, I am sorry!" she said, with swift sympathy; "and rowing will make it worse. Let Mr. Haworth do it all: we are not a heavy load."

"No, no, thank you," he said hastily. "I shall perhaps be better soon;" and so at last they reached Eaton.

A merry luncheon party was held on the river's bank under the trees, and then the guests broke up into knots of twos and threes—but mostly twos—and strolled away over the soft grass, white and yellow with daisies and buttercups.

"Miss Maynard, didn't I hear you say you wanted some hawthorn?" Mr. Haworth asked.

"Yes," she said eagerly. "Have you got any?"

"No; but if you will come and show me which bits you'd like, I'll gather them for you. Hawthorn is thorny, you know, and you might prick yourself."

Evelyn glanced round quickly, wondering where Alec was, but he was not to be seen, and she and Frank strolled away together.

A minute later Alec appeared, carrying a great bunch of hawthorn, a mass of white flower and delicate pinky buds.

"Oh, Alec, how lovely!" said Bessie. "Where did you get it?"

"Over there," he said, jerking back his head. "Miss Maynard said she wanted some, so I thought I'd get it," he said carelessly. "Where is she? do you know?"

One of the guests laughed; she was a fair young lady, with impudent nose.

"I'm afraid you're rather late, Mr. Fenton. Mr. Haworth has gone with Evelyn to gather the hawthorn."

Alec was equal to the occasion. "Has he?" he said coolly. "Then there's all the more for you;" and he put the bunch into the girl's hand and strode away.

He flung himself down under a beech-tree, and stared moodily in front of him, seeing neither river, nor blue sky, nor trees, nor sunshine.

He was roused by hearing voices behind him, on the further side of a tangled thicket of hawthorn and elder. He could see no one through the leafy screen, and the murmur went on unheeded by him, till he suddenly heard his own name.

"I was afraid, for a time, that that young fellow, Fenton, was too fond of her."

"Afraid!" struck in another voice. "Why? he's a clever man."

"Oh, I dare say," contemptuously; "but look at his position—a young solicitor, with no income to speak of. It would have meant an indefinitely long engagement."

"And you would prefer that Evelyn married Mr. Haworth?"

"Most decidedly; in fact, I could never have consented to the other affair. Now, Frank Haworth is most desirable, and not so alarmingly clever as that young Fenton."

"Does Evelyn love him? I should have thought she would have preferred a man like Alec Fenton."

"Well, I've never asked her," with a laugh; "but no girl in her senses would refuse Frank Haworth. And I did not say *she* cared for Mr. Fenton—he's utterly indifferent to her, I'm sure—I said I fancied *he* admired *her*, but I think it has never grown to anything more;" and Mrs. Maynard and her friend walked away, and Alec was left, his ears tingling with shame at having listened, and a sense of hopeless misery in his heart.

He buried his face in his hands, and in five minutes his mind was made up. His decision was the one he had been coming to for the last month or two—the one he knew to be right and honourable.

"Evelyn, Evelyn," he moaned, "you are the only one for me, and I give you up!"

"Mr. Fenton," remarked a vivacious young lady, as they rowed back to Chester, "you are very pale. Have you a headache? or perhaps you've been smoking too much?"

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

"Unless you can think, when the song is done,
No other is soft in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel, when left by One,
That all men beside go with him;
Unless you can know, when unpraised by his breath,
That your beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear—'For life, for death!'—
Oh, fear to call it loving!"

IT was a wild night in the end of November. Evelyn had turned down the gas and drawn back the curtain from the window, and stood watching the round shining face of the moon, which every now and then was covered by masses of cloud that were scudding across the sky. Low down in the west the heavens were clear, and, thrown into strong relief by a background of watery sky, a great elm-tree in front of her window was tossing its branches in mad unrest. She thought of that evening, nearly a year

before, when Alec had walked home with her; that night it had been moonlight, and there had been a strong wind blowing.

"How silly I was then," she thought, and a strange smile parted her lips.

She gazed at the wild sky and the tossing branches, and at last, with a shiver, she drew the curtain again, and returned to her chair by the fire, and there she lay back among the cushions, her bright hair—for she was achieving by slow stages the process of getting ready for bed—falling all round her shoulders, her eyes fixed on the glowing caverns of fire.

An hour before she had bidden good-night to Mr. Haworth, and now she was trying to decide what she was to say to him the next day when she saw him again. For that evening he had asked her to be his wife, and she had said, "I will answer you to-morrow."

She had seen him frequently of late, and had been increasingly attracted to him for his unselfish disposition, his sunny temper, and almost boyish heartiness, and—and be this word written in capitals—for his love to her.

Love, they say, begets love; this may or may not be the case—it is very certain that love begets liking. But it is hard to say where liking ends and love begins, and the question Evelyn was trying to settle was—"Do I love him enough to marry him? Do I love him at all?" And yet, though she scarcely knew it, her mind was practically made up. She pictured herself Frank Haworth's wife, tried to realise how it would feel to be with him year in, year out, and the prospect pleased her; and then, like a breath of icy wind, came the thought, "But do I *love* him?"

She had quite conquered, so she told herself, any partiality she had had for Alec Fenton. She had only seen him once since the pic-nic, and then she remembered she had thought that his cynical turn of mind was strengthening, and he had quoted, with an air of relish, "twenty millions—mostly fools."

And it had been only too clear to her that he did not care for her as anything more than an acquaintance; "and I'm sure," she had said to herself, with a defiant little motion of her head, "I'm not going to give two thoughts to a man who doesn't give one to me."

And now Frank had asked her to marry him. "And I think I know what I shall say to him," she murmured. "Dear Frank! he *is* good; and I do think he is fond of me."

A day or two later, as Alec was going into town, a friend overtook him, and they walked together, talking, like the walrus and the carpenter, "of many things."

"Oh, by the way," said the friend suddenly, "have you heard of the engagement?"

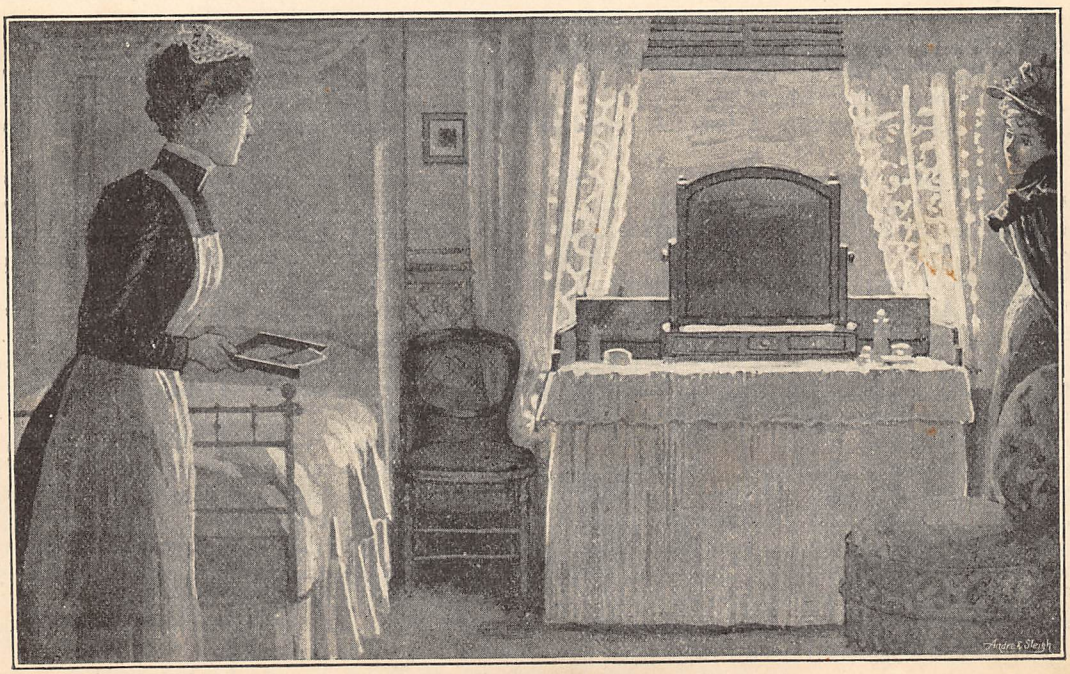
"*The* engagement? No; whose?"

"Evelyn Maynard's—friend of your sister's, isn't she?"

"Oh, Miss Maynard," said Alec, and he secretly wondered at the degree of coolness he achieved in his voice. "Who is the gentleman?"

"A Mr. Haworth, an engineer, I believe. He's lucky, for she's a nice girl;" and Alec felt as if his heart were turned into a lump of stone.

In the evening, as he and Bessie sat in his study, she sewing, he smoking, she cast at him many furtive glances, and at last was on the point of speaking, when he broke the silence.



"'A TELEGRAM FOR MRS. MAYNARD, MISS'" (*p.* 273).

"HE WAS INTENSELY CONSCIOUS OF HER PRESENCE" (*p.* 275).

"Do you know Evelyn is engaged?" he said quietly. Bessie flushed painfully, and her heart beat fast.

"Yes," she said; "she was here to-day."

"When is the wedding to be?"

"Some time in the summer. I don't think the date is fixed."

A long silence ensued, and at length Bessie rose, and as she passed him she put her arm round his neck and kissed him, and he knew that she understood it all.

Alec paced up and down his room till far on into the night. At last he stopped before a drawer where he kept his private papers, and, opening it, he took out two letters—the only ones he had ever had from Evelyn. He gazed at them with a look of wistful sadness that would have brought the tears to the eyes of anyone who could have seen him, and then unflinchingly, but with trembling fingers, he tore them up, and, setting fire to the little pile, watched it burn till nothing was left but a black film. Stumblingly he found his way to his chair, and mechanically filled his pipe. Till streaks of pink were showing in the sky, and the birds in the trees were calling to one another, he sat, silent and motionless, and then, with a start, he came to himself, and realised that his eyes were dim, and that it was an unlighted pipe he had been holding for so long between his lips.

The winter dragged out its weary existence, and at last the spring had come. The thrushes were singing, crocuses and snowdrops were showing above the ground, and the green spears of the daffodils were pushing their way upward to the light.

Evelyn's marriage was fixed to take place in the first week in June, and her young lady acquaintances were beginning to ask various interested questions about the wedding-dress and the bridesmaids she meant to have. And more than one of the girls noticed the strange aversion Evelyn seemed to have to speak of anything connected with the marriage, and they asked one another curiously whether it could be that she did not wish to become Mrs. Haworth.

One evening, in the middle of March, Frank was walking home after an evening with Evelyn. She had been quiet, and he had thought she was looking sad, and words she had said at parting were ringing in his ears—"Frank, I want you to promise that, even if I should ever do anything that grieved you, you would forgive me."

What could she have meant? He had anxiously asked her, but no explanation would she give.

"I do trust," he said to himself, "that she is

not going to give me up. I know I'm not intellectual and poetical, and all that, but I'm as fond of her as a man can be;" and a sharp pain contracted his heart as he thought of the bare possibility of losing her.

And meantime, Evelyn was sitting before her fire, as she had sat on that night in November, and in her hand was a note she had just written.

She read it over, while the colour flashed into her face, and then she threw it from her, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, I am a wretch!" she murmured in keenest self-reproach. "I should never, never have said I would marry him; and yet, I did think I loved him. My poor Frank!" For at last she had done what for many weeks she had felt must be done sooner or later—she had written to Frank, and told him that their engagement must cease.

For the first month or so after she had given her promise to him, she had been carried away by the novelty and excitement of it all, and by the overwhelming flood of his love to her. She had been really happy for a few weeks, and then a haunting feeling of dissatisfaction—unsatisfiedness, to coin a word—had awakened in her heart, and had steadily grown, refusing to be lulled to sleep, and at last the terrible truth had stared her in the face that she had made a great and awful mistake. She had tried to avoid the knowledge, to turn away from it, but it had met her at every point. He was very good, she told herself, and unselfish, and honourable, and devoted to her, but—she did not love him, and she knew now that she never had loved him, and that it had been a mistake from the beginning. Away in the depths of her heart, hidden far down, was the knowledge—scarcely allowed even to herself—that she loved one man, and one only, and his name was Alec Fenton.

So she wrote her little note to Frank, the tears filling her eyes, but her determination never faltering, and she finished and directed it, and then her strength seemed suddenly to fail, and she burst into a passion of weeping.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

"In the midst of life we are in death."
"God be with thee, my beloved—God be with thee!

We are naturally inclined to put off till a more convenient season what we do not wish to do, and it was the afternoon of the following day before Evelyn screwed up her courage to the sticking-place of going out to post her note to Frank.

She lingered over her dressing, and stood at the window looking on to the lovely world outside, the great piles of rounded white cloud, and the stretches of blue sky; and while she lingered, with a prefatory knock a servant entered the room.

"A telegram for Mrs. Maynard, Miss; but she is out."

Evelyn, with a strange sinking at her heart, opened the envelope, and then, while stars and bright lights seemed to dance before her eyes, she read: "Accident at works. Frank killed. Break news gently to Evelyn.—Alice Haworth."

"Is there any answer, miss?" said the girl; and she added timidly, "I hope, miss, it's not bad news."

Evelyn tried to speak, but the words would not easily come; she coughed impatiently, yet with a sound of tears in her voice.

"There is no answer;" and as the girl left the room Evelyn shut and locked the door, and then she sank into a chair, her hands fell by her sides, and she gazed vacantly before her. The note to Frank was lying on the table, and as she caught sight of it, she shuddered, and she flung out her hands with a passionate gesture.

"Frank," she moaned, "how untrue I was to you! Can you forgive me? I was not worthy of you; do not let it trouble you now, dear Frank," she sobbed, as if he could hear her; and who knows but that he did hear her?

There was only one drop of comfort in Mrs. Maynard's cup of sorrow when she had heard the terrible news, and that was the thought of the elegance and depth of the mourning she would order for Evelyn, but even this was at last denied her, for Evelyn positively refused to wear it.

"No, mother, I shall not," she said; and there was a sparkle in her eye that Mrs. Maynard knew of old; and she was forced to give in, and was subjected to the daily mortification of seeing her daughter attired in a black dress of the simplest description, and with not an inch of crape about it.

"She might only be in mourning for her cousin," the much-tried lady confided to a sympathising friend.

The secret of her letter to Frank—that letter that had never reached him—Evelyn kept locked up in her own heart, and told to no one: least of all, her mother.

"I cannot understand Evelyn," Mrs. Maynard said one day: "she is so quiet, so calm, so—well, really, it looks as though she did not very much care. And as to expressing sorrow at his death, *I* have said far more in that way than she has;" which was undeniably true.

Evelyn rarely mentioned Frank's name; she even scarcely dared to think of him, for she had a horrible haunting feeling that she had in some way caused his death. She did not go the length of believing that Providence had ordained Frank's death, since she found she could not marry him, but she felt as if, had she cared for him, he would not have died.

She knew it was absurd to imagine such things, and she strove against her thoughts, but for many days her heart was very heavy, and her friends, noting her pale cheeks and weary-looking eyes, mentally sympathised with her in the great "loss" she had sustained.

The weeks passed on, and one evening in June Evelyn went to see Bessie Fenton. They walked round and round the garden, talking so earnestly that they never noticed how the light was fading out of

the quiet heavens. At length a clock struck nine, and Evelyn started.

"Bessie," she said, "it is late. I must go, dear."

"Must you? Well, come in with me, and get that book;" and they went into the house. "It's in the study; will you go and see if it's on the table? I am just coming. Alec is out," she added, as Evelyn hesitated.

The study was nearly dark, but as Evelyn entered a tall figure rose from the depths of a basket-chair, and stepped towards her. She started. "Oh, Mr. Fenton, how you frightened me! Bessie said you were out."

"Bessie was mistaken," he replied quietly, taking her outstretched hand. "I've been watching you walking round the garden, and wondered what you were saying."

"Good-bye, for most of the time," she said, with a laugh.

"Good-bye! Why? Where are you going?"

"Mother and I are shutting up our house for a year, and are going to spend the time in travelling. We start next week, so I came to say good-bye to Bessie;" and try as she might, she could not control the quiver in her voice.

"Then we shall not see you——" and here Bessie came in.

"Alec! Surely I heard you go out before Evelyn came?"

He shook his head.

"I've been here all the evening," he said; and Bessie looked at him sharply, wondering at the sad tone in his voice.

"Has Evelyn told you she is going away?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, throwing his half-smoked cigarette into the fireplace: "she has said something about it;" and from his tone Evelyn thought, with a dull heartache, "He does not care a scrap;" and Bessie thought, "My poor, poor Alec!" and understood it all.

"I am going out," he said, as they stood at the hall door. "May I see you home?"

And Evelyn said, "Yes."

There was a close hand-shake, a long lingering embrace between the two friends, and then Bessie went back into the house, her eyes dim with tears, and a vague pain gnawing at her heart.

At Evelyn's gate she and Alec parted. She hardly knew what they had talked about: plans as to her travel, new books—veriest commonplace, it had seemed to her, so different from what it might have been!

"Good-night," she said; "or rather, good-bye, I suppose."

He took her hand, and a thrill ran through her, for she thought he was going to raise it to his lips. But he only held it for an instant fast in his own.

"Good-bye," he said. "God be with you!" and then he turned abruptly, and walked with long strides down the road.

The next week Evelyn and her mother started for Interlachen, and so began their year of travel.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

"I love you, sweet; how can you ever learn
How much I love you? You I love even so,
And so I learn it."

IT was the end of March, and the P. and O. steamer *Cleopatra*, homeward bound from Australia, had left Brindisi.

Eight bells had been struck, and the passengers were promenading the decks after dinner. Many had left at Brindisi, but only one had come on board—our old friend, Alec Fenton.

He had been spending a month on the Riviera, passing a well-earned holiday, and gaining fresh strength before setting to his work again with renewed vigour; for at last his promotion had come to him, and he had been taken into partnership.

"And oh," he thought, with impatient longing, "if it had only come a year ago!"

As he walked backwards and forwards on this March evening, the spray flying in clouds from the *Cleopatra's* prow, the deck rising and falling beneath his feet, he was thinking of Evelyn, and wondering whether, after she had once given away her heart, she could ever love any man but that one who was lying in awful stillness in the churchyard.

"I could offer her a home now," he murmured; "but would she ever think of me?"

His walk had brought him opposite the companion, and he drew back to allow a lady who was coming out on deck to pass. A nail in the floor caught her dress, and, as she turned to free it, the light from the lamp fell on her face. He uttered an exclamation, and sprang quickly forward.

"Miss Maynard!" he cried, "it is not you, surely?"

She started and looked up at him, and then, the colour flashing into her face from brow to chin, she put out her hand, saying, with a little smile—

"Yes, it is really I; but may I ask what you are doing here?"

They turned away from the companion and went into the bow, and there they walked to and fro, talking so busily that more than one old-established passenger thought that Miss Maynard was growing very friendly with the new man from Brindisi.

They compared notes on their travels, and she told him how she and her mother were on their way home from Egypt. They talked of many subjects, and, not least interesting, they talked of themselves: of what each had been doing, thinking, seeing, during the past few months; and Fenton felt that he was taking a gigantic stride in his renewed acquaintance with Evelyn. She was different, too, from what she had been; there was a sweet shyness about her, her colour came and went, and often her eyelids drooped, so that he could not see her eyes. If he had only known it, it was but that she felt there was a change in him. His face, as he had cried "Is it you?" had expressed more than he knew, and in his words and looks, and very bearing, there was something—she could hardly tell what—that sent the colour flying to her cheek and set her heart beating quickly.

Neither of the two slept much that night. Each was thinking of the other, and Alec determined that the next day should see his fate decided.

The following evening, after dinner, he escorted Mrs. Maynard into the music-room, and fetched a cushion for her and a book, and was altogether so attentive that her opinion of him went up with a run.

Finally, in the most guileless manner, he told her of his change in position, whereon she sat for some minutes in meditation.

"Evelyn," she said presently, "wouldn't you like to go on deck for the air? Mr. Fenton will take you, perhaps?" with an interrogative smile; and Alec was only too happy.

"Will you come into the bow?" he said, and she followed him without a word.

There was a faint breeze blowing that ruffled the surface of the sea, and stretching away from the vessel's side to the horizon was a broad band of shimmering moon-lit water.

She stood beside him, one hand resting on the bulwarks, the other holding the shawl she had thrown round her head. There was a brilliant colour in her cheeks, her eyes were shining. He was intensely conscious of her presence.

"How long is it since I saw you!" he said presently, "Nine months."

"Is it? It was in June, I think."

"I had wanted to have told you then," he said, almost timidly, "how very sorry I was for you when —when Mr. Haworth died. I wanted to have told you, but I was afraid of doing anything to bring back the trouble to you."

"Thank you," she said tremulously. "You are very kind."

"It must have been a terrible experience for you. I would have given much to have been able to have helped you;" and he hardly knew the depth of tenderness there was in his voice. "I don't know how you bore it and lived. You were an example to many, and among them myself."

Evelyn was crying now, catching her breath in quick sobs.

"Forgive me," he said brokenly. "Oh, Evelyn, don't cry!"

Her tears moved him, as a woman's tears move every true man, and he longed to comfort her.

"Can I not help you?" he begged.

She shook her head, and then she said falteringly—

"You have spoken so kindly that I feel I ought to tell you something."

Her voice was husky, but she went on bravely—

"The night before Mr. Haworth's death I wrote a note to him—it never reached him—to tell him —to tell him that our engagement must end, for I had found it was a mistake, and I did not love him."

For an instant Fenton's heart seemed to stand still.

"You did not love him?" he gasped.

"No," she replied; and then she threw up her head with a proud gesture. "It is easy for you to blame me," she said, "but—but," with a sob in her voice, "you don't know what I have suffered."

"Blame you!" he cried. "Do you think I ever could do *that?*"

Her hand was resting on the bulwark, and he put out his own and covered it. For a minute she let it remain, and then she drew it away.

"I must go," she said. "Good-night;" and as she turned towards him the moonlight fell on her dear face, and on her eyes brimming over with tears, and his heart leaped within him.

"No," he cried; "you must not go. I want to speak to you."

* * * * *

Ten minutes later a young lady came up to a group of friends on deck.

"What *do* you think?" she said impressively. "Miss Maynard and that new man from Brindisi are in the bow, and—and he's kissing her, and right in the moonlight, too, where everyone can see."

"Perhaps they're engaged," suggested someone. "They're old friends. Hush! here she is;" and Evelyn came along the deck.

"Good-night," she said, with a smile of such radiant brightness that the last speaker said again emphatically, "Mark my words: they're engaged."

And they were. And Alec, left alone, paced up and down, the moonlight and the wash of the water against the vessel's side, and the mysterious charm of the sea, speaking to him only of Evelyn, and again and again the words rang through his brain:—

> "And so I won my Genevieve,
> My bright and beauteous bride."

A TALK ABOUT THE GREENHOUSE.

BY A PRACTICAL GARDENER.

COWPER, in his beautiful poem, "The Task," declares that he "who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too," and a greenhouse is a garden, an indoor home for many precious flowers from foreign climes that wither in our varying temperatures.

A common question from amateur gardeners at all seasons is, "What can I grow in my small greenhouse? It is attached to the drawing-room." Sometimes the question shows that the happy owner has a greenhouse in the garden, and well supplied with hot-water pipes, only desiring to know the class of plants to brighten the structure. I will give advice to both questioners,

and first deal with the heating of a small greenhouse. This is a vexed point with most gardeners, and life is made burdensome by anxious inquiries about boilers, petroleum stoves, and other contrivances to keep out grim frost that threatens the life of tender exotics.

HELIOTROPE (CHERRY PIE).

Those who wish to buy a greenhouse should get a ready-made structure, and competition has brought the prices very low. Everything depends, of course, upon its size, and sometimes a house may be picked up very cheaply, or, if one be handy with tools, one may spend a few pleasant hours in the winter evenings making a house.

More failures result from improper heating than from any other cause.

A friend said to me last winter: "I have tried ——'s heating apparatus, but the whole business is most depressing. I shall act the anarchist and blow the affair up." I gave him comfort in his trouble, and tendered the advice I now furnish my readers. Dozens of boilers are advertised, and they do their work well, as a rule; but the most satisfactory contrivance is a riveted or welded "Palatine" wrought-iron boiler, which is made by the wholesale firm of Hartley and Sugden, of Halifax, and must be ordered through a local builder or ironmonger. Avoid small cast-iron boilers. They may suddenly collapse at a peculiarly trying time, and the catastrophe is beyond repair. The piping should not be less than four inches in diameter inside, and there must be no stint. The boiler will not then play pranks by boiling over, and when the fire goes out by accident, sufficient warmth will be retained in the pipes, whilst re-lighting proceeds, without the plants suffering in any degree. It is not necessary to set the boiler in brickwork. It is provided with ample fire-space, so that the refuse of the cinder box, or small coke, may be used as fuel. A well-made-up fire will last for twelve hours without attention, and a damper should not be used above the fire, but the supply of air regulated by the ash-pit door. By this means noxious fumes will escape.

A host of floral gems may be cultivated in a good greenhouse—not a tumble down, draughty building scarcely fit to shelter a "geranium," but heated in the way described. The Chrysanthemum—"the flower of retirement and culture," says an old Chinese writer—we have already written of in the December article. It is a useful and lovely flower for the greenhouse, requiring little heat and putting forth its rich clusters to light the months of fog and cold.

Camellias and Azaleas are splendid greenhouse plants. They do not like, but put up with, fogs, and if given reasonable attention never fail to flower. A peaty soil, firm potting, careful watering, and proper attention in the summer are the chief cultural details. A great lament in winter is, "Oh, the buds of my Camellias are falling off. What is the reason?" Well, this is the result of neglect during the summer. The plants become dry, and when in the winter an extra strain occurs they are unable to respond. Camellias and Azaleas require much the same treatment, and the best varieties of the former are the double white, the beautifully inbricated candidissima, Doncklaari, crimson, marbled with white, and the old Blush. The finest Azaleas are A. Borsig and Deutsche Perle, double white; Apollo, crimson scarlet; Bernhard Andreas, violet-purple; Jean Vervaene, rich crimson; Mrs. Turner, pink, with white margin to the petals; and Reine des Roses, rose, spotted with deeper shade.

PLUMBAGO.

The Cyclamen, or sow-bread, is a familiar greenhouse flower in winter, and called sow-bread because the tuberous roots are relished by swine. The wild boar of Sicily, where the plant is abundant, regards it as a delicacy. It is not troublesome to grow in a warm greenhouse. Bouvardias require more warmth than afforded by a petroleum stove. A temperature of not less than 60° is essential, or, if needed for flowering in summer, 45° to 60° during winter. Cuttings may be readily struck in brisk heat in the spring. When rooted, pot them on into five-inch pots, using a soil composed of about equal parts of loam and peat, with a fair proportion of sharp silver sand. Two delightful double varieties are Alfred Newner, pure white, and President Garfield, pink, whilst of the single kinds select Dazzler, brilliant scarlet; Priory Beauty, rose; Vreelandi, white; Humboldti Corymbiflora, snow-white; and Mrs. Green, salmon.

A useful plant for the greenhouse, but more usually grown in the open during the summer, is the sweet-scented Tobacco, Nicotiana affinis. It is easily raised from seed in the spring in gentle warmth, and the seedlings potted on, not planted out for summer decoration. The branching spikes of creamy white flowers send out a sweet fragrance in the evening. Writing of tobacco reminds me of the barrister who, when asked by a friend to take a pinch of snuff, said: "Sir, if the Almighty had intended my nostrils for a dust-hole, He would not have turned them upside down."

The Fuchsia is a plant that all can grow if the greenhouse is sufficiently heated. A great change has come over this flower, and hybridists have seized upon departures from existing types, from them building up a distinct class. The cuttings, like those of the Pelargonium, strike very easily in spring, and this method of propagation should be followed in the majority of cases, as for Calceolarias, Acacias, Pelargoniums of the French type, as well as Zonals, Marguerites, Chinese Primulas, Heliotrope, and the Heaths; but it is better for the beginner to purchase Heaths. The wood is difficult to root, and the business is likely to prove disappointing.

LAPAGERIA ALBA (WAX FLOWERS).

On the roof one may have a Maréchal Niel rose, the blue Plumbago capensis, and Lapageria rosea and L. alba, that scramble over bushes in the woods of Chiloe, in South Chili. The flowers are large and waxy, as may be seen from the photograph above. A good peat bed must be prepared for them, and the rising asparagus-like shoots protected with a tubular lamp-glass when they appear. Slugs and snails have a special fondness for the juicy tops.

In the warm greenhouse it is possible to get away from the commoner climbers, creating a change by growing the climbing "Nasturtium."

A letter before me runs thus: "Can you tell me how to grow a climbing Nasturtium for winter-flowering? I saw a lovely plant the other day, a perfect blaze of colour." Happily, it is possible to get this "blaze of colour" easily, and the only difficulty is fog—the nauseous smoke-clouds that envelop the suburbs of big cities. The way to proceed is as follows: take cuttings in March, and they strike quickly in mild heat. When rooted pot them off separately. During the summer the plants should be placed out of doors on a bed of coal-ashes, to prevent worms getting into the hole in the bottom of the pot, and watered when necessary. In September take the plant to the greenhouse, and the growth will quickly run over the rafters,

the flowers standing out in brilliant array against the glaucous leaves. The best variety is Fireball, the flowers being a vivid crimson.

During recent years Cactuses have grown greatly in popularity, and they can be purchased cheaply. Eighteenpence will buy a splendid Phyllocactus, and there are many varieties, the flowers, as a rule, very large and of brilliant colours—carmine, crimson and rose, shot with a pellucid satiny lustre, a glorious sheen, characteristic of this fascinating class. Everyone has heard of the night-flowering Cereus grandiflorus, which has blooms fourteen inches across. A plant in perfection is a fairy vision, with its spotless white flowers developed in the darkness and creating, in the poet's words, "Worlds of light, we never see by day." Of short duration is this brilliant manifestation, the flower commencing to expand at seven o'clock p.m., gradually opening out its wealth of petals, until at midnight they are in full splendour. From thence until morning its glory dwindles, the scene to be again presented on the following evening by successional buds.

This month's talk is necessarily somewhat disjointed. The greenhouse and its inmates is a big subject for a comparatively brief article, but everything I have mentioned may be grown therein. A few more easily managed things are tuberous Begonias, which give all the colours of the rainbow, the blue-flowered Agapanthus umbellatus, the yellow Cytisus, winter-flowering Heaths, the Maiden's Wreath, Francoa, a lovely white flower in graceful spikes, the fine old Scarborough Lily (Vallota), which requires to be practically left alone, and the singular Blood-flower (Hæmanthus).

A plant of the showy H. coccineus may be grown to surprise friends. It requires as much warmth as the greenhouse affords when the leafless, curiously-marked stems appear, each crowned with a brush-like head of scarlet flowers. When at rest only sufficient water is required to prevent them shrivelling. You may tell the wondering friend that the viscid, acrid juice of the Blood-flower bulbs was used by the Hottentots to poison their arrows.

One does not want all flowers, so I append the names of a few cheap and easily-grown foliage plants. The Parlour Palm (Aspidistra) has remarkably ornamental leaves variegated with creamy white. Then choose the graceful Grevillea robusta, the thick-leaved Aralia Sieboldi, and the Maidenhair fern, Adiantum cuneatum, Pteris cretica, and P. tremula.

I have refrained from mentioning orchids in general, but if a free-growing kind is desired select the Lady Slipper (Cypripedium insigne), which gives little trouble. It is, moreover, inexpensive, and needs a peaty soil, no heat whatever in summer, and the warmest corner of the greenhouse in winter, when its pretty flowers are borne in profusion. Of course, the house may be brightened with a few forced bulbs or plants as Deutzia gracilis, a white-flowered shrub that gives beauty to mountains and valleys in flowery Japan.

March is a busy month. Roll and sweep the grass lawn, finish all kinds of planting, and make the beds ready for seed-sowing. Sow now Sweet Peas, Virginian Stock, Poppies, Lupines, Calliopsis, Cornflowers, Clarkias, Larkspurs, Convolvulus minor, and Love-lies-bleeding. Half-hardy annuals sown under glass must not get drawn. Keep the growth as stocky as possible. Pot up bedders, and Carnations for summer-flowering kept over the winter in frames should be put out at once. See that the greenhouse plants are not infested with green-fly. A mild dose of tobacco smoke will settle these small marauders. Plant early potatoes on a warm border, sow carrots and cabbages for early in July. At the end of the month sow French beans and Exonian peas.

A FEW SAMPLES PER RAIL.

AN old gardener of our acquaintance was sent up to town in charge of a horse. He received many directions from his master as to his route; his mistress went with him to the station, and bought for him a return ticket. The distance from London was only twenty miles, and William returned in safety in the evening.

The next morning, when accounts were being inspected, an item for "My train" attracted attention.

"What is this?" inquired the mistress.

"That be for my journey home, missus."

"But I gave you a 'return.' Did you lose it? Half of your ticket should have been given you in London."

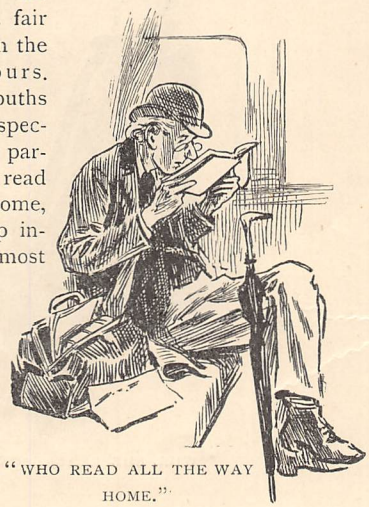
"Lor-a-mussy, mum! be this it?" quoth William, pulling from his pocket the missing half. "I did wonder at he for giving of it back to I."

There are not many so untravelled nowadays as that William. A different company pass us by as we stand for a few minutes on the platform at Charing Cross or Victoria, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, to watch a few trains go out, laden with their human freight. By far the largest number of passengers are men. "Paterfamilias" may be labelled at once, from his habit of carrying to the nest some morsels for the fledglings, or for the mother bird—a basket of fish, some blue-enveloped fruit or dainty

vegetable, a long brown paper parcel from the draper's, a very bulky toy, and the like. Newspapers and books too, he invariably purveys. Young men in

"PATERFAMILIAS."

a violent hurry are numerous; they scrambled in the morning to catch the train, they rushed through their work all day, and now they dash along the platform as the guard holds the whistle in his hand. The slow ones are not missing; they have spotless shirts and collars, unspotted gaiters, and glossy hats. They are *never* in a hurry—it is "bad form"; and though they may be annoying to their quicker brethren, it is not certain that they fail to get through a fair amount of work in the twenty-four hours. There are some youths (usually wearing spectacles) who carry parcels of books, and read all the way home, others who gossip incessantly, but most who smoke—and think. The ladies form a large contingent: they have been shopping, or lunching out, or servant-hunting, and are occasionally as fractious as children, with fatigue and the rush of the hours in town; generally however, they greet their Adolphus or Henry with a smiling face, having bought "bargains" or met pleasant friends, and go to the suburban home with him, pouring their happy experiences into his attentive (?) ear.



"WHO READ ALL THE WAY HOME."

"A day in town" is a more important part of life in the outskirts than most of us recognise. How anxiously materfamilias inquires about trains and distance from stations, before she will consent to look at the house in the suburbs pater declares to be the "very thing." Can she get up to her favourite shop? Will she be able to pay her calls on town friends? Can she go to the picture galleries? If not, it is useless to talk to her; a Paradise would not suit the mater.

But the travellers whose ways are most engaging are those bound on long journeys, and who take their places in club trains or Pullman express. One man will lounge carelessly down the platform to find his traps well placed by the porter who knows his ways, and before the engine has cleared the station he is ensconced with the latest paper well in hand, the

"HE HAS LOST HIS TICKET."

rug disposed comfortably, and "a few hours' quiet" the uppermost thought in his mind. Another will have a hundred questions to ask at the moment of starting; he wishes to show his ticket—he has lost it; he hunts in every pocket, his eye-glass falls on the window-rim and smashes, his cap tumbles off between the carriage and the platform, and as the train goes the final glimpse the porters have is of a bareheaded person wildly waving something in his hand, as the engine slows round the curve.

"My lady" is interesting to watch. John Thomas and Perkins have been on the platform some time, having come down in a cab with the luggage. Perkins will not quit her hold of the dressing-case until she can place it beneath the feet of her mistress; she forgets that her evident anxiety about the square leather-covered package labels it as containing valuables. My lady comes, with a tall daughter, perhaps, and takes

her place in the comfortable arm-chair: for her, travelling brings no annoyance, and very little fatigue. She has only to take her place, to quit it, to go into

"THE MUCH-TRAVELLED LADY."

rooms at delightful hotels, to find all her accustomed knick-knacks in their usual places about her, to see the sights, admire the views, and come home again refreshed.

The young lady who is travelling on business starts in quite another fashion. She is dressed in a quiet ulster, with a hat to match; she looks rather sad and harassed; the friend who comes to see her off plagues her with inappropriate questions, perhaps; and the society of John Thomas and Perkins will not much amuse her. We wish her *bon voyage*, and a happy home in whatever situation she is going to undertake.

Then there is the much-travelled lady, who has patent contrivances for all kinds of "usefuls." Not content with a "hold-all" like a mammoth bolster, she has a bottle of eucalyptus, another of eau-de-Cologne, a compressible bonnet, a writing-desk five inches square, a stylographic pen, a small case of homœopathic medicines, a filter, an enamelled tumbler, cases for scissors, needles, cottons, pincers, tweezers, tickets, stamps, passport and letter of credit, a candle in a silver tube, a luncheon basket, and a box of matches. These odds and ends she strings about her person or disposes in the carriage netting, to be "handy." Small wonder is it that, when wanted, a special article is not to be found.

There is the talkative traveller, who, whether man or woman, is usually a woeful bore. To see his fellow-passengers is at once to make him long to know *all* about them; whence they came, whither they are bound, whether they have a family, and many other things, actually seem to interest this voyager. He tells his companions the name of every station, the history of every place of note within ten miles of either side of the line, and his talk is generally in large capitals, interspersed with notes of admiration.

The silent traveller is another variety. The man who will go from London to Edinburgh without once letting his voice be heard is, perhaps, an extreme example, but there are many whose motto seems to be, "Be check'd for silence, but never taxed for speech."

Then there are those as to whom one wonders why they travel. Nothing amuses or interests them. They gaze with vacant stare on renowned rivers, historic castles, glorious woods, town and country, as they pass by. They never know whereabouts they are, and the only thing of which they are sure is the name of the home they left. We once sat next a lady at a *table d'hôte*, of whom we asked "whether she had been at Bologna?"

"Oh no," was the answer.

Her husband remarked, in an audible whisper—

"That is where we came from yesterday."

"I forgot," she amended; "we were there yesterday, and we are going to Turin to-morrow."

This stopped the conversation, as we were in Turin at the moment!

We came up from Scotland one year with three ladies, who had joined company for "mutual help and comfort." One of these was wearing a handsome silk dress, and a velvet mantle that was positively magnificent. Will she lean back? we thought, as Carlisle was passed, and she sat upright—immovable. At Lancaster the ladies descended in search of tea, and she of the gorgeous raiment was the last to return.

"Do you see how uprightly she sits?" inquired one

"WILL SHE LEAN BACK?"

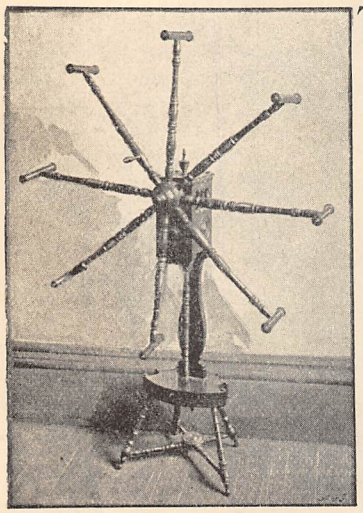
of her friends of the other. "It makes one ache to see her. Why does she do it?"

"My dear," was the reply, "can't you see she is afraid of spoiling that mantle?"

IVOR MERLE.

THE WHITE FIELDS OF ULSTER.

(ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. R. WELCH, BELFAST.)



OLD IRISH REEL, MADE ABOUT 1770.

THERE are many parts of the United Kingdom where special industries not only predominate, but where their presence is perceptible over wide areas. Coal-fields mark huge tracts of country; chemical fumes hang over parts of the Tyne and the Clyde; the iron ore of the Furness district makes ruddy many a field and stream near Barrow and Ulverston; and in Ireland, in the north, the "white fields" of Ulster give special character to landscapes near Lisburn and Lurgan. The story of the manufacture of flax goes back many generations.

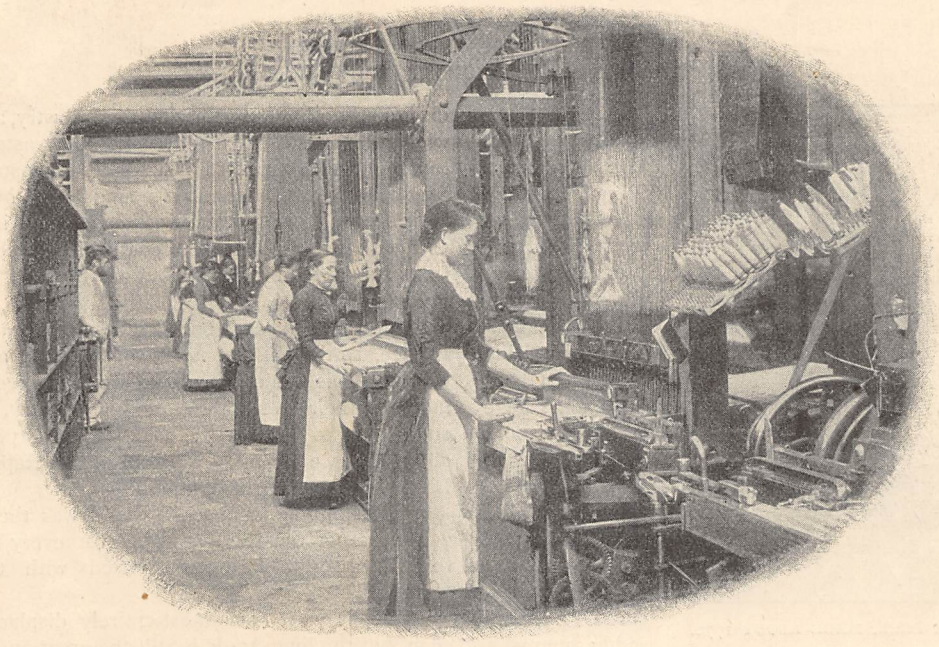
It is a story that has its romance. There have been viceroys who have encouraged the industry, and others who have boasted that they have laid waste its chief centres. Lord Strafford is credited, for instance, with the spending of thousands of pounds of his own money in endeavours to promote the linen industry in Ireland, and with the bringing of looms of the best design from Amsterdam for distribution amongst the Irish weavers.

Huguenot refugees, banished by persecution from France, settled in the north of Ireland, and Louis Crommelin is one of those who are honoured for their industry, their love of their adopted country, and their endeavours to improve the condition of its people. In olden days we are told by Muggeridge's Report on the Linen Manufacture of Ireland :—

"The spinning of yarn by hand was the ordinary occupation of the females of almost every family in the province of Ulster connected with the linen weaving."

Mill-spun yarn has almost entirely displaced hand-spun, but the linen trade is still the great and the most distinctive of the industries in the north of Ireland. And there was for that industry lordly patronage, and even royal patronage was accorded to Lisburn damask; whilst linen boards and flax societies had for years governmental grants. And though these have passed away, the "Flax Supply Association" has for more than a quarter of a century been one of

THE LINEN HALL, BELFAST.



DAMASK WEAVING AT ST. HELEN'S WORKS, BELFAST.

the most useful of the trade associations of the kingdom.

Over a wide area of the north of Ireland the signs of the linen trade in the webs of linen that are spread in whiteness over the green fields are visible from many a point on the railway from Belfast to Dublin ; in the many mills that send up their tall chimneys towards the sky; and in the tender hues of the flax as it shows itself in fields in Ulster to an extent unseen in any other part of the kingdom. And thus it is that by the abundance of the raw material, of the facilities for manufacture, of the labour needed, and of the experience transmitted for generations, Ulster has from Larne to Lurgan so much of the linen manufacture located within its bounds ; and nothing strikes the traveller more frequently than the sight of its fields whitened with the linen spread out to bleach. Here and there are long broad lines of white spread on the grass that is of the greenest, and the interlacing line of emerald and of white suggest huge ribbons stretching in parti-coloured beauty on the earth. And the predominant industry in Ulster has put its mark on country and on people.

In the great towns huge mills gather in their workers much in the same manner that the cotton mills of the Oldham district do—though the numbers for each are less, and there is more of Irish vivacity in the workpeople.

Of the many processes in the mills, from "roughing" the flax and "heckling" to the "calendering" of the webs, it is not needful to write in detail ; machines varied, costly, and complicated do very much of the work—machines for combing, cleaning, preparing, spinning, washing, beetling, and many another process are at work ; and by them the brown-hued flax is pulled, sorted, straightened, wound, conducted, woven as warp or weft, and so improved that it finally emerges as pure white linen or damask. But away from the towns, in little valleys and on rugged hill-sides, there is still the working of the hand-loom.

Here is such an example of Irish industry : In a little hamlet not far from Armagh a main road runs unevenly over the hills, by comfortable farmsteads, owned by descendants of Scotsmen who long ago settled in one part of Cromwell's "plantation," and past one-storeyed thatched cottages, whose white-washed fronts are partially covered with climbing plants.

Just off from this—not a stone's throw—are two little dwellings, one occupied by a weaver and his family, the chief room of the adjoining dwelling being given up to the loom. And here the weaver meets you, and with frank Irish courtesy shows you his method of work, and the shuttle flies from his busy hands as the web is woven.

It is a form of the linen industry that is being decreased from year to year, for the mills are made more perfect in machinery and larger in production ; and in Ireland, as in other countries, the extent of the work of the hands is being reduced by the application of steel and steam.

In some of its aspects the alteration is not an improvement ; it is the removal of the small industries that gave work to the hamlets into the towns ; but in Ulster—apart from Belfast—there is not the aggregation of population in towns that there is in, say, the

cotton district of England ; and the necessities of the linen trade enforce the provision of green areas near the mills, so that the white fields of Ulster minister alike to the purity of the linen and of the air of the towns near.

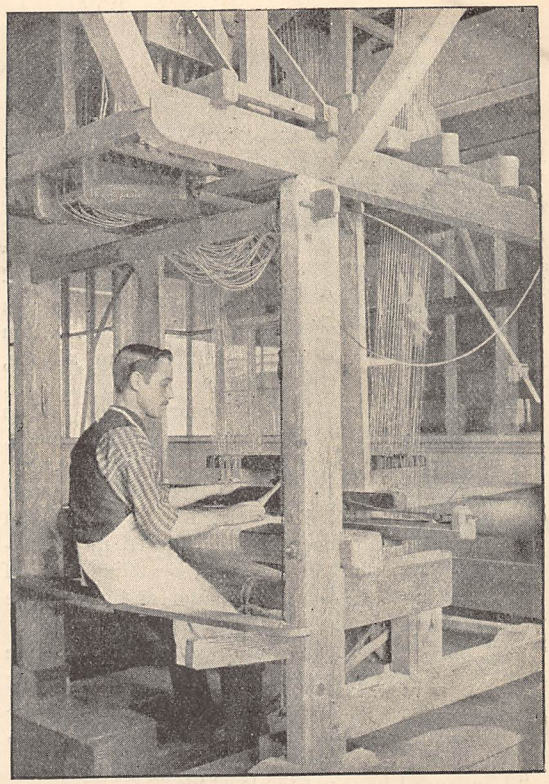
The predominant industry is not a very highly-paid one ; but the workers in Lisburn and Lurgan exercise thrift as well as industry, and in the villages where hand weaving still survives it is part of the occupation of the household ; and the care of the patch of land, of the cow, and of the pig give employment that is at least as much conducive to health as to economy of expenditure.

In the same way that handloom weaving has generally lost ground, so has also the special work of handkerchief weaving, and of hem-stitching by hand, but they cannot be considered extinct, though decaying.

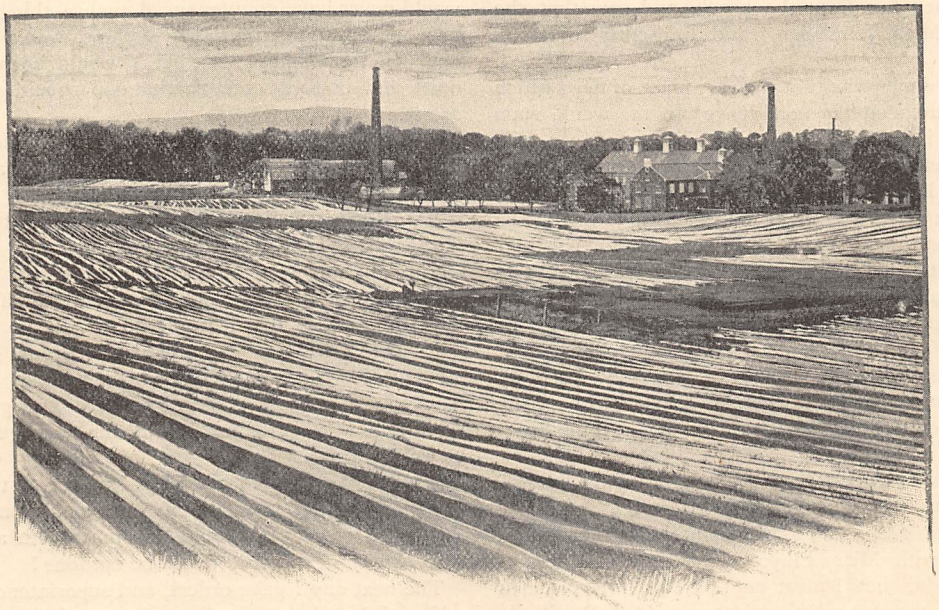
If in towns like Lisburn, in model establishments like Bessbrook, and in the villages down into the county of Armagh, the linen manufacture has its centres, it is in Belfast that the linen trade has its great seat. There are not only the huge warehouses and offices of the makers and merchants, but there also in the retail establishments are some of the finest of the buildings that the great capital of the north of Ireland boasts.

It is an industry that employs its thousands of hands, as is the case at the shipbuilding yards near, it is one of the most distinct and most ancient of the trades that centre there ; and the vastness of the capital it employs, the large employment it gives to labour, and the picturesqueness of its surroundings make one of the special features of the north of Ireland those bleaching fields which we have called the White Fields of Ulster.

J. W. S.

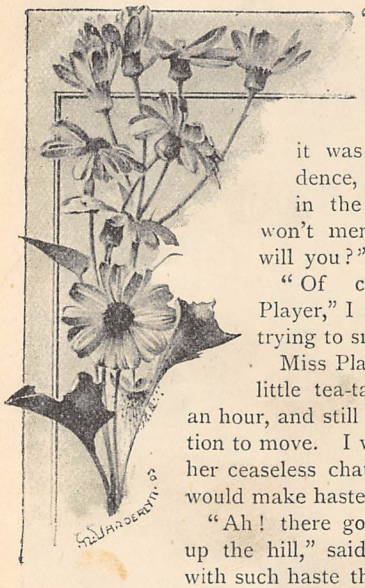


A HAND-LOOM WEAVER AT WORK (CO. ANTRIM).



GLENMORE BLEACH GREEN.

AS PAYING GUESTS.



"YOU may depend on it, Mrs. Lewin, that's the truth of the matter. Of course it was told me in confidence, and I tell it to you in the same way. You won't mention it to anyone, will you?"

"Of course not, Miss Player," I answered languidly, trying to smother a yawn.

Miss Player had sat over my little tea-table for more than an hour, and still showed no inclination to move. I was getting tired of her ceaseless chatter, and wished she would make haste and go.

"Ah! there goes Miss Johnstone up the hill," said my visitor, rising with such haste that my pretty china was unmercifully shaken. "Where can she be going, do you think?"

"I am sure I have not the least idea."

"Haven't you? Well, I expect I can guess. I think I must *really* go now."

Miss Player staightened her hat (a too juvenile piece of head-gear to suit my taste), and, drawing on her gauntlet gloves, departed with what seemed to me a very abrupt farewell.

I watched her from the porch, and saw that she followed Miss Johnstone, and presently overtook her.

I decided mentally that the very piece of news which had been detailed "in confidence" to me would soon be poured into Miss Johnstone's willing ears.

It was not much, it is true, yet it set me thinking.

It had long been a source of comment in Calhampton and its neighbourhood that the family at the Laurels kept a great deal of company, and that their visitors were mainly of the superior order. The Laurels was a pretty, well-built house, standing in its own grounds, which were as trim and well kept as Mrs. Doniford and her daughters themselves, yet it was a mystery how that lady managed to keep up appearances as she did, when, as everyone knew, the death of her husband had lessened her income by at least half.

Miss Player's latest item of news explained it all—the company they kept were *paying guests*.

I am not given to gossip; sometimes I get quite impatient with Miss Player when she rakes up so much scandal, but I must confess that this piece of news gave me some little pleasure. The Donifords had always given themselves airs of superiority—airs which were most offensive to me, for, as the widow of John Lewin, who came of one of the oldest families in the county, I have surely a right to the first place amongst the gentry of Calhampton, and that place I should have had but for the Donifords and their gay style of living.

And to think that they had kept up their prestige solely by means of their paying guests!

Once a baronet had stayed there, and last summer it was a colonel and his sister, whom Beryl Doniford had trotted out on every possible occasion; to say nothing of the host of clergymen, lieutenants, distinguished ladies, and pretty girls that I could remember who had come and gone in summers and autumns of preceding years.

Long after Miss Player had taken her departure I sat by the window, looking out in the gathering twilight at my old-fashioned garden.

In one thing the Donifords never could rival me. My house is the most quaint and picturesque place for miles round. Tradition says it is part of an old mansion which belonged to one of the favourites of Charles the First, who had more than once honoured it with his presence.

At any rate, I have always been proud of it, and my husband, during his life-time, was proud of it too. If I had only been more wealthy the Donifords would never have had the chance of outshining me.

As I sat and pondered over all this, a sudden thought came to me.

Why should not *I* have some paying guests also?

I felt my face grow warm at the thought. John would never have countenanced such a thing, had he been alive, and Arthur, his nephew, would be very angry if he found it out, but I would keep it very quiet and be so discreet that no one should guess my secret.

After my lamp was lit I set to work to write out an advertisement. It was not an easy task, but at last it was accomplished to my satisfaction.

"One or two ladies can be received as paying guests in the home of a widow lady of position. Cheerful society and most romantic surroundings."

I read this last production over several times, and at length decided that it would do.

I should have liked a gentleman—they are so much less trouble—but living alone with my maids, it would hardly be the thing. Mrs. Doniford had grown-up sons, and was therefore able to entertain gentlemen as well as ladies.

I laughed a little to myself as I folded up the sheet of paper, and put it in an envelope emblazoned with the Lewin crest. If I could only meet with a lady of title, how the Donifords would be outdone!

The next day I gave orders, and superintended myself a thorough overhauling of two of my prettiest guest chambers. Nearly a fortnight had passed before my advertisement elicited any reply, and then one

solitary missive arrived, stating that two friends would like to share my home for about six weeks, and would be glad to come at once, if convenient. I was a little bit disappointed. I had expected at least a dozen applications, and this letter bore no crest, and the writer appeared to be a homely, ordinary sort of person.

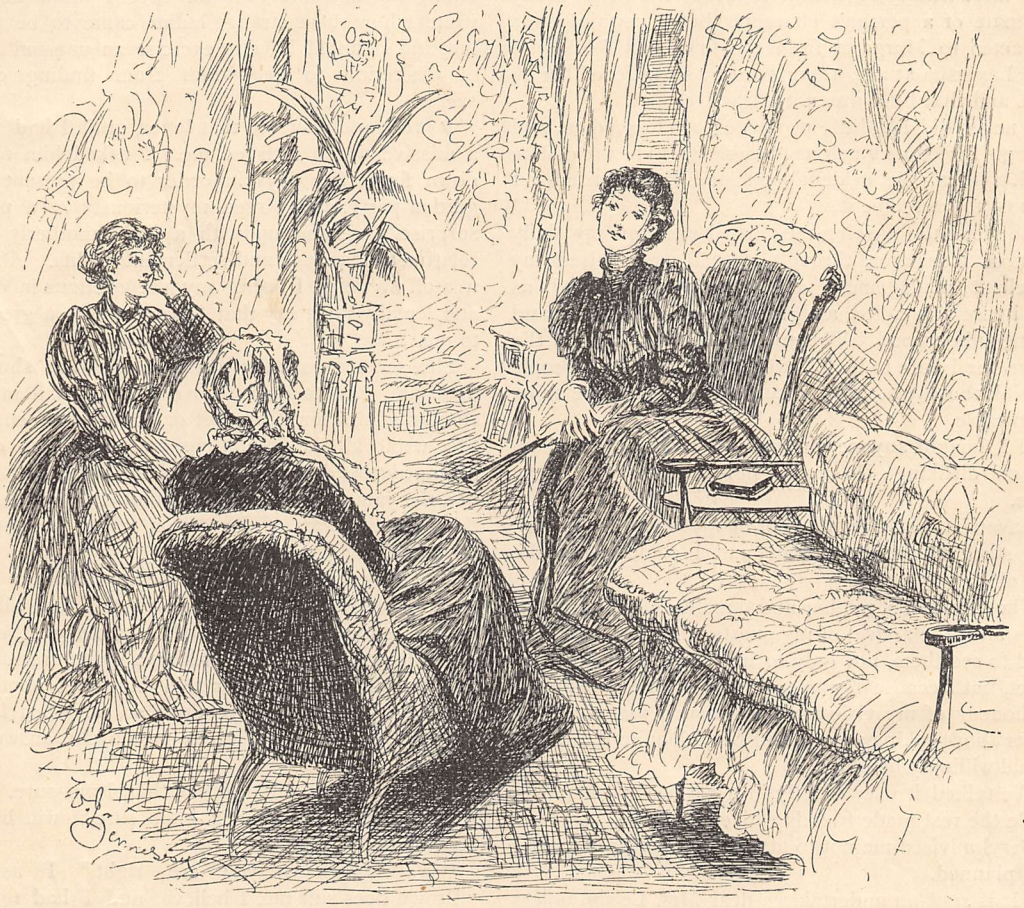
I was folding the note up carelessly, when I noticed that an addressed envelope was enclosed; it was directed to Lady Susan Anstey, Culverton Square, W.

I felt better directly. For six weeks, at least, I should have a lady of title beneath my roof, and if only Arthur could be kept from suspecting anything, all would be well.

Arthur was my favourite in the Lewin family. He never snubbed me like some of the others, nor cut John for having married a farmer's daughter, though, to be sure, he was only a child when that happened. Ah well! I was young and pretty in those days, and I am sure it is no wonder that John fell in love with me—I should have done the same if I had been in his place; and, any way, I made him a good wife, and looked after him well as long as he lived.

Two days later my guests arrived.

One was a tall, handsome girl, whom I immediately settled in my own mind must be Lady Susan; the other a medium-sized, ordinary-looking girl, I put down to be a companion, or poor relation, or something of the kind. To my dismay, however, I discovered before the first evening was over that I had made a great mistake.



"'I AM ONLY PLAIN MARGARET ELWES.'"

"I really beg your pardon," the tall girl said sweetly, after I had addressed her once or twice as "Lady Susan"—"I thought Lady Susan had told you all about us. She arranged everything for us. I am only plain Margaret Elwes, and this is my friend and cousin, Laversha Ashton."

I consoled myself with the thought that Lady Susan must be a very intimate friend to take all this trouble, and, after all, Margaret was the wealthy one of the two, therefore my judgment had not been wholly at fault; her queenly manner, rich dress, and natural way of taking the lead in everything were sufficient to give her the first place, while her smaller and comparatively insignificant cousin occupied only a secondary position.

Laversha always asked her cousin's opinion, always allowed her to have the preference in every way, and was as timid and retiring as Margaret was fearless and self-assertive.

In a few days I had dropped naturally enough into the habit of calling my unimportant guest Laversha; Miss Elwes could never be anything less than Miss Elwes to me—her manner forbade it.

I hope no one will accuse me of prejudice, or think that mere beauty or wealth influence me at all in my estimate of a person's character, but I certainly was attracted to Margaret from the first, and I did not like Laversha at all; there seemed so little of her to like, and that little was not attractive.

I never did like little people, especially women, and though I tried as much as possible to hide my dislike of Laversha, she evidently guessed it, and tried her utmost to overcome it.

She took to following me when I went on my daily tour of inspection through the house, praised my excellent management, eulogised the "Retreat," as my house was called, and, in fact, all Calhampton and its neighbourhood. This made me dislike her all the more, for I hate to be followed about, and of all people I think those who try to curry favour are the most despicable.

If I thought anyone disliked me I should let them go on disliking; I should never try to win them over.

Laversha, however, was not of my way of thinking: she stuck to me like a burr, and I could not shake her off.

The Donifords, mother and daughters, called a few days after the arrival of my guests, and for once I was glad to see them, not only to introduce them to Margaret, but because I was planning a little dissipation in honour of my visitors; and in such matters I am never above taking advice, and Beryl Doniford, I knew, would willingly help me.

We talked it over quietly in a corner by ourselves, while the rest made friends with each other.

Beryl advised me not to attempt the formal dinner I had planned.

"It is *such* an undertaking, dear Mrs. Lewin, unless one has a thoroughly efficient staff of servants," she said. "Tennis and tea in that lovely old Lady Betty's garden would be much more delightful and save you an immense amount of trouble."

I did not altogether relish Beryl's imputation as to the efficiency of my servants, but I let it pass, and decided to do as she advised.

"I think Miss Elwes is a splendid girl," she went on, glancing across at Margaret. "Is she related to Lord Elwes, of Garstone?"

I had never heard of Lord Elwes, but I did not doubt that Margaret was related to him.

"A second cousin, or something of the kind," I murmured; "and *very* rich."

Beryl looked interested at once. I am not suspicious by nature, but I could not help guessing by her sudden look of animation that she was thinking of her handsome indolent brother, Ernest, and wishing he could secure Margaret and her money; and the suspicion was quickly followed by a mental resolve to prevent *that* from ever coming to pass.

If anyone among my acquaintance deserved Margaret, it was my nephew Arthur, and no one else, I was determined, should have her.

When the Donifords had taken leave of us I went up to my own room and sat down to write to Arthur. It was rather difficult to explain matters to him without telling an absolute untruth. Yet I knew he would wonder how these strange ladies came to be visiting me, and I should have to exercise an unusual amount of discretion to keep him from finding out my secret.

I wrote and re-wrote that letter, until I had penned a missive which satisfied me. I asked him to come down for a few days in order to be present at my garden party, and hinted mysteriously at a pleasant surprise, finishing up with a little motherly advice relative to marriage and settlement in life. After this was off my mind I began my preparations in earnest, and I really must say that Laversha was a great help to me.

She seemed to know just exactly what should be done and how to do it; no doubt she had managed similar affairs for Margaret or some other employer. She wrote all the invitations and sent them out, re-arranged the drawing-room so that it hardly looked like the same place, and undertook to manage everything in the way of decoration when the important day should arrive.

I had not mentioned my nephew Arthur in her hearing, but Margaret must have told her all about him, for she seemed to know him quite well, even to his little peculiarity of not liking a green dress. I had forgotten that I had ever told Margaret about that, but it seems I must have done so, for when I spoke to Laversha about my green poplin she answered at once—

"Your nephew will not like that, I am sure. Wear your brown with old lace; I am sure it will be more becoming."

"Well, perhaps you are right," I assented. "Brown does suit me, I believe, and I had forgotten for the moment that my green poplin is Arthur's pet aversion."

"He very much dislikes a green dress—at least, I think I have heard so."

Laversha looked rather confused for a minute, and no wonder, for it *did* strike me as being impertinent of her to enlarge on my nephew's likes and dislikes when she knew absolutely nothing about them. However, I let it pass.

The day before the party arrived, I began to feel quite excited over it. John and I had always lived a very quiet life, keeping little company, and this affair, to which half the neighbourhood had been invited, seemed quite formidable as the time drew near.

Arthur was coming that evening, and I had just sent the pony-trap to meet him. I went out into the kitchen to give an order, and on my way back I

glanced in at the housemaid's pantry, to see that everything was in good order for the morrow.

There was my old silver, bright and glittering, as if it had only just left the silversmith's.

I looked at it fondly. The Donifords had no such heirlooms ; I doubted if anyone in Calhampton could produce such a store. There was a tea and coffee service which must be at least a hundred years old ; two large salvers and a quaintly-designed tray, ladles, goblets, and cups of various shapes and forms—*solid*, every one of them—and last, but not least, my half-dozen teaspoons, fiddle pattern, with the Lewin crest upon them.

No one could tell how long *they* had been in the family, and because of the crest, I valued them as much, or more, than any of my possessions.

I had often wished there were a dozen of them ; six was such a small number ; and only that morning I had lamented the fact to Laversha, and she had consoled me by reflecting that there were enough for each of the principal guests to have one ; the others must be content with crestless ones.

I stood thinking of all this, and of how thankful I should be when the affair was well over.

Suddenly I grew cold all over; then I felt the hot blood rush back to my face.

There had been six spoons lying in a row that morning, all bright and shining, and now *one was missing!*

I rang the bell, and called Mary's attention to the fact.

"Indeed, ma'am," she said earnestly, "I have not touched them since this morning."

I could not doubt her word, for she was the very essence of honour and truthfulness.

"Don't say anything about it in the kitchen," I said hastily ; "I will attend to this matter myself. I am determined to find out who is the thief, for I am certain it is someone in the house."

A horrible suspicion seized upon me. What if these paying guests of mine were only impostors, after all?

It seemed unworthy to harbour such a suspicion in connection with Margaret, but Laversha—sometimes these poor relations were hard up, and would stoop to petty misdemeanours.

The suspicion worried me all the evening, and even took away all the pleasure I usually felt in Arthur's society.

Somehow he had altered ; he was more quiet than usual, and did not seem altogether at his ease. Of course it was my guests who were the cause, but when he knew them better he would feel quite at home in their society, especially that of Margaret. I was quite sure *she* was not to blame for anything that had transpired, and already I had begun to build a little castle in the air.

Once I caught Laversha looking at my nephew in a way that I did not like ; I felt nettled, and my dislike and suspicion increased tenfold.

When we retired for the evening, I lingered at my door and watched her down the corridor. How quietly she glided along. There was something stealthy in her walk, I felt certain ; it was very different from Margaret's queenly tread.

At the end of the corridor she drew her handkerchief from her pocket, and something heavy and shining fell to the floor. Glancing furtively behind her, she picked it up and went hastily into her room, and closed the door.

I could not be mistaken—*it was my missing silver spoon!*

The party was a miserable affair to me; somehow, the wrong people *would* keep mixing together ; the servants handed cups with crested spoons to the nobodies, and the crestless ones to the chief guests ; those objectionable Donifords persisted in monopolising Margaret, and Arthur devoted himself assiduously to Laversha, to my disgust and displeasure. I determined to warn him before the evening was over.

How thankful I was when the last visitor had departed!

There was storm in the air, out of doors and indoors also, for I was determined to get my silver spoon back. I meant to accuse Laversha openly ; she would not be able to deny that she had taken it, and then I could request her to leave the house at once. Margaret would remain, of course ; and if Arthur—but I cut my reverie short with a sigh.

After all, this scheme of paying guests was not as pleasant in reality as I had fondly anticipated. I went out into the kitchen to find Mary. She was not there, so I looked in at the door of the little pantry. The silver, washed and polished, lay in beautiful order on the table, ready to be put away.

I glanced over it carefully ; every knick-knack, flagon, and basin was there, and—was I dreaming?—*there lay my set of spoons complete; not one was missing!*

Had my eyes deceived me? No. I took them up one by one to assure myself. Could I have made a mistake last evening? I was positive I had not, and I was doubly positive that the spoon Laversha had dropped from her pocket was mine.

Well, it was a relief to find it was not really gone, but the fact did not lessen my conviction of Laversha's guilt, nor did my feelings soften towards her.

Evidently, she had thought better of her mean action, and replaced the spoon.

I had fully made up my mind upon one point. Arthur's eyes must be opened to her true character before his infatuation went any farther.

It was rather late when I returned to the drawing-room ; my guests had retired for the night, and Arthur was outside, smoking a cigar.

Presently he came in to me. I thought he looked at me rather curiously.

Perhaps he guessed that I was going to speak about Laversha, but he waited for me to begin.

"What do you think of Miss Elwes?" I asked.

"A very nice girl," he replied carelessly.

"I thought you would say so. She is very different

"'POOR OLD AUNTIE!' HE SAID; 'I SEE HOW IT IS.'" (*p.* 289).

from poor Laversha. Arthur"—I went up to him and put my hand upon his shoulder—"I wish you would marry and settle down. You know that this place and everything I have will be yours another day, and I should like to know that the Retreat has a mistress after my own heart."

"Well, I *have* been thinking of matrimony," he said, half laughing, though I could see that his face had changed colour.

"That is right," I answered approvingly. "I hope she is a nice girl, and *rich*, for I have not much money to leave you, and I should like the old place to be kept in order when I am gone."

"Don't talk like that, aunt. You will live to keep it in order yourself for many years to come."

"You have not told me about your love affair, Arthur," I went on.

"Because there was nothing to tell before to-day, I never expected it to end happily."

"To-day? Do you mean——"

"I mean that I am engaged to one of the sweetest girls——"

"Margaret!" I cried in delight. "She is a sweet girl. My dear boy——"

"Margaret has nothing to do with it," he said impatiently. "You are labouring under a delusion, my dear aunt. It is not Margaret."

"Not Margaret?" I gasped. "Who, then, can it be? Arthur, don't tell me it is that—that *wicked* girl, Laversha!"

"What *do* you mean, aunt? Laversha has promised to be my wife. Please speak of her with proper respect," he said sternly.

I think I must have been beside myself—and, after

all, it was not to be wondered at, considering what I had gone through that day.

Without stopping to choose my words, I poured into Arthur's ears the whole story of the missing spoon, and Laversha's atrocious behaviour.

His face grew darker as I went on.

"Let us end this," he said at last. "You never made a greater mistake in your life, aunt. How can you accuse Laversha of such a dreadful thing? Do you know who she is?"

"I know she is Margaret's poor relation, and my paying guest."

There! I had let it out at last, but Arthur did not seem at all surprised. He threw his head back and laughed.

"Poor old auntie!" he said; "I see how it is. You wanted me to marry the heiress, did you? Well, but for the fact that Laversha has twenty thousand pounds in her own right, I should have asked her to marry me long ago. As it was, I could not summon sufficient courage until yesterday, and you know now what answer I received. And you thought Margaret was the heiress? Other people have thought so, too, seeing how Laversha lets her lead in everything, but Margaret has scarcely anything of her own. Lady Susan, who wrote to you, is Laversha's aunt, and my intimate friend."

"So you know all about it!" I faltered, feeling unutterably crestfallen and a little bit ashamed.

"I have known from the beginning. I did not like the idea at all at first, but it has turned out a good thing for me. Another time you had better confide in me; and whatever you do, never again accuse Laversha of being dishonest. The idea is preposterous!"

I did not sleep much that night. Never in all my life had I been so utterly nonplussed, and how to atone to Laversha for my unkindness I did not know. She must have been a sweet little thing to have put up with my airs so long.

Before morning I had decided that her disposition was infinitely superior to that of Margaret.

I felt rather awkward as I took my place at the breakfast-table.

Laversha, rosy and smiling, was already in the room, but Margaret had not put in an appearance.

It occurred to me that she was unusually late this morning: a very serious failing in a young person. Laversha was always in time.

A parcel lay beside my plate.

"What is this?" I asked, unfastening the wrapper.

"A small present from me," Laversha said, bending down and kissing me.

I unfolded the soft pink paper, and there, bright and shining, were six spoons, the exact *fac-simile* of my old ones, and *bearing the Lewin crest!*

I looked up into her sweet smiling face, but I could not speak.

"I was so sorry not to have them in time for the garden party," she said, "but they had to be ordered specially, as the pattern is a peculiar one, and there was some difficulty about the crest; so I borrowed one of the old ones for a few hours. I was so afraid it would be missed, and I should be obliged to explain why I had taken it."

I did not know how or what I should have answered, but at that moment Arthur came in, and taking Laversha's arm in his own, presented her to me as his future wife.

And, although she was my paying guest, I did not make a single objection.

BROKEN ENGAGEMENTS.

S a promise to marry a really binding engagement? Put in this simple form, the question seems as if it admitted of but one answer. Nine persons out of ten would say, "Of course it is." But the fact is that on this subject, as on many others, the bonds of morality have been stretched, if not altogether loosened, within the last century. The all but universal impatience of any tie which restrains a man from doing what he pleases has greatly weakened the popular conception of the binding character of the most important engagement into which a man can enter. In their heart of hearts a large number of men and women believe that a promise to marry ought not to be kept if—to use plain language—the promiser would rather not keep it. It need hardly be pointed out that a promise which is only to be fulfilled if the person promising does not change his mind is no promise at all.

As usual, modern laxity seeks to justify itself on the ground of superior morality. "No woman," it is said, "worthy of the name, desires to marry an unwilling bridegroom"; and there is in the minds of many people an unspoken conviction that the girl who would be so false to her higher nature as to wish to hold a man to his promise, when he desired his freedom, is an unwomanly kind of creature, who deserves to be left in the lurch.

The truth is that this view of the matter does away with betrothals in the proper sense of the word. It is precisely the resolution and the pledge that changing moods of feeling, changed circumstances, are not to affect the engagement which constitutes its sacred character.

Is there, then, it may be asked, no distinction in point of obligation between a promise to marry and the marriage vow itself? There certainly is a difference. The nuptial vow is absolute; a lover's vow is a

simple promise, which depends for its fulfilment on various circumstances. The husband takes the wife, the wife takes the husband, "for better, for worse"; but no one would contend that if, during an engagement, either party should fall under the power of a vice, such as a craving for alcohol, or become afflicted with an incurable disease, or suffer any great degradation, such as conviction for a crime, the engagement should necessarily be kept. All that is contended for is that a promise to marry is a true promise, as distinguished from a mere declaration of an intention. It ought, therefore, to be kept, even at the sacrifice of personal predilection. There are many who would admit this in principle, but hesitate to advise anyone to carry it out in practice. They would rather try to find an excuse for throwing on the other party to the engagement the burden of saying whether it should be kept or not—not a particularly straightforward or manly way of dealing with the difficulty. There are some who would go so far as to say that no change of inclination, no waning of affection, should be concealed from her to whom faith has been plighted, and that any change of feeling is enough to warrant either party in seeking a release. This is only another way of saying that a promise to marry is, unlike other promises, one which entails no obligation of keeping it.

It cannot be denied that there are states of feeling so well defined, so unmistakable, that it would be madness, and an injustice to the other party to the engagement, to treat them as non-existent. If a man, being engaged, conceives a violent passion for someone else, if—justly or unjustly—he takes a strong dislike to the woman he has promised to marry, or if he entertains an honest and certain conviction that the contemplated marriage would produce, not happiness, but misery, he would generally be justified in seeking a release from his promise, or even in refusing to fulfil it. And for a girl under such circumstances the rule would of course be the same. But changes of feeling are not generally of this violent or decided nature. To take a very common case—two young people meet, and are mutually pleased with each other; they have similar tastes, sentiments, and occupations; they are thrown a good deal together by the force of circumstances; they respect and like each other; and they become engaged, with no great strength of passion on either side. As time goes on the affection of one—say of the girl—increases. She is happy in her engagement, and looks forward to her bridal with joyful anticipation. The young man, on the other hand, does not feel that his affection for his sweetheart is increasing; on the contrary, it seems to be declining. He wishes he had not been so precipitate. He, on his side, looks forward to the wedding-day as to a day which will forge for him, if not fetters, at least shackles which will restrain his liberty all his days. He does not positively dislike the girl, but he would rather retain his liberty than marry her. Many men and most women would say that in such a case the engagement ought not to be kept—at least, there is a strong tendency in society to look leniently upon a man who under such circumstances asks, or takes—the distinction is seldom material—the liberty for which he yearns. But a man of good principle and sterling honour who found himself in such an unpleasant predicament would not seek to be set free. He would not simulate affection that he did not feel, but he would strive to love his betrothed as he ought to do if he were already married to her. He would remember that he could not, be he ever so willing, place the girl in the position in which he found her. He would remember that a man's pledged word means something, and that it cannot be broken without loss of honour. And, as a rule, a man who acts thus will find that he is happier in his marriage than if he had followed his own impulse. It is the nature of men—of very many men, at all events—to be fickle, to be dissatisfied with what they have, and to send forth wistful glances at what is beyond their reach; and it seldom happens that the gratification of such longings brings real and permanent happiness. Many an engagement has been broken for no better reason than that one of the parties felt a capricious and unreasonable desire to be rid of a promise voluntarily and deliberately made. If the general tone of social morals had been higher and more chivalrous than it is, these engagements would have been kept, and there is no ground for supposing that marriages so formed would not have been happy ones. Constancy in the betrothed, as in the married state, is very much more under one's control than some people care to believe. A man may not be able to keep his fancy under complete subjection, but he may restrain his thoughts, his looks, his desires. He may decline perilous invitations, and avoid such occasions as are likely to lead his heart astray. So much is his duty, and the probability is that he will gain, not lose, by following it.

There is one privilege of the upper classes which might well be extended to the great middle class of this country, and that is the publicity with which the betrothal of their daughters is attended. One cannot lightly withdraw from the fulfilment of an engagement which has been chronicled in the *Morning Post*. The mere knowledge that if the engagement is broken the fact will be made public in like manner exercises a wholesome deterrent influence on a man's wayward impulses. In Germany the same result is attained by the sending out of cards, and a sort of rite, which might be described as a rehearsal of the wedding ceremony. In England it too often happens that a girl's friends, or even a girl's parents, or even the girl herself, do not know whether she is bound or free. Such a thing as a secret engagement, or a quasi-engagement, or a conditional engagement, ought not to be tolerated. It is always unfair to the girl, and generally ends by bringing her more or less of disesteem and unhappiness. If it were the custom that a betrothal, like a wedding, should be celebrated by some public act, such as a feast, men would be more careful about forming such a tie; and having formed it, would find it more difficult to break than they do now. Few will be found to deny that this, at all events, would be a change for the better.

THE DRESS OF BIRDS.

FEATHERS have for ages played an important part as articles of adornment. Their present popularity for this purpose is undoubted, and often leads to deplorably cruel slaughter. The object of this paper, however, is not to deal with the commercial or decorative uses of feathers, or to look at them from the standpoint either of a milliner or her customers, but purely from a bird's point of view.

Feathers are composed of the same materials as hair and nails, and besides being often highly ornamental, serve a variety of very useful purposes. They entangle the air, and consequently reduce the specific gravity of the body upon which they grow. Birds being creatures maintaining a high temperature, and air a very poor conductor, that involved in their feathers helps to prevent an undue escape of heat. As a means of locomotion feathers are of marvellous efficiency, carrying their owners through the air at lightning speed, or enabling them to soar upon it in graceful curves and circles without any apparent exertion whatever.

They also, in a few instances (such as the tail feathers of woodpeckers and creepers) help their owners to climb and rest upon the stems of trees. In many cases, especially amongst the females and young, the colours harmonise so closely with surrounding objects as to secure comparative immunity from danger for their wearers.

It might be supposed that the growth of feathers would be evenly distributed over a bird's body, but such is not the case, as they are planted in definite regions, known as "feather tracts," the disposition and arrangement of which differ in various kinds of birds.

Feathers themselves vary considerably both in shape, size, and construction, according to the uses they are called upon to fulfil by their owners. As an illustration of the marvellous complexity of a bird's feather it may be mentioned that a reliable authority has calculated that a golden eagle's feather is constructed of the following distinct parts:—

One shaft, two thousand barbs, five millions and a half of barbules, and fifty-four millions of cilia and hooklets. In regard to colour, it has been stated that peacocks' feathers are composed of twelve different tints of the most brilliant blue, green and gold.

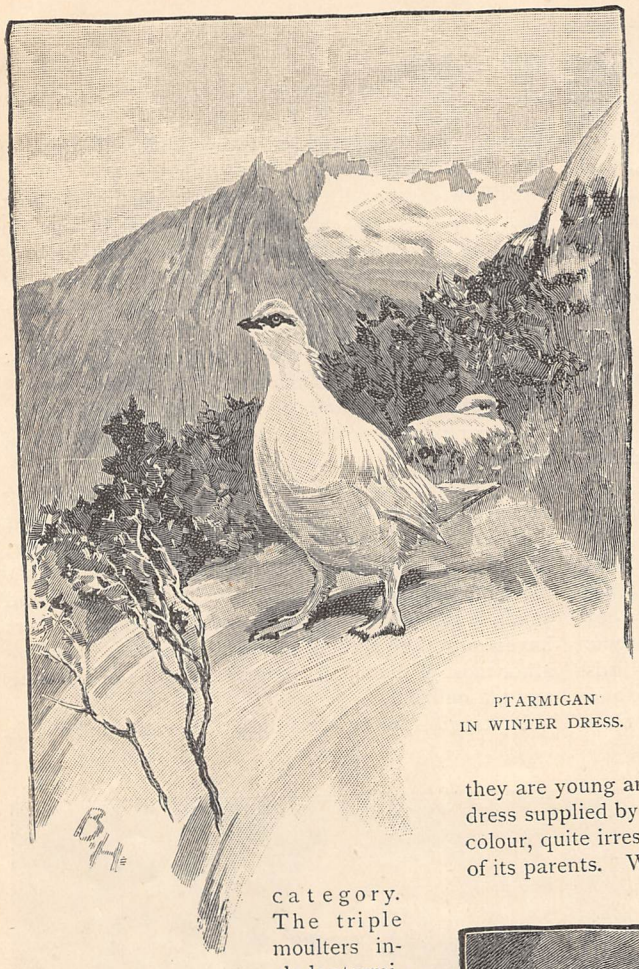
Birds are, generally speaking, very particular about their feathers, and spend a great deal of time in preening and cleaning them; but, like everything else in this world of wear and tear, they are liable to get damaged and faded, until it becomes necessary to replace them by new ones.

This is, however, not always the case, as some individuals are obliged to change their dress as a means of self-preservation, and others, the male portion, from an apparent necessity to minister to the vain love of show in the opposite sex.

The moulting season is necessarily the most trying period in the yearly round of a bird's life. A great number of individuals, such as ducks, owls, swallows, hawks, etc., have one moult only, and that takes place in the autumn, when every feather, great and small, is cast off and replaced by a new one. Others have a spring and autumn moult, in some cases including all or most of the small feathers and some of the wing and tail quills.

Pipits, gulls, plovers, wagtails, etc., come under this

THE WOODPECKER'S USE OF HIS TAIL FEATHERS.



PTARMIGAN IN WINTER DRESS.

category. The triple moulters include ptarmigan, willow grouse, grebes, etc., which in some cases have a complete, and in others only a partial, moult.

In addition to these complete and partial moults there is what is termed by Continental naturalists a "border moult," which means the shedding of certain portions of a bird's feathers, whereby a visible change of colour is produced, not only amongst annual moulters, but also amongst birds that moult oftener. It is also believed that an absolute seasonal change of colour takes place in the feathers of some birds, for both the wheatear and stonechat undergo a remarkable change of colour, not in any way traceable to even a partial moult.

In the spring, when young birds' fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love, the males of many species shed portions of a dull unobtrusive garment, in order to don the decorative plumes of the marriage season.

Nature has wisely ordained that the shedding of old feathers shall be as gradual as the growth of the new ones, also that about the time a quill feather drops from the right wing one shall drop from the left, so as to maintain a correct balance in the powers of flight. There are, however, some most remarkable departures from this admirable rule.

The laughing owl of New Zealand casts its feathers so quickly that it becomes nearly naked, and renders itself liable to the danger of being stung to death by bees, a fate which sometimes befalls it at this critical season.

A great many members of the duck family become quite unable to fly for a time, through casting their wing feathers all at once, and it is an astonishing fact that one species never regains the power of flight lost in this way.

In some parts of the world sea-birds resort to the land, and never quit it until the moulting season is over. In order to accomplish this a ball of fat is accumulated under the neck, and the owner subsists upon this until it is again ready to resume its life upon the waves.

Feathers play a very important part in the preservation of birds from destruction whilst they are young and inexperienced. As a matter of fact, the first dress supplied by Nature to all young birds is of a dull, unobtrusive colour, quite irrespective often of the gay and conspicuous clothing of its parents. Where the mother is dull and the father bright the

THE DIPPER, OLD AND YOUNG.

first dress of the young, male and female alike, resembles the mother's, but where the reverse is the case the young imitate the father. But where both are of conspicuous colours, to quote three familiar British instances—the robin, dipper, and ring ouzel, the young assume an inconspicuous garb of their own.

The males in some members of the duck family lose the brilliantly-coloured plumage by an actual moult, and assume the dull raiment of the female for several weeks.

The British Isles, though so close to the Continent, have produced a marked difference in the colour of the plumage of some birds. As an example of this fact (first noticed by Dr. Bowdler Sharpe) it may be mentioned that the back of a Continental coal tit-mouse is grey, whereas in the British form it is olive brown.

The hen of the red grouse—a bird, by the way, found nowhere in the world except the British Isles—varies in the colour of her dress according to the situation she affects.

To illustrate the great utility of a complete change of dress to the ptarmigan, it may be mentioned that if the snow disappears before the birds have donned their summer dress of brown, or continue to wear it after the snow has fallen, great havoc is wrought amongst them by their natural enemies. These birds assume three distinctive dresses during the round of the seasons, with the exception of the quill feathers in wings and tail.

The majority of birds moult at the close of the breeding season, but this is not a hard-and-fast rule, as many delay the process until later. For instance, the swallow does not moult until mid-winter.

R. KEARTON.

MARGARET'S WAY.

By ANNIE E. WICKHAM, Author of "Two Women," etc.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

HOW Mrs. Lester fussed over Geoffrey! What a flurry there was in the household of women over the unexpected appearance of this big important guest. Jemima was sent through the rain to buy something extra for his dinner. Mary and Mrs. Lester brought him tea and bread and butter, though he vowed he wanted nothing. Margaret looked on with eyes she did not know were shining. She was too glad to see this inhabitant of her old world to ask at first why he came.

A loud tinkle from the invalid's bell took Mrs. Lester upstairs to see what was wanted. Mary went to the kitchen to cook the dinner. Margaret and her cousin were alone.

"I have brought you your purse," he said, standing before her.

She quailed before the sternness of his eye.

"Margaret, I thought you a kind little girl until I found Mrs. Jones sobbing and crying, and heard how you had treated that good old woman."

"I could not take her money."

"No, you would rather break her heart. She knew that you had nothing more than what was in this purse. She disliked your travelling alone, and yet your wretched pride could allow her to be left in a panic of fright as to what would become of you. What is to be the end of it all?"

He paused. Margaret's head was lowered; he could not see her face.

"Do you ever think of anyone beside yourself?—of the trouble, the worry, the—the pain you cause by your behaviour? Do you ever think whether you are behaving rightly? I—I do not want to preach a sermon. I am too much in want of teaching myself to teach others, but is your guide to be always your headstrong will? If you could have seen Mrs. Jones's dismay, the state of mind she was in——"

"Oh!"

"Yes, you shall hear," he continued steadily, "the state of mind she was in; I think even you, Margaret, would have had a little pity. You have thrown us over for these strangers—they are strangers to you, if relations—you are taking from them what you would not take from me. Why, Heaven only knows. Here is your purse. I have paid Mrs. Jones your fare, and I forbid you—do you hear, Margaret?—I forbid you to offer to repay me." He threw the purse into her lap, strode to the window, and stood looking out on the rain. The silence was unbroken.

"I should think three days of this place were enough for you," he continued, his back still turned. "By this time you ought to be ready to return to your own friends. Mrs. Jones wants you in spite of your cruel—— Margaret!"

A sob from her had interrupted his sentence.

"Margaret! dear Margaret! I did not mean you were cruel. I—I—I—you must not take what I said so seriously. I am a rough fellow. I dare say I put it roughly. Dear Margaret, stop crying. I—I—what can I do?"

For Margaret was sobbing in an agony of tears.

"You will be ill if you cry so. I did not know you felt what I was saying so much. I was a fool—a brute——"

He was kneeling by her side, his arm round her shuddering, sobbing figure.

"You will give yourself a racking headache! You are making me miserable. I did not mean to say so much. I—I—Margaret, dearest!"

She freed herself from his arm.

"There! that is better. You frightened me with those sobs. I am sorry for what I said——"

"I deserved it."

"I think you did. But we'll forget all that. You will come back on Monday with me? The house at Bridge End is ready for you. Your horse and ponies have been sent on. Mrs. Morgan, your chaperon, goes there to-day. You will like her, I think. If you do not we must find another lady to live with you. These Lesters are not the sort of people for you to be with."

"They are my relations."

"What of that?"

"They have been very, very kind to me. You do not understand, Geoffrey. I cannot take things from you."

"Will not, you mean," he said bitterly.

But he attempted no persuasion. He was sure that a week with the Lesters would be a better argument in his favour than any he could bring forward.

"They are so kind," said Margaret. "I did not think from her letters that Mrs. Lester would be as kind as she is."

Geoffrey smiled. Perhaps he knew the reason of Mrs. Lester's kindness.

"And Mary is good."

"Is Mary the untidy-looking girl with the rough hair?"

"Yes; but she looks quite nice when she is well-dressed. She is so good—really good and unselfish. I—I wish I were like Mary."

Margaret's face wore a wistful expression.

"The other girl—Nell: how do you like her?"

"She is—horrible!" Margaret dropped her voice. "Her temper is dreadful, and Mary is so good to her."

"You are infatuated with Mary. Has she ousted Miss Seymour from your affections?"

"Enid? Enid has given me up. She told me she had never liked me. She——"

Margaret stopped short.

"I—I suppose I must be disagreeable. People do not like me," she said. "If I were good like Mary now——"

Mrs. Lester's entrance interrupted her sentence.

"Dearest! Crying? Why is that? We have done our best to make her happy. Mr. Fenham will think we have been unkind to you, dearest girl. Why have you cried?"

"I have been scolding her," said Geoffrey.

"A mild scolding, I expect. Run upstairs and bathe your eyes, my love. Dinner will be ready shortly. You must excuse our simple ways, Mr. Fenham. When my dear husband——"

Margaret escaped to her room.

The dinner that had been hurriedly prepared was scarcely all it might have been. But Geoffrey was not fastidious. Margaret was the only one who cared for the mistakes of Jemima and the rawness of the joint. Mary laughed and honestly owned that she was responsible for the cooking. Jemima's upsetting the gravy down Margaret's back made dinner an experience. Margaret did wish that these relations of hers might appear to the best advantage before Geoffrey. Alas! they were more—more—how shall it be said?—more pronounced in their different fashions. Mrs. Lester, whose gentility might have passed in a crowd for good breeding, could not leave the subject of the change her husband's death had made in their fortunes. Mary was louder than ordinary in her talk and laughter. Margaret, with a young girl's sensitiveness, fancied that Geoffrey was noting and despising their tricks of manner—Mary's peals of laughter, her arms upon the table, Mrs. Lester's elaborate efforts to assure him she had fallen from a higher state. Geoffrey was thinking nothing of the kind. Mrs. Lester might have stopped her drivelling—he called it drivelling—and Mary might have laughed less loudly. They were not persons with whom he should care to live. He was sure that Margaret would have had enough of them in a week. But as for despising, Geoffrey Fenham scarcely knew the meaning of the word. He would have stared, shrugged his shoulders, laughed, if Margaret had attempted to put into words her feelings of that evening. He had met, had respected, had admired for their many good qualities, women compared with whom Mary was a soft-mannered, gentle creature, Mrs. Lester a refined gentlewoman. But he saw clearly enough that they and Margaret belonged to different worlds, and that to live in such a household long would be impossible for the delicately-nurtured girl. She should have her wish, however: she should remain with the Lesters what time she chose. He was introduced to Nell after dinner. She was upon her good behaviour; no gibes or sneers crossed her lips. Her manner to Margaret was caressing as far as Nell could make it so; it was not very successful. She said no biting words, and dismissed them to the drawing-room when she felt her self-command could not bear a longer strain.

"Mary will stay with me," she said.

Mary sighed. She knew from the smile on Nell's lips that she was to suffer for the wonderful piece of self-control.

Mr. Benjamin Waller arrived while she was upstairs. He was shown into the drawing-room, after a loud colloquy with Jemima, every word of which was heard, despite Mrs. Lester's efforts to drown the loud, metallic voice.

"Why were there lights in the drawing-room? A party on! Ah! Mr. Fenham come. A toff, eh? Got a swell place down in Blankshire! Plenty of brass! That was the right sort! They certainly

wanted someone with brass, now times were so bad. He must give his boots a dust before he stepped into the drawing-room."

Giggling Jemima ushered Mr. Ben Waller into the room. Smiling, easy, with hair well curled, he entered.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, sir," he said, when introduced. "Where's Mary, Mrs. Lester? You've soon come to look after Miss Margaret. Did you think we should run away with her?"

Ben's bright blue eyes twinkled; he gave a knowing wink. Seated in the easiest chair in the room, his legs extended to their full length, his thumbs stuck in his waistcoat pockets, his fingers playing a tattoo on his manly breast, Mr. Benjamin Waller proceeded to make himself agreeable to the "toff" with the "plenty of brass." He said of himself that he never lost a chance.

"You can never tell what may happen," he would say; "never make an enemy; that's my motto, and soft words cost no trouble. Always help old women over crossings, and give up your seat in an omnibus to them. One *may* leave you a fortune, there's no telling. I make myself agreeable to everyone, and you'll find 'twill pay. No, I never lose a chance."

He gave Geoffrey an account of himself, of his prospects, of his family. His tongue rattled on unceasingly, his eyes twinkled, his red head wagged. A natural shrewdness prevented his being tiresome. Margaret joined in Geoffrey's laugh at some of the young fellow's tales.

"A fact, sir, I assure you. Pilkington, he represents leather for a well-known firm, told me the tale. You've been in the colonies I hear from Mary. (When will she be down, Mrs. L.?) I should like to hear some of your opinions upon the state of things out there. Askew—he's made a pot of money in the drapery line—Askew has been in Australia, and he says—Hullo, Mary! here you are at last, old gal! Thought you were never coming!"

"Nell wants you to come upstairs to see her."

"Oh!"

His face fell. A blank expression drowned its bright shrewdness.

"Do come, Ben," said Mary coaxingly.

He rose with a comical sigh and an affectation of pretended unwillingness which did not hide his real dislike.

"I do not care for this engagement between Mary and Mr. Waller," said Mrs. Lester when he had left the room, his arm round Mary's waist; "it is entirely against my wish that she has entered into it. Mr. Waller is not of her rank in life."

"He seems a sharp young fellow enough," said Geoffrey.

"If her dear father had been alive it would never have been allowed."

More in this strain followed. It was a relief when Mr. Ben Waller reappeared with disturbed face and ruffled hair standing on end like an angry turkey-cock's comb.

"You're wanted now, ma'am," he said to Mrs. Lester.

"That Nell, she's a fiend," he continued when she was gone, "a downright fiend. She only had me up there to tease poor Mary the more. Went on about her looks and her ways until she made her cry. I'd marry her right off if I could see my way clear; but our firm ain't as flourishing as it might be, and I know it's no use asking for a rise. Mary's a brick, that's what Mary is, if she hasn't much to boast of in the way of looks."

"Mary is very nice-looking," said Margaret hotly.

"Well, of course *I* think she is," he said complacently; "but she isn't reckoned a beauty, as a rule. I give her a few hints on dressing that smarten her up a bit."

He adjusted his tie before the glass on the mantelpiece and pulled down his cuffs with an air of "See! what perfection in the art of dressing I have attained."

Geoffrey smiled and Margaret laughed aloud. Mr. Waller turned and joined in the laugh. He did not see the joke, but he was always ready to laugh.

"What hotel are you putting up at? I'll see you on your way. Going to cab it, are you?"

Geoffrey offered him a seat in the hansom. It was accepted with alacrity.

"I have been on my legs all day. I take a lot of exercise. Have to or I should run to fat. I'm not like you lucky fellows"—with an envious glance at the lean, wiry frame of six feet beside him—"who needn't think of what you eat or whether it's fattening. I suppose you never walk?"

"Never if I can ride or drive," said Geoffrey, who hated to walk a step.

Fifteen years of a land where horses are cheap and distances to be traversed long, had taken away any love of foot exercise Geoffrey might once have had.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

GEOFFREY departed on Monday.

He escorted Margaret to church on Sunday and spent the day with her and the Lesters. Margaret and he were alone the greater part of the time. Mr. Ben Waller exercised his right as an engaged man to take Mary for a walk in the afternoon; Mrs. Lester sat with her elder daughter. Margaret and Geoffrey were left to their own devices. The day sped too quickly for Margaret. The long, quiet talk with Geoffrey, when no disturbing subjects were touched, was soothing, restful, quieting, after stormy interviews and angry words.

"I shall see you again shortly," he said, holding her hand when the time came for farewell.

She did not speak with her lips, but her eyes must have told him something, for he smiled, well-pleased. Nothing more was said.

"Mr. Fenham is coming again, I suppose," said Nell when Margaret entered her room with a bright face and dancing step.

"Why do you suppose that?"

"You are so lively," said Nell with a sneer.

Margaret flushed.

One day succeeded another, the week passed without incident.

Nell's temper and whims were the laws that regulated the Lester household. One thing only could be predicted of them—they would not be the same five minutes in succession. Change was their order. Margaret, for the sake of peace, and to silence that bitter tongue, gave way to the household tyrant.

In a dream, her thoughts many miles from the game, she played chess through the long hot days with Nell. She started and coloured when a sneer from her opponent aroused her to the fact that she had made a foolish move. To keep Nell silent, to keep her from uttering she knew not what, but something she shrank from hearing proclaimed aloud, Margaret weakly made offerings of her finery and jewels to the tyrant.

Nell accepted them without thanks; she knew and hugged the knowledge of why they were offered. The more valuable of the jewels she hid from Mary's eyes; the rest she flaunted openly to make her sister jealous. But Mary was thankful that Nell was pleased, though she felt it necessary to tell Margaret that she must not give away all her pretty dresses and ornaments.

"It is only a little payment for your kindness," muttered Margaret.

Mary began to speak, checked herself, and shuffled uneasily from one foot to the other.

"You must not talk of payment. You—you—. Is that what Nell says when you give her things?"

"Well—she——"

"Nell must not say that. She knows——" Mary stopped again.

"I am glad to give her presents. I have more dresses and ornaments than I can ever wear. Do let me give you the pink silk, Mary. It will make you such a pretty evening dress, and Mr. Waller will like to see you in it."

Mary was firm in her refusal, great as was the temptation.

"No. You have given us too much already. I shall speak to Nell and ma about your giving so much to Nell."

"No, no. It will make Nell so angry."

"I wonder what Mary would say if she knew that I had given Nell that gold necklace. I know Nell keeps it hidden from her," thought Margaret to herself: "but I must keep her in a good temper. She does say such horrid things. What a coward I am!"

Saturday came, bringing Geoffrey.

Nell's lynx eyes watched Margaret through the day. Margaret, under that vigilant watch, could have torn her cheeks when they coloured at every ring of the bell.

"He has come," said Nell, with a meaning smile.

"Has he? Shall we finish the game? Your move, I think."

"You know whom I mean by 'he.'"

Margaret's face crimsoned. She had betrayed herself by that "he." The game was lost when he came upstairs into Nell's room, and stood behind Margaret's chair, looking and laughing at her remarkable moves. Her fingers trembled when she lifted the chessmen, her eyes caught every shade of hateful smile upon Nell's wizened face. But at least he could not see, standing behind her, the blushes that spread from chin to forehead.

"Beaten, Margaret; you are no match for Miss Lester," he said, the game ended.

"Why, she is a much better——" began Mary, but Margaret interrupted her with an inquiry after Mrs. Jones.

"'MR. WALLER WILL LIKE TO SEE YOU IN IT.'"

She preferred to be thought the worse player to his knowing his presence had spoilt her play.

Another peaceful Saturday to Monday was followed by a third that was not so peaceful. A delicious unrest disturbed the quiet day. Something had crept into their relations towards one another which made it impossible for Margaret to be her natural, unconscious self.

She was looking pale, he declared—she wanted country air. They would drive far into the country that afternoon ; she should once more see fields and haystacks.

Mr. Waller and Mary were not invited to be of the party, though Mr. Waller frankly owned he should not refuse if asked. Geoffrey meant to have Margaret to himself. He was deaf to Mr. Waller's loud asides.

"You did not want them?" he asked, when they were driving along between the streets of villas standing back from the road in their modest gardens.

"Did you, Margaret?" he repeated, when she did not answer.

He bent forward to tuck the carriage rug round her.

"No," she said, turning her head to avoid his eyes.

It seemed to Margaret that the summer had culminated in this perfect day. Was it her fancy or were the fields greener, the trees more luxuriant in their foliage, the sky more blue than in former summers?

They stopped at a little wayside inn covered with ivy. She poured out the tea and was teased by Geoffrey about another tea, when a cup had been broken and a little girl had shown a temper. A walk in the fields afterwards and a watching of the sunset seated on a stile, while Geoffrey smoked a cigarette, leaning against the same stile, his shoulder touching her dress, his dark, burnt face scarce an inch from her arm.

They silently watched the sun set. A stormy, cloudy sunset!

"We must hurry, little one ; rain is coming."

He held her hand to help her from the stile ; he held her hand through the fields to the inn where their carriage waited. Nothing was said. Margaret was too happy—too much in a dream to think. She was contented in the present ; why should she think of the future?

The rain came before they were home. Margaret stepped into the house with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, raindrops hanging on her long lashes, and a pool of water in the brim of her large hat. Laughing Mary unwound her from the rug her cousin had wrapped her in. The sweet expression in Margaret's face made Mary kiss the soft, bright cheek, wet with rain. Mary thought that everything was right—they understood one another. She looked up and caught Geoffrey's eye. After that look she was still more sure.

But the week passed, and to Mary's astonishment no confidence was poured into her ears by a blushing, happy girl. She made an effort to worm her feelings from Margaret, but her first words were met by such a gentle but unmistakable snub that she gave up the attempt.

"I'm sure she might tell me if there is anything. I'm always ready to talk about Ben," said Mary to herself. "I don't see why she should make a mystery of it. I'm sure I was always talking of Ben before it came off. Laura Williams knew everything as well as I did myself. Margaret might just as well tell me."

But Margaret kept her own counsel.

She could not talk of the saunter through the twilight, summer fields : she blushed when she thought of that silent walk. How could she tell her heart's secret to Mary, who, good girl as she was, knew not and could not understand reticence concerning feelings. Margaret would not look at her own heart. Was it likely she would bare it to others?

Nell did not require being told in words. She knew the meaning of every flush that dyed Margaret's fair skin. She used this cunning insight cruelly. Margaret's feelings could be played upon by her biting tongue as a good player touches the notes of a musical instrument. To make the girl's face whiten beneath her words, to make her redden and tremble and bite her lips were pastimes for Nell.

"So he has not come to-day," she said late at night on the fourth Saturday ; "he has not come. That careful hairdressing was all for nothing. That rose at your neck——"

"I have worn roses on other days."

"Keep your temper, cousin Margaret. That rose, I say, has wasted its sweetness. He has tired of you—of your childish face, of your insipid ways. Don't keep your head bent like that. Look up. I like to see your face when I talk about your dear, darling Geoffrey."

"I will leave the room if you say such things. You have no right to make such remarks."

"Leave the room, do! I shall tell him how you dote upon him. How you can think only——"

"Nell!"

"Ha, ha! That upsets you, does it? But I shall tell him."

"You could not. Even you could not do such a thing."

"I like the truth, and it is the truth, is it not? I shall send for him the moment he comes, and I shall say to him, 'Margaret is in——'"

But Margaret had left the room.

Nell lay back and chuckled to herself. This was delightful. To-morrow she would make Margaret give her the brooch, for which she had asked several times. Nell hated happiness.

Geoffrey had not written or said that he was coming on the former Saturdays, and they had not expected to hear from him to-day. He was one who rarely wrote. But Mrs. Lester and Mary had prepared for his coming. Margaret said nothing when she heard orders given to butcher and baker and saw the best plate and china brought down for Geoffrey's use.

Perhaps she, too, in her heart expected him. But the long day passed and no Geoffrey came. Dinner waited an hour, and then was eaten by the three women.

"He really should have telegraphed," said Mrs. Lester.

Margaret said nothing.

Why had not Geoffrey come? Was he not coming any more? Had she offended him? Why had he not come? These questions rang in her head through the short summer night.

She sang when she passed Nell's door next morning in the hope that the gay little song might blind Nell. She was the life of the quiet party. Mr. Ben Waller was absent. He had been called away on Friday, and was not to return until Wednesday or Thursday. Consequently Mary was not in her usual spirits. Nell, too, was more silent than her custom; she watched Margaret with a smile on her thin lips—a smile that deepened to a sneer when a sudden silence fell upon the girl. An oppression which Margaret's forced gaiety was powerless to dispel hung over the household.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday passed, and still no news of Geoffrey.

"I wonder he does not write," said Mary on Wednesday.

"Why should he write?"

"To let us know why he did not come on Saturday."

"I do not know why you expected him last Saturday. He said nothing about it the week before."

"MARGARET WAS TOO HAPPY—TOO MUCH IN A DREAM TO THINK" (*p.* 297).

"But *you* expected him?" said Mary, opening wide her eyes.

"Why should *I* expect him? You talk as though he came only for me," said Margaret pettishly.

"Well, so he does."

Mary laughed.

Mr. Ben Waller came that evening to see his sweetheart after his absence. When he was gone Mary, with a grave face, went to Margaret's room.

"Ben has been down in your parts, near Fen Court," she said, seating herself on the bed.

Margaret was brushing her hair before the glass.

"Did he go there? Did he see Fen Court? Why did he not tell me he had been there?" said Margaret eagerly, throwing back her hair and looking at Mary.

"He did not go to Fen Court. He was too busy to go anywhere. Do you know people called Seymour?"

"Yes. Enid Seymour and I were friends—or I thought we were, but——"

Margaret sighed, and left her sentence unfinished.

"They live near Fen Court, don't they?"

"Three miles from it."

"What is Miss Seymour like?"

"Pretty—very pretty," said Margaret with enthusiasm. She could not forget her old admiration. "She dresses in a way that suits her, and she has a manner that I cannot describe. Why do you ask about her? Did Mr. Waller hear anything?"

"He heard that Mr. Fenham was a great deal at the Seymours."

"Geoffrey liked Enid, I know. They were always together when she was staying with me."

Mary looked curiously at Margaret's undisturbed face.

"He was at the Seymours from Saturday to Monday, Ben heard," she said.

"Of course! How foolish of us to forget! Saturday was the first of September, and Mr. Seymour always has a large party for that day. Geoffrey would be sure to be there."

"I wonder he did not tell us."

Mary went without saying more. She had not the heart to hint her suspicions to Margaret. The excuse that Saturday was the first of September seemed to town-bred Mary a lame one. She did not realise the importance of the first for sportsmen.

"Besides, Ben might be mistaken. All sorts of rumours get about in these country towns," she said to herself. "He is going down there again on Friday, and then I dare say he'll find out something more. At any rate, I'll say nothing more about it to Margaret. But it was queer his not coming on Saturday. Yet I don't think he's the sort of man to flirt, and Margaret isn't flirting. Oh! I shall be sorry for Margaret if it's true that he's making up to that Miss Seymour. Nell shan't worry her to-morrow."

No enlightenment as to the hint Mary had tried to give her came to Margaret. His reason for not coming on Saturday was now known to her, and she did not feel hurt by a day's shooting being preferred to her company. After all, she was very humble. It was Miss Lester of Fen Court who had been haughty and overbearing; penniless Margaret Lester was a different person.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

A TELEGRAM arrived from Geoffrey the day after Mary's useless hints. It was addressed to Margaret.

"He has sprained his ankle. He will not be here next Sunday," she said.

"When did it happen? Last Saturday? Was that the reason he did not come on Sunday?" asked Mary eagerly.

"No; he sprained it yesterday, out shooting. A sprain is rather bad, is it not?"

"Worse than a broken leg often," said Nell with a chuckle.

"A sprain is sometimes nothing at all," Mary said hurriedly. "Where is he? At home?"

"No; with the Seymours."

"Let us see the telegram," said Nell, holding out a skinny hand. "You need not hold it like that. *He* did not write it, you know. He has not touched the precious document."

"You can see it and keep it if you like," said Margaret.

She tossed the telegram into Nell's lap.

"Don't get into a temper, cousin Margaret. Paupers shouldn't have tempers. Ah! gone with a bang of the door."

"You should not call her a pauper, Nell," said Mary firmly. "You know what a lot we are getting for her living with us. Ma has paid almost all we owe, and it's a shame to keep on about her being a pauper when she's nothing of the sort."

"I shall call her what I please," said Nell sulkily.

Margaret could never look back without a shiver on the days that followed that telegram. One letter, one precious letter, was written to her by Geoffrey—a letter of a few lines only, giving a short account of his accident. After that a week of silence succeeded. No more was heard from him.

Margaret knew the postman's ring long before the week was ended.

A close, hot September succeeded the glorious summer. In the small house, after the roomy space of Fen Court, the heat was stifling. Margaret could not sleep at nights, could not rest by day. The heat (she said) was what was making her pale, the heat took away her appetite.

"How could she eat?" she said angrily when Mary begged her to taste the dishes—"how could she eat when the place was a furnace—when the thermometer was at ninety in the shade? Of course she was white. Anyone would be white in such weather."

The heat had a bad effect upon Nell. Even her mother lost patience with the capricious, domineering creature. Only one thing could quiet her: Margaret must sit with her. This was from no love of Margaret. It was merely to have the delight of torturing a fellow-creature. To have Margaret seated by her side to probe with sudden questions, would keep her quiet for hours.

Margaret could sometimes have shrieked beneath that merciless eye and tongue, but she knew how Nell would enjoy the scene. She calmly answered the questions and tried to make her face a blank under the running fire of remarks upon Mr. Fenham, his accident, his delay in writing. But she was reaching the end of her endurance. Twice she had flared out when Nell had gone too far, twice she had left Nell's room and refused to return for the day.

"I am glad he has not written again," she said to herself. "Nell would have said such dreadful things. How can she be Mary's sister? I hope the Seymours are taking care of him. But of course they would do that; he and Enid were such friends. I wonder what Mary means keeping on asking about their friendship."

The thought flashed across her mind of what Mary meant. "There was nothing more than friendship." She tried to shake off the idea. "He and Enid liked talking to one another, that was all. There was no one

else for him to speak to at Fen Court. I did not like him, or I thought I did not. Oh, what a silly goose of a girl I was in those days! I am much wiser now. I have learnt something since then. Mary has taught me much. But she need not keep on talking about Enid and Geoffrey. He only liked her as a friend."

She thought of that walk a fortnight ago. Was not that an answer to doubts?

"Ben has come, Margaret. He went out to the Seymours and saw Mr. Fenham. He has come up this evening to tell us all about it."

Mary's voice called Margaret.

Mr. Ben Waller, smart as usual, was bursting with information.

"I had to go down again for our firm to your parts, Miss Margaret, so I just thought when I was there I'd let Mr. Fenham know. I dropped a line telling him I'd pop in one afternoon when I was passing, and by return came an invitation to lunch with the Seymours. Quiet sort of folk they seem, not up to the ways of the world. They listened to my stories with open eyes, I can tell you, Mary."

Margaret could imagine how quiet Mr. Seymour, homely Mrs. Seymour, Enid and her sisters would listen to Mr. Ben Waller. Jennie Seymour had a trick of imitation. Probably after lunch she had acted for her sisters' benefit Mr. Ben Waller's behaviour, his extended finger with the ring, his pet phrases, his bagman's stories.

"I flatter myself I showed them round a bit. Regular toffs they are too, Mary. Grounds round the house, greenhouses and conservatories. Old Seymour must have a fairish income to keep it all up. Do you know what he has, Miss Margaret? Three or four thousand a year, eh?"

"I never inquired what his income might be."

"Trust me for seeing everything. I took it all in, you may be sure. I walked up the drive and up to the front door as swagger as you please, and asked for Mr. Fenham. The butler showed me in, and he was quite glad to see me."

"How was he looking?"

"Not very well. It was a very bad sprain, Miss Seymour said. She was in the room with him, reading to him. Here, Mary, give me a table-cloth or a sheet and I'll show you how she was dressed. My eye! she fairly took my breath away!"

"What room was he lying in?"

"Morning-room, I think they called it. There were two long windows opening on to the garden."

"Yes, it was the morning-room."

"Heaps of flowers were all over the place. Fenham was right down pleased to see me; wanted to know how you all were, and what you were doing and everything. He and Miss Seymour were great chums, calling one another by their Christian names and making me feel once or twice regularly out of it."

"What do you mean 'out of it'?"

"Sort of *de trop*, you know. Two's company, three's none sort of business. 'Twas her doing, not his. I don't like her. She was drooping and flopping all over the place like a rag doll. Get me a table-cloth and I'll show you."

But Mary, seeing that Margaret was vexed, refused.

"Tell us something more about Mr. Fenham, Ben."

"Well, the poor old chap was right down glad to see me. Two men of the world like us are sure to get on well together. After a bit Miss Seymour left us——"

"Were they alone together when you were shown in?" asked Mary.

"Yes. He told me Miss Seymour was awfully kind to him, reading to him and trying to amuse him. But I could see he was bored all the same."

Margaret felt her heart lighten.

"You are sure they were alone," repeated Mary.

"Sure! of course I'm sure. I left them alone when I said good-bye after lunch. Everybody in the town says they're engaged, but I dare say that's only rumour. I shouldn't pay any attention to that, Miss Margaret, if I were you."

"Why should I?" said Margaret indifferently.

"No, of course. Don't believe it. Though, 'pon my word, it looked rather like it, their being alone and altogether. She sort of treated me as though I was beneath her, but after a bit she saw that I *was* a gentleman if I did travel for our firm, and she pulled in her horns and was quite affable."

"Is she as pretty as Margaret says?"

"She ain't my style, nor anyone else's, I should think. Black hair, eyes shut up, and scraggy, that's what I call her, scraggy. Not but she was very agreeable after the first. Took me round the conservatories after lunch, though I'd rather have gone with the second girl—Jennie, I think they called her. She was laughing and enjoying my stories the whole time. She offered to take me round, but Miss Seymour cut in and must needs take me herself. 'Twas to ask about Miss Margaret she wanted to have me alone."

"Did she send any message to me?"

"Not she. I guess there's no love lost between you and her, is there?"

"I always liked her," said Margaret blankly.

"She don't like you, that I'll swear to. She didn't *say* anything, but she was always making hints. I didn't let out much when I found what her lay was, I can tell you. I'd forgotten how many times Fenham had been here, and what he did when he came, and whether he and you seemed friendly. The memory of yours truly was not to be relied on for anything."

Mr. Ben Waller slapped his leg and laughed.

"Who told you they were engaged?" asked Mary.

"Oh, common talk in the town. 'Miss Seymour hooked someone at last,' they say. I don't say but what it might be true"—he glanced out of the corner of his eye at Margaret—"but I don't think it can be. Fenham ain't that sort of chap."

"Are you going down there again?"

"No; but I shall hear from one of our customers in Lessington in a few days. He's sure to mention it if there's an engagement, for he knew I went out to see Fenham and lunch with the Seymours. The

Fenhams and Seymours are thought a lot of in those parts. I can tell you I went up a peg or two when they heard of my going to lunch and being friendly with G. Fenham, Esquire."

"When will his foot be well?" said Margaret.

"He talked of being about in ten days or a fortnight, but I give him another three weeks, especially if Miss Seymour has her say in the matter. He sent all sorts of messages to everyone and would write."

The days passed and grew into a week and no letter came. Mary watched the post with as great attention as Margaret. Her anxious face and shake of the head when no letter arrived were among the minor worries of Margaret's existence. Good, unselfish, devoted as Mary was, she did not attempt to hide from Margaret the interest she took in her love story. She made tempting little dishes for her to eat, and was hurt when they were pushed aside with a pettish—

"'THE MEMORY OF YOURS TRULY WAS NOT TO BE RELIED ON FOR ANYTHING'" (*p.* 300).

"He said he would write, Ben. You are sure he said he would write."

"I didn't say that he'd write to you, Mary. You're so eager, one would fancy that he was your young man. It's lucky for you I'm not jealous."

"Don't be silly, Ben," said Mary, playfully rapping him hard upon the arm. "I want to know whether he said distinctly that he would write."

"He did, I tell you, he did. Don't hurt me, Mary, I'll be such a good little boy."

He doubled himself up in pretended fear of Mary's fists. Margaret left the room and the lovers.

"He would write in a few days" and "it was common talk in the town that he and Enid were engaged." These two sentences abode with her.

"I am not an invalid, Mary. Why do you make these messes for me?"

Mary could not understand the shrinking, nervous dread of being watched that possessed Margaret. Why could she not confide in her, Mary? They were friends.

To Margaret this continual watch upon her, friendly and otherwise, this remarking upon the paleness of her cheek, her want of appetite, were like running pins into a tender nerve. Loss of spirit they should not say she suffered from. Margaret forced herself to laugh and sing, though she knew that it was labour lost.

Mary and Nell were not to be deceived. Mrs. Lester, that stuffed pillow of a woman, was the only one taken in by the bright tone of voice, the forced laugh and dancing footsteps.

Life was easier for Mrs. Lester than it had been for many a year. Nell's temper was the only drawback, and that was growing worse—distinctly, undoubtedly worse. The strain was beginning to tell on Mary. Her face was growing worn before its time. Her bright colour was becoming fixed in scarlet patches upon her round cheeks.

Ben grumbled. He did not like to see his Mary fagging herself to death for that cross-grained dwarf; he would confide to Margaret. Why couldn't Mrs. Lester and Jemima do more running up and down stairs if they wanted Nell to have everything she asked for?

Margaret sighed an assent.

Whether the hot, close weather were responsible for the feverish worries and annoyances in the small household who shall say? But that week everything went wrong. From early morning till late at night Mary and Margaret were attending upon Nell. Nothing pleased, interested, or amused.

"What should I have done without you?" said Mary, at the end of the hottest, most trying day of all.

The girls were in Margaret's bedroom, seated by the wide-open window. A breeze had sprung up with the evening, and they were enjoying the first coolness of the day.

"What should I have done without you?" repeated poor Mary, breaking down at last. "You have helped me so much."

"I never helped anyone before," said Margaret, in a queer tone of voice; "never. They would laugh at—at Fen Court if they heard you."

"Have you heard from Mr. Fenham?"

"No."

"Margaret, I do hope it will be all right."

"What do you mean?"

Through the dusk Mary saw the white figure opposite straighten and stiffen.

"I—I——" she faltered, "I mean I hope he won't marry that Miss Seymour. I know she's a horrid, designing wretch."

A perfectly steady voice answered—

"If he marries Enid he will be all right."

Mary thought it safer to return to her own affairs.

"Ben has had a rise in his salary. He wants me to promise to marry him in six months—but I can't promise. I told him I couldn't leave Nell."

"But you cannot stay with Nell for ever."

"I cannot leave her."

Mary sobbed violently.

"I shall have to give up Ben—I know I shall," she said between the sobs, "but I cannot leave Nell—I can never leave Nell."

"Her worries are real," said Margaret when she was alone, "she will give up Mr. Waller sooner than leave Nell, whilst I have nothing to give up. He meant nothing; he thinks I am a child. I wish I were. Oh! Geoffrey! Geoffrey! But I won't make a moan. People always get over things. I shall be myself again in a month."

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

"MARGARET, Margaret!"

"Yes, I am up here."

Mary's voice came from the foot of the stairs to Margaret in the box-room at the top of the house. She was turning out one of her boxes to find a scarlet silk sash for Nell. The closet—it was scarcely a room—was littered with the things she had tossed out in her hurry to find the sash. Worm-eaten trunks belonging to Mrs. Lester were piled in one dusty, dark corner to make room for Margaret's spick and span travelling boxes.

Mary found her kneeling on the floor, head and shoulders buried in the depths of the largest case.

"What is it?" she asked, coming out of the trunk.

Mary's face was troubled. She fidgeted with her fingers and balanced herself first on one foot, then the other.

"What is it?" repeated Margaret.

"Ben has just been here. He has had a letter about Mr. Fenham."

"Yes?"

Margaret dived once more into her box.

"He has had a letter, and it's all true about Mr. Fenham and that horrid Miss Seymour. They're engaged."

"Is that a reason for you to cry?" came in muffled tones from the depths of the trunk.

Mary stared at Margaret's back.

"I am dreadfully disappointed," she said at last. "I thought—I hoped——"

"Something silly. Where can that scarlet sash be? Are you sure it is true?"

"This man who wrote to Ben said that there was no doubt. It was given out, and he had it from Miss Seymour's maid. I think Mr. Fenham has behaved badly——"

"Why?"

"He should have told us."

"That he thought of proposing to Enid? How could he? You are talking nonsense, Mary, and why you need cry about Geoffrey's engagement I cannot tell. Was that sash in this box?"

She recommenced her search.

"Shall you write to him?"

"I—yes, of course I must. I shall write to him to-day if it is not too late for the post. Is there time?"

"I should not write to-day: wait until to-morrow. That will be time enough for congratulations," said Mary gently.

Margaret shivered.

"Are you sure there is no mistake?" she said in a low voice.

"I don't see how there can be. This jeweller, who is a customer of Ben's firm, had the news from Miss Seymour's maid. She'd brought in something of Miss Seymour's to be mended. He had promised to let Ben know anything he heard, knowing he was a friend of Mr. Fenham's, so he wrote to him directly he was told of the engagement. Don't look for the sash if it makes your head ache."

"My head is not aching. I promised Nell she should have it. I do not think I need write to him to-night; I should be too late for the post."

"Leave it until to-morrow. I don't think he deserves to hear from you at all."

"Deserves! What do you mean? Why does he not deserve?"

"After the way he has behaved," said Mary boldly.

"How has he behaved to me? I will not have you saying such things, Mary. If *he* could not be kind to me—— He was—was like a brother."

"I never saw a brother like him before, then."

"Mary!"

"I never did," said Mary obstinately, "and I think he has behaved badly to you."

"How can you say such things?"

Margaret looked at Mary with indignant, proud, reproachful eyes.

"I cannot bear to hear you say such things," she said slowly. "They are dreadful for you to say and for me to have to listen to. If you knew how they hurt, perhaps you would not say them. Do stop crying," she continued irritably. "Why should there be tears because Geoffrey is engaged? An engagement is usually a matter of rejoicing."

"Margaret!" Mrs. Lester's voice called.

"Yes; coming directly."

"Have you not found that sash yet? Nell is getting impatient."

"I must find it soon. There is only one more box to look through."

"Leave the sash, Margaret. You will make your head ache stooping, and Nell can do without it until to-morrow. Or shall I look for you?"

"No, thanks. Run down and amuse Nell until I come. I will look through this last box. I shall not be long."

"I must be alone for a moment," Margaret was saying to herself. "I must get rid of Mary somehow."

"Go down to Nell," she continued aloud. "She is sure to be wanting something, and she does not like to wait, you know. She would like to hear the news, too."

Mary went.

Margaret sat upon the floor, her arms clasping her knees, her face upturned towards the skylight.

"What a sunset there must be! The sky is crimson. It is like the one he and I saw that Sunday afternoon. How many weeks ago was that? Three—barely three. Only three weeks! He always liked Enid from the first—from the very first. There is nothing strange about their engagement. I might have expected it, but I—did not. No, I never really thought that when Mary kept on speaking of them together. But they are engaged, there is no doubt."

She shivered.

"I wonder what Mrs. Jones will say; she disliked Enid. Will she make alterations at Fen Court? Perhaps she will send the old servants away. But Geoffrey will not allow that. Why does Mary say that he behaved badly to me? I wish she would not; it hurts so much."

She put her head down upon her knees.

"I am glad I do not want to cry. Girls in books always cry bucketfuls, but I have not the slightest inclination. My eyes are quite dry, and I feel as though there would never be a tear in them again. But I should like to stay up here for hours, to be left quite alone, and let it grow darker and darker until it was night, and everyone gone to bed, and the house quiet."

"Margaret! Margaret! Come down. Nell wants you."

"Coming!"

"I must find that sash before I go. Nell may not say so much if I make her a present of it. It must be in this box."

She rose to her feet and wearily dragged the heavy box under the skylight to catch the waning light.

"How tired I am! Nell must let me go to bed early to-night. She has heard of the engagement by this time; that was why she was in such a hurry to get me downstairs. Here is the sash. But I will wait a few seconds longer before going down—only a few seconds."

She closed the boxes and pushed them back against the wall.

"But one thing I am glad of—really glad: I never took a penny from him. I should break my heart if I had taken anything. Now I owe him nothing—nothing. Will he come here before he is married? I expect that Enid has told him all my faults, my horrid behaviour to people, and selfish ways."

"Margaret! are you never coming?"

"Yes; at once."

"I must leave this quiet little room. Perhaps he will want me to be at his wedding." She drew a long, shuddering breath. "Oh! I cannot do that. I cannot go to the wedding. Besides, I must find a situation; I cannot live on Mrs. Lester any longer. She has been kind, very kind; but it would be wrong of me to stay much longer—they are so poor. I have not been trying to find something to do these last few weeks. I—I—oh! what a fool I have been!—a silly little fool!"

She leant her back against the wall, burying her face in the scarlet sash she held in her hands. But her eyes were dry when she looked up.

"I am glad, glad, *glad* I never took his money. Suppose I had, what should I have done—what could I have done?"

Aloud, in answer to another impatient summons—

"Yes, yes; coming immediately."

With head erect, humming a little tune, she ran down the stairs and entered Nell's room.

"I know what you've been doing upstairs alone. You've been crying your eyes out because you've lost your prize. Let me look at you."

Nell seized Margaret's arm and dragged her down beside her couch.

"Dry eyes! Too deep for tears—is that it? Ha!

"'I HAVE GIVEN UP MY LODGINGS,' WAS WRITTEN UPON IT" (*p.* 305).

ha! I knew he meant nothing. How could he care for a dolly-faced thing like you?"

"Nell! Nell!"

"You needn't 'Nell! Nell!' me. Your Ben will be the next to go. So he's engaged to Miss Seymour, is he? A dark woman, Mary tells me. Dark women attract and hold the men; you fair chits have no chance. He has gone off and left you lamenting. You will never be mistress of Fen Court again; you have lost your chance. Don't cry, sweet coz."

"I am not crying."

"But you would like to. You are only keeping the tears back that I may not see them. Ha, ha, ha! you can't deceive *me*."

"Why should I cry because Geoffrey is engaged to Enid Seymour?" said Margaret, moistening her dry lips.

"Why! why! why! Because you are in love with him yourself!"

"You mustn't say such things, Nell," said Mary. "Margaret, leave her. She is wild with temper to-night."

"Wild with temper, am I? Well, Margaret shall not go. It amuses me to see her face when I tell her she is in love with him, with Mr. Geoffrey Fenham, who is engaged to Miss Enid Seymour. Did he ever kiss you, Margaret?"

Margaret wrenched her arm free.

"How dare you ask such a thing?" she said between her teeth.

Nell gave a hoarse, disagreeable chuckle.

"You will never see Fen Court again unless you go there as a guest of the new Mrs. Fenham's. How will you like that, sweet cousin? What, you want to be off and have your cry out alone, poor deserted darling! Run away, then, and cry for your lost Geoffrey. He's gone, gone, gone."

Nell sank back exhausted; the last "gone" had been screamed in Margaret's ear.

"If you say such things to me I must leave you," said Margaret. "You have no right to say that I—loved him."

"Can you say you did not?"

Margaret held up her head proudly; she met Nell's small bright eyes boldly.

"You have no right to ask such a question and I shall not answer it. I found the sash; would you like to have it?"

She dropped the scarlet silk on the couch. Nell's fingers closed on it.

"Only a thin, common silk! Well, you'll be a pauper now in earnest, so I suppose you must be careful of your silks and satins."

"I have been a pauper some time."

"Have you? Ask mother what she has been paid for the 'pauper'?"

A wicked, cunning smile curved Nell's thin lips.

"Paid! Who has paid? What do you mean?"

"Ask mother or Mary. You need not make signs to me, Mary. He won't be so ready with his cheques now, so she may as well be told the truth."

"He! what do you mean? Who has been paying for me?"

"Mr. Geoffrey Fenham, of course. Who else would pay? You must have been simple to think that we should have had you here all these weeks for nothing. We have barely enough for ourselves, much more supporting second or third cousins."

"Mary, is this true?"

"Ah! Mary has wanted you to be told from the beginning."

"Mary, is it true?"

"Yes."

"You have all been deceiving me!"

"Quite a tragedy queen!" sneered Nell. "Yes, we have all been deceiving you, and it has been very easy to do so. You have believed everything you have been told in a most simple fashion. Mr. Geoffrey Fenham came to this house the day before you did and offered mother a sum to take you and keep you for as long as your folly lasted. We jumped at it, I can tell you; didn't we, Mary? Oh, Mary's crying, is she? Mother had only just time to catch the post and tell you to come the next day. He gave her a cheque for fifty pounds then and another cheque later on. Isn't that it, Mary?"

"And I thought you were so kind to me out of charity."

"I said you were a fool. Mother, what has Mr. Fenham paid you for taking charge of Margaret?" to her mother as she entered the room.

Mrs. Lester coloured.

"You have not told Margaret that, Nell. You know how particular Mr. Fenham was she should not know. Dear child, you must not mind what our Nell says."

"He has been paying for me all this time! You have been deceiving me, you and Mary and Geoffrey."

"We could not afford——"

"I have been living here on his money! You have allowed me to thank you for your kindness to me!"

"I wanted you to be told," sobbed Mary.

"We could not have kept you for nothing," said Mrs. Lester sullenly.

"Living on *his* money. How he must have smiled when I talked about your kindness!"

"Of course, my dearest child——"

"Do not call me your dearest child," interrupted Margaret fiercely. "I am your lodger, not your dearest child."

"A very good lodger too," chuckled Nell. "A hundred pounds is a fair sum for a few weeks."

"I always wanted you to be told," said Mary, taking Margaret's hand.

But she pulled it away and averted her eyes from Mary's tearful face. With head erect she walked to the door; in silence opened and closed it behind her. The three heard her cross the narrow landing, enter her bedroom, and turn the key in the lock.

"She ought to have been told before," said Mary, "and it was wicked and cruel of Nell to tell her now. Her face was dreadful; she looked just heart-broken."

"Pooh! do her good, her pride wants taking down," said Mrs. Lester. "You go to her room, Mary, and offer to bring up her supper."

Margaret declined supper or to open her door.

There was little rest in the house that night. It was not until near morning that Mary slipped into a sound sleep. She woke with a start. It was nearly ten o'clock, but Mrs. Lester was not getting up and Nell was still asleep. Jemima was brushing the stairs vigorously: she also had overslept that morning. Mary dressed leisurely. She went to Margaret's room and tapped at the door. No answer. A louder knock remained unanswered. She turned the handle and, to her surprise, found the door was ajar. A slight push. It swung open and she was in the room. The bed was empty, nor had it been slept in; the room was empty. A piece of paper fluttered on the dressing-table in the draught between open door and window.

"I have given up my lodgings" was written upon it.

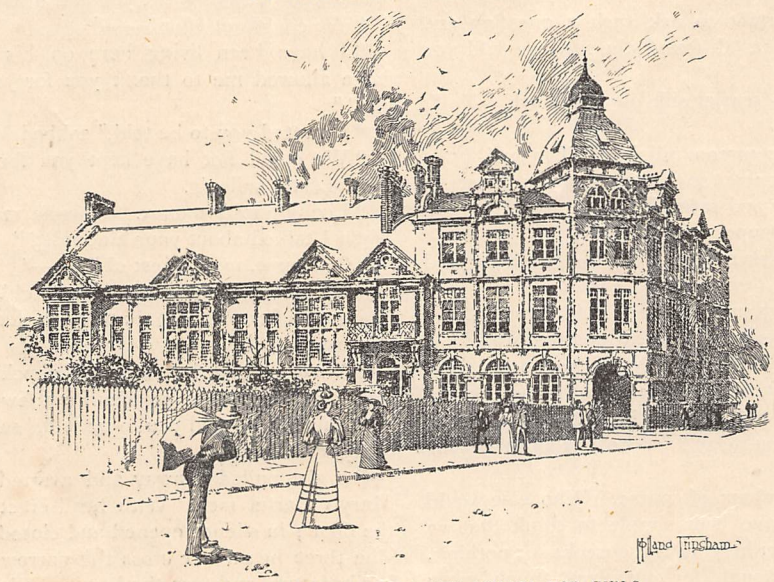
Margaret was gone!

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

THE EDUCATION OF OUR GIRLS.

A TALK WITH MISS BUSS.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.



THE NORTH LONDON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

A LARGE and handsome building stands near Camden Road Station. This building is the well-known High School—The North London Collegiate School for Girls, which is ruled firmly and wisely by Miss Buss, than whom few women have done so much for the advancement and welfare of their sex as she has done.

Frances M. Buss

Concerning the recent visit which I paid to her, there is so much to be said that I cannot do better than plunge *in medias res* without further preliminaries. Miss Buss, who is a woman well advanced in years, of a charming appearance and disposition, and who was accompanied by her chief assistant, Mrs. Sophie Bryant, D.Sc., at once suggested that I should first make a tour of the building in their company: a proposition to which I gladly assented. The first room I was shown was the library: a beautiful room, in which a few girls were seated, quietly reading and writing. This room itself would be a revelation to any woman acquainted only with the old *régime*. Here was a quietude and a stateliness, a calm and a repose associated only with all that is most secluded, most scholarly; how different from the cold, bare, crowded, noisy schoolroom of a bygone day! Then came a museum, filled chiefly with geological specimens—another significant sign of the times, and one that is much appreciated by the rising generation. We stood a moment here discussing the developments of the last few years.

"The girls," said Miss Buss to me, "are so much more interested in what is going on around them than they used to be. Life is so much fuller for them than it was in my early days. Quite apart from their regular work, they have literary societies here, and debating societies, in all of which they take the deepest interest. In the Debating Society, for instance, they discuss some very abstruse questions indeed."

"What is the subject of your next debate?" she asked of a bright young girl, some sixteen years of age, who was passing at the moment.

"The Old Age Pensions scheme," replied this young lady, with a sublime unconsciousness of the humorous contrast afforded between her youthful personality and the apparently dry-as-dust nature of the subject for debate. "And last week," she continued, "we discussed the Eight Hours Bill."

How far such precocity is desirable, or its encouragement well advised, is a very debatable matter, but Miss Buss, on my remarking to that effect, assured me that the girls were as feminine, as bright, and as youthful as ever they were.

"Indeed," she very significantly added, "these new interests keep girls out of much mischief. The old system, which did not half occupy their time or their minds, was full of evils in many respects. In the Literary Society they discuss such books as 'The Virginians,' 'Hereward the Wake,' 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' Macaulay's Essays, Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' Browning's Poems, and the like. We have also a Science Club. This is very popular, and chiefly because it is also very practical. For instance, frequent excursions are organised by the members to various places of interest. Last week, the Club paid a visit by special permission to Doulton's Works."

By this time we found ourselves standing in the great hall, and immediately beneath a very fine organ. The light poured in through painted windows, which had been placed to the memory of teachers and pupils alike who had passed away. In this room linger the best traditions of the school life. Here day by day the life and interests of the establishment are focussed; here prayers are read, examinations are held, concerts are given, festivities are enjoyed. It is the centre of all the school life. There is a large dining-hall, where the girls are provided with a light but substantial dinner, of which, or of lunch, with admirable commonsense and a humanity undreamed of in the olden days, it is insisted all girls shall partake, and at which they are allowed to talk as loudly and as much as they please: which is another sensible rule. The department that most interested me, however, was the Gymnasium, where all the girls in the school have musical drill every day. At the time of my visit, I found a number of the pupils going through a special medical drill, under the immediate superintendence of a lady doctor, who decides after a careful examination, with the concurrence of the parents, if any girl requires a special course of calisthenics or gymnastics.

Then there was the Slöjd School, at which, for the first time in my life, I saw female carpenters hard at work, and was able to admire the deft, easy manner with which they handled their tools, and the clever work they turned out.

In each room I noticed a motto hanging upon the wall.

"That," said Miss Buss, "is the motto for the term. We always choose a verse from the Bible, or a few lines of poetry, or a sentence of John Ruskin or some well-known writer, and that serves as the motto for the term. A favourite one of mine is by Lowell—

> "'Greatly begin! Though thou have time
> But for a line, be that sublime,
> Not failure; but low aim is crime.'"

In the class-rooms, of which there is a very large number, I noticed that each girl had her own desk, and I noticed further the charming manner in which each room was decorated.

"The girls themselves undertake the decoration of

(From a photograph by Messrs. W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.)

Yours sincerely
Sophie Bryant

the rooms," explained my hostess; "and some of our window-gardens are very beautiful specimens of their work and ingenuity."

All this time my readers will understand that I am moving, the solitary man, amid a very hive of feminine industry. Girls of all ages are around me, and engaged in every kind of study and occupation.

"Take, for instance, the VI. Form," said Miss Buss, "which contains about twenty-five girls, from seventeen to nineteen years of age; they are preparing mostly for University Scholarships, or reading for the London Intermediate. Their mathematics and classics are very far advanced indeed."

In the Drawing School a large class was engaged in designing, in sketching, and in drawing both from the flat and the round; and the room, a regular artist's studio, was full of models from the antique and casts of heads, hands, and limbs. I asked Mrs. Bryant if games and athletics were popular in the school.

"Very much so," she replied. "As a rule, our girls are very athletic. We have sports once a year, racing, jumping, etc. And, as you see, we have capital fives courts and tennis courts, and we have a regular tennis competition every year with other well-known High Schools. We consider that a due taste for physical exercise and the enjoyment of games is as

necessary to be cultivated as a taste and capacity for study. We have here a regular Games Club for the special cultivation of this taste, and girls are particularly encouraged to belong to this club. I am rather against regular organisation of games myself. I think the instinct must be as far as possible purely spontaneous. It is an instinct which must be sustained by more subtle means than mere games. It may run through work and all life, an under-current of activity bubbling up here and there in the most unexpected manner. It is a great factor in school-girl life. A mistress with a profound instinct for play in charge of a form for a year will unconsciously call it out in the great majority of her pupils within that time."

"In fact," I replied, "you believe that a capacity for judicious 'frivol' is a really good thing, and can only be found in really clever people?"

"Precisely," she replied. "It is a most wholesome element in our nature."

"And do you find that, on the whole, the Higher Education system brings out all that is best in a woman?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed, we do," replied Miss Buss. "We turn out business-like, capable, rational women. A girl does not become unsexed by higher education. On the contrary, her feminine characteristics become more marked. Develop all a woman's faculties, mental, spiritual, physical, and you perceive a broadening, not a narrowing, effect. Even in religious matters the mind is broadened; it is not secularised, for the naturally conservative tendency of a woman's mind prevents her rashly flinging aside the old land-marks."

"Is your discipline very strict?" I asked.

"It is, and it isn't," was the reply. "As much as possible it is left in the hands of the girls themselves. We inculcate a sense of individual responsibility. But I do not wish you to understand that the mistresses have no voice in the matter. On the contrary, the responsibility is laid upon all, and forms a connecting link between pupils and teachers; and I cannot insist too strongly upon the influence that a mistress can exercise over her pupils. A wise use of influence is the secret of all discipline. But as much as possible, the exercise of discipline is left in the hands of the girls themselves. Each Form, except the lowest and highest, elects two monitors by ballot, who, without the power to punish, help the teachers by their personal influence only. The VI. Form elect ten prefects by ballot, and it is a remarkable thing that they are almost invariably right in their choice of girls. A prefect can interfere in any part of the school where she sees matters are going wrongly. They can summon a refractory girl to the library to meet the whole body of prefects, and I am told that such a proceeding is regarded with the greatest possible awe. Our own punishments are few and far between. Work not produced at the proper time, or which shows traces of carelessness and indolence, has simply to be produced or reproduced later, and the offender has, moreover, to write a statement of her offence, duly signed, in a book, called 'The Appearing Book,' of which there is one in each form.

"All breaches of rule are similarly recorded, and if any girl 'appears' more than a certain number of times in a half-term, she has to stay for an hour's work as an imposition in the afternoon. Impositions are not common, and are in this way made serious matters. A form in which no girl has an imposition for the half-term is placed on what is called 'the golden list,' and is entitled to a 'gratification,' in the form of half-an-hour's play or other amusement. Thus the individual is punished by being the cause of a loss—slight, but perceptible—of honour and pleasure to her community. Her social motives are evoked in support of self-regarding ones, at the same time that public opinion is stimulated in favour of order. It is not found that there is any tendency for this public opinion to become in the least oppressive and hard on the weaker members. It is the old principle of the ancient Romans revived, the sacrifice of the individual to the good of the Commonwealth. But we allow no lynch law; and again, we never keep a girl in. You see, our girls here are day girls, and they have to leave at a certain fixed hour every day; her mother knows exactly when to expect each girl, which militates against the evils to which ignorant outsiders say these High Schools are exposed."

THE GYMNASIUM.

THE GREAT HALL.

"All this must exercise a very healthy effect upon your pupils. You are doing away with the hysterical, self-conscious, sentimental young lady of Miss Austen's days, or with the tendency to what our grandmothers call the 'vapours'?"

"Exactly," she replied. "We train the girls to see that character depends upon little things. As I once said in a London paper, so I say to-day: we teach self-restraint; we deal as much as possible with each girl individually. We really seek to know the individual idiosyncrasies and personalities of our pupils. The discipline here, though very healthy, is very decided. It is a complete wall around them, beyond which they cannot escape; we appeal also as much as we can to their common-sense and to their good feeling. The result is, a new kind of girl is growing up, who in her turn will be the mother of a very different person from the sentimental young lady of half a century ago. Already we begin to trace the influence and effect of our system in the children of girls who were pupils here twenty years ago."

"And as to the vexed question of home interference with school duties, Mrs. Bryant," said I, as Miss Buss left the room for a few moments: "do you find that home influence militates against school influence, and *vice versa?*"

"No," she replied; "where the two work hand in hand, the blend is exceedingly satisfactory. Where there is co-operation and mutual support between the two sets of influences at home and at school, the best results so far may be expected; and where there is lack of such co-operation and support there must be waste, even though neither home nor school is guilty of neglect. Hence it is essential that there should be sympathy for the home education at school and for the school education at home: essential, therefore, that though the work has to be divided, the ideal should not be. The head-mistress of a school and her assistants need always to remember that a most important part of a girl's education depends on the enforcement of the normal home claim that she should 'make herself useful in the house.'

"School claims must be so framed as to leave room for the home claim, most especially in the early years of a child's life, and the right-minded schoolmistress will always support this home claim when opportunity occurs. Half the moral benefit of this High School system arises from the fact that the girl still lives within the sweet influence of a good home. In fact, we teach here that a girl is only half educated if she is not taught to display willing usefulness at home. It is a disgrace to have useless fingers, unreadiness of mind in household ways, and inaptness to take a place in the social home circle. A High School would be a curse to a neighbourhood instead of a blessing, if it unfitted the girls for home-life."

At this moment Miss Buss returned, and placed in my hands the School Magazine for the month of June, 1893. It began with an essay by one of the girls on "The Term's Motto":—

> "For knowledge is a steep which few may climb,
> But duty is a path which all may tread."

"We were talking a short time ago on our Debating Society," said Miss Buss; "and here you see is the record of a Parliamentary debate which was held recently on 'The Payment of Members.' Here is the opposition offered by one very vigorous damsel. 'The effect of the salaries,' she contended, 'would be to produce a class of political adventurers, who looked on being members of Parliament as a very comfortable way of earning their living, and that the government of the country would fall into the hands of unworthy men, who would establish a class tyranny. The manual labourer could not be expected to make any thorough study of the laws of Economics; and the kind of people to profit by the arrangement would be briefless barristers and doctors without patients. But should we pay men when we give them the high honour of representing the nation? As well pay them for their love of duty, of honour, of glory. Let us keep our Parliament free from such a stain!'"

There, mothers and fathers, is the simple product of a simpler day; there is a specimen of the rising generation! Who could conceive one of Jane Austen's heroines, or the damsels of Miss Burney's day, or the merry-hearted girls in big crinolines and with a croquet-mallet in hand, bent on the subjugation of some gallant soldier or mild young curate, whom poor John Leech so loved to draw, coming out with such phrases and such opinions? *Tempora mutantur nos et in illis mutamur!*

But these same girls are excellent tennis-players; their performance in the concert-room far excels any of a previous generation; their sense of humour is keen and frequent; their whole life is deepened and broadened; their womanhood is a far more complete and joyous thing than ever it has been before.

Some four or five hundred girls attend the school daily, and the staff of teachers is never under sixty-five to seventy.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.

NEW MILLINERY FOR THE SPRING.

FROM whence emanates that strange magic influence whose edict rules our selection in garments and head-gear, and whose fiat we await with so much expectation and so readily adopt?

"Fashion's Decree" is the title we give to this mystic authority, and from thence is evolved the novelties for this spring season. These are in reality but the "repeat" in the design woven in the loom of Fashion some sixty or a hundred years since, but wisely selected, and shorn of many of the absurdities which characterised them in "olden times." The marked feature of the styles now in vogue is decidedly "Character"; no aimlessly-designed hat or bonnet will now obtain—they must in every instance bear the impress of a *raison d'être*. Fashion is absolute on that point.

The "Liberty" hat we have illustrated is a good example; it is in the style worn by the beauties of the time of Gainsborough and Sir J. Reynolds, and has the distinguishing broad brim slightly raised at one side, and a peculiarly small "box" crown and group of plumes placed slightly to the front. This period of dress supplies ample scope for choice in design; and when successfully reproduced, an artistic effect and becoming outline are secured.

The black velvet of which the hat is composed forms a good background to the face and hair. The plumes—sometimes white, or, as in this instance, black—are chosen from the beautifully long, soft, curly feathers for which this house is noted.

These artistic hats are much admired at "private views," or when completing the toilets of a "bevy of

"LIBERTY" HAT.
(From a photograph by Walery, Regent Street, W.)

A CHILD'S HAT IN VELVET.
(Sketched by the Author.)

fair bridesmaids," enhancing the beauty of a lovely face and softening the outline by shady brim and drooping plume. The other day I saw one such hat in Tinterretta silk, with large soft crown and puckered silk lining facing the picturesquely wide brim. The colour was a soft shade of pale green, and the plumes were tipped with a darker tone of green. These were arranged at either side of the crown, and appeared to clasp the raised brim on the left side of the hat.

Buckles of jet and large ornamental hat pins are much used in millinery. Two pins of costly Oriental workmanship were introduced with charming effect on a hat of "Siberian" cloth—a material rough in surface and light of texture, in colour resembling a "young green" leaf finely sprinkled with hoar-frost. A wide contrast of colour was effected by the introduction in velvet and feathers of a deep tone of colour.

Passing from the richer materials, we find many of the new hats composed of plaited straw in two or more colours in combination.

Chip also is a favourite, and elegant in effect. Hats arranged in black lace—notably, Mechlin and Chantilly—have broad brims entirely shading the face, gradually diminishing in width towards the back, where they disappear. The arrangement of the lace is totally different from that of past seasons; in lieu of the numerous drawings whereof the brim was composed, the severity of the outline, without bend or curve, is softened by the tasteful manner in which the lace is draped.

A handsome cluster of half-open roses, with natural foliage and thorny stems, is often introduced at the back of the crown, and narrow strings of velvet ribbon tie beneath the chin.

A unique distinction in this season's millinery is the introduction of black flowers, to the exclusion of natural colourings, especially black violets, roses, and mignonette; but note that the black is bright and relieved with jet. Black mignonette was utilised as a garniture to a hat of fancy plaited straw in old gold and quiet grey-green. The brim, very wide across the forehead, abruptly terminated at either side of the centre of the back; the low crown was surmounted by a smaller one rising out of the centre, and trimmed with a twist of ribbon.

Immediately in front was an upright spray of the mignonette, with wide ends of old gold-coloured ribbon standing out to right and left—the extreme ends of the ribbon were cut in a novel way, forming a blunt point. A close rosette of loops of the gold and green ribbons nestled against the hair on either side of the back, from which drooped elegantly sprays of mignonette.

This floral arrangement on the hats and bonnets of the present is one of the leading novelties, and they are so placed as to gracefully "fit in" with the elongated coil of hair across the widened top of which the bonnets fit close.

The toque is yet to live another season, and for spring and early summer wear is made of fancy straw in tones of burnt *crème*, old gold, amber, and tan-colour. These straws are composed of several rows of tiny loops or spikes, that overlap each other, and give a rich and encrusted appearance. The toque is trimmed with velvet cut on the bias, and mounted in an irregular manner, thus forming a twist which is placed between the crown and the narrow turned-up brim. A pretty example was an old gold straw ornamented with rose-petal velvet and a black jet spray upstanding at the left side.

Children's headgear assumes large dimensions. The large velvet hat shown at the top of this page with triple plumes, placed to the front is a favourite style. Fancy straws, Tuscan and chip, have broad, uncurved brims and double crowns, with garniture of ribbons and flowers.

The hat illustrated for a child of five years is made in cream-coloured Shanghai silk; the crown full and large, with drawn brim raised off the face, and handsome plumes fastened with rosettes of silk. The tiny children will still charm us with their picturesque appearance in the "Liberty" hood of Puritan or Nuremberg design.

HAT FOR A CHILD OF FIVE YEARS.
(Sketched by the Author.)

Bonnets and Caps.

The distinctive characteristic of the bonnets this season is width both back and front. The trimmings are also more profuse, and consequently they are rather larger in dimensions. In almost every instance the feathers and bows, of ribbon or lace are upstanding, reversible watered ribbon is still in the ascendant, combining the loveliest of soft colourings.

A noticeably stylish black bonnet worn by a handsome brunette was Sphinx-like in design, and sparkling

with jet. The close-fitting head-piece was square in outline, and the wide coronet drooped to the ears. Exactly in the centre of the front was a flower-shaped

NUREMBERG DESIGN FOR A CHILD'S FROCK.
(*Designed by the Author.*)

knot of terra-cotta-coloured velvet, with outstanding sprays of jet; a similar rosette was placed at the back, from the centre of which rose a high black osprey; narrow black velvet strings formed a chin bow. The whole design was so small and beautifully arranged, that no grotesqueness or eccentricity was expressed; but the whole design was charming and exclusive. For a fair type of beauty, a becoming bonnet was made of palish-green fancy-looped straw; the flat straw crown was in the form of a large sunflower with jet centre, and side pieces of alternate rows of straw and jet; two deep pink roses were placed under the centre brim in front. (How decidedly all vestige of *yellow* has vanished from the millinery pink, which now favours the tint of the La France rose petals!) At the left side, clasped by a ring of jet, were several long loops of dark green velvet ribbon, upstanding. Loops of velvet, also clasped with jet, drooped on to the hair at the back; this design was decidedly striking.

In the outlines of several of the bonnets we can trace their origin to the square, horned head-dress of the Middle Ages, betokened by the form and position accorded to the loops of ribbon or lace. One very successful lace and jet bonnet was arranged for an elderly lady. A waving line of pleated lace across the front was edged with rows and a fringe of jet, broad loops of lace with a handsome osprey placed at the back, and wide lace strings brought to the front and gracefully fastened beneath the chin; thence in long ends. Another black bonnet had a fancy straw-lace crown, square in character, with a treble group of upstanding pleats in lace, fastened by a long narrow paste buckle. The back of the bonnet was formed by a butterfly bow of narrow ribbon, beneath which, at either side, were placed a group of lovely crimson roses. The strings were of watered silk ribbons.

The indoor caps for old ladies claim attention. One of cream-coloured Mechlin lace was arranged as a Puritan head-dress, with an outline of mauve velvet, with bows of ribbon of a lighter shade. The lace formed a high crown to the cap, and was raised in a pleat in the centre of the back, drooping in elegant folds at either side, thus concealing the hair.

A very charming cap was made in black Chantilly lace, slightly draped across a coronet band of petunia velvet with a tiny white ostrich tip a little to the left side. The lace lapels were brought to the front and fastened with a paste ornament.

Brocades and Velveteens.

Of first importance are the brocades, which in point of richness and brilliant effect have no rival. In every instance a dusky warp will be crossed by a woof of gleaming colour.

Green appears in strong, decided tones, with satin surface brocaded in large clusters of soft pinks and yellow flowers. A design of honeysuckle in subdued colouring is thrown into relief by a background of metal-bronze colour, and a handsome salmon pink is woven with scales of yellow-white, powdered over with "iris" bloom in pale green and yellow. These costly brocades will appear as Court, drawing-room, or reception gowns.

But there are other charming designs, at much less expenditure, and available to all. These show the favourite "watered" effect in stripes passing diagonally across the silk, with trails of small flowers at intervals, either cherry-blossom or chrys-

A BRIDESMAID'S DRESS (FOR GIRL OF 17).
(*Designed by the Author.*)

anthemum. This brocade has an importance favourable to handsome dinner-gowns for matron or elderly lady. An interlining of thin wadding gives it the substance and "set" of a more costly brocade.

To proceed with the velveteens. Who amongst us does not cherish the thought of one day acquiring a velvet or velveteen gown for home, evening, or dinner wear? The choice of colours in such materials is almost bewildering in variety and loveliness at present.

Little dresses for the children or bridesmaids are always successful made in amethyst blue, wine red, or emerald green. Thus the quaint "picture" frocks, as, for example, the little Nuremberg design for a child of six—see illustration on p. 312—look quaint and charming made in mushroom velveteen, with bodice and half-sleeves of old brocade that has a *soupçon* of pale pink in the design, outlined with marten fur, the bodice and skirt are sewn together and fastened down the back, obviating the difficulty of numerous fastenings.

Bridesmaids' Dresses.

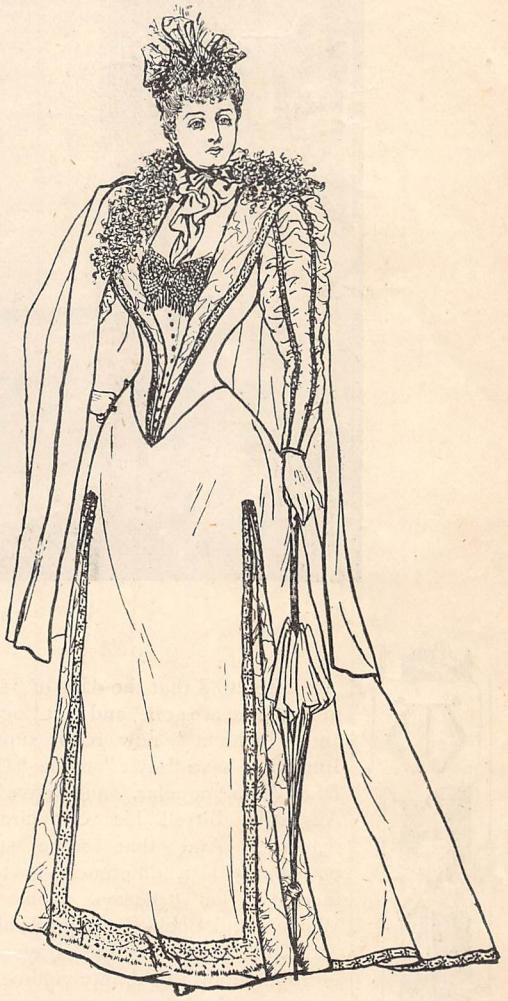
There is a choice of several most appropriate materials for these dresses; amongst others, the much-admired Indian cashmere. A pretty colour is mignonette green combined with velveteen of a darker tone, and the illustration (on p. 312) for a young lady of seventeen supplies a pretty design for making. The skirt is cut simply, with front and sides slightly gored. The full upper portion of the bodice is in cashmere, of which material the sleeves are also made, with bell-shaped over-sleeve lined with pale pink silk. Velveteen is used as a bordering for the skirt, and forms the tight-fitting bodice, collar, and cuffs; the bodice is cut to form a square yoke at the back, strapped to the front with shoulder straps, and laced up the front to the neck-band. The embroidered dots are worked in a pale shade of green to correspond with the cashmere, while the design on the sleeves and skirt is worked in two shades of green silk, relieved with pink. With this costume may be worn a large green silk hat, as described above, with plumes tipped with pink.

For early summer weddings during warmer days the fine "Organdi" muslin, with floral sprays scattered over it, will be much worn, made with a full skirt and tiny frilled festoons, the bodice drawn into a collar-yoke of lace, with a soft satin scarf fastened on the right shoulder, crossing the bodice to the left side of the waist, where it would be knotted, and thence hang in a bow and ends to the edge of the skirt; while the sleeve is formed of large puffs.

This season there is a wide range of muslins in delicate colourings, with the surface either crimped or patterned over; one I saw in woven basket-stitch had a shot effect of dull blue and green.

Costume for Matron (Illustrated).

In green woollen material, with vest and soft frill at the neck of black velvet, revers on the bodice and pleatings each side of the front width on the skirt are of black moiré silk. The sleeves, revers, and skirt are outlined with velvet bands richly embroidered in cording and jet, of which also the handsome ornament on the vest is designed. A fringe and tiny chains of jet ornament the front of the skirt. The bodice is cut tight-fitting and fastens down the front; the basque is cut short on the hips, with deep point back and front. The skirt, fitting plainly across the front, is set into deep pleats at the back.



A MATRON'S COSTUME.
(Designed by the Author.)

A mantle, three-quarter length, is worn with this gown, cut with a yoke-collar and revers of velvet, and high upstanding collar lined with Thibet lamb's wool. The fronts hang straight, being set in full on the shoulders; the centre of back forms a square pleat; and the mantle is lined throughout with shot black and green silk.

The bonnet is an arrangement of square medallions of fancy green straw and jet, erect bows of moiré ribbon, and black silk violets. A. LL. G.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence each (and for one shilling in the case of the matron's mantle and the child's frock). Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

A GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

WE are often told that the days of "style" in literature are gone, and that "action" and "incident" now reign supreme. But what save "style" made "Obiter Dicta" so popular, and gave Mr. Augustine Birrell his wide circle of readers? And that same style—perhaps with a difference—is to be found in his "Essays about Men, Women, and Books," just published by Mr. Elliot Stock. All the essays which go to make up this dainty volume have been published before, and (as befits essays nowadays) many of the subjects have an interest peculiar to old-world subjects, such as "Dean Swift," "Lord Bolingbroke," "John Gay," "Hannah More," and "Sterne." But there is a delightful flavour of personal reminiscence about the chapter on "Parliamentary Candidates;" and the two on "Books Old and New" and "Bookbinding" are as pretty as they are sound. There is a charm about a book dressed and printed as is this volume which appeals to many readers who would not otherwise take it up. Decidedly, this is not a book to be read through at a sitting. Each paper should be read by itself, and then canvassed. That is how the essays of old were read; and it is only because in this hurry-scurry age we fancy we have not time for such a course that the essay became, even for a time, unpopular.

Now that Mr. Stanley Weyman's "A Gentleman of France" (Longmans) may be had in a single volume, the popularity of the story should grow faster than ever. And its success is well deserved, for the Sieur de Marsac is one of the best-drawn characters that has been contributed to English fiction for many years. And not since I read "Vanity Fair" have I been so enthralled by a tale as I was by this. I would not for a minute insinuate a comparison between the two stories in any other respect than this of engrossing the attention. The reader is carried off to France, and to the France of the years succeeding the Bartholomew; and every thought is given to following the fortunes of, and unravelling the plots woven round, the Sieur. Mr. Weyman makes his hero tell the story himself, in the first person throughout; a method that only great care can save from wearisome egotism, of which not a trace is to be found in these pages. It is good to come across a story about which one may rightly grow enthusiastic, as one fairly may over "A Gentleman of France." The uncritical reader will enjoy the story, for its own thrilling and unflagging interest, quite as much as the critic whose admiration is called forth by the consummate art displayed in the sequence of events, and the natural manner in which they are related.

Mr. Upcott Gill will not have deserved well of his generation if one result of his publishing "Practical Ventriloquism," by Mr. Robert Ganthony, is the letting

loose on British homes of a host of amateur ventriloquists, bent on practical joking. But there is another side to the question, and if the result is the giving of an innocent and amusing knack to a goodly number of people, then there will be a set-off. Probably the initial exercises which Mr. Ganthony enjoins on all his recruits, would choke off all but the best of the amateurs.

That stories for girls have long formed a class of literature distinct in itself is a truism alike to the buyer of books and to those whose mission it is to cater for the reading public. Few patrons (or, to be strictly correct, should I say patronesses?) are at once so discriminating and so appreciative as girl-readers of all ages. It is not easy to persuade girls to give a writer new to them a trial; but on the other hand, when once an author has won their grateful approval, they will eagerly read any story from his or her pen which is issued. The stories in Messrs. Longman's "Series of Stories for Girls" have all won a popularity for themselves in other forms; but in their present attractive dress the four stories which the publishers send us this month should win a fresh circle of readers. For what girls could resist such a trio of writers as Mrs. Molesworth, the author of "The Atelier du Lys," and Jean Ingelow? Mrs. Molesworth is responsible for two of the four volumes; the first being "The Third Miss St. Quentin," and the second a collection of shorter tales under the title "The Story of a Spring Morning." Miss Jean Ingelow's "Very Young" and "Quite Another Story" make up another volume of the series; more portable and less expensive—if, at the same time, less sumptuous—in appearance than the handsome volume which Messrs. Longmans issued some time ago containing the same two stories. And that beautiful story, "A Younger Sister," by the author of "The Atelier du Lys," is the fourth tale in this handy series, which I can heartily commend to girl-readers.

Readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE know Dr. A. H. Japp rather as a kindly chronicler of the ways and whims of our animal friends than as a poet. It is not long since in this "Gossip" was noted the publication of his edition of "De Quincey's Posthumous Works," and here is a volume of verse, many of the contents of which were written before that other difficult task was undertaken. "Dramatic Pictures" is the general title of the volume (published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus); but to me, and doubtless to many more of the readers, the most interesting portion of the book is that which gives us the "English Rispetti." This is not the place to attempt any critical analysis of the remarkable Italian form of verse, which goes by the name of the rispetto. It is curious that though so many of the old French forms have been revived among us of late, so little notice has been taken of this graceful medium. Dr. Japp has used it especially for "Songs of the Birds," and I take leave to reproduce one of these—it happens to be the first; but I choose it, not on that account, but as a happy illustration of the felicitous use of this expressive measure.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet heart of secret minstrelsy—how far
Thy golden notes, like lightnings in the dark,
Flash full, ebullient, and no rivals mar
That music flooding all the moonlit park.
Hold! hold! and overpower me not with pain
Of very sweetness; in thy keen, full strain,
Notes touch me to the quick—so piercing clear,
I dream and think a long-dead love is here.

For the changeful notes of these "Songs of the Birds," nothing could be more appropriate than this pretty Italian metre. Through the *rispetti*, as through the whole volume, the author's keen love for and appreciation of Nature stands confessed.

I am glad to see that two more of R. A. Proctor's ever-useful and popular works on astronomy have been added to Messrs. Longmans' "Silver Library." First comes "The Orbs around Us," a series of chapters on the moon and the great planets, with two chapters on those vexed questions "Other Habitable Worlds," and "Other Inhabited Worlds," which are not without interest even so long after the date at which they were written, and when it is, alas! so long since we lost their talented author. Again and again Proctor recurred to a subject, as one sees in turning to his collected and now reprinted works. But he always had something fresh to say, and it is interesting to take up "The Expanse of Heaven" after putting down the other volume. He treats there of much the same subjects, but it is from another point of view, and the two volumes are not antagonistic, but complementary, the one of the other. Astronomical science has advanced by leaps and bounds since Proctor began to write upon it, but his influence on its popularity cannot be overestimated.

In a "Gossip" which is addressed to *all* readers of the MAGAZINE I need not apologise for mentioning a "practical" book which has just been published by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Bowden, Limited, under the title of "The Work-Table Companion." When I say that the book is edited by our contributor, Miss Ellen T. Masters, and that it sets forth stitches and patterns for all sorts of crochet, knitting, macramé lace, cross-stitch and canvas embroidery, I have said enough to commend the book to all ladies. Time was when such works were "severely let alone," when one spoke of "books," but ours is a wiser age, and in no direction have we made greater progress than in this of providing reliable and succinct guides to dainty and effective needlework.

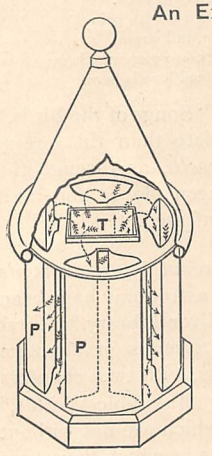
BOOK-MARK.

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

An Exhaust Ventilator.



Our illustration shows an improved ventilator with part of the conical cover removed, by which the action can be explained. A wind striking the bottom part of the ventilator passes through narrow ways between the slotted pipes P, P, and creates a partial vacuum in the conical chamber above, which draws up the foul air from the house by the central tube, T, and allows it to escape by the slots down the inner sides of the pipes, P, P, as shown by the curved arrows.

The Telephotos.

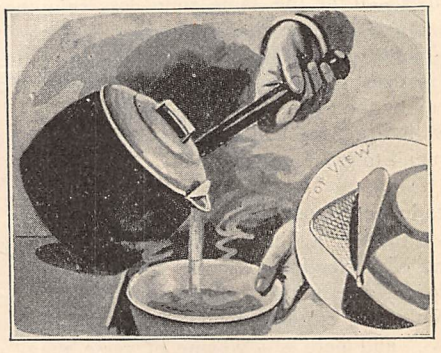
The "telephotos" is a new means of signalling which has been invented by Mr. C. V. Boughton, of Buffalo, N.Y., and is chiefly intended for use at sea. It consists in producing the dots and dashes of the Morse telegraph code, with the intervals between them by a row of electric incandescent lamps. A dot is made by lighting one lamp, a dash by lighting ten lamps, producing an illuminated line five feet in length, and an interval or "space" by leaving a length of five feet unlighted. In order to work this visual telegraph a keyboard is provided, by which and the help of wires, the proper lamps are lighted and the signals made.

The First Atmosphere.

Dr. Phipson, F.C.S., has made some interesting experiments in growing plants under different gases which have led him to a very probable hypothesis concerning the primitive atmosphere of the earth. The plants belonged to various species—for example, the trifolium, myosotis, and convolvulus—and were nourished by water. He found them to exist for a time, then die, in an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas; to prosper better in one of hydrogen, which they finally absorbed and oxidised; and to thrive well in one of nitrogen, especially if it contained one-third part of carbonic acid gas. From these results he argues that the primitive atmosphere of the globe consisted of inert nitrogen gas commingled with carbonic acid gas and other vapours thrown out by the numerous volcanoes then at work. Vegetation would flourish in such a medium, but animal life would not. The plants, however, by absorbing and decomposing the carbonic acid—a combination of carbon and oxygen—would in time discharge a sufficiency of oxygen into the atmosphere to enable the lower forms of animal life to exist, and as the proportion of oxygen increased, higher types of animals would make their appearance. The process is not complete even now, it appears, for the proportion of oxygen in the atmosphere is still slowly increasing, if the tests of the past fifty years can be relied on. The speculation, it will be seen, is in harmony with the doctrine that vegetation preceded animal life on the planet; and the fact that combustible—that is to say, oxidisable—substances, such as graphite, sulphides, and so on, are frequent in the primitive rocks would seem to imply that the first atmosphere was free from oxygen, and incapable of combining with these substances.

A Straining Lid for Saucepans.

The accompanying figure shows a new lid for saucepans which allows of the gravy or water being



all strained away without the lid being lifted. The flap of the lid is raised, and the liquid simply poured out through the strainer, while the solid contents are kept back.

A Shattered Comet.

The comet discovered by Mr. W. R. Brooks in America has undergone surprising changes since it was first observed. Professor Barnard of the Lick Observatory, has taken several photographs of it, and on comparing them it was found that the tail had twisted and broken up into knots and masses, while the brightness of the entire body had much increased. Further, a large portion of the tail became detached and drifted away as a separate comet travelling in a path of its own.

An Air-Brush for Artists.

The art of drawing and painting by a fine jet of spray is growing in the United States, without, however, superseding the older methods. It enables an artist to put his conceptions or impressions more quickly on paper than with the pencil or brush, and

FIG. 1.—THE AIR-BRUSH.

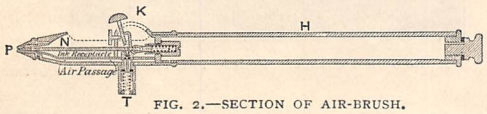


FIG. 2.—SECTION OF AIR-BRUSH.

the shading is more delicate and transparent than with a wash or stamp. The air-brush consists essentially of a holder containing a quantity of the ink or liquid colour to be used, and a tubular point with a fine bore. Compressed air is allowed to escape from the point in such a way as to drag a portion of the colour with it in a fine spray which strikes on the paper. Figs. 1 and 2 represent a new air-brush invented by Mr. Charles L. Burdick, an artist of Chicago, and recently introduced by him into London. The reference letters are the same in both figures, and the interior will be understood from Fig. 2, showing a section of the tool where H is the holder, T a tube by which the air enters it, and passes to the hollow point P in taking with it some of the ink or colour in the "ink receptacle." A needle, N, regulates the size of the discharging orifice at P, and consequently the mark of the spray. The brush is held in the hand like an ordinary pencil or brush, and the spray is regulated by pressing on the key K. Fig. 3 illustrates the manner

FIG. 3.—WORKING WITH AIR-BRUSH.

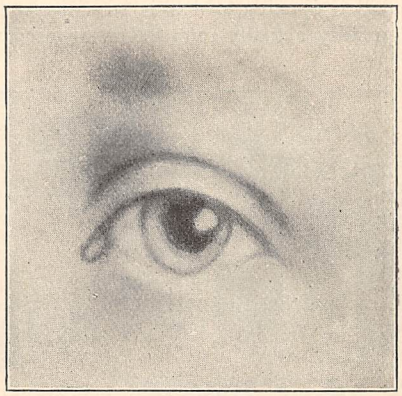


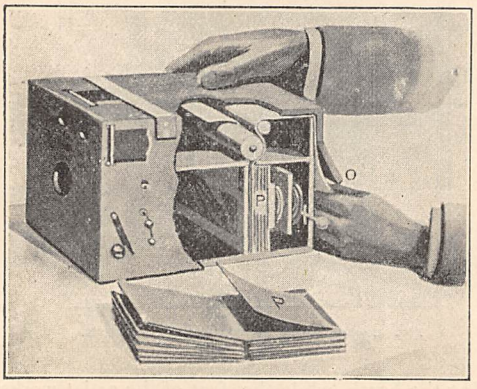
FIG. 4.—SPECIMEN OF WORK BY AIR-BRUSH.

of using the brush, while the foot of the artist works a pedal air pump, which compresses air in the reservoir on the left, and supplies it through a flexible tube to the brush. Mr. Burdick has devised a special form of foot pump, and also a fountain air gauge, which is hung on the easel, and shows the artist at any moment the precise air pressure he is employing. The artist can draw a line varying in width from that of a pencil to nearly an inch without change of colour, or he can imitate the softest and most delicate as well as the darkest shadows. Fig. 4 is a specimen of the work done by Mr. Burdick in a few minutes. Photographers will find the brush very useful in retouching or tinting portraits, and lithographers, architects, and other draughtsmen in making their designs.

Household Novelties.

We have before us this month a number of those minor inventions, the application of which goes so far to make improvements in our domestic machinery and comfort. Who, for instance, has not felt the want of rapidly-boiling kettles and saucepans? Here in the "Maycock" cooking utensils, fitted with a pierced outer shield, is all that could be desired; for the shield at once draws up the heat, and protects the utensil from those knocks which go so far to damage kettles and saucepans of the old type.—Then staining floors and other woodwork about a house is a piece of work that must often be done at home. For this a new series of stains, known as "Floorine," has just been introduced, by means of which the whole work can be effected at a single operation. The stains are made in various shades, and seem to give an excellent result when carefully applied.—The "Silver Wing" tap is a new contrivance for drawing-off aerated waters, or other sparkling beverages, glass by glass, without leaving the rest of the contents of the bottle exposed to the air. The tap is plated inside and out, and is fitted with a screw-shank that pierces the cork like a corkscrew. In sound corks this little

device should act well.—An automatic tea and coffee canister has just been patented. It is fitted with two lids, large and small. The large one is only used for filling the canister, and the tea or coffee is removed by the smaller opening, which is so contrived that only the quantity actually removed is exposed to the air.



A MAGAZINE CAMERA.

A Magazine Camera.

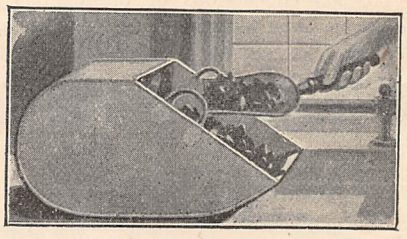
The accompanying woodcut shows a magazine camera which holds fifty plates, and permits of the same number of pictures being taken at one charge. The plates are mounted on travelling paper, and folded together as shown at P, P. After a photograph has been taken the plate is removed from the camera by pulling on the travelling paper, which passes between two rollers and emerges at O in the rear of the camera.

A Magical Lamp.

Tesla and other electricians have shown that electric currents of very high potential and frequency, that is to say, currents of great pressure and rapid reversal in direction, have no appreciable effect on the human body, so far as can be felt. Quite recently M. d'Arsonval, a well-known French electrician, has shown that if such a current is passed through a spiral of wire large enough to surround a man without touching him, he can light a glow lamp by simply holding it between his two hands, and yet he feels no inconvenience. In fact, M. d'Arsonval has applied his electrified spiral as a curative agent. The electrical influence is said to promote the nutrition of the patient, and largely increase his absorption and elimination of oxygen. Be this as it may—and further experiments are desirable before accepting the statement—there seems little doubt that magnetism pure and simple has no sensible effect on the human body, curative or otherwise, for Mr. Kennelly, a distinguished assistant of Edison, has recently made a large number of experiments with the most powerful magnets known, and all with negative results.

A Noiseless Coal Scuttle.

The harsh grating of the metal scoop on a metal coal-scuttle is often irritating and disagreeable to invalids and students, or persons of delicate nerves, and hence the scuttle which we illustrate will be found useful. It is made of leather and lined with cloth,

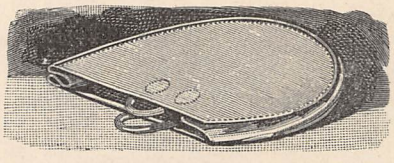


A NOISELESS COAL SCUTTLE. FIG. 1.—IN USE.

and capable of folding up when not full of coals. The scoop is also covered with a material which diminishes the grating of the coals upon it, and the utensil is both light and portable.

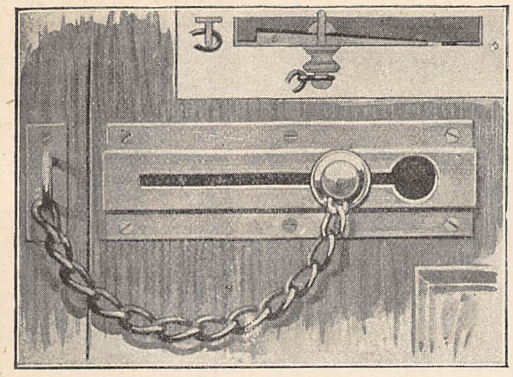
Mental Images.

"A man conversing in earnest," says Emerson, in his essay on Nature, "if he watch his intellectual processes will find that a material image, more or less luminous, arises in his mind, contemporaneous with every thought, which furnishes the vestment of the thought." This power of forming mental images appears to vary in strength among individuals to a considerable degree. Naturally we should expect to find it powerful in poets and artists. Charles Dickens has himself told us that he actually "saw" his creations as he wrote, and M. Taine mentions a painter who only looked at an object while he sketched its outline and was able to fill in the colours from the image of it in his mind. On the other hand there are people of equal intelligence who, being unable to see such mental images themselves, have doubted their existence, and Mr. Francis Galton has shown that habits of abstract thought, such as men of science and philosophers indulge in are apt to weaken the capacity of forming mental pictures. Mr. Kirkpatrick, of Winona, Minnesota, an experimental psychologist, has made a series of observations on this phenomenon with the help of his classes. The scholars were asked to write down just what came into their minds when certain familiar words, such as "book," "tree," "church" were called out, and the answers were carefully investigated. He found that the majority of the students formed distinct images of the objects



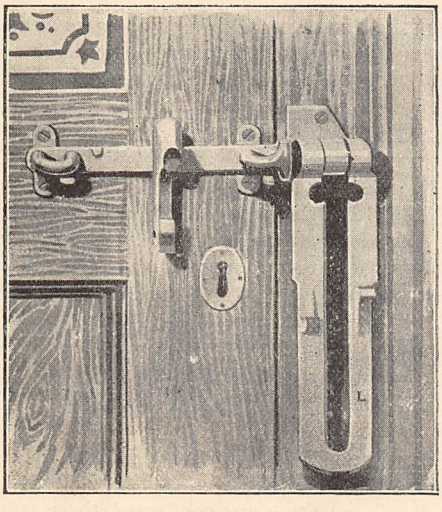
A NOISELESS COAL SCUTTLE. FIG. 2.—FOLDED.

corresponding to the words; and the rest formed indistinct images, with a few exceptions who seem to have indulged in philosophical abstractions. The



NEW DOOR-FASTENERS.—FIG. 1.

word "book," for example, called up visions of a Bible, a dictionary, a novel, in all but a few scholars, who thought of "food for the mind," or "the thoughts of some person." The word "tree" was represented by some kind of tree, more especially the illustrious cherry tree which George Washington cut down. The word "church" usually evoked a picture of some church in the vicinity, but some of the hearers thought of a "religious organisation." It is evident from his results that most people are "visualisers" in thinking, while a few are "non-visualisers." The tendency to form distinct images was very conspicuous amongst the female students, and in both sexes it reaches an abnormal development about the ages of 14 and 15, or during the period of adolescence, which, it has been otherwise observed, is also one of exceptional good health and rapid growth. The tendency is further checked or fostered by the occupations in life.



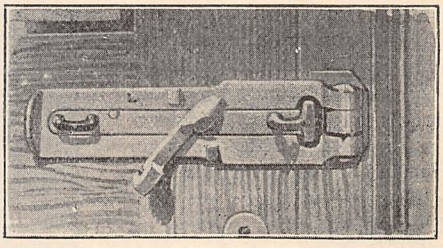
NEW DOOR-FASTENERS.—FIG. 2.

New Door-Fasteners.

The door-chain which we illustrate in Fig. 1 can be adjusted to allow the door to open to any length of the chain. This is simply effected by an adjustable clamping nut which fixes in the slot and is adjusted by the knob at will. The greater the pressure on the door the faster the nut holds, owing to the section of the slots being tapered. The new "Lightning" door bolt is shown in Figures 2, 3 and 4. It is not a bolt in the ordinary sense but a kind of hasp or slotted link, L, which hangs down the door-post when not in use. Being on a swivel joint a half turn of the wrist brings it into a horizontal position across the ledge of the door where it is fixed on the bar as shown. Fig. 4 illustrates its action as a door-chain.

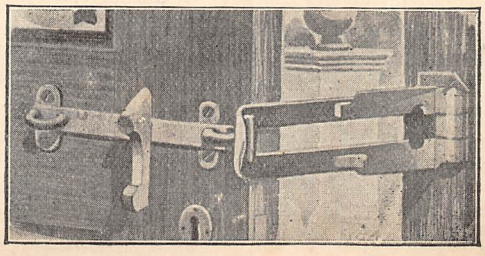
Taste in Colours.

Each to his taste is a proverb which has been held to apply to colours as well as flavours. Anthropologists, however, are inquiring whether there is no law or rule in the matter of colours, at least. They find that savages prefer bright colours. The negro of Africa, the American Indian, and the Polynesian



NEW DOOR-FASTENERS.—FIG. 3.

prefer red. It is the same with the New Caledonian, according to Captain Cook; and a red object is "taboo" to the New Zealander. The Gaboonese, writes Dorlhac, only used red, white and black pigments before the Europeans came, and now blue is their mourning colour. Red is also preferred by the Kaffirs and Afghans. Purple, again, was the choice of the ancients; and red was the predominant colour of their military uniforms. As for the northern peoples, they seem to prefer sombre colours. Blue is preferred and yellow is avoided, not to say ridiculed. In Japan a Prussian blue or a greenish blue is most common in clothing. The Ainos of Yezzo also prefer blue and tattoo themselves that colour. These facts are worth noting by exporters of woven stuffs. De Brazza always took red cottons to the Congo, whereas in the Soudan blue cottons are preferred. The negro Mussulman prefers blue and the negro fetichist red.



NEW DOOR-FASTENERS.—FIG. 4.

In India clothes are red and yellow rather than blue, and the same may be said for Cochin-China, where the gods are usually gilt. The Indians of Guiana love a yellow bottom colour; so do the negroes of the Antilles. In Tahiti the natives affect pale red tints. Many of us will remember that in recent years attempts have been made to show that because words for certain colours are not found in some early languages or poems, the authors, if not the readers, had a deficient colour-sense. Did not Mr. Gladstone point out that Homer has no special term for green, blue and violet? The ancient Israelites only mention white, black, green, and red. But common sense bids us first reflect that people in an early stage of culture before their language had become specialised, had no distinct words for certain shades of colour, especially shades which did not strongly appeal to their colour-sense. There are many tints in Nature or in aniline dyes which have no special name with us; but what should we think of our posterity if they inferred that our colour-sense was not sufficiently developed to recognise them? Not to put too fine a point on it, we should think they were fools. The Battas of Sumatra had no term for blue until they were able to borrow the Dutch word, but they appreciated the colour well enough. Negroes, again, have borrowed our English word "blue." The Egyptians had a just sense of the harmony of colours, but they only employed red blue, green, brown, black, and white. The Assyrians and Persians, judging from their enamels, preferred blue and yellow. The Greeks affected red, blue, and yellow. In dealing with such early art, however, we must be careful not to infer too much from it, and make a similar mistake to those who supposed the ancient writers deficient in colour-sense. We must remember that pigments, like words, have first to be invented or discovered before they can come into use, although the thing they stand for is already in existence.

A MUSICAL FIRE-DAMP DETECTOR.

A Musical Fire-damp Detector.

The "Formenophone" is an instrument for detecting and measuring the fire-damp or inflammable gas in the air of a mine. It is based on the principle that the note of an organ pipe depends on the density of the air feeding it. Two similar organ pipes are provided, and one is fed with pure air, the other with the air of the mine, and if fire-damp is present in the latter the two pipes no longer give the same note. "Beats" are the consequence, and the proportion of the fire-damp in the air is determined by the number of beats in a second. Our illustration shows the operator counting the beats given with the apparatus at his feet. The apparatus is arranged to give a beat per second for each percentage of inflammable gas.

THREE-PART STORY COMPETITION.

AWARD.

A LARGE number of MSS. was received for this Competition; but the result is very disappointing, and in most cases the standard of excellence very low.

The First Prize of TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS has been gained by

BESSIE E. DUFFETT,
Mead-Vale,
Redhill.

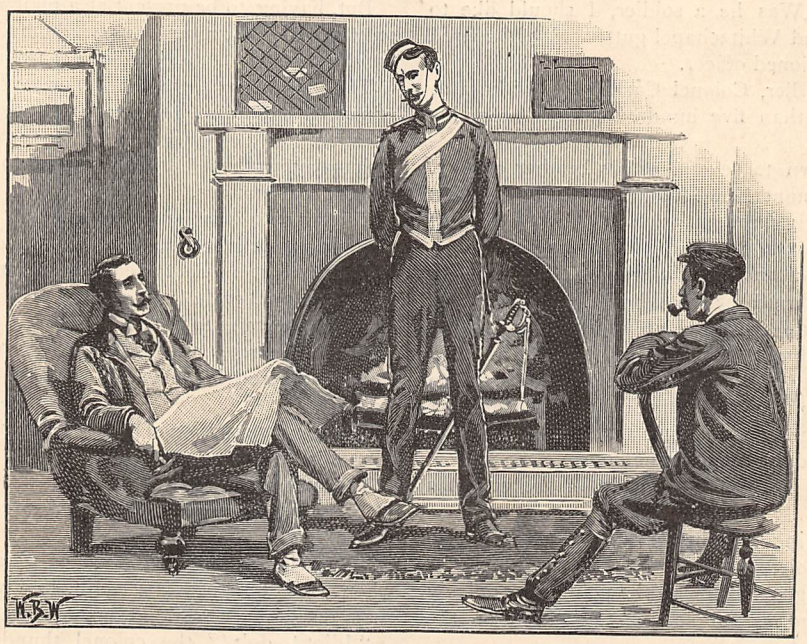
The Second and Third Prizes are withdrawn, in accordance with No. 6 of the General Regulations under which the Competition was conducted, there being no MS. adjudged worthy of either prize.

We would remind our readers that the HOLIDAY PROGRAMME COMPETITION closes on March 1st; and that all the MSS. for the SHORT STORY COMPETITION must reach us on or before the 10th April.

(*From a drawing by* W. HATHERELL, R.I.)

A SONG TO CHEER.

AN ALDERSHOT MYSTERY.



"'IF NEWBOULD IS A SWAGSMAN, THEN I AM A HORSE-MARINE!'"

THE camp at Aldershot was in a state of feverish excitement. Something had occurred that affected all, from the youngest drummer-boy to the general in command.

"I wish I knew what tempted the foolish lad to help himself," growled Colonel Scaife, as he sat alone in his luxurious quarters, puffing furiously at a cigar. "If he was in a hole, some of us would have strained a point to see him through, or, at the worst, there were the Jews. I am sorry; but I never thought Old Will's boy would have turned out a thief."

The unhappy subject of Colonel Scaife's meditations was one Lieutenant Newbould, who had, upon that very day, been court-martialled upon a grave charge of theft.

The court had sat, and all Aldershot knew that the prisoner had been found guilty, and sentenced to a lengthy term of imprisonment.

Up to the very moment when the verdict was pronounced, public feeling had set strongly in favour of acquittal.

The severe sentence caused general consternation.

"It ith thrange," lisped a beardless subaltern to a bronzed old major, "that fellow Newbould lookth ecthactly like an innothent man; but, of courth, he mutht have been guilty. There ith the finding of the court, you thee."

The major growled, in reply—

"I don't know; there is no accounting for what a fellow may do when he is stone-broke; but if Newbould is a swagsman, then I am a horse-marine."

"The fellow didn't seem to be going to the dogs either," a captain interposed.

"Anyway, he has gone there now, poor wretch! and they will devour him body and soul," the major responded. "Let the fellow go. Which of you cares to handle a cue?"

The unhappy man was equally the subject of conversation among the rank-and-file of the regiment.

"Sorra a bit do I belave the pure young leftinint was guilty," Corporal Moriarty said. "He was such a saft shpokin' gentleman, an' a foine fhist with the gloves."

"Ah! And for a fast bowler, Aldershot never knew his equal," answered Sergeant Mellor. "He is an innocent man, boys, whatever them old fogies, who never saw a genuine battlefield, may say to the contrary."

"That's what I said, sergeant," interposed Bombardier Ellis. "I asked the company if any mother's son of them ever knew a first-class cricketer who turned out to be a thief."

"Yes, I did. There was that fellow, Gilbertson, of

the old Western County," hazarded a private, who stood lounging beside the door of the canteen. "Did you never hear tell of him, eh, bombardier?"

"Gilbertson! Was he a soldier, I should like to know, you scraped Whitechapel gutter-snipe?" roared the non-commissioned officer.

A fortnight earlier, Colonel Carling had withdrawn no less a sum than five hundred pounds from his bankers.

This was known to several of his brother officers, including Lieutenant Newbould, and they had rallied him, with soldierly freedom, upon his wealth, hinting at the possible committal of an amateur burglary.

One night the colonel gave a smoking party, which did not break up until the small hours of the morning. The whiskey bottle circulated only too freely, and the jests were of the freest.

When the party broke up, and the guests started to reel homeward to their respective quarters, Lieutenant Newbould, suddenly recollecting that he had left his macintosh behind, returned to the house.

So he was the last man that night in the colonel's apartments.

On the following morning it was found that the gold had been stolen.

An alarm was given at once; the police were quickly on the spot, and a complete investigation of the premises was made.

Lieutenant Newbould admitted that he had gone back alone to the house.

The police discovered that an entrance had been effected by the French windows of the library.

The young officer, when questioned as to how he had entered the house, for the servants had retired long before, and the colonel swore that he had not admitted him, acknowledged that he had entered by those windows, which were open at the time, and, taking his coat, had returned the same way.

The money had been deposited in an escritoire, which was kept locked.

So far as could be discovered, the lock had not been tampered with.

The young man was suspected and arrested.

His brother officers firmly believed in him, and even Colonel Carling entertained a lingering hope that he might be found innocent; but the court-martial, swayed by circumstantial evidence, found the charge proven. But the imprisonment and ruin of the lieutenant did not give Colonel Carling his money back.

Two months afterwards there was a second robbery at Colonel Carling's.

This time certain title-deeds to property in which that officer had been investing were stolen.

According to his own account he had only received the documents on the previous morning from his solicitor, and, feeling fatigued, or, perhaps, lazy, had locked them up in the escritoire, intending to look carefully through them on the following morning.

When he went to look for them the documents were missing.

The loss was not merely annoying; it was serious.

Apparently there were thieves in the house.

This was an unpleasant reflection, which recalled to the colonel's mind not only the loss of the money, but also his old brother officer's imprisonment.

But, having to be present at a review upon the day on which the discovery was made, he was compelled for the time to dismiss the subject from his mind.

The day was warm, and Tommy Atkins proved unusually stupid, or, perhaps, the general was unduly exacting.

Anyway, Colonel Carling returned to his quarters in a diabolical humour.

Contrary to his ordinary custom, without even changing his clothes, he sat down and drank freely.

At midnight he dismissed his servant. Some time later, but neither he nor anyone else knew when, he stumbled upstairs to bed.

The following morning, or, rather, noon, the body-servant entered his master's room with the shaving water.

To the consternation of both, the colonel's regimentals were nowhere to be seen.

The officer hiccoughed—

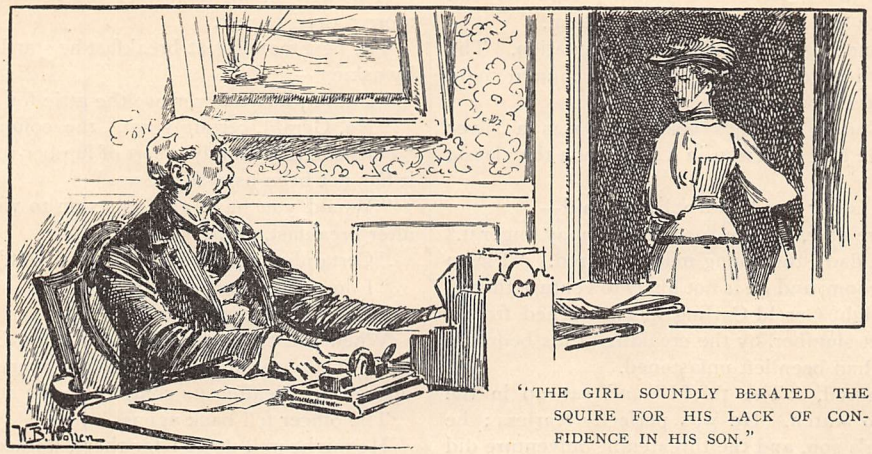
"I took them off last night, you rascal. Where are they?"

"Yes, sir. That is to say, you were wearing them when I went to bed last night, and you haven't got them on now," the servant answered mildly.

"Idiot! dolt!" the colonel thundered, "do you mean to insinuate that I went to bed in my boots?"

"No, sir," faltered the unfortunate man, who was fully acquainted with the irate temper of his employer and commanding officer; then, fearing that his denial might possibly have been too emphatic, he added apologetically, "that is, not very often, your honour."

"THE COLONEL'S REGIMENTALS WERE NOWHERE TO BE SEEN."



"THE GIRL SOUNDLY BERATED THE SQUIRE FOR HIS LACK OF CONFIDENCE IN HIS SON."

Careful search failed to discover the whereabouts of the missing garments, and the feelings of Colonel Carling may be better imagined than described. He was convinced that the thief was located somewhere in his immediate circle; but who was he? He bitterly upbraided himself for his precipitancy in the Newbould case; but the mischief was done, and he failed to see how it might be undone. Besides, the two later thefts did not demonstrate the lieutenant's innocence.

The colonel was still fuming over the loss of his highly-cherished regimentals, when his son Gerald returned home, from Oxford, for the vacation.

"I'm glad to see you, my boy," said the old officer, as he greeted his son upon the latter's arrival. "You've grown, Gerald." And a tear came into the eye that had more than once gleamed in battle upon the thievish Kidarees. "You are growing the very image of your poor mother."

"Then, dad," said Gerald, who had not been spoiled by 'varsity life, "let me try to make you happy, as she would have done if she had been spared."

"Who is that fellow?" asked Gerald at dinner, when the waiter had withdrawn, "I don't seem to recognise him. He hasn't either the cut or the set-up of a Tommy Atkins."

The colonel slowly replied, "He is a county detective."

Then he told the story of the double robbery.

"You may send him off about his business then, dad. There won't be any more robberies, now that I have come," the young man said laughingly, "or, if there are, I will make it hot for the thief."

Yet that very night Colonel Carling's boots were stolen! It would have been ludicrous if it had been less annoying. The value of the booty was altogether disproportionate to the danger which the thief must have run in obtaining it.

The colonel was at his wit's end. His rage almost choked him.

The detective was worse than useless; for the boots had been carried off from under his very nose.

"I'll catch them yet, sir, the blackguards," he said.

But although he spoke bravely and hopefully, he was completely mystified.

The ex-lieutenant was meanwhile serving out his sentence, longing for death, and knowing nothing of what was occurring in the once dear old camp.

Away in the lovely vale of Nidderdale, the white-headed old squire of Eagle's Gill stalked, broken-hearted, through his stately hall, thinking neither of rents, nor battues on Pateley Moor, but calling down maledictions upon the head of the reprobate who had disgraced his once proud name.

A noble matron sat weeping in the same home, praying that God would be merciful to her boy, and in His own good time bring the truth to light. Sometimes, when this burden of her life grew too heavy to be endured, she would withdraw to the wooded fastnesses of Guy's Cliffe and weep there.

More resolute than either Squire Newbould or his wife, and more fierce and uncompromising in her championship, was Annie Scaife, the little daughter of the Rev. William Scaife, vicar of Moorside and brother to Colonel Scaife. The girl, who slaved at mothers' meetings, acted as organist on Sundays, and was a martyr to parish work, boldly declared that Lieutenant Newbould was an innocent and greatly injured man, and soundly berated the squire for his lack of confidence in his son.

The love of a true woman is stronger than death.

If only the prisoner had known that a heroine outside the walls of his gaol was boldly maintaining his cause, and had proved herself as true as steel, he might, perhaps, have felt encouraged. Unhappily there was no one to tell him this. So he gradually abandoned himself to despair.

It was not so at Aldershot.

The continuance and especially the frequency of the robberies at Colonel Carling's, provoked constant comment; and public opinion veered round again to a belief in Newbould's innocence.

The lower the rank of the critics, the more outspoken were the criticisms; and many members of the late

court-martial must have had tingling ears as the soldiers freely spoke their minds about them.

Only Colonel Carling escaped condemnation. The whole camp regarded him as being an injured man, and sympathised with him accordingly.

Among Gerald Carling's belongings was a silver cup, which he had once won in a race upon the classic Isis.

When his father saw this trophy, he said—

"Take care of it, my boy, or the thief may finger it."

"Scarcely, dad," the young man answered. "I keep it in my bedroom, and he is not likely to venture there."

Yet that night Gerald Carling was awakened from a fitful, unquiet slumber, by the creaking of his bedroom door, which had been left unfastened.

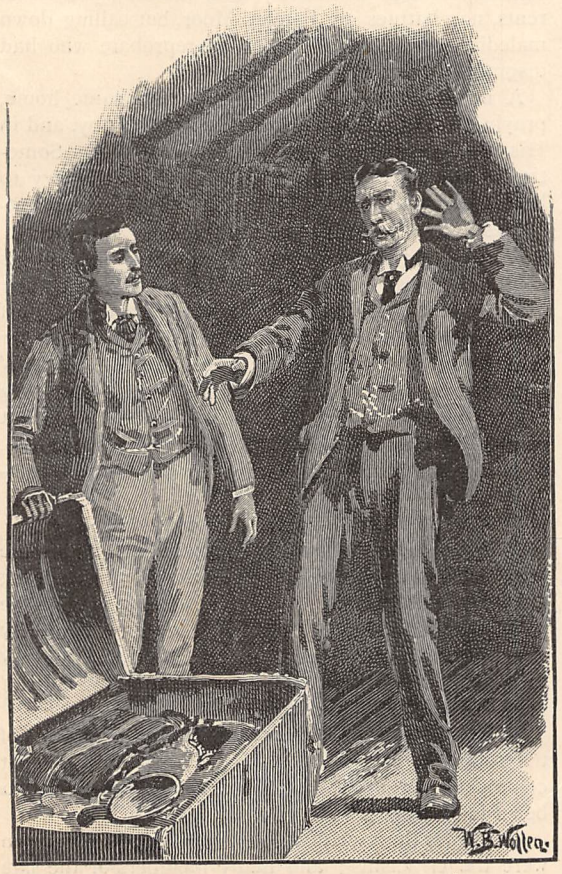
He murmured, "The thief!" and sat up in the moonlight to watch. He was perfectly fearless; he was a soldier's son, and the threatening adventure did not make his pulses beat even a shade more quickly.

The door slowly opened, and a tall figure, robed entirely in white, entered the room.

Gerald sighed.

The intruder, without noticing the young man, walked slowly and noiselessly to the dressing-table, took the silver cup, and as quietly withdrew.

Gerald arose and followed the robber, but made no attempt to arrest him.



"THE OFFICER FELL BACK AGHAST."

A quarter of an hour later he returned, and once more retired to rest.

The next morning at breakfast he startled the colonel by asking—

"Father, do you ever use the attic for anything?"

"No, Gerald, certainly not," the colonel answered: "I believe it is simply a sort of lumber-room. I know it has not been used for years."

"Would you have any objection to visit it with me after breakfast, sir?"

"Certainly not, my boy, if you wish it."

"I do, father, particularly."

"I will be ready instantly."

When the two entered the chamber, Gerald walked straight up to an old cow-hair-covered trunk and opened it, revealing its contents to the colonel.

The officer fell back aghast.

He might well do so: for there, immediately before his eyes, lay his stolen boots, his pilfered regimentals, the missing title-deeds, Gerald's silver cup, and the gold, intact, for the alleged theft of which an honourable officer and gentleman had been ruined.

"Who is the thief, Gerald?" he gasped.

"There has been no thief, father; it has all been a mistake," the young Oxonian answered tenderly.

Then, as he perceived that it would be wisest to tell the colonel everything, he related the events of the preceding evening as briefly as possible.

It appeared that Colonel Carling, after retiring to rest, had arisen and entered his son's room as has been partially described already. Having appropriated the cup, he ascended to the attic, followed by his son, and secreted his booty in the ancient trunk, after which he returned to his own bedroom.

When the young man concluded, Colonel Carling hid his face in his hands, and sighed, in the bitterness of his spirit—

"Good gracious, I am a thief! Do you hear me, Gerald? a thief!"

"No, father, you are a somnambulist."

Truth will out.

Within an hour the whole story became camp property, and the lines went nearly wild with excitement.

Although the old officer remained indoors for very shame, his name was upon every lip.

Not in bitterness or condemnation.

The entire division felt for him.

They said, "Poor old Carling; who would have thought it of him?"

He was a somnambulist, therefore a hero.

Gerald Carling was *fêted* by the officers. The ladies would have fallen in love with him if only he had worn a scarlet coat.

Young Newbould was pardoned, and all concerned were happy—except the vicar's little daughter, who confided to the stones at How Stean that, in her humble opinion, it was only adding insult to injury to pretend to pardon an innocent man. But even she smiled lightly when

"Lieutenant Newbould—Captain,"

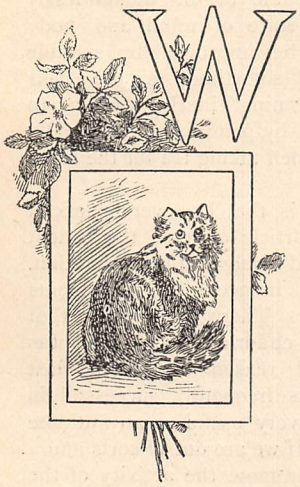
appeared in the *Gazette*.

He had got his step.

C. N. BARHAM.

THE PLEASURES AND PERILS OF THE TEAPOT.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



WITHIN a comparatively short period tea has become the national drink. Introduced into England about two hundred years ago, it soon became a popular beverage, and the taste for it has been growing steadily ever since. In 1841 twenty-two ounces of tea, on an average, were used by each person in England; in 1874 this quantity was trebled. Many and diverse are the evils which have been attributed to tea-drinking; and, if they can be proved, it is obvious that such an enormously increased consumption cannot fail to exercise profound influence on the general health. Naturally the most marked effect will be observable among those who drink most tea, *i.e.*, among women. Chief among the ill-effects ascribed to it are indigestion and nervousness, and these have been traced to two causes—(A) the kind and quality of the tea used, and (B) the method of infusion. A few words in reference to the first factor. Black tea is now most generally used. The difference between green and black tea does not depend upon their preparation from different species of plants, but upon the treatment to which the leaves are subjected. The latter is the result of a process of fermentation before the leaves are dried and heated. Green tea is prepared from young leaves which are dried at once after being gathered. It commands a higher price, and for that reason it was at one time extensively adulterated, in fact, it was often manufactured by an enterprising dealer from common black tea with the help of a little indigo or Prussian-blue, judiciously toned down with French chalk or turmeric to get the right tint. The best kinds are prepared from the younger and smaller leaves, while the older leaves form the coarser varieties. Indian have latterly supplanted, to a large extent, the historic China teas. In 1877 about thirty-one million pounds of Indian were imported. During the following ten years the consumption was more than trebled, amounting to ninety-seven million pounds in 1887; the amount imported from China being proportionately diminished. Probably this rapid increase in popularity depends upon the peculiar flavour of Indian teas and upon their cheapness—possibly patriotic motives may also help to some extent. There has been much discussion as to the relative merits of the two teas. There is no doubt but that the Indian is much more prone to induce digestive disturbances than the Chinese. This fact has been explained by the greater proportion of tannin found in the Indian. After prolonged infusion (for fifteen minutes) it was found that samples of the finest Indian yielded nearly two and a half times as much tannin as the best China. If the infusion were less prolonged (for three minutes) the Indian teas still yielded a large excess of tannin; and, as a general rule, it may be said that prolonged infusion of the best China does not increase very materially the amount of tannin extracted.

Examining tea chemically, it is found to contain an alkaloid, theine, identical with caffeine, the alkaloid of coffee, and very closely related to theobromin, the alkaloid found in cocoa. Alkaloids are complex chemical bodies with highly active properties, and many of the most valued medical drugs (*e.g.*, morphine, strychnine) belong to the same class. It is a curious fact that all the world over men of every race take small quantities of some alkaloid as a part of their daily food, and that this alkaloid is either theine or some substance almost identical with it. I need only mention the use of cocoa and of maté or Paraguay tea (which is largely used in South America as a beverage) to illustrate this statement.

Tea also contains about fifteen per cent. of tannin combined with the theine and some salts, together with an aromatic volatile oil. The physiological action of tea, *i.e.*, the sensation of well-being which we experience after imbibing it, is due to the theine: in excess this induces nervousness. The interference with the natural processes of digestion which results in an attack of dyspepsia is due to the tannin; and the peculiar flavour of the tea depends upon the volatile oil.

Passing now to the methods of infusion, the problem is to make an infusion which shall contain as much of the theine and the aromatic oil and as little of the tannin as possible. First of all, a good quality of tea must be selected—this condition is obviously essential. Then the water must be boiling, but it must not have boiled long; for if so, the taste becomes insipid. It should be neither too hard nor too soft—soft water is, however, more economical, as it extracts more of the soluble principles of the leaves, and makes a darker infusion. Length of infusion is a most important point. The longer the infusion the less the flavour, for the aroma is lost. Too much of the soluble matter is also extracted by prolonged infusion, and therefore the tea will contain an excess of tannin. As a general rule, it may be said that infusion for three or four minutes is amply sufficient. About one ounce of dry leaf to a quart of water is the usual allowance; half that quantity for weak, and half as much again for strong tea.

Very frequently dyspepsia results from the constant doses of tannin which many people take, not once, but several times a day. Tannin has the property

of rendering hard and insoluble all kinds of animal food, and therefore tea taken with meat is injurious, as the meat is made difficult of digestion. It has been found that a small pinch of bicarbonate of soda put in each cup materially diminishes the effect of the tannin. The addition of milk has a similar action, though not to such a marked degree ; and it is probably for this reason that it is so universally used. There are many preparations recommended to render tea harmless ; but it is wiser to drink it weak and sparingly than to trust to any antidotes. The best time to take it is with a light meal in the afternoon, because the nervous system is tired and fatigued after the day's work, and the gentle stimulus afforded by the theine refreshes and reinvigorates the whole body without any of the ill-effects which follow the use of most stimulants. Even tea may, however, be used so as to produce injury, and all its good effects lost. Those who drink it morning, noon, and night, become slaves to the habit, quite as much as those who habitually take too much alcohol, for its effects on the nervous system may result in depression, loss of will-power, palpitation of the heart, and very marked muscular tremors. Inveterate dyspepsia and general nervousness may be produced. There is a widespread and pernicious habit—unfortunately becoming much more prevalent among women—of drinking a cup of tea the first thing in the morning. It is used as a stimulant —at the very time when the whole system ought to be refreshed by the night's rest and ready for work. This practice is often begun thoughtlessly and unnecessarily. The state of mind and body which demands it must be improved by suitable medical treatment. Men sometimes excuse their habit of taking alcoholic "nips" in the morning to counteract their depression by pointing to the equally injudicious practice of women taking tea for the same purpose.

The lesson to be drawn is, that however beneficial may be the use of any article of food, the benefit depends upon its being used wisely and in moderation. Excess even in the most innocent of enjoyments inevitably results in injury. There is no doubt that tea increases the power of enduring fatigue, and was used extensively for that reason during the last Egyptian campaign. It is frequently successful in relieving headache, and is very useful as an antidote to alcoholic intoxication. If we are out of sorts and a little feverish, it tends to promote the activity of the skin ; and it is well known that tea accelerates the action of aperients. It is, therefore, important that the use of tea should not degenerate into abuse.

MODERN CROCHET WORK.

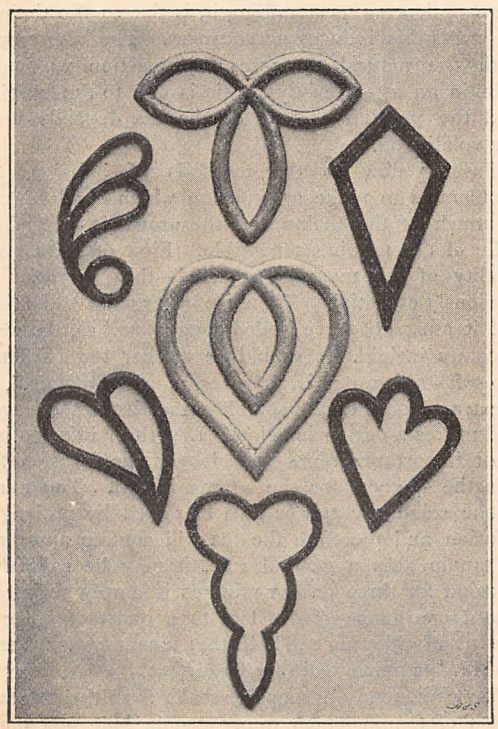


FIG. 1.—MOULDS FOR MODERN CROCHET.

SOME few months ago the rulers of Fashion decreed that crochet was to be largely worked once more, and accordingly many women who had been acquainted with this art during its previous reign of popularity sought out their disused hooks and balls of thread and patterns and began diligently to make yards of trimmings, stripes and squares.

It so happens, however, that few fashions reappear in their original form, and this was notably the case with the crochet, and, though there is little to be said against many of the old patterns, they are totally different from those which find admirers nowadays. In the first place, the fine cotton that was considered a beauty thirty years or so ago has given place to a glossy, tightly-twisted twine, not very unlike that used for making Macramé lace. Gold thread, too, enriches the general effect ; dainty tassels and drops hang about the work, and—greatest of all innovations—pasteboard moulds serve to give substance to the stitches, and prove of great assistance in forming the patterns.

These moulds are sometimes black, at other times drab, according to whether the twine with which they are covered is light or dark in tone. There is an enormous variety to be had in the shapes and sizes, and the moulds are procured in more than sixty different forms, a few of the most elaborate being given in Fig. 1. They are the introduction of M[illegible]. Carl Mez

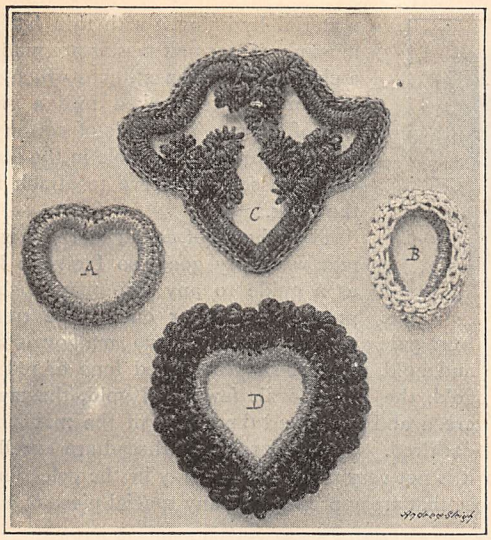


FIG. 2.—COVERED MOULDS.

& Söhne, and I have been enabled to illustrate a few pieces of work that have been prepared for the same firm, and which are made with their coarse and fine threads known as Glanzgarn and Crochet Twist respectively. They can be procured in a great variety of beautiful and artistic shades of colour from any high-class fancy shop. The moulds are sold by the dozen, and are very moderate in price. A stout and strong steel hook is required for the crochet when the stout Glanzgarn is employed; this is not nearly so difficult to work with as might at first sight be imagined, for, having a very glossy surface and being very even, it slips pleasantly over the hook.

There are dozens of ways of covering the moulds. The average worker who does not care to take any special pains over her task will prefer the simple plan of working closely-set double crochet stitches all round the moulds, and then outlining these with single or double stitches worked with gold thread. An example of this way of working will be found in the heart-shaped mould at A in Fig. 2. A prettier method of covering the moulds is that given at B. Here we have a pear shape covered with double crochet stitches of fine gold thread, or gold passing as it is sometimes called, though at most shops it is known as washing tinsel.

Three rows of single stitches, one above the other are placed on the double crochet. They are made with the twine of any pretty colour, and no increase or decrease is worked in either row, so that they set up like a rim all round the gold covered shape. Several of these moulds are used in the handsome mat below.

The leaf at C is rather more elaborate in appearance, though the actual covering of the mould consists merely of a row of double crochet stitches headed with single stitches made with two strands of gold. At three points, the top and each side of the leaf, are worked clusters of bullion stitches, which nearly meet across the opening in the centre and are caught together with a tie of gold. Amateur workers not infrequently find considerable difficulty in these stitches, for the cotton is wound twelve, fifteen, and even as many as twenty times round the hook and then a loop has to be caught with the hook and drawn through all the rings at once, an operation that needs some skill and practice to perform neatly. When once, however,

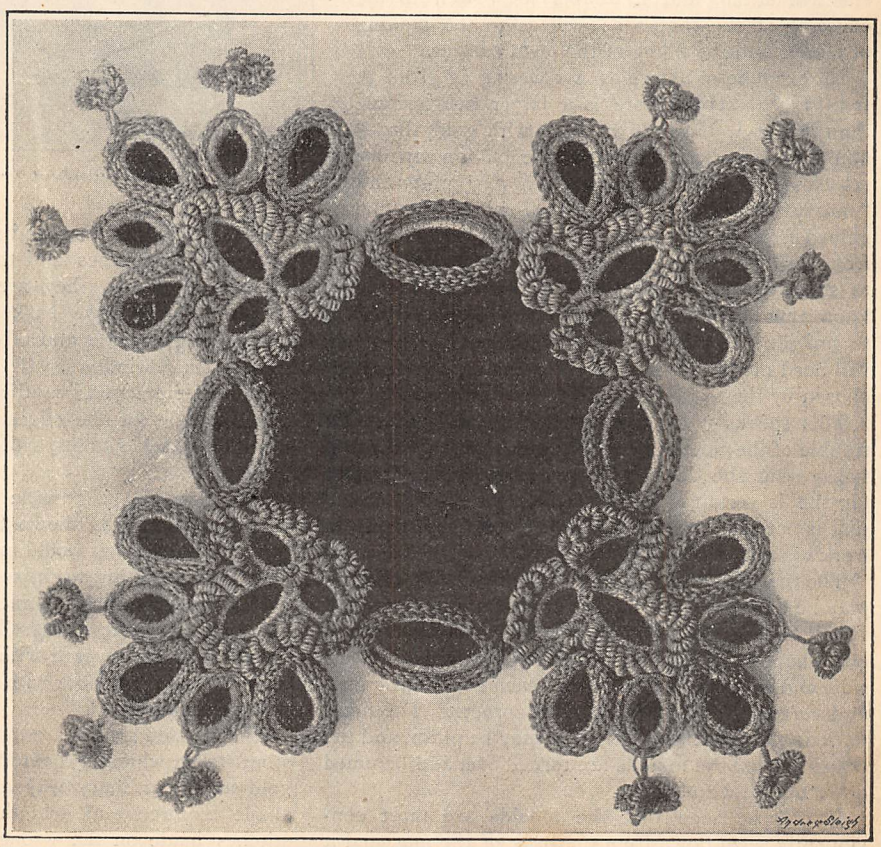


FIG. 3.—A LAMP MAT IN MODERN CROCHET.

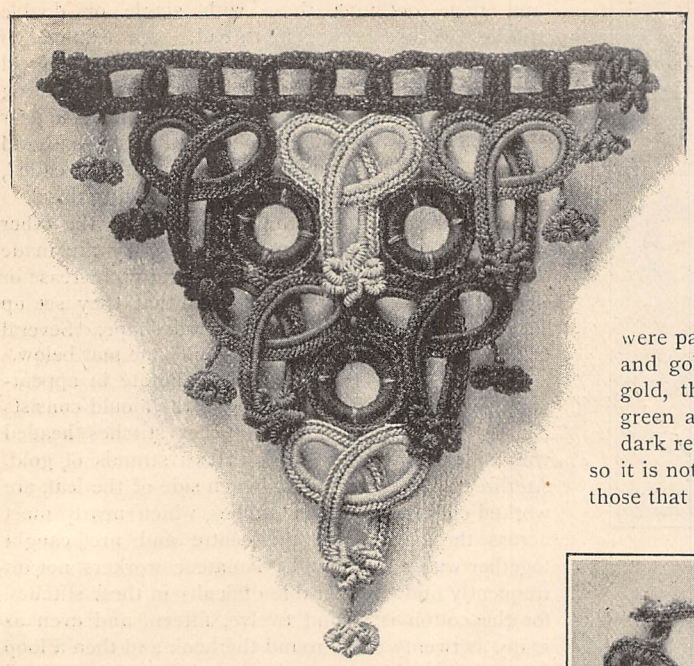


FIG. 4.—A HANDSOME VANDYKED TRIMMING.

the trouble is overcome, there can be no more effective stitch, and it adapts itself well to the covering of the shapes as well as to the making of tassels and the filling of the open centres.

An example of its use as a covering is given at D in Fig. 2. Here there is a larger heart shape than that at A, but it is covered with gold thread and then edged with loosely-made bullion stitches set closely together. They give a very pretty and "mossy" effect, a better idea of which may be gained from their use on the mat on page 329 than from a single specimen. Such workers as are unable to succeed with the bullion stitches will be glad to know that Messrs. Carl Mez & Söhne are proposing to provide the moulds already covered so that they will need merely linking together to form any pattern chosen by the worker.

This speaks much for the idleness and distaste for trouble of the amateur of the present day. It is hard to say what she does in the way of fancy needlework, for she is certainly dissatisfied with any embroidery that is not three parts done before she herself sets to work upon it.

The mat given here is an excellent example of what may be done with the moulds after they are covered. It will be seen that a trefoil is arranged in each corner, pear shaped and oval moulds are placed round it outside, and a larger oval is laid on each edge of the mat, and serves as a link between the corners. The foundation of the mat is velvet, or it may be plush, and the edges beyond the moulds are turned over and hemmed down on the wrong side.

It will be seen that the moulds are most conveniently sewn down from the back of the mat, and it is as well to give some additional substance to the material by lining it with thin but stiff muslin. The small tassels are made of a cluster of bullion stitches which, five in number, are worked into a small ring of chain. The ends of cotton are brought through the hole in the centre of the tassel, and serve to attach it to the work.

The scheme of colour in the original mat was very good, so I give it here as a guide to any who may wish to produce a similar one. The trefoils were pale green and gold, the two small ovals fawn and gold, the pear shapes a faded tone of red and gold, the larger ovals fawn and gold, the tassels green and fawn, and the centre of the mat a rich dark red. The colours of the thread are excellent, so it is not very easy to go astray in the selection of those that are appropriate to any special piece of work.

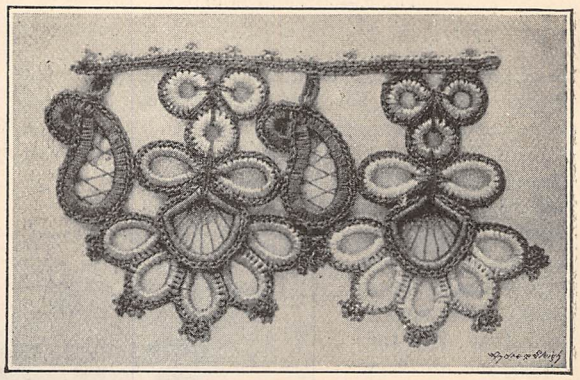


FIG. 5.—EDGING WORKED WITH FINE THREADS.

Being somewhat firm and stiff, the trimmings made of the modern twines and threads are not suitable for all purposes, but they are admirably adapted for ornamenting fancy baskets, newspaper holders, brackets, little stools and tables, wall pockets and the tops of small windows. If the finer makes of thread have been employed, beautiful and effective decorations can be made for the edges of table, piano and sideboard slips, table cloths, sofa backs, sachets and workbags.

A portion of a handsome Vandyked edging, made of coarse thread, is shown in Fig. 4, a finer one in Fig. 5. The former would make a charming trimming for a large standing work-basket, and is contrived in a particularly ingenious manner. The only pasteboard moulds used in the section illustrated are three round ones, which are covered with double crochet stitches, oversewn in four places with gold thread and outlined with green and gold.

The knotted shapes are made upon a foundation of stout string, which is covered with double stitches and gold in the ordinary way and then curved into the shape required and held in its position with a few stitches made on the wrong side of the work. The join comes at the bottom of the device and is concealed

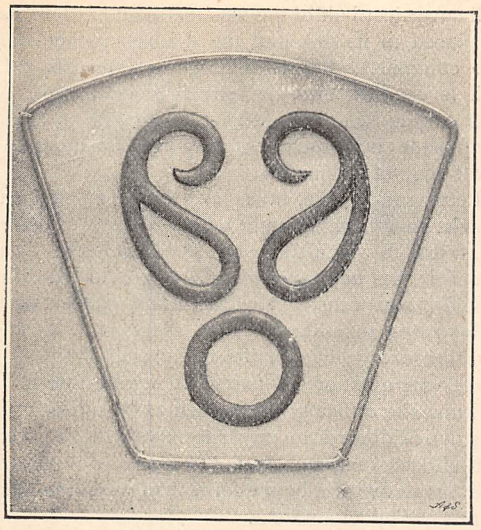


FIG. 6.—MOULDS FOR FRONT OF WALL POCKET.

beneath a cluster of seven bullion stitches, with which a few chain loops of gold thread are mixed in.

After covering the moulds needed for such a piece of work as this they should be laid upon a table wrong side uppermost and sewn together wherever they touch one another and seem to require a securing stitch. The tassels made of the ever-useful bullion stitches which are hung to some parts of the trimming are a great addition and serve to lighten the general effect considerably.

A straight heading is necessary for an edging of this sort, and in this case it is made of a chain foundation, into which is worked a row of two bullion and treble stitches used alternately, with two chain between each. The top and bottom edge of the heading is finished with a row of double crochet, and a broad gold braid is run in and out among the treble and bullion stitches. This done, the heading is to be sewn, on the wrong side, to the upper edges of the Vandyke.

It is the coarseness and boldness of this style of crochet to which, to many people, it owes its attraction, for it is work that can be readily executed when either eyesight or light is indifferent, and no counting is required, as the number of stitches covering the moulds is immaterial so long as none of the pasteboard is visible between them.

The next illustration is that of more delicate work than any hitherto shown here. The moulds employed for it are quite small and are covered with Crochet Twist, two shades of terra-cotta and pale green having been selected. There are four shapes used—pear-shaped, round, fans, and pines, the method in which they are grouped being clearly to be understood from Fig. 5.

In the first scallop the five pears at the edge are covered with the darker shade of terra-cotta, and so are the two of the same shape below the fan, which is covered with green. The three circles are of the paler tone of terra-cotta. In the second scallop these circles are covered with the deeper terra-cotta, the pear-shapes with the lighter.

The pines are green, and with the fans are edged with a line of single stitch worked with gold. The other shapes are edged, not with gold, but with copper thread, which tones in most agreeably with the pale, reddish tint of the moulds. At the outer edge it is worked at the top of each pear into a little group of three picots of chain.

In the other illustrations there has been little attempt made to decorate the open centres of the moulds, but here it will be noticed that the fans are ornamented with rays of gold thread, partially worked over with darning, and that the pines are filled with herring-bone stitches of gold thread taken across them on the wrong side. Sometimes these fillings are far more elaborate—lattice work, lace wheels, and button-hole stitch being very commonly used. The gold thread is so fine as to pass readily through the eye of a good-sized needle, and there is no difficulty whatever in carrying it through the back of the stitches covering the moulds.

The heading of this simple little edging consists of a line of chain looped into the circles and into the pines, and upon which are worked two rows of double crochet, the second one being provided with picots of chain set at regular intervals upon it. This is an excellent pattern for the edge of a plush table slip, or for the trimming of a small velvet work bag.

While German manufacturers have been introducing

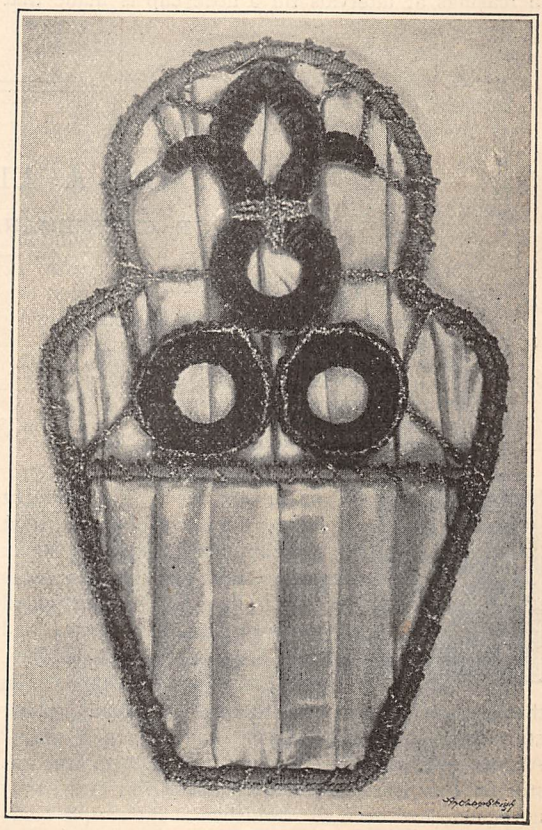


FIG. 7.—BACK OF WALL POCKET (COMPLETED).

their wares, their British brethren have been doing their best to withstand the brisk competition. One of the most ingenious of the developments of this work is shown in Figs. 6 and 7. In the former illustration are given three moulds of a similar nature to those already described, and a wire frame work. These moulds have to be covered in some more or less fanciful manner and are then fastened with bars of gold thread inside the wire frame in the position they occupy in the illustration.

The wire itself is covered very much in the same way as the moulds, and is often twined with tinsel, as shown in Fig. 7, where chenille forms a novel covering for the shapes. The back of the frame is then filled in with flutings of soft coloured silk sewn to the crochet stitches covering the wire. To this completed back of the pocket are sewn the sections given in Fig. 6, when they are covered and lined. The stitches along the lower edge of back and front are sewn firmly together and pointed gussets of the silk connect the sides of the two divisions and allow space for the contents of the pocket.

With the frames for this pocket are sold some wooden moulds, exactly like large beads, which serve as foundations for the drops. These require to be covered with double crochet. The work is begun with one chain, into which are placed a number of double crochet sufficient to make a tiny, flat circle. The double stitches are carried round and round with increasings at intervals till a little cup is made that will cover just half of the wooden mould. The mould is placed in its case and the double crochet stitches are continued with decreasings at intervals, till the ball is covered and the cover is completed, as it was begun, with one stitch. A length of chain is then made by which the drop can be hung to the lower edge of the pocket.

Letter-racks, toilet tidies, and other fanciful knick-knacks have been brought out by Messrs. Wheeler in this work, to which the name of "Darmstadt Framed Crochet" has been applied. They provide the frames, moulds, and centres for the drops packed in neat little boxes together with a sheet of illustrations, showing every stage in the making up of the article, and giving a list of the materials required for it. We all know the difficulty there often is in cutting a piece of stout cardboard to any special shape, but this is entirely obviated, and the fancy article is quite as firm, and I may say of a better form than when the foundation is cut by an amateur.

Other wholesale houses are sending out the moulds arranged in patterns and pasted down upon felt, plush, and other materials. They have to be worked over closely with button-hole stitch, and the plush being then cut away from the centre this is crossed with lines, bars and lace stitches worked with gold thread, or fancy tinsel. Sometimes canvas is used as a background with very good effect, the raised work over the moulds adding a richness that is often wanting to this class of embroidery. ELLEN T. MASTERS.

ON A LEE SHORE.

By CLARA E. CHEESEMAN, Author of "Had He Known," etc.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

"Blue as the face of the drowned is the shore of it—
Shore with the capes of indefinite cave.
Strange is the voice of its wind, and the roar of it
Startles the mountains and hushes the wave.
Out to the north and away to the south of it,
Spectral and sad are the spaces untold!
All the year round a great cry goeth forth of it—
Sob of this leper of lands in the cold!"

NOT death, but life! This thought followed the other, but with what space between Weldrick never knew. Out of the darkness came light; from the silence a sound grew upon the ear, louder and louder, terrible, but yet familiar. Did the sea rage even there? In that great Unknown were there other oceans, rolling stormily on the shadowed coast-line of a new world? Ah, no!—the iron gates had not been passed. He was still on the nearer side. He was alive; and surely never man had been so astonished at the simple fact.

Alive! For this miracle, as it seemed to him, he had nothing but a deep thankfulness. But the climb towards consciousness was by slow degrees, and life came back with a distressful waking. He was chilled, and numbed, and bruised: so weakened and exhausted by the buffeting he had received, that to move hand or foot to drag himself further along the sand on which he had been flung seemed out of the question. The ground shook when a heavier roller than usual came in, and long tongues of water reached even to where his face pressed the sand or lapped against his nerveless hands. He heard the water sucked into the channels of the rock, bubbling and gurgling with a sickening, hateful sound that was like cruel laughter. And further still, on the long line of cliffs, it rumbled in the caves, or went wandering under the land, with angry mutterings of a wrath that was too spiteful or too sullen to be outspoken. The wind burst after through the narrow passages, moaning out its guilt-burdened soul, and the tale it told was of shipwrecks, and drowning men, and the uncoffined dead.

Weldrick struggled to his feet again. Beyond a few bruises, he had received no injury. He was stiff and

cold, but vigorous exercise soon warmed him; and as he went up and down the narrow strip of sand, stamping his benumbed feet and swinging his arms, he began to look for some means of escape from the place. This was a narrow but deep recess in the cliffs, into which the sand had drifted and piled until some sort of a beach had been formed. The boulders that had fallen from the cliff were all sunk and embedded in sand. It was ridged and furrowed by the rocks that had been buried long ago; it was banked up beside others that were so large and tall, it might drift about them and not succeed in throwing its mantle of grey around their shoulders. The entrance to the cove, if such it might be called, was closed by the sea. There was no passage that way: on either side the precipice came down, sheer and straight as a wall of masonry, into deep water. And against the waves that tumbled to the base of the cliffs the strongest swimmer might have striven in vain. After his recent experience, Weldrick was not likely to make the attempt. He knew the impossibility and uselessness of such a feat. Where could one swim to? Behind those steep buttresses were only other rocks, other precipices, all washed by the sea, except where some hollowed place like that in which he stood had been filled with sand or piled with boulders. He was in a trap: a wall of water in front, a wall of rock behind, and, so far as he knew, no possible means of surmounting either.

He flung himself down again, so sapped of his lately-won strength that for the moment he felt hardly able to stand. A short while ago he had been thankful for a life restored. Had it been given back only for this? He had the choice of two deaths: to remain here, and drown when the tide came up, or, if he thought it worth while to choose a more lingering agony, to climb to some ledge of rock above high water mark, and slowly perish of cold and starvation. Would to God he had died with his shipmates! Until now he had pitied them; but theirs was the happy release, the swift ending with which death came as a friend.

"HE SAW NOTHING, KNEW NOTHING, ONLY THAT HE STILL CLUNG FACE TOWARDS THE CLIFF" (*p.* 334).

But other thoughts rebuked him for these. Life was sweet—ay, even yet he knew it for a prize he could not lightly part with. Life was sweet; and for its sake he must fight on to the end. He raised his eyes and looked towards the cliff. Hope was written on that face of stone. The fire of resolution that had burnt so low leaped into full flame, and once more he was master of all his strength.

"I am a fool," he said, "to sit here shivering and complaining! I can climb that cliff."

For the whole length of the beach he followed the curve of the wall of rock, and with upturned eyes

scanned every part. At this end of the cove it did not overhang, but sloped somewhat backward. Nothing grew thereon: from summit to base it was bare as stone fresh hewn from the quarry. But it was seamed with narrow cracks, or at intervals there were ridges and bosses, which might give some hold to hand or foot. As for the height—he did not care to think much of that. Mist-clouds hung about the top, and sometimes as he looked up the distance seemed to grow and grow, to soar further from him. The best thing was to look neither up nor down, but to climb steadily on, however great the height. To lose nerve once, to fail even for an instant, meant death—swift and sudden as thought. But to stay here—that also was to die.

So he set himself to the work. Slowly he mounted, clinging with his hands and with his bare feet to the slightest projection, moulding his body to the very form of the rock. Step by step; never meeting with a ridge of such width that he could have turned on it, never venturing to loom round where the gulf yawned beneath. Inch by inch; and with digging his fingers into the crevices, his nails were worn to the quick, his hands and feet cut and bleeding with the sharp points of stone. Cold and shivering he had been from the drenching sea-water; but now he felt as if toiling in the heat of a furnace, the perspiration starting from every pore, his face darkly purple, his breath coming in quick short gasps. The birds wheeled round him, and screamed with maddening clamour; the mist came before his eyes; he saw nothing, knew nothing, only that he still clung face towards the cliff, and writhed, and struggled, and climbed. How high now?—he dared not think. Once for some measureless time he found no rest where he sought for it, and with but the clinging of his hands, the poising of one foot, hung as it were on nothing—over nothing. Then, as never before, he knew the meaning of prayer. And the prize which was so nearly won seemed dearer, more precious, than ever: the death which waited below more terrible. But once again it waited in vain.

There was a cleft; his foot slid into it, and he knew himself saved. Heaven of mercy! here at last was the topmost height, where the wind swept the grass. How sweet and fresh that smelt, as from very exhaustion he tumbled headlong amongst it; how cool was the air that passed over; how beautiful were all things here, where the land fell away from the cliffs, swelling into rounded hills, bending into valleys, clothed with evergreen forest, threaded through by silver streams; a land that, beyond the misery of the sea and its frowning coasts, was fair and pleasant to look on—a land to which the misty sky stooped down, wreathing the tops of the mountains, shrouding the distant capes and the outlying isles. Suddenly, while his gaze was upward, the clouds parted, and above, a loophole showed far into the unfathomable blue. Oh, how blessed was the smile of the pure heaven! The sun came out, warm and friendly, the wind blew softly, the voice of the sea was muffled by distance. For a long time he lay still on the grassy slope, and drank new life at every breath.

He could well have remained longer: he was so much in need of rest; but necessity goaded him on. He must find shelter and, if possible, food before the night came. But before leaving the spot, he went to the edge of the cliff, and looked outward to the sea, downwards along the coast. The mist that always seemed to hang about this island still shrouded the distance; but so far as he could see, there was no sign of any boat: nothing to be found of the ship—not a single spar, not a fragment of wreckage. She had disappeared for ever, and the only life that had been spared was his own.

In this part the island was almost cut in two by one of the spreading arms of a bay in the eastern coast. In contrast to that on which the *Hirondelle* had driven, this shore was indented by many harbours, and sloped gradually to the water. It was sheltered from the prevailing winds, the forest followed all its windings, and towards it ran all the streams. Weldrick took the same direction. If ships ever came here—and he had heard of sealers and whaling-vessels visiting the place—they would be almost sure to enter the large harbour he saw before him. Altogether, it appeared to be the best place for his camp, and the most likely to afford some means of livelihood.

The head of the bay was not further off than two miles. But he could not have imagined that the country would be so rough and uneven, or the stunted scrub through which he must pass so inextricably matted together. Where there were no openings or thin places, the only way of getting through this matted growth was by crawling on the ground, burrowing like a rabbit, close to the stems. Even in the open spaces, walking through the tussocks of wiry grass and sedge was sufficiently exhausting to one in Weldrick's crippled condition. Under the rank vegetation rocks cropped out unexpectedly, or there were deep holes into which he suddenly plunged, neck high in ferns. Wherever there was shelter these grew in beautiful luxuriance, or the soft peaty soil was cushioned with mosses of the richest green.

After two hours' hard work Weldrick had not advanced above half-a-mile. He was too footsore and wearied to attempt more that day. But he got down to a stream and drank there, and dabbled his maimed hands and feet in the clear cold water. Also he found a place on the slope of a hill that was honeycombed by the nests of the burrowing petrels. There were young birds—some of them nearly fledged—in the nests.

They were as large as pigeons, and as he had only to put his hand into the holes and take them out, he could soon have collected hundreds. But he was not yet reduced to such straits that he could have eaten a bird raw, and after he had killed several he began to wish for a fire. He had matches about him; but it seemed too much to hope that after his immersion in the sea these would be of any use. The match-box, however, might have been specially prepared for such contingencies—it had stood the test so well. It was tightly made, and the lid, which screwed on, fitted so close that, to his wonder and joy, the matches within were perfectly dry.

It was not long before he had a glorious blaze. There was an abundance of dead timber, and he heaped this on until his fire grew to be a beacon pile, whose light might have been seen far out at sea. It burnt to red cinders and he sat before it, drying his damp clothes and roasting his birds. They had a fishy and an oily flavour, but he was not inclined to cavil with his fare.

When the long and dreary day had gone he crept under the shelter of the scrub, and cushioned there on dry grass and fern, slept as soundly as he had ever done in more comfortable quarters.

In the morning he resumed his fight with scrub and bush, and about noon got down to the bay. The trees were tallest on the low-lying land, but nowhere of such growth as he had fancied. Generally they were stunted, gnarled, and bent by the fierce winds. The twisted branches often turned downwards, or the stems were prostrate; so that what with forcing his way either under or over, Weldrick did not find the bush much easier than the scrub. But it was full of birds, many of whom sang pleasantly. The green parroquets were very numerous, and so tame that time after time he might have caught them in his hand. There was the same rich undergrowth of fern and moss he had noticed on the preceding day—the same frequency of streams.

And oftentimes the dark green that roofed out the sky would be brightened by large patches of crimson—the blossoms with which at this season one of the commonest trees was covered.

He came out in a cleared space, and—he could hardly believe his eyes—in front of a hut, weather-worn and dilapidated, the roof bent almost to breaking, the door fallen in. Who had dwelt here—who? It was empty; the ashes lay cold on the hearth of the wide stone chimney; he thought he saw some mouldering clothes in a corner, but he did not go in.

Some steps further on by the old path to the beach, and his heart gave a sudden bound. He saw the masts of a vessel behind the point of land that jutted into the bay.

He ran now, forgetting all about his bruised and swollen feet. This might be some schooner on a sealing cruise; he had already noticed numbers of seals along the shores of the harbours. But coming nearer to the schooner, he saw at once that she was a wreck, and had lain there for years. The rusty chains had broken a few feet from the hawse-pipes, perhaps when she dragged ashore in some furious gale. Looking closer, he noticed that she had been partially broken up, not by the sea alone, but by men, who probably had built themselves a boat out of her. For awhile he sat musing, telling to himself a story of the castaways.

They had lived here for a long time—as the large clearing and the substantially-built hut testified—they had toiled at their boat through rough weather and fine, and then set sail for the nearest land, which he trusted they had reached. And there was still material in that old wreck; there was timber enough on the island. But here a crew had been at work. They had had tools. What could one man accomplish with a clasp knife? It was ridiculous!

A day or two after this he spent some time in exploring another part of the bay. He found that the narrow strait between this island and the smaller one to the south of it communicated with one of the numerous arms of the harbour. He thought that some wreckage from the *Hirondelle* might have been washed through this entrance from the western side, and walked as far along the beach as he could during the afternoon.

There was plenty of driftwood, but it did not appear to have come from any recent wreck, and he was about to turn back when something arrested his gaze. A man lying at full length, face downwards, on the sand.

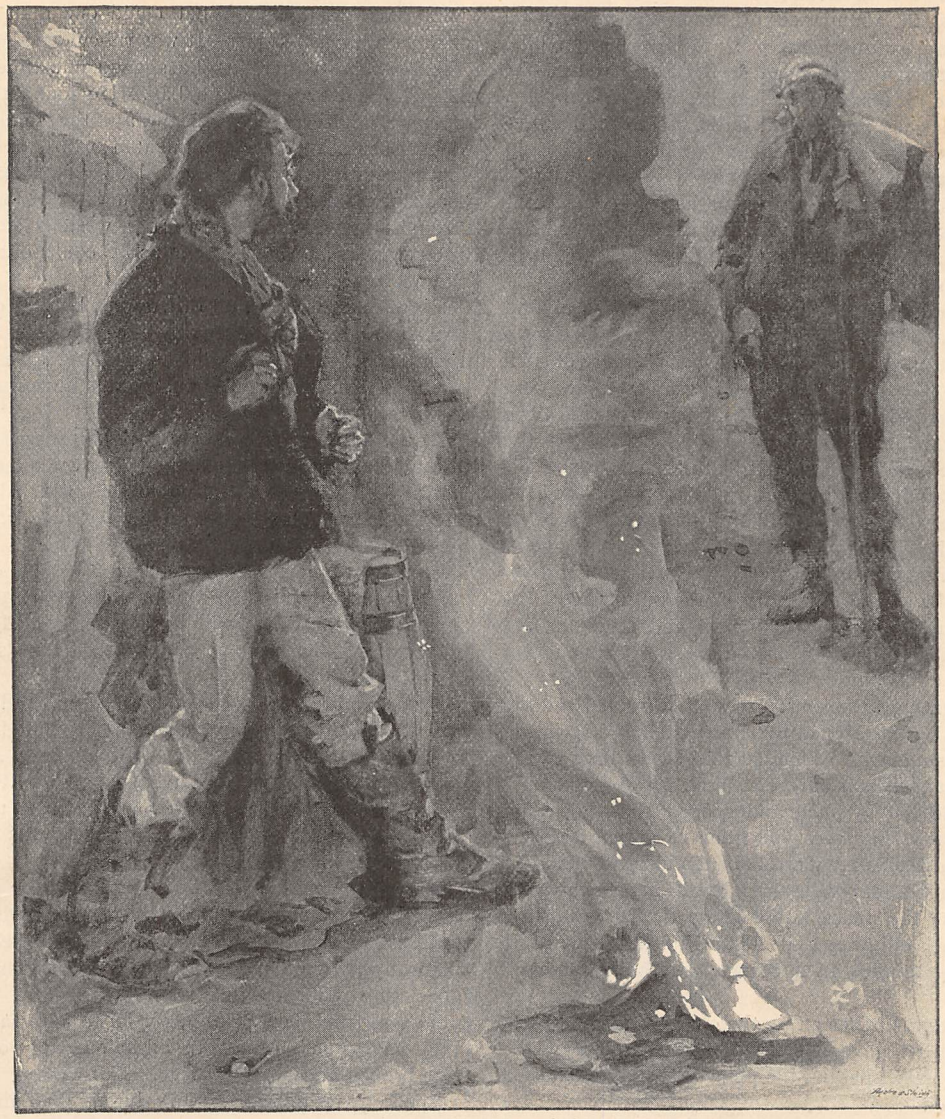
Dead? Alas! yes; it could not be otherwise. Yet in the first shock of surprise he spoke the name aloud. This, which he did not care to touch, which he hesitated to move so as to bare the hidden face, had been his friend, poor Norman.

For several moments he stood and looked on what lay at his feet; and there was hot anger in his heart against the man whose wilful folly—for what else could it be called?—had thrown away this life and so many others.

He desired to look on the face again, and yet he feared. It had been so pleasant and so handsome in life that he was unwilling to see it changed and disfigured. But he need not have hesitated. Whatever injury the poor senseless form had received, the face had been spared. Upon those features was only set the seal of a lofty peace.

It was growing late, but he could not leave what he had found to be tossed about by the incoming tide. So he laboured to dig a grave, thinking bitterly that this was only another of the strange tasks which had fallen to his lot on this island of sorrow. If the ground had not been extremely loose and sandy, he could have done nothing, for all he had to work with were broken and pointed pieces of driftwood. But he scraped out a hollow, and half lifting, half dragging, managed to carry the body over the few yards of sand, and lay it in the grave. He was about to throw in the loose earth when he paused. Some low bushes grew near, and running to these, he broke off a quantity of the green leaves and strewed them over the face. Why should the earth press roughly upon that? He filled in the hollow, determining to come again and make the mound higher, or build a cairn over it, so that it might never more be disturbed. And then, his work being done, he sat down to rest beside the grave, sadder than he ever remembered to have been, and not ashamed of the tears that dimmed his eyes.

After this, the lonely days and weeks wore on with unvarying regularity. Weldrick repaired the hut, and made it into a comfortable shelter. But, as may be easily imagined, he was too engrossed with the bare struggle for existence—the search for something to eat—to have time for other occupations. There were



"'WHO ARE YOU?'" (*p.* 338).

mussels and limpets on the rocks ; there were birds in countless numbers, and if he could not always catch the old ones, there was no difficulty—in this summer season—in taking the young and the eggs out of the nest.

He made a line out of some old cordage he found on the wreck, and fished industriously : but it was a long while before he caught anything, partly on account of the seals, who immediately came round him in crowds, and frightened away the fish. However, he could pardon their interference, as from his point of view the seals were more valuable than any of the other inhabitants of the island. Notwithstanding all his foragings, he could not have lived for long without them.

In this bay alone there were great numbers of them. At night he heard them wandering through the bush, and their melancholy cries sounded like the lowing of cattle. When on land, they were easily killed by a blow on the head.

He found the meat very good—much better than he had expected ; but if it had not been, he was not in a position to afford to be particular. Of the skins, too, he managed to make shoes and sandals, which were of great service to him in his long walks over the rough ground.

As the time drew on from summer to autumn, from autumn to winter, his hopes of rescue grew fainter. The chance of a ship calling at the island seemed a

very slight one. Who would ever look for him here? The *Hirondelle* would be given up as lost—foundered at sea, with all hands. His father and mother, and perhaps Ida, might soon be wearing mourning for him.

Nay, she would not have to wear it for him only, but for her father also. Poor Ida! he had her portrait yet, stained and blotched with the salt water that had soaked through the pocket-book in which he had kept it. He took it out now and then to look at, and wondered if he should live to see her face again—to see any of those who were dear to him. Sometimes the fear haunted him that he might have to stay here for years—that no ship would ever come, and that his life would be worn out in this hateful banishment. So stronger and ever stronger burned the desire for release, until he was forced to attempt that which had seemed impossible—to build a boat.

To build it without tools, one might say, for besides his knife, he had only an old hatchet, which he had picked up near the camp, had ground to a sharp edge on some gritty stone, and fitted to a handle. But there was plenty of iron in the wreck, and from this, heated red-hot, hammered and tempered, he beat out his tools. He had a piece of iron wedged into a shaft for a hammer; a large block which he had found on the beach, where some of the schooner's ballast had been turned out, served for an anvil. His fire glowed cherry-red day and night; he dared not let it go out now, for of his precious stock of matches, only one remained. He made a chisel, with which he cut the close grooves of a file, and with this filed the teeth of a saw out of a piece of sheet-iron, progressively mounting to what he most desired. Even the nails, the bolts, and the spikes had to be made patiently one by one. As for the wood he needed, the keel and mast and boards came out of the schooner; the ribs and knees were cut out of the crooked timber that was so plentiful in the bush. Rough weather hindered him, but by this time he had begun to pay very little attention to rain and storm; in this climate it was the normal condition of things. But food was harder to find than ever before, and there were times when famine stared him in the face. Still he worked on. He was staking all on this last chance.

It was finished. A boat indeed; but a queer one, ungainly and clumsy. Even Weldrick, with all his natural affection for his own creation, could not deceive himself into supposing that it would make good time on the voyage to New Zealand.

"It sails like a tub," he said dejectedly; "but what of that? I'm desperate enough now to go to sea in a tub."

Everything was ready for the venture, and he might set to work to provision his little craft. This meant two or three days' hard foraging, and meanwhile, in case of sudden storm, he took the boat into the most sheltered place he could find, dragging her close to the bank, far out of the reach of ordinary tides.

So far he had been favoured with what, in this part of the world, might be called fine weather. But this very night—the first after the boat was finished—saw the return of the storm. A tempest of wind and rain and driving sleet burst over the island. All night through spray dashed on the little hut; the wailing sea-birds went past in thousands, like foam-flecks before the wind; the surf roared on the harbour shore. By daylight the gale had blown itself out. Weldrick's first act was to hurry down to the beach. He had done all that was possible for the safety of his boat, but there was no saying what might have happened on such a night.

Still, he had never anticipated this catastrophe. Down the steep bank from the hillside above, tons upon tons of earth and stone had slipped. Trees and bushes had ridden down with the rest, and fallen with them on the beach. And here, covered, crushed, and shattered, lay his boat.

His last chance; for just then he had not the heart to believe that he could ever build another. All his strength was spent, all his material. Half-clothed, half-fed, used for many days to hunger and weariness, cold and damp, this blow seemed to crown all, to put the finishing touch—the coping-stone—on his wretchedness.

"Even Nature seems to fight against me now," he said. "It is no use. I shall die here!"

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

"Back in the dawn of this beautiful sphere; on it,
Land of the dolorous desolate face,
Beamed the blue day; and the bountiful year on it
Fostered the leaf and the blossom of grace. . . .

"Summer's chief throne was the marvellous coast of it,
Home of the spring was its luminous lea,
Garden of glitter; but only the ghost of it
Moans in the south by the ghost of a sea!"

THE second day after the storm was unusually bright and fine. For once the whole of his island principality was free from mist and fog, and Weldrick determined to go up the hills to the northward of the bay. All the islands of the group could be seen from the summit of the range, and in such phenomenally clear weather as this the view reached over leagues and leagues of the encircling sea.

Before starting, he had another look at the burial-place of his boat. From almost every fall into despondency there is a rebound: if it were not so, suicide and the wasting away in despair would run near depopulating this earth. To-day Weldrick was disposed to take a sanguine view of affairs. After all, the landslip was not an irreparable misfortune. The weight of earth which had actually fallen on the boat was not so great as he had fancied. By degrees he might be able to move it away, and to repair the damage it had done.

It was still early morning when he stood on the highest part of the range that was accessible, rocks above and rocks below, uptossed and upturned into heights that only a bird might scale. Whichever way he turned, it was the same wilderness: the same cliffs on the western coast, the same narrow inlets and harbours on the east, the same desert of tussock grass, of

hill and bush, between. Northwards he saw the clustering islets; and the break of the sea on the sunken rocks beyond seemed only a ripple this still day. The air was sharp with frost; there was not a cloud in the sky. But what was it that curled upwards, a silvery wreath mounting into heaven? Smoke—from one of the bays out there? As sure as he was in life, that must be smoke.

To-day everything seemed near; but he knew that the main island was almost thirty miles long, and the bay from which the smoke came could not be less than half that distance from where he stood. Fifteen miles of bush, and scrub, and barren rock. But he could have walked thrice that—he could have crawled on his hands and knees to have known the meaning of that fire, to have speech of those who had kindled it.

He began the journey, plunging recklessly on, taking short cuts which, in his sober moments, he would not have attempted—into gorges narrow and steep, over stone-strewn hills, and through bush so rough and dense that he wondered the whole of his poor clothing was not torn from him. Ever and again, as he crossed an open place or mounted some high ridge, he saw the smoke, and it was to him what the pillar of cloud had been to the wandering Israelites. But surely the desert of Zin had been easier than this country, of which every mile had to be fought for with dogged obstinacy. Day passed; the night came on with rapid strides; but there was a full moon in the sky, and he still pressed forward. And presently, on the shadowed side of a deep bay, before whose entrance the islands slept on a smooth white sea, he saw the glow of fire, and, coming nearer, a hut like his own, but newer and better-built. A man, sailor-dressed and pipe in hand, sat before the fire on an upturned cask, and whistled softly to himself.

He caught sight of Weldrick, and with a flurried movement dropped the pipe he had been filling.

"Who are you?" he cried, as he sprang up in astonishment; "and where do you come from?"

There was no answer, and in a more sympathetic tone he added—

"Been shipwrecked, mate?"

"I was shipwrecked eight months ago," his visitor replied.

The sailor looked at him closely, and saw evidence of the truth of these words—clothes that were stained by sea-water, frayed and worn to the last degree, eked out with strange trappings of canvas and sealskin—feet that would have been bare but for the untanned leather strapped about them—a face and figure so gaunt, and thin, and weather-beaten, that it was a wonder anyone who had known the castaway in former times should have recognised him now.

"Why, it's you!" he said, and his blanched face was ghastly in the moonlight, and he seemed to stagger backward to the wall of the hut. "You, Alfred! Then you were not drowned?"

"No, Captain Birkwood, I was not drowned—that is, not quite."

"Are you—are you alone?" Birkwood's voice shook. "Are there any more with you?"

"Any more!" Weldrick repeated. "You could hardly have expected that many of your crew would return from the place you took them to. No; I am alone. And you—are you the only one here?"

"The only one. What do you mean about 'the place I took them to'?"

The colour came again to his face, and he looked steadily at Weldrick.

"You know what I mean," Weldrick said.

"Why didn't you go in the whale-boat?" Birkwood cried excitedly. "I told you it was the last chance. I shouted to you over and over again. You wanted to throw your life away, and the only wonder is that you haven't done so."

"Why weren't all your boats whale-boats?" Weldrick said bitterly. "When you made up your mind to get rid of your ship, why didn't you give your men a chance?"

"Son-in-law," Birkwood answered—"I suppose I may call you that a little beforehand—did you come from the other end of this island to quarrel with me?"

"I came because I saw your fire, and knew from that someone was near. But if I'd known it was you, I'm not so sure I should have come."

Birkwood smiled grimly.

"Now, don't you be so hot and hasty. It's a fault of my own, so I can warn you against it. You've made up your mind that I threw my ship away. Don't you think that on my own account it's rather unlikely I should have chosen such a place as that where the *Hirondelle* broke up? Man! I tell you I don't know to this hour how I came out of it. How I got on that spar, and washed and rolled about—rolled along the coast, and cast up on a beach near here, and wasn't dead, after it all, the Lord only knows! You may have been pretty near drowning; but if you went any further into the jaws of death than I did, it strikes me that you'd have been gulped right down and never heard of more. As for the poor fellows who are gone—'twas the storm that did for us. Before that we'd boats enough that were good and seaworthy. When the best of them went I knew that some of us would have to sink with the ship. You had your chance; but I didn't take mine. I stuck to her till the last, and went down with her, and what more would you have?"

He spoke with every appearance of sincerity, and Weldrick felt that he had misjudged the man.

"Captain Birkwood," he said, "I was too hasty. I had no right to use such words, and I beg that you will forget them."

"Oh well, never mind," said Birkwood carelessly, "I'd rather a man would speak out plain to my face than mutter behind my back."

Then, with one of his sudden changes of mood, he laid his hand on the young man's shoulder, and said—

"But whether you believe me or not, Alfred, I never was gladder than I am to see you alive. And we needn't talk of drowning when it's not that, but starvation, that's killing you by inches. Have you had anything to eat for a week?"

"Not since morning, that's all," Weldrick replied. "But, as you may suppose, my meals haven't been very regular since I came here. However, I've generally found something to live on."

"Sit there and get some warmth in you, and I'll soon give you a meal such as you wouldn't dream of having in this place. There's considerable variety in Abiram's provisions, and they last out well."

"Abiram? Who in the world was he? And how do you manage to find provisions here?"

"I suppose you never heard that there was a food depôt on Auckland Island? Do you see that board over the door? At this distance you can't read what's written on it; but I can tell you. I've had opportunities enough to learn it by heart. 'The curse of the widow and fatherless light on the man who breaks this open while he has a ship at his back.'" *

"And did Abiram put that there?"

"He did, and built the store and filled it: Captain Abiram Dunn, a citizen of the United States—and a better one the Stars and Stripes never flapped over. As they say there, he was 'clean grit' all through. I knew him once, somewhat before your time; but he left the sea years back, and when I was in Melbourne summer before last I heard the story about him and his provision store. He had a son, a fine young fellow, who came down here hunting for seals, and had the misfortune to lose his vessel. He lived in this very bay two years before he was taken off by a ship that called in, and he'd suffered so much in that time from famine and exposure that he died before he got home. It was in memory of him that Abiram decided to build this shelter, and leave stores here for shipwrecked sailors. He talked about it in his New England village till the idea caught on, and all the ladies, young and old, were for helping him. They bought materials and held Dorcas Meetings, and made clothes for the poor castaways, and the minister preached a sermon on the good work; so that the thing went like wildfire; and if Abiram had taken all the contributions that were offered, he could have loaded a ship and gone round the world, putting up shelters on barren islands. But he wanted to do the main part himself, so he chartered a schooner, got his stores aboard, and sailed her round the Horn to this place. And here he set up his store—he'd brought it with him ready framed; by daylight you'll see that it's built of American pine. Then he went home again and died, for the voyage had been too much for him at his time of life. A liberal old soul he was, and I've reason to bless his name. Ay, but for Abiram I shouldn't be walking the earth at this present time."

While he talked he was busying himself about the fire, setting a can of water on to boil for tea. He went into the hut for the more substantial part of the meal he had promised Weldrick.

"I make my own bread, you see," he said—"if you can call damper by that name—and better flour than that the old Yankee left us was never baked in a cake. There's biscuit too, and meat, salt fish, salt pork in barrels, and lots of other kinds, soldered up in tins, and all of it that I've sampled as fresh as on the day it was put up. In fact, Abiram was A1 throughout. The only fault I find with him is that he didn't build a chimney. The weather is of such a sort that half the time my fire is blowing about all over, or else going out with a siss."

Weldrick thought that it was hardly possible to over-estimate the excellence of Abiram's provisions. The hard biscuit tasted very good to one who had lived for months on nothing but meat, and had sickened of it. As for the hot tea which Birkwood served out in pannikin after pannikin, it was more delicious, more strengthening, than anything he had ever drunk.

"And now I've fed you," said his host, "let's see about clothing you. You're rather a contrast to what you were in your palmy Melbourne days."

He drew back, as if to view Weldrick to better advantage, and broke out into one of his loud rollicking laughs.

"Excuse me, but when I think of that time and of this, I can't help it."

"Laugh at me as long as you like," Weldrick said; "but for mercy's sake, if you have clothes, find me some. I have lost all self-respect by wearing these filthy rags. I used to wash them; but I had to give that up—they wouldn't stand it."

Birkwood went to his store again, and from one of the boxes took out some clothes—a complete suit, similar to the one he was wearing. To Weldrick it was a luxury almost beyond belief to have this change of good woollen clothing, to have shoes on, to be cleanly and comfortably dressed from head to foot. Half the miseries of his exile were rolled out of sight.

They told each other their experiences. But neither on this nor any other occasion was Birkwood heard to give the full story of his escape from the wreck.

Perhaps, as he said, he really had no distinct remembrance of the matter; at all events he was reticent on this point, though he told to the end the tale of the *Hirondelle's* destruction.

In Weldrick's account of his manner of life on the island he was profoundly interested.

"This beats all!" he exclaimed. "You building a boat and making your own tools! You having to hunt for your dinner, and kill and cook it before you could eat it! It tickles my fancy so that I can't but laugh. Ha! and at the other end of the island was I living in plenty, with nothing to do, while you were ranging round, slaying the innocents, sweltering over your forge, hammering at your boat. I tell you what, Alfred: this has made a man of you."

"It is to be hoped that I have benefited in some way," his companion remarked, "for the experience has been particularly unpleasant."

"Why, of course. But once away from this place, and you're a genius—a hero. You'll be interviewed;

*Actually written on a food depôt which many years ago was established on Auckland Island. The New Zealand Government now maintains food depôts on this and other outlying islands, and they are regularly visited.

the papers will be full of you. Your portrait will be in all the shop windows; you'll be asked to dinner everywhere, and Ida and you will have the story to talk of as long as you live. There's a danger of ordinary affairs seeming rather humdrum."

"Do you think so? Just now I could exchange for the most humdrum life in any civilised part of the globe."

"There are a few things you come short in—some of the old regulation things. I hear nothing about putting up flagstaffs, or keeping great fires going, or running up every day to the top of the biggest hill to look out for ships, or weaving clothes out of the fibre of one plant and dyeing them some pleasing colour with the juice of another, or making furniture and crockery, and lamps and candles, or keeping a diary on skins you've dressed for parchment, with ink you've bruised out of berries, or maybe—but that's true, so no fiction-monger ever thought of it—writing your journals in the blood of the creatures you've lived on. You have gone through enough to have killed most men, but you're not up to the average sixpenny novel style yet."

"That's a high level, and I've no ambition to rise to it. But if you can laugh at all this, I can't. I suppose I've no sense of humour, for I can't see the comic side of the situation. Show me how to get away from here, and I shall be in better spirits to enjoy your jokes."

"We must build another boat," Birkwood said; "and to do that, we'll have to migrate to your part of the island. There are some tools in the store, but there's no straight timber here one could cut boards out of, or I'd have knocked something together before now. Perhaps you think because I can have my laugh now and then that I enjoy this sort of life; but I'm as sick of the place as you can be—sick of waiting for what doesn't seem inclined to turn up. I've known the sea longer than you have lived, but I never heard it shout to me for weeks and months on a coast like this. When once in a while it falls calm, then the boom comes over from the west side, where the old ship laid her bones. Never still—grinding and roaring. The romantic idiots who pretend they like that sort of thing, and talk grandly about it, should come here, and get enough of it."

The fine day was succeeded by a storm, and for a whole week Weldrick and the captain were weather-bound. At the end of that time they made the journey to the old camping-ground, carrying with them a stock of provisions and the tools that had been left at the depôt. The first thing resolved on was an examination of Weldrick's boat. It was necessary to know if there was any possibility of repairing it.

Without much labour they freed it from the landslip, the sea having already washed some of the earth away. It stood exposed to view, and Weldrick waited anxiously for the verdict of his friend. He had still a little pride in his most unlucky boat.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"Think of it!" Birkwood repeated. "Why——" but here he was overtaken by a fit of laughter. "My stars! what a boat! And this is what you were going to navigate to New Zealand? Navigate to the bottom, more likely. A good thing for you the landslip prevented that trip."

Then he sobered himself, and putting his hand on the other's arm, said—

"Alfred, for your sake, as well as Ida's, I am glad you did not go to sea in that boat."

"What did you expect of me?" Weldrick said, shrugging his shoulders. "I know nothing about boats. But I was obliged to do something; I couldn't stand with my arms folded. This time I shall work under your direction."

"Yes, we're making a partnership affair of it," Birkwood said. "Well, cheer up; there's some good work here that'll do again. We'll have to lengthen her and to raise the sides: she ought to be decked, too, and have a better mast and sail. One of Abiram's blessed deeds was to leave some very decent canvas, and I expect we shall have to make a journey for it. What you've got here is rotten."

From this time they laboured together at the building of the boat, working from dawn to dark of each day. The frame was soon put together on more scientific principles than had guided Weldrick in his attempt, and when finished, their boat was by no means unsightly. They had a trial trip, and then took her up to the northern harbour, where they might exchange the old sail for a stronger one.

All was ready, and the weather was as favourable as they could expect in that climate. For the last time they sat by the camp fire, and talked together—talked of many things; but finally, by what seemed a natural coincidence, on the night that was to end their stay on the island, spoke of the *Hirondelle* and her disastrous wreck.

"I've often wondered if I could trust you," Birkwood said.

"Trust me? With what, captain?"

"With a secret."

He paused, shuffling his feet uneasily, and with the sole of his heavy boot thrust some scattered cinders back to the fire.

"I must tell someone. What's the use of it without? I couldn't get through all that. And after me, there's only Ida, and you and she have agreed to join hands. Besides, I think more of you than I ever expected to. I don't mean that I hadn't some liking for you at the first; but it's grown on me since we've been together here. You've let me see what stuff you're made of, and I must say that in trying circumstances you've shown up well."

"I am very glad to have your good opinion," Weldrick said; "but I don't quite understand what you are leading up to."

"That was a random shot of yours, saying I'd thrown my ship away; but it hit the mark. I meant to wreck her, and I'd planned to do it without loss of life—to get her round to the east coast, and run her ashore where the men might have saved themselves. It was never in my mind to hurt a hair of their heads.

But can you take the storm in your hands? Can you settle beforehand which point the wind's to blow from?"

"No; but I suppose you were aware of that when you made your plans? The men had the benefit of the risk. If they could hear you, no doubt it would be a satisfaction to know you never meant to do them any harm."

"The storm caught her, and I knew we were doomed. You were there—you can say if anyone brings it up against me whether I didn't do my best for ship and crew. For, mind you, I'd never meant her to go ashore there. On my soul, no! If I'd wanted the ship to live a hundred years, I couldn't have fought for her harder. If anyone dares tell me I shirked my duty then—it's a lie!

"For long after I had got ashore, I didn't care to think about the gold. I knew it was poor pay for what had happened. Sometimes I'm puzzled to understand why I went in for it. But there's a large sound about £60,000; it seemed a daring thing to swoop off with that; there was the excitement—the danger of it. That always took with me from the time when I was a boy, and robbed orchards for the fun of it, not for the sour apples. Besides, I'd Dick Ferrars at my elbow, and the man who has him doesn't need the other tempter. Anyway, we've done it, and it's not to be altered very easily. We're not going to give up now, and be clapped into prison for eight or ten years. The world will be no worse for us owning the money instead of those who had it first. Money's always changing hands, and the big sums, so far as I can make out, aren't often honestly come by. What Ferrars is after I can't tell. We agreed that if I wasn't heard of before a certain time, he might conclude something was wrong, and either send or come himself to look after me. But he's done nothing."

"BIRKWOOD MOVED QUIETLY TOWARDS HIM, AND TOOK THE HELM (*p.* 343).

"Is this the secret?" Weldrick said. "You are trusting me with a great deal, Captain Birkwood. Unfortunately, your scheme seems to have failed throughout. Your wreck wasn't managed on such humane principles as you had intended, and your gold lies where no diver will ever reach it."

"I mean to take you to the very spot where it lies, and put your hand on it," Birkwood chuckled. "You think it went down with the *Hirondelle?* This is where the joke comes in. It wasn't on board!"

"Not on board? Ah! I see now. Those boxes you put on the schooner at the Heads."

"Ay. It went with Ferrars, and it's with him now, waiting till we can meet together. Tear me a leaf out of your pocket-book and give me the pencil, and I'll

show you. This is the Navigator group—Samoa, I mean. Here are the three big islands, and here amongst the little specks is a reef—just a ring round a basin of still water—a sandy ridge, and a few cocoa-nuts growing on it. It's there. Thirty thousand—the half share for you and me to divide between us. Your father was in difficulties, wasn't he? Faith! you'll be able to help him now."

"And I can imagine how he would look if I offered him a share of that booty," Weldrick said.

Birkwood looked towards him inquiringly.

"This doesn't take with you? All right; you needn't meddle with it unless you like."

"But I mean to meddle with it."

"You do?"

"Yes. But you talk about 'dividing' with me. I want the whole, Captain Birkwood: every penny of the sixty thousand."

"Hillo!" said the captain. "What's up now?"

"I want it all; and, what's more, I mean to get it, and send it back where it came from. Do you think I can stand by and let a swindle like this succeed? You might well say it was poor pay. I don't care to pick up what's been bought by cheating, and lies, and the lives of men!"

Birkwood started forward. His arm was raised as if he would have struck the one who defied him.

"It isn't worth while," he said; and his hand fell to his side. "But you've given me a slap in the face I wouldn't have taken from another man. As you make no secret of your intentions, I'll tell you now that you'll find me an ugly customer. There are some who don't fight till they're cornered; but then——" He broke off with an angry laugh. "Son-in-law, you'd best leave me alone. I'm not to be trifled with."

"I shall not trifle," Weldrick answered: "you may depend on that."

"There's Ida to be thought of," Birkwood resumed. "If you disgrace me, you disgrace her. You haven't thought of that, or perhaps you don't care."

"I do care," Weldrick said. "Why didn't you think of her some time ago? You might have spared her this. But I deny that she can be disgraced by your actions. Who will blame her for what you have done?"

"Yes, Ida's all right; but it doesn't matter what becomes of her father. You'd have the law to take its course, no doubt. Short shrift I'd have at your hands. What is it to you if I die in gaol? Ida takes your name; people will soon forget what stock she came of. But if I know my own girl, she'll never marry you after this—never! She's too much spirit for that. You may be quite ready to give her up."

"I don't intend to give her up; neither do I wish to see her father disgraced and imprisoned. On my word, I am heartily sorry for this miserable business."

"Sorry! You don't wish it; but it'll come to that, if you meddle. Only let there be a suspicion of what we've done—only return that gold—and the world will be too small a place for us to hide in. We shall be hunted down and caught in no time. But before that there'll be a reckoning with you, Mr. Weldrick. I shan't stick at trifles to save myself from the convict's cell, and the convict's dress, and the prison yard. You might as well hang me as send me there!"

The dark face flushed with anger, the black eyes, gleaming with vindictive passion, were so near Weldrick that he drew back.

"I meant what I said," he answered. "The money must be returned. Who will use it, or keep it? Not I. Not your daughter. As you say, Ida has too much spirit for that."

They said no more to each other that night. Weldrick went into the hut, and lay down to sleep. Shortly after the other man came in, and also went to his place. However they might quarrel, they must share this shelter.

Weldrick slept. But after some time he awoke suddenly, with a violent start. What it was that had aroused him he did not know. Instinctively he threw his arm outside the blanket he was rolled in, and grasped a hand, which immediately was wrenched from his hold.

"What do you want?" he cried, in the thick utterance of one who is hardly awake.

There was no answer, and he got up, and with outstretched arms felt around. Something moved towards Birkwood's side of the hut.

A sickening, shivering sensation passed over him. He was no coward; but the bravest of men might tremble to be taken unawares in his sleep. He groped towards the door, and went out into the wild night.

After long pacing to and fro on the windy beach, morning dawned. The men breakfasted together as usual; but not a word was spoken. After they had eaten enough, they gathered together the few things they intended to take with them, and carried them down to the boat, still working in silence. They ran her down the shelving beach. Birkwood stepped before the other man, and stood in the shallow water, his hand resting on the gunwale of the boat.

"I suppose you understand," he said, "that unless I please you needn't offer to get into this boat. I'm strong enough to keep you out of her. I might have given you the slip. I could have gone away while you slept; but you'd have called that taking a cowardly advantage. So I've concluded to give you your chance. I think I may have the start of you, after all. Get in."

They got into the boat and pushed off from the shore. When the sail was set, they rapidly neared the harbour's mouth. The sea opened to their view. The desolate island, whose hills were capped with snow, fell swiftly astern. The fog rolled down, streaming through the mountain gorges to the sea. Lying cold in mist and cloud had they seen the land for the first time; wrapped in mist and cloud, they left it now.

There was a fair wind, which soon freshened to a gale. The little boat bounded and sprang, like a ball tossed by some untiring hand. The bursting waves went over in showers of spray: the salt water stung the faces of the men, and drenched their clothing. Soon they could carry sail no longer, but lay to in a

plunging sea that washed their little space of deck over and over. The boat behaved gallantly, and still held her own. Through the dull day she rode the angry waves; through the night, when the grey of sky and sea had changed to purple, from purple to absolute blackness—a night whose vast loneliness smote the castaways to the heart. But in the darkness the storm still swept on, and with it their poor boat.

Always they were on watch. There was a small shelter, a place where one might creep under the deck; but neither of the two dared to lie down and sleep. They had water and provisions sufficient; but the fever of excitement was such that they scarcely felt the need of food, and could not swallow more than a few mouthfuls. One at the helm, one standing, holding on by a rope, while with his free hand he worked the pump that kept the boat clear of water—so from hour to hour, with an endurance that never yielded by a hair's-breadth in its frenzied struggle. It was a voyage of guess-work—a forlorn hope, in which life and death were evenly balanced. They had no compass. The thick night showed them no star; the clouded day no sun. If the hand of God did not guide their boat, what else could?

Four days, four nights; and the boat goaded and thrashed, struck and beaten, as surely as never little vessel was before. The men's faces were haggard and drawn; their eyes were bloodshot. They had not slept; they had not spoken, save when Birkwood directed the other how to steer. For the fifth time since their voyage had begun the sun ran his race behind the clouds, and stepped into the sea. And yet no trace of a coast-line above the water's rim. Where lay the land?

"Lie down and rest," Birkwood said roughly. "I'm seasoned; I can stand this better than you can."

The other looked at him; but his set lips formed no word of answer.

"I can manage by myself," Birkwood said. "If the land isn't afloat like ourselves, we must be near it. Get some sleep."

There was no reply, and with a short laugh he turned again to his work. The wind had moderated. They had sailed the whole of the day, and were rushing through the water at a great pace.

To-night there was a glimmering starlight, and the sky was clear above the edge of the sea—very clear in one spot, where a bulging cloud seemed to have arisen. Some exclamation Birkwood uttered, then glanced quickly towards his companion. His hands still grasped the tiller; but just now he swayed forward, as if no longer able to hold himself upright; his head sank upon his breast. Birkwood moved quietly towards him, and took the helm.

Then the boat sped on: one steering, the other sleeping. The wind fell to a gentle breeze; the sea was calmer. On the horizon that dark cloud loomed larger and distincter, and spread itself in a long undulating line.

The hot sun on his face awoke the sleeper, and he raised himself to look wonderingly around. The boat was drifting on the still waters of a land-locked bay that flashed like a mirror beneath the brilliant sky. There were trees softly robing the shores; there were white-shelled beaches; there was—and how his eyes fastened on the homely sight, how his heart leaped at the pleasant sound!—a cottage built near the water's edge, the blue smoke curling from its chimney, and on the beach children at play, shouting merrily to each other. He had reached the land; but he was alone. Birkwood had gone.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

WAR AND PEACE.

"'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
'Who fell in the great victory.'"—SOUTHEY, *Battle of Blenheim.*

IN many a land with peace and plenty crowned,
Where smiling cornfields dance with sunny glee,
The crimson poppies nod to mark the ground
Where oft-times strife and war were wont to be,
And death went hand in hand with victory.

And now full oft when ploughshares turn the sod,
The skull of many a warrior you may see,
Called suddenly from earth to meet his God,
Struck down by death when life seemed glad and free,
Killed even in the midst of victory.

But we, who fight not earthly foes as they,
But strive with sin and want and misery—
The slaves by whom grim death awhile holds sway—
In joyful praise to God may bend the knee,
Since death is swallowed up in victory.

And when at length the gathering eventide
Closes around, and we can dimly see
The golden gates of heaven opening wide,
How blest, to us who sleep, the thought will be
That death is swallowed up in victory!

G. WEATHERLY.

GARDENING IN APRIL.

ANNUAL AND BIENNIAL FLOWERS.

BY A PRACTICAL GARDENER.

BOUVARDIA.

ANNUAL and biennial flowers form the chief subject of this month's discourse. They are the friends of the amateur gardener, embracing many old-fashioned favourites that charm with their colour or fragrance. "Annual," of course, denotes a plant of one year's duration, reproducing itself from seed; but I will also include biennials, of which the quaint Sweet William is a familiar example.

Complaints are made to me of annuals behaving badly, getting weedy, and after a bright, but, alas! brief season, dying away—"a flash, and no more." I can imagine readers of this article muttering unpleasant things about this charming race of flowers, but failure is simply the result of ignorance or carelessness. A common plan is to sow the seed in small patches in the border, to leave half as many seedlings as required, and then to bid the plants take care of themselves. Naturally the growth gets weedy, and the flowering season is of short duration.

I will attempt to put those who have hitherto failed with annuals on the right path. A rock upon which many come to grief is in sowing the seed too thickly. Leave each plant ample space to develop, sowing thinly at the commencement, and afterwards thinning out severely, to allow ample space for the plants to form a healthy, free-flowering mass. Annuals should, like other flowers, as far as space will permit, be massed to get the full richness of their colouring. It is impossible to see their beauty when sown anyhow. Moreover, with judicious attention they will last long in perfection. Some of my readers doubtless can grow their annuals on an old border. I have in mind a border of annual flowers skirting a high Elizabethan red-bricked wall, whereon the Gloire de Dijon Rose flings its flower-laden shoots, and where in winter mosses of many kinds add a touch of deep greenery. This border is devoted practically to bulbs, the fair Daffodils in particular; and every spring annuals are sown between the clumps. They are too shallow-rooting to interfere with the Daffodils, and as the foliage of the bulbs dies down, the seedlings come up, spreading into bold masses—a sheet of flower. They are well grown, thinned out carefully, and permitted to trail on the walk, breaking up the formal edge. Such a picture is charmingly old-fashioned, full of colour and beauty, reminding one of a study by Alfred Parsons or Henry Moore. I love to see hardy flowers overstepping the bounds of a border, and trying to hide an ugly gravel path.

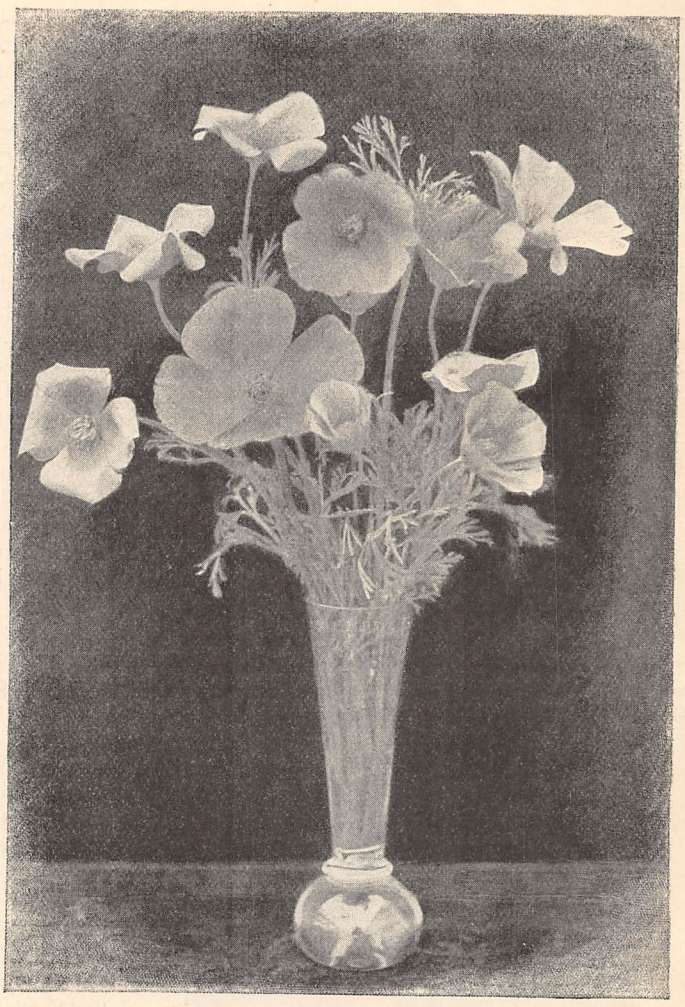
One sees many old borders, similar to that described, in gardens, and it is very easy to keep them gay through the summer months by adopting this simple plan. No opportunity should be lost of boldly massing flowers; it is Nature's own way, and she spreads on the hill and in the valley carpets of lovely colouring

SWEET PEA.

for us to imitate. In the common garden border of a "villa residence" a good selection of annuals may be grown, as the soil is usually passable, certainly not too rich or likely to promote undue growth. A mixture of hardy flowers and annuals is very pleasing, the annuals breaking up the line, adding variety and preventing a monotonous effect. Such kinds as Mignonette may be associated with Roses, standards especially—two flowers that fill the garden with fragrance.

At the present time I get many letters such as this: "Kindly inform me as to the best *hardy* annuals, that require no heat." My readers doubtless know that two classes exist, one to be sown early in the year in heat, as the so-called China Asters, and the real hardy annuals, as our old friend the Candytuft.

I will first name the hardy annuals, which must be sown out of doors this month. April is the great month of the year for seed-sowing, and none of the kinds mentioned should cost more than about threepence a packet for good seed. (Cheap seed is worse than useless; one sows, but no harvest of bloom follows.) My brief selection comprises the golden-yellow Bartonia, the varied-coloured Coreopsis, or Calliopsis, Candytufts, Cornflowers, Convolvulus, Extinguisher-flowers (Eschscholtzia), Godetias, Sunflowers, Everlastings, Linarias, Love-lies-Bleeding, the large-flowered Malope, Larkspurs, Mignonette, Nasturtium, Nemophila, Love-in-a-Mist (Nigella), Poppies, Sweet Peas, Saponaria, Silene, Sweet Sultan, Virginian Stock, and Viscaria.



EXTINGUISHER FLOWER, OR ESCHSCHOLTZIA (BRIGHT ORANGE YELLOW).
(From a photograph by E. J. Golding.)

One of the most curious of these annuals is the bright orange-flowered Eschscholtzia, which gets its popular name from its distinctive cap, like the orthodox witch's head-gear, produced by the union of the sepals. Children delight to lift off this floral extinguisher.

Writing of the beautiful Cornflower reminds me of the tradition that relates it was called Centaurea cyanus after a youth who fell in love with the "bluebottle" of our golden corn-fields. This youth was no bad judge, but his enthusiasm outstepped the bounds of common prudence. He was ever weaving garlands of the flowers whilst they remained in beauty, even dressing himself in clothes of the same lovely colour. At Flora's shrine he perpetually worshipped, until one day the goddess found him lying dead with garlands of Cornflowers about, and in remembrance of her youthful devotee, christened the plant Centaurea *cyanus*. So much for a rather pretty legend.

I must mention one annual that, if somewhat of a weed, is a bright sunny flower, the quaint Marigold, which the unfortunate boy-poet, Chatterton, describes as "The marybudde that shutteth with the light," in allusion to the flowers closing towards evening. This feature was not passed over by Browne, who, in his "Pastorals," says—

> "But, maiden, see the day is waxen old,
> And 'gins to shut in with the Marygold."

The Corn Marigold is a Chrysanthemum (C. segetum), and scatters its golden flowers in English corn-fields, as its relative, the Dog Daisy (C. leucanthemum), does in the meadow.

Pleasant thoughts arise when the wild flowers of the field and wayside are one's topic. Everyone revels in the picture of waving fields of buttercups, dog daisies, and grasses of lovely tints, all in complete harmony, ever changing, never tiresome, the gentle breath of a summer wind wafting a sweet fragrance culled from the thirsty blossom. Nature charges

no admission money for this feast of colour and fragrance.

A certain class of annuals—the "half-hardy"—must be raised early in the year on a gentle hot-bed or in a warm greenhouse. The seed costs no more than that of the hardy kinds, and is easily raised. Sow thinly, prick out or pot off the seedlings when of sufficient size to handle, and before planting them out in the garden get them thoroughly hardy. If you do not, treacherous east winds will make short work of them.

A point of great importance in growing annuals is to keep the decayed flowers picked off, the object being to prevent formation of seed, which is a trial to the plant.

The best half-hardy annuals are Ageratums, Amaranthus, Balsams, Cockscombs, Chinese Pinks, Ice-plants, Lobelias, African and French Marigolds, Petunias, China Asters, Phlox Drummondi, Salpiglossis, and Tagetes pumila.

A host of fine old-fashioned flowers is placed amongst the biennials. The stately Foxglove is of the number, and on the poorest soils, where nothing else will grow, it is at home, or by the path-side in a woodland retreat. Seed can be purchased very cheaply. There are varieties with flowers of splendid size and refined colours: white sometimes freely spotted within the bell. It is interesting to know that in Ireland the Foxglove is called the Great Herb, or Fairy Cap. In the flowery bells, dainty fairies are supposed to hide from mortal man. Readers of Irish legends will remember the hunch-back herb-doctor in "Knockgrafton," who dons the Fairy Cap, or Lusmore, in his bonnet, and gets the nickname of Lusmore. As the seed is very small, it is best to sow a little in a frame or greenhouse in May. Canterbury Bells are as quaint as any flower of the border. The seed should be sown at the same time as the Foxglove, and the plants grown in the same way. Get the smaller-flowered type, not the huge cup-and-saucer kinds—coarse, ugly, and not mounds of bloom. If the seed-pods are kept picked off after the flowers fade, a second blossoming will be the reward. The Honesty (Lunaria biennis) is a biennial one sees little of in gardens. When once established it will sow itself freely from seed, and the silvery seed-pods are welcome in the choicest decorations. Sweet Williams, Wallflowers, and Lamarck's Evening Primrose (Œnothera), are all desirable biennials.

ASTER

In choosing Sweet Williams, remember that the rich self colours are the most beautiful and effective. To me, the finest of all Sweet Williams is the deep double crimson, or the single variety; but in a good packet of seed many shades will appear, not a few remarkably distinct—belted, so to say, with vivid colour. Garden design is an art learned by a right conception of the beauty of flower colouring. This art may be applied to the humblest plot, and shows itself in the flowers of the border, by the display of their rich and decided tones, with careful elimination of dull and uninteresting shades. Let every amateur gardener remember that bold clumps of plants are far more enjoyable than small patches dotted about like bits of colour on bad mosaic.

April is a busy month; pruning of shrubs is as frequent now as in winter: but why prune? If shrubs be crowded together, remove a few to give those remaining more space in which to spread out their branches. Take care to avoid cutting away branches that will bear flowers. Some shrubs bloom only on young wood. It is pleasant to recall some old-fashioned garden, in which many forms of shrub-life are allowed to show their natural habit and beauty. The Lilac is bowed down with the weight of its precious burden of blossom; the Philadelphus, or Mock Orange, scents the air with a fragrance as sweet as the Syringa's; and the Guelder Rose makes a mound of white, as pure as the driven snow. One pictures this free graceful growth, sufficient to satisfy the craving soul of a hungry artist—hungry for the food of sweet garden pictures, unfettered by the idiosyncrasies of modern cultivation—and then change the scene to the town or suburban garden, where the heavy-coloured Privet is alone planted, and shrub-growth is pruned until it becomes a shadow of its former self.

Chrysanthemums for outdoors may be planted now, and cuttings struck of those required merely for

decoration ; not for exhibition. Window plants, such as Parlour Palm (Aspidistra), India-rubber plants, Ferns, and Palms, may be re-potted, if required. A little leaf-mould or well-decayed manure placed about Carnations will do much good. Sow grass seeds, repairing faulty places in the lawn. If the weather is dry, Roses, fruit-trees, or anything planted earlier or in the autumn, must be well watered. Last year they suffered greatly from the dry season. Towards the end of the month mulch Strawberries with long manure, as in dry weather this prevents them suffering from drought. After last year's experience, I must give special advice in this respect. It was only on thoroughly well-cultivated ground that strawberries bore abundantly. If neglected as regards water, the fruit is flavourless and quickly over. Ferns must have plenty of space, as the fronds are developing rapidly.

Many readers are, through force of circumstances, compelled to restrict their gardening to the window or room. Plants preserved during the winter in spare rooms are starting into growth. Cut away dead shoots, and remove the surface soil, replacing with fresh material.

SIR GUY'S ROOM.

BY WILLIAM CAIRNS.

WHEN George Overton's great uncle, Sir Marmaduke Savell, quarrelled with him for marrying poor Clare Wilmot, everybody made sure that the wealthy baronet would cut him off with a shilling, though his mother had been a favourite niece. At Sir Marmaduke's death, no one was more astonished than George himself, to discover that the grim old bachelor had relented so far as to leave him Bygrave Abbey, a neglected old house in Gloucestershire, with a hundred acres of land, upon which were the remains of an old ruin that gave the house its name.

The only Savell who had been known to reside for any length of time at Bygrave Abbey was Sir Marmaduke's grandfather, a man of eccentric character, known among the country people as "Mad Sir Guy." He lived a life of seclusion there, and was one morning found dead in a gloomy oak-panelled room, which, together with the ruin in the grounds, had the reputation of being haunted by him.

Afterwards (although a tenant had occasionally been found for the place) it had, during most of its time, been left in the charge of caretakers ; and when George drove over from the little west country junction, the only person he found there was a man whose appearance and manner impressed him so unfavourably that he spoke about him to the agent who had been employed by Sir Marmaduke Savell to look after the property. Upon being questioned, the agent said—

"The worst I know of him is that he was discharged from Conniston Manor (Lord Duvane's place, five miles from here) for some fault or other. I can't say he's a man that is generally liked, but *I've* always found him honest enough ; and then, you see, sir, it isn't everyone would care to live alone in a house like Bygrave Abbey."

"I suppose," said George, with a smile, "you refer to the ghost of old Sir Guy Savell?"

The agent coughed, and seemed inclined to put the question aside, but ended by admitting that recently two or three stories had got abroad concerning the spectre of Bygrave Abbey. Among the rest, it was said that a loafing fellow of the neighbourhood, who had more than once been convicted as a poacher, had late one night stolen by the end of the house where the haunted room was, and seen a face at one of the windows.

George Overton naturally made light of this rustic gossip, but as he took leave of the agent, he thought—

"I hope that when we come down here the servants won't take to seeing Sir Guy in every dark corner. It might be rather inconvenient if they did ;" for he had decided to pass the summer at Bygrave Abbey ; and not long after arrived, with his wife and his sister-in-law, Olive Wilmot.

Olive was a handsome girl, darker and taller than Clare, who was a pretty blonde below the ordinary size. She was engaged to George Overton's old friend, Philip Stanton, an engagement which many persons thought a greater folly than the marriage of her sister ; for if George forfeited his great-uncle's favour, he had a comfortable fortune from his father ; whereas Philip, though he worked hard and was already beginning to make his mark at the bar, might for years to come be too poor to marry.

Philip had an invitation to pass a part of the vacation with the Overtons, and was expected at Bygrave Abbey towards the end of August. Meanwhile, the story of Mad Sir Guy got about among the servants who had been brought from London ; but as the haunted room was in the north wing, the whole of which still remained uninhabited (Bygrave Abbey, though of moderate size, being too large for George's modest household), nothing occurred more startling than an alarm caused by a timid nursemaid, who one night dreamed of Sir Guy and cried out in her sleep.

It was not until the evening before the day upon which Philip Stanton arrived that anything beyond this took place, and when it did, it happened not to one of the servants, but to George himself.

Upon the evening in question, he had left the drawing-room for a walk in the grounds. It was a beautiful night, with just breeze enough to make a gentle sound among the leaves, as he strolled beneath the tall limes that led down to the lodge. Returning, he made a circuit which, as he approached the house, took him close by the old ruin.

"GEORGE FELT IT WAS WATCHING HIM, AS HE WAS WATCHING IT."

As he was in the act of passing it the story connected with it, and with the old oak-panelled room, recurred to him. He could not help thinking that the dark space within, across which the moonlight struggled here and there, was a likely spot to suggest a weird tale for a country fireside : and, while smiling at such superstitions, he repeated the lines—

> "O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear ;
> A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
> And said, as plain as whisper in the ear—
> The place is haunted !"

Suddenly, he started and stood still. The breeze had dropped, and there was not a sound in the air. It seemed impossible that he should not have heard any person stepping, however cautiously, among the heaps of *débris* that strewed the broken ground which lay beneath what was left of the crumbling old walls.

Still, he could have sworn that the dark figure lurking within their shade was moving when he first caught sight of it. It was motionless now, and George felt it was watching him, as he was watching it. There it stood, hardly distinguishable from the shadows that fell round it, and almost seeming to mingle with them.

Recovering from his surprise, he slowly, but resolutely, advanced towards it. When he was within six paces of it, the breeze freshened, rustling the ivy that clung to the ruin, and driving a fragment of thin vapour across the moon.

It was but a momentary deepening of the obscurity, lasting scarcely longer than a flash of summer lightning ; but when it passed, the figure had disappeared. He had not heard the faintest sound of any movement ; his eyes had not for an instant wandered from the spot ; but it was gone !

George Overton returned to the house greatly perplexed, and not knowing what to think. Had it not

been for the unaccountable way in which the figure became invisible, he would have been able to furnish a very natural explanation of what he had seen. He was strongly disinclined to a belief in supernatural appearances ; he was also a man of steady nerve and in perfect health, and was therefore unlikely to be imposed upon by his imagination. As Philip was expected so soon, he determined to keep silence concerning the affair until he had consulted him and heard his opinion ; so he said nothing to his wife or to Olive, either that night or on the following morning, when he rose with a mind no nearer to any satisfactory solution.

This was the day upon which the whole district was startled by a report of the great robbery at Conniston Manor, where Lord and Lady Duvane were entertaining a large party of guests. The house had been entered, the night before, during dinner, and several thousand pounds' worth of jewellery stolen, the celebrated Duvane diamonds alone being valued at nine thousand.

The local police could not, it was said, discover any clue ; but a well-known Scotland Yard detective had been telegraphed for. This news reached Bygrave Abbey at an early hour, and when George drove the dog-cart over to Hinchbridge Junction to meet Philip Stanton, all people—the groups at the road-side inns, in the streets of the little country town, on the platform of the station—were still discussing it.

George started for Hinchbridge after lunch, and was not expected to return with Philip until shortly before five o'clock. In the interim, time seemed, for some reason, to go very tediously with Olive Wilmot.

When the clock on the drawing-room mantelpiece struck four she was seized with a fancy to visit "that gloomy old room in the north wing," as a means of getting rid of half-an-hour.

"Sir Guy's Room?" said Clare.

"Poor old Sir Guy!" returned Olive, with a laugh. "I'm not afraid of him in the daytime. Surely you don't believe in such nonsense? Come, Clare, I've a whim to go there."

Clare smiled as she remembered that from Sir Guy's Room a distant view of the highway was to be had, at the point at which anything approaching from the direction of Hinchbridge came into sight. She yielded to her sister's importunity, as she usually did, and to Sir Guy's Room they went.

It stood at the end of a dark corridor on an upper storey, at an angle of the building, with one window to the north and another to the west. Both these windows were small and deeply set, and the black-looking wainscot ran high up on the walls, imparting to the room a dim and ghostly aspect, in keeping with its reputation, even at an hour when, at that season (with the sun nearly opposite the west window, on its way to its resting-place towards the north-west), it should have looked brighter than at any other period of the day.

Clare said it made her shiver, and Olive, though she laughed at her sister, nevertheless felt the influence of the sombre, deserted old chamber upon her own light spirits. They stood together by the window, which looked towards where a portion of the high road crossed a distant eminence, speaking in low tones, and watching for George and Philip.

At last Olive cried out—

"There they are, Clare! Are not they crossing the top of the hill?"

"I think so. Let us go down and be ready to meet them."

As they turned away from the window, Olive said—

"Clare, look here. What is this?"

It was an old fresco painting : the full-length portrait of a cavalier in a riding-dress.

"We did not see this when we were here before," she continued. "I wonder who it is?"

"Perhaps Sir Guy himself," suggested Clare, carelessly.

"Sir Guy lived in the time of the Georges. Men did not dress like that in those days ; and I hope they wouldn't wear such things as those in these days," she added.

The cavalier wore a pair of huge, old-fashioned, cruel-looking spurs, and Olive, as she spoke, reached upwards and placed her finger upon one of the rowels.

Something yielded to the slight pressure, and when she withdrew her hand it left a small circular cavity in a corner of the painting. At the same instant, a large panel beneath slid from its place.

Clare uttered an exclamation of alarm, while Olive cried gaily—

"Only think, Clare : we have discovered some old secret passage! How delightful!"

"Olive, come away!" whispered Clare.

Olive laughed.

"What a little coward you are, Clare!" she said. "What is there to be afraid of? We won't say we found such a place, and were too frightened to look at it."

Clare hung back, wavering between fear and curiosity, until she was half led and half forced forward by her stronger sister. Olive bent her head and entered the dark recess, drawing Clare after her. Though she had spoken jestingly, there was a sense of mystery associated with the old forgotten hiding-place that to some extent checked her light mood, and as a sunbeam struck obliquely through the opening, she cautiously, and in a half-hesitating way, advanced a pace or two, where the shaft of light fell. This was sufficient to reveal some steep steps which led downward, though to what depth it was impossible to see, as only three or four were visible ; everything beyond being mere impenetrable blackness.

"Olive," said Clare, as she shrank back from this hidden gulf, "do come away!"

As she spoke, a sharp "click" was heard from the room they had left. The arm with which she clung to her sister tightened convulsively.

"What is that?" she exclaimed.

Before Olive could open her lips to reply, the answer came. The noise was occasioned by the spring shooting suddenly back into its place. The panel closed, the room resumed its ordinary aspect, and the old wainscot that ran along the wall—behind which the two women were shut in their dark narrow prison—looked as if it had remained undisturbed for centuries.

When George returned from Hinchbridge Junction, he was surprised to find his wife absent, and rather annoyed that she was not there to receive her guest. As time went on, and as no one seemed to know what had become of either Mrs. Overton or her sister, or to be able to give any explanation of their absence, annoyance gradually gave way to anxiety, and this, in turn, was succeeded by a feeling of unqualified alarm. At length, upon coming back from an unsuccessful search in the grounds, George threw himself into a chair with an exclamation of despair.

"Philip," he said, "what can this mean?"

"Surely it is not possible that any harm can have come to them?" returned Stanton.

"I should feel less uneasy," said George, "if I were not haunted by the idea that this unaccountable absence of theirs is in some way connected with what happened to me last night. It is mere fancy, I dare say; but, Phil," he broke out, as he rose again, and paced the floor with hasty strides, "I cannot stand this much longer! What shall we do?"

"Here is someone coming."

As Philip spoke a maid entered.

"If you please, sir," she said hurriedly, "the gardener has just returned from an errand to the village, and says that a bit over an hour ago, he saw Miss Wilmot looking from one of the north windows."

"A part of the house we never use," said George to Philip. "What could take them there?"

"Anyhow, let us go there at once," said Stanton.

They went into one room after another, until at last they approached the door that stood at the end of the dark corridor already mentioned—the door of Sir Guy's Room. George had his hand upon the lock, when he started back.

"Stanton!" he cried; "what is that?"

It was a shrill scream, followed by another and another. With one impulse, George and Philip rushed at the door, which opened with a crash. The room was empty, but cry after cry still rang out close to them, as if uttered by some agonised creature as invisible as the air they pierced.

* * * * *

When the panel closed, Olive, in the first moment of realising what had happened, felt her heart sink within her; but as she put her arms round Clare, the thought that she had someone weaker than herself to support to some extent restored her courage.

"Do not be alarmed, Clare," she said, as calmly as she could. "Surely we can open the panel from this side. Let me try."

"Olive," said Clare in a faint voice, as, after repeated efforts, her sister relinquished the attempt as hopeless, "what will become of us?"

"Nothing very dreadful. At the worst, it can only mean waiting here for a time, until a search is made for us."

"But they will never dream we have come here."

"They will search high and low," answered Olive confidently, as she thought of Philip. "And in the meantime, what harm can come to us? A little patience, dear: that is all. Only a little patience, Clare," she repeated.

But as they stood there in the darkness, and in the silence which told how far they were from all assistance for any cry they could have uttered to be heard, the minutes went by so slowly that it seemed as if the old clock in the hall must have chimed the hour more than once, or even twice, and that the setting sun must be casting its last rays upon the bright world without. Could what Clare had said be true? Would no one dream they had come to Sir Guy's Room, and were they looking for them in every direction but the right one?

Ah! there at last was a murmuring sound. Olive drew a deep breath. She was about to speak to Clare—to tell her that help was at hand, that they would soon be released—when the words died on her lips. The sound did not come from the other side of the wall; it rose from out of the darkness at their feet. Clare felt the heart against which she pressed beat violently.

"Olive," she whispered, "what is it? Are they coming?"

As she spoke a faint glimmer appeared far down (as if it came from the very foundations of the house), with more than one dark form visible against it. It was only for an instant, for at the piercing scream Clare gave the light was extinguished, and then, as Clare uttered scream after scream, and as Olive stood petrified by the thought of some hideous invisible peril approaching them through the darkness that hid everything from their sight, the shouts of Philip Stanton and George Overton were heard from Sir Guy's Room.

"Olive! Clare! Where are you?"

"The spring, Philip!" cried Olive. "Press the spur in the picture above us! There are men here! Quick, Philip, quick!"

The breathless moment that followed seemed an age to her no less than to Clare. At length the panel slid back, the welcome daylight shone in upon them, and George, with an exclamation of astonishment, drew them from their dark prison.

The spring did not catch this time, and directly George let go his hold upon the panel it closed again. Clare lay sobbing hysterically in her husband's arms, while Olive stood near, pale and still trembling, but collected. Philip regarded her with pride, as he said—

"You're a brave girl, Olive. Be firm for a little while yet, and get Clare away. If there are men concealed in this place, we have not an instant to lose."

In a few minutes Clare was lying upon the bed in

"AT LENGTH THE WELCOME DAYLIGHT SHONE IN UPON THEM" (*p.* 350).

her own room, slowly recovering from the fright she had had; while George, having despatched the coachman and the gardener to the old abbey with instructions to raise an alarm should anyone appear among the ruins, bade the groom light a lantern and follow him to Sir Guy's Room. Philip was meanwhile standing sentinel beneath the old fresco-painting. As he waited patiently for George's return, he heard a lighter step, and Olive entered.

"Philip," she said, "what is it you are going to do?"

"Search this place," answered Stanton. "George will be back immediately. Olive, tell me as quickly as you can how you came to be shut in here, and what you saw and heard."

In as few words as she could, she told him; and then added, with great earnestness—

"Do not go, Philip—at least, not until you can get more help."

"Have no fear, Olive," he replied. "Hush, dear. Listen! From something George told me as we came along, and from what has happened to you and Clare, I am convinced that the men who committed this robbery at Lord Duvane's are hiding here, and that the place has an outlet in the old ruin in the grounds. Ah! here is George at last," he said, breaking off as Overton and the groom arrived.

He pressed the spring, and as the three men passed through the opening Olive placed her hand upon the panel and held it back. She could hear them descending, long after the faint gleam of the lantern had faded from her sight, the sound of their footsteps getting more and more distant. Then, as it died away, she drew back from the panel, and closed it once more.

Without, the landscape was bright with the setting sun, but the sombre old room already seemed full of ghostly shadows.

"I will go back to Clare," thought Olive.

But instantly another thought came to her—namely, of those from whom she had just parted retreating from some danger too formidable to encounter, and with no one there to release them.

"I will stay," she said, and waited beneath the picture where she had stood with Philip.

Suddenly, she was startled by a shout from the old abbey. She threw open the window which looked in that direction. The confused sounds which followed the cry she had heard came nearer and nearer, and soon she saw George, Philip, and the three servants, with a couple of struggling men, who continued to resist desperately while being dragged towards the house.

That night it was reported that the thieves who had committed the robbery at Conniston Manor had been caught, that one of them was the man who had been in charge of Bygrave Abbey before the Overtons went to live there, and that their capture, together with the restitution of the Duvane diamonds, was due to the discovery of a secret chamber beneath the house, with a subterranean passage that led into a vault under the ruin in the grounds.

"But he must have discovered it before we did, Clare," said Olive; "so, after all, we were not the first to find it out."

Seeing, however, it was to a great extent owing to the interest Lord Duvane took in his career that Philip Stanton ultimately became one of the most distinguished and wealthy men in his profession, Olive had some reason to congratulate herself upon her adventure in Sir Guy's Room.

"BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD."

ARE OUR CHILDREN BEING OVER-EDUCATED? NO.

BY THE HON. E. LYULPH STANLEY, MEMBER OF THE SCHOOL BOARD FOR LONDON.

Over-Instruction.

TO the question, "Are children being over-educated?" there can be but one answer: they are not being over-educated, because it is impossible to over-educate.

The word education implies developing the whole nature of a child, moral, intellectual, and physical, and the training and improvement of all the native faculties so as best to fit the scholar for his life as a man, a citizen, and one who has to earn his living. In short, education aims at securing that we shall, as fully as possible, do our duty in whatever state of life we may find ourselves.

Of course, what people mean when they talk of over-education is over-instruction. And here, too, if the instruction be of the right sort, it is almost impossible to give too much of it. What is possible is to give wrong proportions of instruction, wrong kinds of instruction, and to impart instruction by wrong methods.

There does, indeed, remain latent in the minds of many persons a jealousy which nowadays most of them are ashamed to profess openly. This jealousy is the jealousy of class feeling, the resentment that old class barriers should be upset, and that the poor should be able to emerge from their humble estate and compete with the children of the middle class.

It need hardly be seriously contended that the community has a direct interest in utilising to the fullest extent all the mental forces of all its citizens; and that whatever enables men or women to make the best use of their natural abilities is for the good, not only of themselves, but of the State.

It must, however, be conceded that a general system of popular education, while not unmindful of the scholars of exceptional power, should be constructed so as to be most useful to the whole of the children of average ability, and should not neglect them for the sake of these exceptional ones.

This neglect of the lower classes in the schools and of the average child was the charge brought against our elementary schools nearly forty years ago, and it led to the Duke of Newcastle's Commission and to Mr. Lowe's Code. We need not examine how far this charge was true. The object of payment by results of individual examination in the merest elements of knowledge was to secure that average scholars should be well grounded, rather than that exceptional scholars should be pressed forward.

The History of the Question.

Those who have studied the history of educational controversies in this country hardly need to be reminded that, whatever Mr. Lowe's intentions may have been, he is considered to have failed most signally in his object. The depressing of the upper class did not elevate the lower classes of the school. On the contrary, the whole school was in danger of becoming mechanical, lifeless, and inefficient.

Very few years passed before a wider curriculum was introduced—at first tentatively and permissively—under the name of the "extra subjects." But gradually it has been recognised that the obligatory subjects must include much more than the three R's, and in practice many of what are still called "optional" subjects are almost universally taught.

But there is this element of truth in Mr. Lowe's contention: that we cannot have efficient popular instruction without insisting on thorough sound ground-work in the elements of knowledge. If the teaching generally of singing, of English poetry, of geography, prevented or hindered the imparting of a real power to read and the acquisition of a taste for reading, of writing a plain legible hand, and of familiarity with the necessary rules of arithmetic, then it would be right to discourage such extras in an elementary school.

But we know that the greater interest and brightness which are imparted to the teaching by a varied curriculum re-act upon and improve the thoroughness of all the teaching.

It is not "over-education" or "over-instruction" that should be complained of, but incomplete and inadequate primary instruction, with the premature substitution of incomplete and superficial instruction in matters which are in the nature of superstructure, and demand a solid foundation.

Lately a demand has arisen for technical instruction, and county councils have been let loose throughout the country to spend hundreds of thousands on this superstructure.

They are finding out generally that one of the difficulties that beset them is that our popular education is too meagre and mechanical, that those whom they would teach are inadequately prepared to receive their instruction. So far from being over-instructed, the children are at present under-instructed. And they are under-instructed because our teaching staff in the popular schools is under-instructed and overweighted.

We cannot separate the question of the teaching given to children from the question of the competence of the teachers who give that instruction. A curriculum is no more education than a bill of fare is a dinner. A wise and instructed teacher can give a liberal training with little more than reading lessons. A mechanical teacher, who by cram has scraped through the meagre qualifying requirements of the Education Department, will dull the intelligence of his scholars, even though his time-table contain specific subjects, and soar ambitiously to the regions of the Science and Art Department.

Teachers and Taught.

There is another way in which the popular complaint of "over-education" or "over-instruction" shows a glimmering perception of a real truth.

The true teacher, as Socrates proclaimed long ago, is not a producer, but a help. The scholar must produce. The teacher guides and helps, but so subtly, so ingeniously, that his help is undetected, and the scholar seems to have reached the conclusion by his own force.

And the scholar has indeed made a great effort and has largely contributed to the result. If anyone wishes to see an admirable illustration of this teaching method, let him read a translation of the Platonic dialogue, "The Meno," and see how an unlearned person is made to tread the labyrinth of a mathematical process and arrive at the conclusion.

But the unskilful teacher, perhaps knowing his subject, but not knowing the necessary operations of thought in the scholar, is too impatient for results to wait upon the slow process of Nature. That which he grasps clearly he thinks the scholar must also grasp at one exposition, and he hurries on, demonstrating and imparting, while the scholar remains in a purely receptive character. But in teaching we are, to use a metaphor, in the region of moral chemistry, not of mechanics; the elements must compound and produce a new substance in the brain of the scholar; we cannot effectually introduce the knowledge without a previous assimilating process, which must often be slow.

I have frequently asked experienced teachers who were introducing new subjects into their schools whether they noticed any difference as to the success of the new teaching, and I have repeatedly had the answer that the classes where the teacher helped least were the classes which got on best.

New Subjects.

In this sense over-instruction is a real evil—not that this ought properly to be called over-instruction, but misdirected instruction. Much valuable time is wasted in our schools by mechanical repetition, and by taxing the memory when we ought to be stimulating observation and encouraging reflection.

It is a melancholy sound to me when I pass outside an infant school and hear the dreary sing-song, "B-a-t, bat. C-a-t, cat," and so on, going forward for minutes, and even for substantial fractions of an hour. When Kindergarten methods are thoroughly understood and applied, we shall have less of this "over-instruction" and more real instruction less obtrusively apparent, but as a living principle animating the whole of the school work.

Another sense in which "over-instruction" is complained of is when we teach things that are of little or no use, and neglect things of the greatest use. But this is not over-instruction, but ill-selected instruction.

I am not at all an advocate of a mechanical interpretation of the word utility. In primary schools that teaching is most useful which forms the character and fits the scholars for their life as citizens; special professional or trade teaching should come at the close of the limited school age, which ends for nearly all the scholars in our elementary schools at thirteen.

If any branch of learning has a special value in developing mental qualities, it should be preferred to the acquisition of much knowledge which may indeed be useful, but which has not strengthened the mind in the process of acquisition.

But on the other hand, we must not be too ready to listen to those experts who seem sometimes to think that the disciplinary value of a study increases in proportion as that study is remote from any practical application.

Would it be reasonable, because grammarians

assured us that there was some exceptional logical perfection in the grammar in the Sanscrit language, to introduce that study rather than French or German into the ordinary curriculum of our secondary schools? And yet this is what is done in a minor degree for our boys at the present day in the exclusive devotion we still pay to Latin and Greek as the basis of our secondary education.

I am sure that a study which interests in its earlier stages is more likely to have a good influence as an educational force than a study which is merely disciplinary, and has no practical bearing or immediate interest.

This superiority is illustrated by the superior educational value of active games over systematic physical or gymnastic exercises. The doctors may prove that a system of exercises considers all the parts of the human body more equitably, and is freer from danger than our schoolboy games; and yet practical educationists are agreed that where you have the space and the opportunity free games are worth all the gymnasiums in the world.

Misdirected Instruction.

In the teaching of manual work, I believe that a well-ordered series of exercises, if it leads to the production of objects interesting to the scholar, and having some meaning, use, or decorative and artistic appearance, is more likely to attract the scholars and to lead to proficiency than a series of exercises, perhaps theoretically a little more complete in its sequence, but mechanical, dull, and therefore uninteresting.

So, too, a boy is not over-educated because he is kept poring over Greek or formal grammar. The time would be well spent in instruction, but he might be well instructed in science, which would develop his powers of observation, accuracy, and reasoning. He might be making acquaintance with some modern language, the value of which he clearly appreciates, and the literature of which, though falling short of Greek perfection, is more intelligible to him as being animated by the ideas of the age in which he lives. We have often to complain in this respect not of over-instruction, but of misdirected instruction.

Even within the limits of one subject we may easily have misdirected instruction. Take the instance of drawing, now made a necessary part of the curriculum in boys' schools. Drawing has many uses purely educational; it is also of the greatest practical use to boys who will take to various trades as mechanics and artisans.

But though a liberal allowance of time in the weekly curriculum ought properly to be assigned to drawing without any just complaint of over-instruction, yet the more advanced teaching may be so specialised as to imply a misapplication, and consequently a comparative waste of the time so expended.

The Question of Drawing.

The training of the eye and hand, the appreciation of form, the power of translating on a flat surface, the impressions of the eye from solid objects—all these are valuable acquisitions; and for trade purposes, as for carpenters, masons, and in various other trades, a competent knowledge of solid geometry is most important.

But artistic drawing is less universally necessary. If a scholar has an aptitude that way, his individual talent may well be encouraged; but it is doubtful if the upper classes should be largely employed, as a rule, in those balanced compositions of curved ornament which are so common as exercises in the higher standards of elementary schools. The time spent in these copies from the flat would perhaps be better spent in drawing from the model and in practical geometry.

But it is this misdirection of instruction which many people call over-instruction; and yet, if people really thought that our boys are over-instructed, they must want them to be out of school, scaring the crows or otherwise earning some small pittance.

The more reasonable and intelligent is the curriculum in our schools, the more thoughtful and thorough the methods of imparting instruction, the less shall we hear about over-education or over-instruction. Apart from the jealousy touched upon at the outset of this article, the root of the complaint against over-instruction is a conviction not very articulate, but based on a certain amount of truth, that much of the instruction now imparted is useless in itself, and so stupidly given as to do nothing for the benefit of the scholar. Where this is the case, the child would surely be better breathing the free air of heaven than cooped up to be subjected to a system unprofitable, depressing, and even injurious.

OUR CHILDREN *ARE* BEING OVER-EDUCATED.

A Study from Nature.

"BUT your daughter must be a great help to you, Mrs. Thompson? She looks such a big girl, and speaks so nicely," said a lady to a gamekeeper's wife one morning.

The room was a tidy one in a pleasant cottage, and the poor woman, who looked wretchedly ill, had a huge pile of stockings before her, and was with one foot rocking the cradle, where lay a baby of three weeks old.

"Bless you, ma'am!" was the answer, "Louisa b'aint no manner of use to me and the childer; she thinks herself a deal too good for the likes of we."

"Oh, Mrs. Thompson! what do you mean?"

"She's that clever, and that stuck-up, there ain't no bearing her; says me and her father don't know nothing, and wants to have a pianner, she do. She've learnt too much at that Board School."

"Surely not that; and any way, she could mend some of these stockings for you. She must have been taught to darn?"

"So she have, a fancy patch she calls 'Swiss darning,' what takes her half-hour to do a inch of; but wot good would that be here?" and Mrs. Thompson jerked three fingers through an enormous hole in the knee of her husband's long stocking. "She do work, ma'am, beautiful," she continued, "but she won't do the rough patching as helps *me*. And says her father don't know nothin'! Him as can lay hands on every bird's nest within ten miles, and can tell a mole's run all the way it goes, let alone bein' able to turn up all the stoats' and weasels' holes on the estate, and puttin' a name to the note of every bird as sings, spring or summer, or to any twig of shrub or tree as you shows him in the winter!"

Mrs. Thompson paused, out of breath, and her visitor departed with food for thought.

The next day, while walking through the village street, she was accosted by Mrs. Jones with—

"Please to come in and look at my Mariar, mum; she ain't slep a wink for three nights, and she be rollin' her 'ed about dreadful, and 'untin' for figgers in her bed."

Inside the stuffy bedroom of the cottage was a sorry sight. "Mariar," a bright intelligent child of nine, was sitting on her bed, with the fixed eyes of delirium, and searching all over the bedclothes for a five, six, and seven, she declared she must find at once. This was a case for a doctor, and poor "Mariar's" weary brain had to rest awhile. Her mother explained that she had for months "werried dreadful" about her sums, and with the wild anxiety of a clever child to keep her place in her class, she had evidently overworked. When the visitor looked over the sums and other work which had occupied the poor little head, she was astonished, not at the collapse, but that the child had held out as long as she did.

Think for a moment of the generations of ignorance to which the child of a labouring man in an agricultural county is the heir, of the inherited poverty of physique, and then consider what it is for him to be placed under the teaching of a duly certificated instructor, with all the latest lights of a town training-school, and with a determination to pass every child in every standard. What can be the result? The mass of the children are being over-educated, if such a misapplication of terms be permissible. The clever ones struggle through, and in time forget half they have been crammed with, and assimilate a small portion of the rest, while the bulk remains as useless lumber in their brains.

Higher Grade as Well.

In the higher grade of schools, where our sons and daughters are being taught, the same thing obtains. The lack of methodical and varied instruction from which we and our parents suffered has been followed by a reaction of a violent character, and with our insular habit of trying to do whatever we take in hand with more vigour than all the rest of the world put together, we have rushed into the extreme of working brains and bodies too energetically now.

Note the time-table of any girl of fourteen in a high school, or that of a boy in one of the colleges which have been founded within the last quarter of a century, and think what the work and the play in it mean for any high-spirited, healthy, conscientious boy or girl. For the latter, without music, it is four hours of work in the class-room and two of preparation; the music probably making up a total of seven hours work a day. With the needful two hours of exercise and three for meals, what is left for recreation?—real recreation, not compulsory tennis, walk, or other exercise, but the amusement chosen by the child herself. Analyse the lessons. There will be three languages: French, German, and Latin; Botany, Science, Mathematics, Advanced Arithmetic, the usual History, Geography, and Physiography, as well as a stiff dose of Literature; and, if the girl has any aptitude, extra Drawing lessons in an art school. Is not this, in the slang of the day, a "large order" for a child growing fast, and requiring the most watchful care for body and mind? We think the step between full and healthy mental and bodily occupation and overwork is too often passed, with lasting damage to the school-girl.

For a boy the hours are much the same, with Greek up to a certain point instead of the second modern language, and with far harder Mathematics and more Science. The standard of every examination becomes higher almost every year, and the elastic

brain of youth is stretched to the fullest to keep up with the requirements. Most schoolmasters pride themselves on the amount of exercise taken by their pupils, and compulsory football and cricket, paper chases, tennis and fives tournaments, athletics and gymnastics, are also played (?) at high pressure, involving to some extent strain of mind as well as body.

The restless striving to be first, to do the best, to keep at full stride, affords no breathing-time, no space to rest by the wayside and chew the cud of crude information, and too often, when starting in the race for wealth and competence, or for the support of a family, the competitor finds the time spent at school or college has been wasted. The lessons learned—or rather crammed—in heavy doses are put out of mind with all speed in the holidays, and are held by boys and girls (and oftentimes by parents also) to have nothing whatever to do with "the daily round, the common task" of every-day life.

Where is the Remedy?

"It is easy to find fault," no doubt our readers will say; "but where is the remedy?"

Surely we should begin by not expecting all children to take the same curriculum; not to let girls who have neither taste nor ear for music scrape for hours on a violin, or strum away whole years of existence at a piano; not to let those who have no taste for literature devote hours and days to picking to pieces and analysing one of Shakespeare's plays; not to force the brain that can scarcely be made to understand that $\frac{3}{5} = \frac{6}{10}$ to plod through decimal fractions or quadratic equations; in short, to let the individuality of the child determine the course of study in detail, not merely *en bloc*, and not to allow the difference in the kind of subject to endow the scholar with prestige, or to cause him to lose it.

Of what use is it to a girl who, perhaps, has a real genius for cookery, by which she may be able by-and-by to maintain herself in ease and competence, to be made to draw a map once a week, she having no perception of form and no facility of finger? Would not the girl who cannot be restrained from embroidering every book she possesses, with sketches, good, bad, and indifferent, be better employed in cultivating the gift with which she has been endowed, than in exploring the mysteries of grammar and parsing involved sentences?

The multitude of things to be learned increases, of course, daily and hourly, and this should lead us to try and select more carefully such kinds of knowledge as will benefit each learner: carefully to make choice of such stores as will best equip him for his part in the battle of life. To some extent this is possible, and wise parents and instructors avail themselves fully of all facilities given; but is it not true that the mass of parents send children to school without having seriously studied the idiosyncracy of each, his mental characteristics and physical qualifications?

"Let him learn everything," most parents say; and when Julia's class list shows her hopelessly below the average of her schoolmates in three out of four of every subject she and they have struggled through together, and Tom's report has uncomplimentary remarks scored against every subject, and initialled by each master he has been with, it should not always be Tom and Julia who are blamed and scolded, but their father and mother, who ought to take themselves seriously to task, and amend their ways.

"He has been well-grounded, but does not seem able to make use of the material he has acquired," was written across a report we saw the other day by a thoroughly "up-to-date" master on the term's work of a fairly industrious and intelligent school-boy; and it seems as if the sentence contained the gist of the whole matter.

To assimilate, not merely to acquire, should be the first aim of education.

"PHYLLIS IS MY ONLY JOY."

BY ILSA REID.

"SO, Roger, you are actually a guardian? I suppose I must look up to you accordingly?" laughed Mabel Vaughan to her cousin, who had come to see her and her husband before going home from India on leave.

"Yes," said Roger. "It will be a new sensation to you, except in a literal sense, after the motherly care you have taken of me since you came out."

"But how in the world did the old fellow hit upon you?" said Charlie, Mabel's husband.

"Well, you see, the fact was I looked after him a bit when he was ill, and we grew more chummy afterwards, because we were the only men in that small place whose tastes were in the least congenial."

"Were you long together?"

"About two years. And then, in his last illness, Major May was very anxious about his little girl, and who would take care of her. He asked if I would agree to be her guardian, and I consented. Perhaps it was weak of me, as I know nothing whatever about little girls, and can hardly be called very suitable for a guardian; but it seemed to relieve his mind greatly,

as there was no one else near whom he cared to ask or would trust, he said. It is nearly a year since he died."

"Have you written to or heard from your ward?" Mabel asked.

"Yes," said Roger, with a queer expression on his face. "I have written and heard too, two or three times."

"What's wrong?" put in Charlie. "You look very doubtful over it."

Roger: "Here is her last letter. Just read it, and perhaps you can help me to understand it."

The letter ran as follows:

"DEAR CAPTAIN GRAHAM,—I am glad to see by your last letter that you are coming home on leave.

"Aunt Mary says that she hopes you will come to see us for a few days as soon as you can spare them.

"I am particularly anxious to consult you about some things which I could not do by letter, as they need discussion.

"Thank you for the good advice which you give me, and which I shall endeavour to follow.

"I am afraid I am a trouble to you, but I must try not to make too many demands on your patience.

"With kind regards,

"I remain,

"Yours sincerely,

"PHYLLIS MAY."

Mabel and Charlie read it, and then the former said, "That seems to me very prettily expressed, but very grown-up. What age is she?"

"A mere child, I believe," replied Roger. "Her father always spoke of her as his 'little girl'; and it strikes me that a 'little' girl must have a pretty decided mind of her own to write in that way."

"Well, you need not look so rueful over it, old chap," said Charlie, laughing. "Perhaps she may not act as she writes, and when we come home you will be singing 'Phyllis is my only joy.'"

Roger Graham, though a very fine fellow, was certainly not fitted to be guardian to a young girl, for he knew absolutely nothing about girls or women, having no sisters or near female relatives: his mother, whom he had worshipped, having died in his boyhood; and he had few lady friends.

He had been thoroughly imbued by his father with the old-fashioned notions in regard to women: that they were to be placed on a sort of pedestal, and worked for and attended to by their male relations, and nothing was to be expected from them but to be sweet, and charming, and—helpless.

Some weeks after the conversation recorded above, Roger, shortly after his arrival in England, went to see his ward at her aunt's, Miss Ker.

Phyllis May was not at home when he arrived, but her aunt received him, and proved a most charming old lady: somewhat of an invalid, but taking great interest in all around, and very full of praises of her "dear child."

Imagine the astonishment of Roger—in whose mind the "little girl" had been growing younger and younger as he listened to her aunt—when there entered a young lady, tall, fair, and graceful, to whom Aunt Mary introduced him, and said that this was his ward, Phyllis May.

Phyllis, for her part, looked equally astonished, and said very naïvely, "Why, I did not know you were so young!"

"What made you think that I was old?" said Roger, laughing and shaking hands.

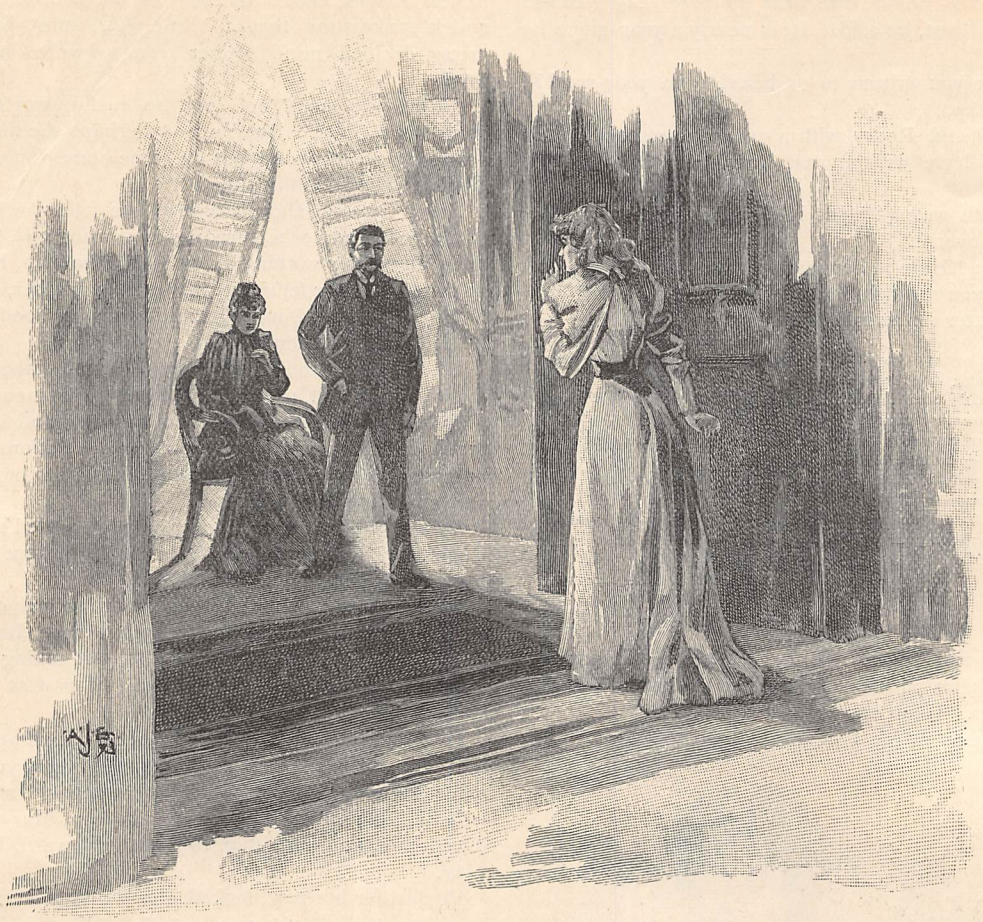
"Well, father wrote of you as his friend, and I naturally thought you would be near his age."

"And he always spoke of you as his 'little girl,' so I naturally imagined you were still a child."

"And I have no doubt that Aunt Mary has been confirming that delusion by speaking of me as 'the child,' as she generally does," rejoined Phyllis, with a smile and a shake of her head at her aunt. "But," she continued, turning again to Roger, "you can take comfort that your time of responsibility will be the shorter, as I shall be of age in little more than a year."

After this—for that day at least—Aunt Mary had most of the talking in her own hands; asking Roger about his life in India, and his friendship with her brother-in-law,

PHYLLIS.



"'I DID NOT KNOW YOU WERE SO YOUNG!'" (*p.* 357).

and telling him little anecdotes about Phyllis; and through it all—the questions and answers, and the little bits of narrative which Roger was led into at times—Phyllis was more or less studying her guardian.

Apparently by next morning she had made up her mind about him, for in the course of a walk, taken to show him the beauties of the little town and the surrounding country, she turned to him after describing a view—most evidently by rote, as if she was thinking of something else — and said suddenly, "Captain Graham, I want to know if you will help me?"

"Certainly. In what way?"

"I am very anxious to take up some profession; and I want you to help me to overcome Aunt Mary's scruples."

"Yes. And what profession is it that you wish to take up?"

"Oh!" with a comical smile, "I want your help and advice on that point, too. You see I have many wants, and I coolly bring them to you."

"That is quite right. You know I am your guardian. But I thought from the way you spoke that you had some pet idea of a profession in your mind."

"Well, no; but I think everyone should have something that they could turn their hands to if need be."

"But you have no need."

"Not actual need, at present; but you know that what belongs to me would hardly suffice, brought up as I have been, if I had not a home with Aunt Mary."

"As long, then, as you have that home you do not need to mind, I should say; and I do not think your aunt could do without you."

"No, not altogether, perhaps; but she has other nieces besides myself."

"But, as she told me, none whom she has brought up and then learned to depend upon, like you."

"Yes," said Phyllis, wisely quitting this point of the argument and returning to the main question; "but I wish to fit myself for some calling by which I could be independent, and work for myself at least, if ever I required to do so."

Roger could not help thinking, as he looked at the pretty fresh young face, that it was much more in the nature of things that someone would be turning up

ready and anxious to work for her; and he wondered idly how it would feel to be applied to, as guardian, for the hand of his ward. But he only said: "I see you mean to work at something, but how are we to find out what that something shall be? I fear I shall be but a poor assistant, as I have so little acquaintance with young ladies and their ways that I did not even know there were any professions for them."

"There are various branches of art," said Phyllis slowly, "but they require special gifts, which I doubt my possessing any more than those necessary for the study of music."

"Well, there are some off already. What remain?"

"Some women study as doctors," she continued, with a doubting look, which soon changed to one of amusement at the look of dismay which came over her companion's face.

"But you would never do such a thing as that?" the latter exclaimed.

"Why not? Many women do."

"It surely must make them very masculine?"

"Oh no! Why should it? But you may be quite easy on that point: I am not nearly clever enough and have no taste that way. But this does not apply to nursing, though I cannot say that it comes up to my *beau ideal* of work; at least, you cannot object to it on the score of its not being genuine woman's work."

"True; but if you do not like it?"

"Oh, I do not go that length; in fact, I wish to find out all particulars, and have made some inquiries, to which I await answers, before deciding against it."

"I used to understand that teaching was about the only way in which a lady could make a livelihood."

"Yes, teaching is another profession; but I dare say it will be news to you that it requires a thorough course of training nowadays. Teaching or nursing seem certainly best suited to those who have no very decided bent in one particular direction; but there are other callings which I know little or nothing about, and I am very anxious to find out about them."

"I suppose that is where I can help you?"

"If you will be so very kind. And also help me to make Aunt Mary see the sense of the proceeding."

"But how can I do that when it is just what I have to learn to see myself? Your ideas are all too new to me. I must have time to let them take root in my own mind first."

"Oh, well; but I think you will come round to it in a day or two, and I can let you see some very good magazine articles on the subject, which put it much clearer and better than I do."

"Thank you," said Roger hastily; "but I much prefer oral to written instruction; and then, besides, I can ask questions and argue doubtful points."

Phyllis certainly strove her best to enlighten Roger on the subject of woman's work during the week that he stayed with them.

It was all such a new experience to him, and he felt very much interested in studying this bright young creature, who was so gay and full of fun, and ready to take pleasure in the veriest trifles at one time; and so serious, and full of earnest thought and high purpose at another. As he said to himself, "Like a sermon on the text of Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life.'"

During one of these instructive conversations the remembrance of the letters which had been exchanged before his leaving India came over Roger's mind, and he began in a most humble manner to apologise for the tone he had taken in his.

"I don't know what you must have thought of me writing to you in that manner; but then, I was quite convinced that you were a little girl, and I thought I was bound to give you some good advice; though at the same time I devoutly hoped that little girls were not like little boys, as I knew the latter: for I was sure *they* would vote me an old bore and skip the advice—not that that would do much harm—but it would have been a pity to start with disgusting the child. What I cannot get over is the charming way in which you took my assumption of the paternal. Were you not really very indignant with me all the time, although you wrote so pleasantly?"

"No," said Phyllis. "I had a misunderstanding of my own, you see; for I was quite sure you were an elderly gentleman, so I thought it quite natural that you should put in a little good advice. Besides, I have not that morbid dread of advice which some people seem to have. If the advice is good, then take it; and if it is not good, one is under no such overwhelming obligation to follow it."

"Very true. Yet I am afraid I am one of the people who have the 'morbid dread.'"

"Then it was the more inexcusable in you to inflict what you disliked on that poor, innocent, unoffending little girl."

"Yes, it was very bad of me; and I can only say I shall not do so again."

"No," said Phyllis, laughing; "as she does not exist. But I hope it will not prevent you giving me advice: at least, when I want it."

"A very wise proviso, which I shall interpret to wait till I am asked for it."

Roger had opportunities of seeing his ward under a variety of aspects, for the small town where she lived was a gay little place, and Miss May was a favourite with all classes.

A handsome young officer was naturally looked upon as a great acquisition, and several *impromptu* garden and tennis parties were got up for his benefit during his stay.

Aunt Mary seemed pleased, and told Roger one morning that she was glad, because it brought Phyllis once more among her young companions: "which," said the good lady, "is excellent for her, for though she is bright and cheerful when with me, I think she has been growing too serious-minded for one so young. I do not wish to see her frivolous or giddy, but I do not think there is any fear of that; and it is not natural at her age to be so taken up about work, and duty, and all sorts of serious questions. Has she been speaking to you about her wish to follow a profession?"

"Yes, she has," said Roger.

"And what is your idea upon the subject?"

"I found my ideas very much confused, as the

subject is perfectly new to me ; and I was brought up with the notion that it was a man's privilege to work for the ladies of his family, and that *they* should only work in cases of dire necessity."

"Ah yes !—that was the way in my young days ; but Phyllis will tell you that all that has been changed nowadays. Your opinion is of importance, because she will have to yield to it, as she is not twenty-one yet."

Roger had forgotten this aspect of the case, and the shrewd old lady saw this in his face.

"I thought it would be as well to remind you," she continued. "At first I was sorry when I saw you were young ; for Phyllis needs a strong wise hand to guide her : not that she is foolish, but she has little experience, a strong will, and an impulsive nature. But I am glad that you begin with these old-fashioned notions, for you will not let Phyllis run away too far on her hobby ; and I think you have too steady a head to be carried away with her enthusiasm out of reach of common sense."

"I am glad you have spoken about this, Miss Ker. I wanted to hear your side, for I have only had Miss May's version as yet, and that is so new to me that I must take some time to get used to it."

The next time that Roger had a little talk with Miss Ker, he said—

"I have been thinking over what you were saying about your niece, and I fancy it might be as well to let her prepare herself, as she says, for some profession, and then she would feel herself independent. The difficulty seems to be what profession she should follow."

"Yes, that is the point ; for," said Aunt Mary, rather reluctantly, "I think you are right, perhaps, about letting her have her way : things of that sort sometimes die for want of opposition. *I* would not like her to take up nursing, for one thing : I think it is too hard work for her."

"I do not think that she is afraid of hard work ; but she seems anxious to find out about other callings before fixing on any, and I think I may be able to help her in that way when I return to London."

"Well, I need not say that I shall not be sorry for anything that keeps her longer beside me. I can assure you that I am in no hurry to part from my 'child' and I just hope that something may be found for which she can prepare at home."

Just then Phyllis came into the room, and, seeing the two in earnest conversation, gaily accused them of plotting something against her, and then suddenly, with a comical gesture of despair, she said—

"I know what it is : you are going to put a stop to my plans about work, and were contriving how to break it gently to me. I have known it was coming by Aunt Mary's face ever since the tennis parties began."

Then, sitting down in a resigned manner, she continued—

"Now I think I can bear it. Let me see what is your idea of breaking it gently. How will you do it ?"

Roger at once stopped smiling, and said, with a very grave face—

"You have not given us time to contrive the gentleness, so you must just put up with my roughness, unless Miss Ker will undertake to break our decision to you."

"Not at all," replied Aunt Mary. "You are her guardian, and must make known your decisions yourself."

"It really does sound alarming," said Phyllis, with a graver look. "I hope my jest is not going to come true."

Roger, however, re-assured her on this point, and told her that she might carry out her plans as soon as she had decided a suitable calling to prepare for.

"Yes ; and how am I to decide ?"

"You told me you were making inquiries about various occupations, and I shall also make some when I am in London ; and when you have made up your mind as to what best suits your taste, we can find out as to whether it is practicable for you."

"Thank you ; that is very kind of you, and it will be a great help to me to have inquiries made on the spot. It is so much better than by letter."

Soon after this, Roger left to visit various friends, one of these visits taking him to London for a time.

It was wonderful the amount of information which he collected while there, but Phyllis thought it was still more wonderful the amount of objections he had to each occupation. This was too much work ; that was too trifling, and she could employ her powers to better purpose ; the next was not remunerative enough, and so on.

And when Roger did not seem to have any objections to offer, Aunt Mary would be sure to step quietly in with hers, which were generally to the effect that it would take her dear girl too much away from her.

In fact, Phyllis was sure that they were both resolved not to find anything suitable, but, nothing daunted, she persevered in her endeavours to meet with something to please all parties ; and, really, this covert opposition had the effect of stirring her up to fresh efforts.

In truth, her aunt and guardian would probably have given way and withdrawn their objections if they had seen that her heart was set on anything ; but Miss Phyllis was, unconsciously, very fastidious, and her objections were about equal in number to those of the others.

Of course, all this necessitated a great deal of correspondence through the summer and autumn, and Roger even came down for a few days to discuss one specially interesting calling, but the discussion remained without result.

During all this time, however, Phyllis was not idle. She was a very well-educated girl, and possessed a most active and inquiring mind, which loved study for study's sake ; so, besides responding to the demands made upon her time by her aunt, who was learning to depend upon her more and more in many little ways, and also to those demands made upon her by society in general, she managed to keep up one or two

branches of study for their own sakes, and without any regard to a possible future calling.

Roger in the meanwhile, though, as he said, "amassing enough information about women's work to enable him to write a book on the subject," was being the interest which Phyllis inspired, with her fresh, unsophisticated ways, and her mixture of earnestness and gaiety, for Roger was slowly, but surely, learning the oldest of all lessons under his ward's unconscious teaching.

"THEY ACTUALLY HAD SOME DAYS OF GOOD STRONG FROST."

fêted and made much of by his numerous friends, of whom he seemed to have a great number ; for all his life had not been spent in the out-of-the-way station where he and Major May had been the only friends, and he was by nature a most sociable and friendly man, and also a great favourite with other men.

Certainly in these months he came in contact with a far greater number of girls and women than he had hitherto done. Many of them were very charming, and he admired them greatly, but none had for him

He spent a week at Christmas-time with her and her aunt.

Phyllis declared that she was not one bit nearer to her goal, for all her endeavours and his help ; but she agreed that they should have that week as a complete holiday. And a very pleasant holiday it was, for they actually had some days of good strong frost—which so seldom comes just when it is wanted—and Roger had the pleasure of rubbing up his half-forgotten accomplishment of skating, and of escorting

Phyllis, who was no mean performer in that line, to the ice.

Phyllis was able to throw her earnestness quite as much into her play as her work, and Roger was much amused at the thorough manner in which she took him in hand at first; but she soon found out that it was only a little practice that he was now in want of, and that he was clearly capable of teaching her far more than she could teach him.

The week slipped away all too soon for Roger.

Towards the end he found, to his great disgust, that Phyllis was quite anxious for him to go, but when he taxed her with her wish to get quit of him, she was eager in her disclaimers and apologies, saying that it arose from her bad habit of seeing only one side of a question, and her anxiety really was that he should make inquiries about some new, and therefore all-interesting, subject; but now that he had brought the other side to her mind she was quite doleful, and it was some consolation to him when she confessed that it would be very dull indeed when he left.

In the beginning of the year the Vaughans came home from India, but Roger did not see them till almost the end of February, when he called on them at their hotel in London.

After the first greetings, Mabel said—

"And how do you get on with your ward? Is she as hard to manage as you feared?"

"We do pretty well, thank you," Roger replied gravely. "I found that she was amenable to reason, though she is of an independent nature, and has a good strong will of her own."

"I should very much like to see her."

"That can be easily managed, as she is in London at present with her aunt, Miss Ker, for a short time; their hotel is not far from here. The aunt is a charming old lady, but not very strong, and they have come for advice for her and to see about some classes for Miss May. I asked Miss Ker if I might bring you to call, as I know you will be pleased with her, and I should like my ward to know you. I hope you do not object?"

"Not at all; I am quite anxious to see them both."

Just then, Charlie, who had been called away to answer a letter, returned, and, joining in, asked Roger if he had had much to do as a guardian.

"Oh, I have had some work in trying to settle her studies, and it is not over yet."

"Dear me! that must be rather a bore."

But on this Roger discreetly changed the subject to inquiries for mutual friends, so as to avoid committing himself to any statements about his ward, as he was looking forward to enjoying Mabel's surprise when she saw Phyllis.

He certainly had his full enjoyment when he took Mabel to call next day. She was evidently prepared to be very gracious to the little girl, and actually wanted to get some chocolates for her, as "children always like sweets."

This was nearly too much for Roger's gravity, but he said they would not have time to get any then; and it was only their arrival at the hotel which saved him having to answer Mabel's question as to the child's age.

But what Roger enjoyed most was Mabel's face when, after introducing her to Miss Ker, he presented his "ward, Miss May."

A look of utter bewilderment swept over Mrs. Vaughan's face, and she nearly exclaimed with surprise, but she quickly recovered her self-possession; and to Phyllis, who had taken a shy fit, and thus not noticed all this by-play, and also to Miss Ker, she appeared a very pleasant woman, though a little quiet; but Roger, who knew his cousin's manner better, saw that she could hardly get over her astonishment sufficiently to keep up the conversation, and that her part in it certainly did not go with its usual fluency; but she did recover so far as to give him a glance which told him that he would hear more about it.

As soon as they were fairly outside again, Mabel turned upon him with a laughing face, though she was trying hard to frown and look severe.

"You wretch! I would like to give you a good shaking! What did you mean by giving me no warning? Were you not afraid that I would say or do something awfully rude in my surprise? And you know I very nearly took some sweets to her!"

"Oh yes! but, you see, we avoided that danger, and the idea of you being rude never even crossed my mind; besides, I would not have missed your face when you saw her for anything. Oh, it was too good!" going off into a gale of merriment at the recollection.

"Rude man!" said Mrs. Vaughan, with disgust; "and laughing at me, too! I believe you just did it in order to pay someone out for your own shock."

"Just so; that and the fun of the thing. But you can make it even by playing the same trick on Charlie when she and her aunt come to take tea with you to morrow afternoon."

"So I will! Tell me, how did you behave at your first interview? It must have been splendid to see you."

"We were both greatly astonished, and frankly said so; Miss May first, I think."

"Why? What was she astonished at?"

"My youth, comparatively speaking. She had expected that I was about her father's age, at any rate."

"Oh, that is lovely! I should have liked to see your faces so much! Now I must be careful not to let it out to Charlie."

The next afternoon Roger took care to be at the Vaughans' before Phyllis and her aunt arrived, in order to see the effect of the meeting on Charlie. He found an opportunity of asking Mabel if she had managed to keep Charlie in the dark.

"Yes, I have, by avoiding the subject as much as possible, or telling him he can see them for himself when they come; in fact, he hopes he is not expected to talk to the little girl, as he does not know what to say to children."

Just then, Charlie, who had left the room for a

moment, re-appeared, and was quickly followed by the two expected guests.

Of course Charlie was introduced to Miss Ker first, but he electrified the others by saying, after the first few words—

"I am sorry to see that your niece is not with you."

"Oh! but she is," Miss Ker answered, presenting Phyllis to him; "this is my niece, Phyllis May—Mr. Vaughan."

Charlie simply stared at her at first, and then blurted out—

"Oh, I say! but I thought she was quite a little girl!"

But here Phyllis came to the rescue, for, laughing merrily at the puzzled expression on Charlie's face, she said—

"Now I am sure this is a trap of Captain Graham's setting. He told you at first that his ward was a little girl, and he has never thought fit to undeceive you since he found out his mistake."

Then, after a moment, she added—

"And that also explains the bewildered look which Mrs. Vaughan gave me yesterday—though she got over it more quickly than you do. I did not think much about it at the time, but I see it all clearly now."

This, of course, produced explanations and apologies, which soon put them on a different footing from that which obtained at their first meeting; and Phyllis, to her great delight, found what a merry, gay little woman, and how kind-hearted withal, her guardian's cousin was when she was not suffering from a shock of surprise.

Mabel and Phyllis speedily became fast friends after this, and they had not met many times before the latter had confided her wishes and plans in the way of work to the sympathetic little woman.

"HE ASKED HER TO BE HIS WIFE" (*p.* 364).

Mrs. Vaughan said very little on the subject to Phyllis; but she was soon after consulted on the subject by Roger, as he thought she might be able to suggest something fresh.

"I do not think you will require to exert yourself to find work for Miss May," she told him. "That girl is too fresh and charming not to be taken off your hands very soon; unless, indeed," with a searching look at him, "you mean to keep her yourself."

Thus brought to book, Roger had to confess that his cousin had hit the mark, and he went on to say that his search was rather half-hearted now; whereupon Mabel advised him to give it up altogether, and try whether he could not induce Phyllis to take charge of him.

"You can tell her with a clear conscience that she will find her work cut out for her if she does undertake such a charge, and you may refer her to me if she doubts it. She cannot doubt my experience, after five years of married life."

"Now you grow flippant and frivolous," said Roger, trying to look severe; "but I think I shall take your advice if I can only screw my courage to the sticking point."

"Well, you will certainly have to do that for yourself, as I do not believe in proposals by proxy."

But Roger could not carry out his intentions for some time, as Phyllis was obliged to leave London sooner than was originally intended and in rather a hurry, as her aunt was not very well. They were not home at all too soon, for Miss Ker took a serious illness a couple of days after they arrived, which kept Phyllis fully employed for some weeks, and gave her a practical insight into the details of nursing that she would gladly have dispensed with; and although the doctor complimented her on her skill, and assured her that she had quite a turn that way, her few weeks' experience cured her of all desire for further work of that kind, though she was very glad indeed that she had been able to do the most of the nursing of her beloved aunt.

During this time Roger was taken up partly with some business of his own, and partly with looking after some of Phyllis May's affairs, both of which were very tedious, and took up much time; and things fell out so that he was not able to go and see Phyllis until she and her aunt had come home from a little change taken for the benefit of the invalid.

It was well into the month of May when Roger went down. Miss Ker had nearly recovered her normal state of health, and Phyllis had got over her fatigue and anxiety in a great measure, and was actually beginning to think of her long-neglected plans, but it was in a much more humble state of mind that she approached them now, after her spell of real hard work.

The day after his arrival Roger asked her to come for a walk with him, for which Aunt Mary thanked him, for she was taking alarm lest her niece's health should suffer from want of fresh air and exercise.

They went the same way that Phyllis had taken him on his first visit, and when they came to a certain view she reminded him of this, and also that it was there that she had begun to ask for his help in her plans; and added that she wished now to resume them, and see if she could not come to some more practical result.

Roger let her talk on for a little, and even begin to go over the old plans, but though he knew she was wondering at his apparent want of sympathy, he could not speak at first, for he felt that the time had come; but where? oh! where were the words? He could not remember one of the neatly-turned speeches which he had thought over for this occasion.

He had finally to give them up, and to plunge into the middle of things in what he felt to be a painfully abrupt manner.

He said that as all the plans had failed, he had another to suggest, and then in a few simple words he asked her to be his wife.

Poor Phyllis was quite taken aback, and could only say—

"Oh no! Why, you are my guardian, and I have always thought of you as a sort of elder brother or uncle."

"Oh, come," said Roger, not very much flattered, "I am not so very old. I am really not quite thirty yet."

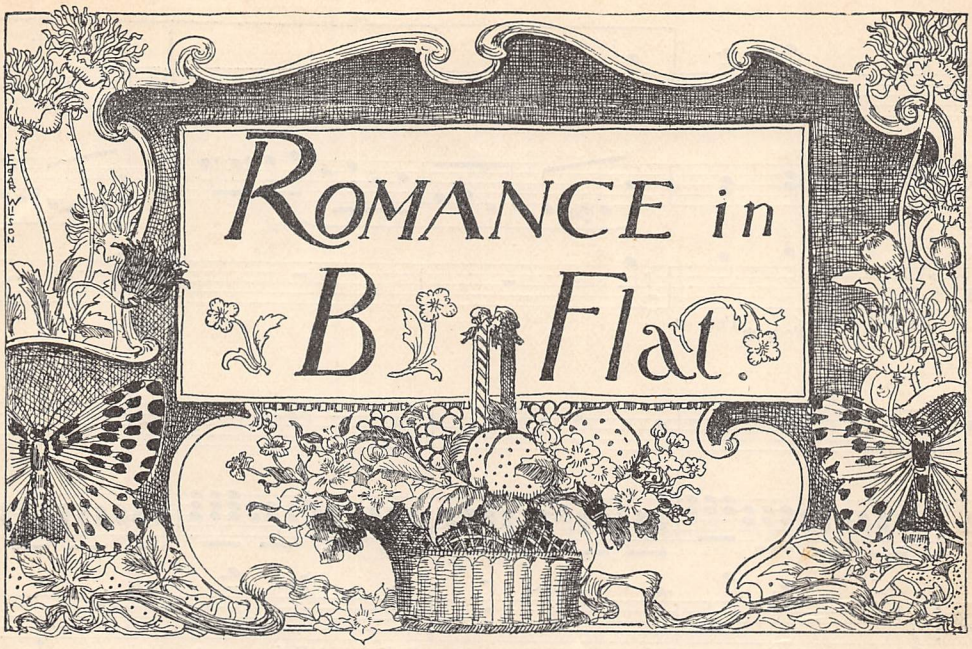
And then he begged her to take time over her answer, said she might have as long as she liked to consider, and he would not trouble her about it in the meantime; but evidently the "meantime" did not begin at once, for he added a good deal of persuasion and observations on his own feelings, till Phyllis rose and turned homewards.

That was a queer walk back! At first Phyllis looked and felt exceedingly shy, but they had not gone far before they had plunged into a violent argument, all because of an innocent remark of Roger's in favour of married life. Phyllis, from a sudden spirit of opposition, had chosen to take the opposite side, and Roger felt his chances getting smaller and smaller, as her arguments in favour of single blessedness grew more numerous.

But for all the vigour of this fight, the victory fell to Roger's share eventually, though Phyllis did not come round to his way of thinking for nearly a week, during which time, she declared, he did not keep his promise to let her alone, but would talk about his speedy departure for India, and the length of time before he could return, in what she was pleased to term "a most heartless manner."

This was one of the exceptional matches which gave satisfaction to everyone, and even Aunt Mary had her one objection removed when she heard that Roger's regiment was ordered home, and was likely to be quartered within easy distance.

Mabel Vaughan says that Phyllis has taken up her new duties with all the vigour which she expended on her former plans for following a profession.



FOR THE VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE.

J. M. BENTLEY, Mus. D.

VIOLIN.

PIANO.

Andante, con moto.

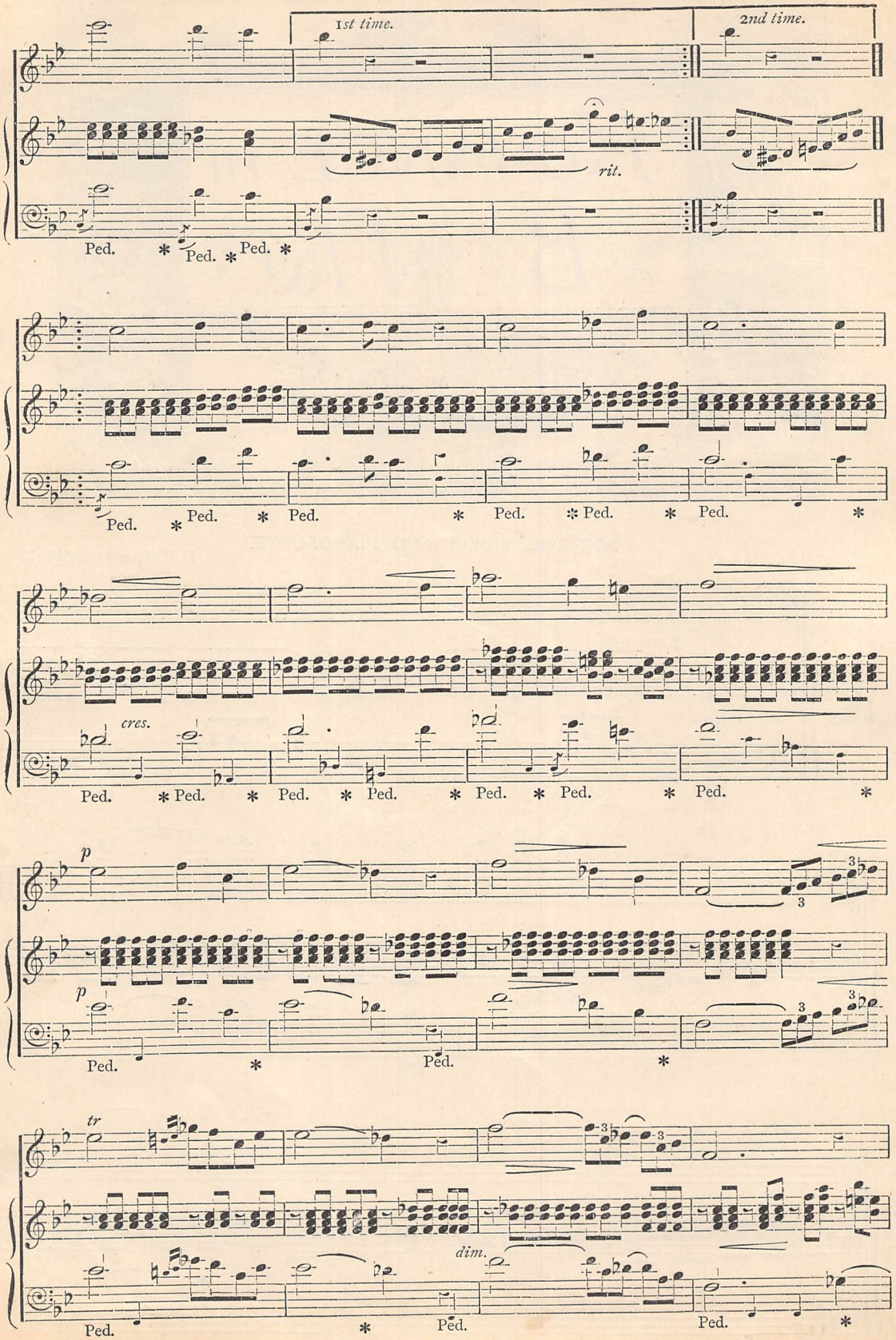
p

ad lib.

legato.

Col Solo.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *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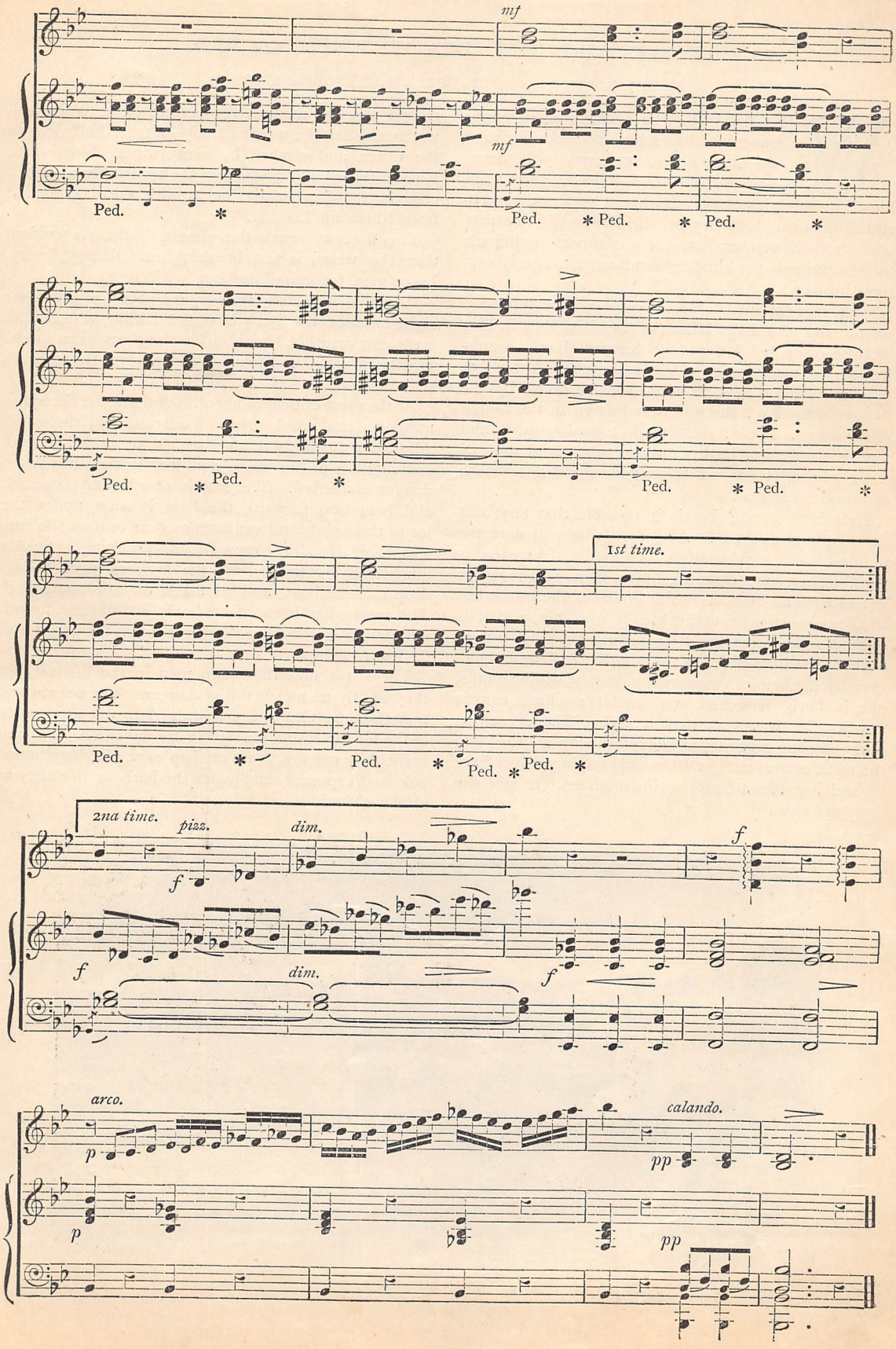
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PEOPLE WHO FACE DEATH: LIFEBOAT MEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE QUEER PASSENGER'S STORY."

WHOOISHT! The rocket mounted into space and the falling points of fire were driven away and scattered by the fierce nor'-nor'-easter. Indeed, the wind blew in such violent squalls that it was not easy to stand upon the Aldeburg beach in the early morning of the 20th November last. It was almost as difficult to peer through the blinding scud out into the storm-tossed waters.

"Ah, there she is!" the cry goes up: for, balanced on the top of a huge billow, a vessel is seen in dire distress driving full upon the Sizewell Bank—water-logged, her masts going, a helpless wreck. A moment only and she is lost to view, sucked down by the hungry sea. No! she was only hidden in the trough of the waves. Look! she is again tossed upwards, and a pitiless force hurries her onward to the fatal shoals.

Help! help! for within an hour she is doomed to certain destruction!

Help is at hand; but is it possible that any boat can live in such a sea? And if so, who will dare the tempest? The question is answered: if a rescue is possible here are eighteen brave men who mean to succeed. The lifeboat is run down to the water, but the heavy surf continually breaks over her, and it is difficult to keep her head to the sea, the huge waves dashing her broadside on the shore. At length, however, by the help of two warps and many willing hands, she is fairly launched, and under swelling canvas breasts the waves in gallant style. The drenching spray sweeps over her, to fall astern with a swash like the rattle of musketry, a "thousand gaping graves" are around her, the attempt seems madness, yet still she struggles onward.

And now the men, as they crowd close to the bulwarks, can see the wreck plainly—a mere hull, deep in the water, and washed by every wave. She is the Russian barque *Venscapen*, of 660 tons burden, with a crew of fourteen hands, laden with firewood, bound from Kotka for London.

The lifeboat nears the shoals, but it is evident that the vessel is fast breaking up. Hurry, hurry, brave men, for in half an hour it will be too late!

Wives, sweethearts, friends, on shore, strain their sight to follow the flying boat, the drifting vessel; it is a race for dear life, Death lurking on the sunken sands Death riding the hurricane, Death in the roaring seas!

At the most critical moment the mizen sheet becomes unhooked and cracks with a loud report in the wind. Alas! for the lifeboat and her gallant crew! But a cool hand is at the helm, and luckily the threatened danger is averted. The sail is caught and fastened, and bounding forward, the boat is soon under the lee of the wreck, and ventures as near to it as she can. Yes, there are all the crew anxiously waiting! Steady now, steady! One by one the fourteen poor fellows drop into the boat, and are taken off safe and sound. The rescue has been effected only just in time, for ten minutes later the vessel is driven upon the banks and dashed to pieces.

There are now thirty-two men in the lifeboat, but they are by no means out of danger. The seas are so mountainous that the coxswain dare not attempt to make for the shore, but steers for Harwich. Fortunately, they meet with no mishap save the lengthened cold and exposure, and enter the harbour in safety at eleven o'clock.

"IT IS A RACE FOR DEAR LIFE."

What say the oldest inhabitants of Aldeburg? Why, that "it was the best service ever rendered here!" And the Committee of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, to mark their approval, unanimously awarded to James Cable, coxswain of the Aldeburg lifeboat, the second service clasp, for the gallant fellow already wore the medal.

Those who know Clacton under its summer holiday aspect only, would have been astonished at the sight presented on the morning of January 4th. A furious wind was raging, and blowing a heavy gale from the south-east, snow fell in fierce squalls, it was bitterly cold, and as to the sea, it was a sight to terrify the boldest.

UNDER THE LEE OF THE WRECK.

The coxswain of the *Albert Edward* lifeboat was anxiously looking out to sea when, at a quarter past eight o'clock, he sighted a vessel in dire distress driving towards the Buxey Sands, and a quarter of an hour later she took the ground. By nine o'clock the lifeboat was launched and steered for the wreck under close-reefed foresail and jib. On nearing her it was seen that she was being rapidly knocked to pieces; the masts had already gone by the board, and each sea, as it made a clean sweep over her, left something less for the next to take. Some of the crew clung to the bulwarks, but most of them to the deck-house, which afforded a slight shelter, although every wave threatened to tear them away.

To hearten them up the crew of the lifeboat gave a cheer, and then bore away to windward, where they let go the anchor. Drifting down, they came to the end of their cable, but, unfortunately, could not get near enough to the vessel. No time was to be lost, and it was hastily decided to lift the anchor and drop again. On attempting to haul in the anchor, it was found to have fouled something on the sand, and it was impossible to move it. Without more ado the cable was promptly cut, and the lifeboat sailed direct for the wreck.

On getting under her lee it was discovered that she could not be reached for the floating tangle of masts and wreckage alongside, which was tumbling about in the heavy seas. So signs were made to the crew to tie something floatable to a rope and fling it over the side for the lifeboat to pick up. Though difficult and dangerous, it was managed, and the line was thrown overboard, but alas! only to foul the wreckage. And now it seemed indeed as if their last hope was gone!

Yet the brave men in the lifeboat did not despair! Once more they sailed to windward, and once more made for the wreck, and this time succeeded in throwing a grappling-iron into the rigging. It held, and then three of the crew with extreme caution crawled out on the mast. A rope was thrown from the lifeboat for them to make fast, but not understanding, the first man clung to the boat without doing so, and just then the grappling loosed hold. The crew managed somehow to drag the man into the boat, and the others crawled back to the vessel, which was now bumping worse than ever, and threatened every moment to break up completely.

There was nothing for it but to sail to windward again, and again drop down on the wreck; and this time a grappling was thrown on board. The crew were now able to haul their boat between the floating wreckage and the vessel, so that the men could jump into it. The captain, however, was so utterly exhausted that he was powerless to help himself. A rope was made fast round his body, and the coxswain was just about to lift him into the boat when a great wave struck her, the coxswain slipped on the icy thwarts and fell between the lifeboat and wreck, receiving as he did so

a terrible blow and cut over the eye, which rendered him insensible. For all that he had fast hold of the line that was round the captain, so they were both dragged with difficulty through the surf into the boat, and only just in time, as the grappling had again parted.

Under close-reefed sails the lifeboat made for Clacton, and had a fearful journey, during which one of the crew was struck a severe blow with the sheet block, which knocked him senseless. At half-past two in the afternoon they reached the pier, covered with ice and half dead with the cold.

In the month of November, 1893, the schooner *Sophia*, of Frederica, manned by a crew of six persons, and laden with a cargo of deals and boards, set sail for Aberdovey.

To leave the Swedish harbour the crew had to cut away the ice that had closed round her, and the rest of that day and the following night she sailed through a blinding snowstorm.

The weather became so bad that she dropped anchor off Ulvosund, and waited patiently as might be for four weeks before she could proceed. Again she encountered head winds and bad weather, and again she had to anchor, this time off Elsinore, where she lay another two weeks. Then the skies cleared, and under favourable conditions she began to cross the North Sea.

But the bad weather pursued her; she was buffeted by fierce squalls of snow and sleet, and, to make matters worse, the captain completely lost his reckoning. Whilst driving about, the sport of the elements, she chanced to sight a lightship. Knowing that danger was near, the biggest anchor was let out, but it would not hold, and the vessel rolled and plunged so fearfully that it was evident that something must be done at once to ease her, or she would founder. By dint of great exertion, for the ice-encrusted rigging flayed the men's hands, the main-mast and foretop-mast were cut away, and then the anchor held.

From six o'clock in the afternoon until midnight the schooner lay off the lightship, and by that time the half-dozen men aboard her were well-nigh exhausted with their terrible sufferings. It was blowing a whole gale from the east-south-east, with snow squalls; the bitter blast seemed to cut them like a knife and froze them through and through. Little shelter could be obtained, for the disabled vessel was swept by every sea, and as the water fell it turned to ice on deck and rigging.

AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

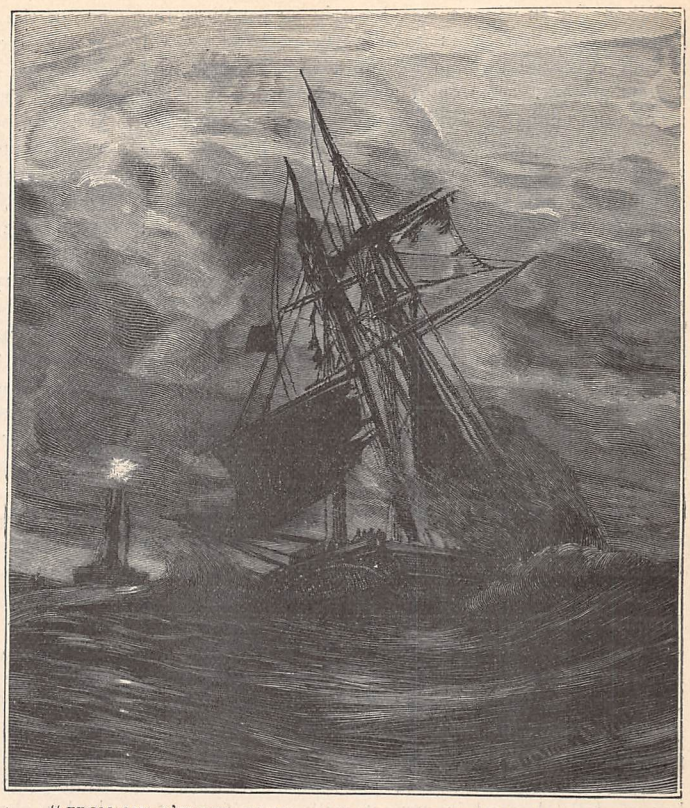
To add to their misfortunes the schooner began to drag her anchor, and then the chain parted, and she drove helplessly before the wind. No other anchor could be let out, as there was no more cable on board. Several steamers were sighted, but they could afford no help in such a sea.

By-and-by land was in view, and shortly after the

schooner struck the beach at Happisburg, near Hasbro. The unfortunate crew made a desperate resolve to try to reach the shore in their little boat. She was launched successfully over the side, two men got into her, and the others were preparing to follow, when it was seen that those on shore were trying to effect their rescue. The men got on board again, and then, in an agony of suspense, waited results. Twice a line was thrown from the rocket apparatus unsuccessfully; the third time it held, but as it was being drawn in it parted, and again the poor perishing men were driven to despair; they could make now no further efforts, for they were half dead and frozen with the awful cold.

If the weather were bad at sea it was equally terrific ashore. At Palling, near Great Yarmouth, the thermometer stood a long way below freezing-point, and the roads were slippery with ice. At 11 o'clock a messenger arrived in hot haste at the station, from Hasbro, with the news that a vessel was ashore at that place, and that their attempts to launch the lifeboat had been futile owing to the terrible seas. Immediately on receipt of the intelligence preparations were made to launch the lifeboat *Good Hope*. This was accomplished after great difficulty, and in half an hour her crew were aboard and she started for the wreck. In the attempt to reach her, sails were used, but the gale being from the east-south-east, the wind was not always favourable, and at times the men had to pull at the oars. This was fearful work, as the spray turned to ice on the oars, and the men's hands became numb and chilled. They were soaked to the skin with the flying spray, and their overalls, coats and hats were soon encased in ice. Still they persevered, and after an hour of terrible suffering reached what was left of the schooner *Sophia*; but it seemed impossible to get near her owing to the mass of floating wreckage—for she was fast breaking up—the extreme cold and the heavy sea. The unfortunate crew were almost powerless to render any assistance, though several desperate attempts were made to get at them. Perseverance was, however, at last crowned with success; the men were rescued, but so exhausted was their condition that it was doubtful if they would ever recover. The lifeboat was an hour and a half in making the shore, for the rescuers, too, had suffered most severely.

A. E. BONSER.



"FROM SIX O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON UNTIL MIDNIGHT THE SCHOONER LAY OFF THE LIGHTSHIP" (*p.* 370).

COMING KINGS AND QUEENS.

ONE of the most interesting figures in Europe at the present time is the little Girl-Queen of Holland, who was born at the Hague on the last day of August, 1880, and is therefore in her fourteenth year. Her father—King William III. of Holland—was a man of sixty-three when his daughter first opened her eyes on this troublesome world; but he lived to see her through the trials of a somewhat delicate infancy, and she was ten years old when he died, on November 23rd, 1890. But it is through her mother that the child-queen appeals to English people; for Queen Emma, as she is familiarly called, is the elder sister of our own Duchess of Albany, having been the second daughter of the Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and married to the King of Holland when she was just one-and-twenty. The Waldeck-Pyrmont princesses were brought up in a very affectionate and domesticated family circle, and lived more quietly than the daughters of most English country gentlemen.

When Queen Emma was brought forward into the "fierce light that beats upon a throne," she proved herself every inch a true woman, a devoted wife, and a good mother. Her child was named after her—her second name being Wilhelmine—and also after her maternal grandmother and two aunts; and the important little heiress to the Dutch throne has had as wholesome a childhood as her mother before her. She has always been a very sensitive and nervous child; but her mother's example of cool, quiet, common sense—which in moments of danger has evinced downright physical pluck—has had a wonderful effect on her, and she is now brisk, alert, clever, and fairly healthy. The Netherlanders showed their confidence in Queen Emma in 1884 by passing a law enacting that in case of the king's death she should act not only as her child's guardian, but as Queen-regent; but as her husband survived till December, 1890, she was not called upon to take the oath until that time.

The young Queen of Holland has a good deal of mental grasp, and her education has had to be rather kept back than pushed on. She has a considerable talent for languages; but it must be remembered that a Royal child, placed as she is, grows up to speak several from babyhood. Dutch is the national speech which she hears and reads everywhere, French is the court language, and German is her mother's native tongue. The gulf between Dutch and English is not a wide one, and is very easily bridged over.

A recent story tells how Queen Emma had a number of dolls dressed in correct military uniforms for her daughter, so that she should learn to distinguish all details by the eye; and how the child asked that these masculine dolls should be provided with feminine companions. But a far more pathetic incident is recorded of the lonely little queen, who told some other children that they were fortunate not to be in her position, because they had playmates, while she had none.

The Crown Prince of Denmark, Prince Christian Frederic William Charles, is the eldest son of King Christian IV. and Queen Louise, who are now well-stricken in years, and have had the pleasure of seeing not only their grandchildren, but several great-grandchildren. The future King of Denmark is the elder brother of our beloved Princess of Wales, and only a year her senior, having been born on June 3rd, 1843. He is Inspector-General of the Danish Army, and Lieutenant-General in that of Sweden and Norway, besides holding honorary positions in the Russian and Prussian armies. He is very much of a soldier, and popular in Denmark, though little known outside it. He married Princesse Louise Josephine Eugenie, the daughter of King Charles XV. of Sweden and Norway, in 1869. They are a most happy and domesticated couple, and have no less than eight children—four sons and four daughters; all of whom look forward to the annual gathering at Fredensborg, and the advent of their cousins, the English and Russian princes and princesses, with great delight. The spirit of good comradeship and family affection shown among the young folks on these occasions makes one of the greenest and pleasantest spots imaginable in the lives of at least three Royal families. The eldest son of the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark is Prince Christian Charles Frederic Alexander William, born at Charlottenlund in September, 1870, and a lieutenant in the *Gardes-du-corps*. He is somewhat retiring, but it may generally be said of the Danish royalties that they are nothing if not modest, and Dame Fortune has always laid a restraining hand on them.

The very name of Bernadotte, the patronymic of the Royal family of Sweden and Norway, opens up the remembrance of one of the most remarkable romances of the nineteenth century. About 1808 Sweden found herself menaced by Russia on the one hand, and by Denmark on the other. She asked the Duke of Gloucester to become king, but the British Government respectfully declined the honour. She then applied to Napoleon, who declared that his honour was pledged equally to Russia and Denmark. Gustavus IV. saw his position to be untenable, and apparently was not sorry to retire; whereupon he and his race were formally deposed, and his uncle was made king, under the title of Charles XIII., who immediately made peace with Russia, and tried to place himself under the protection of France. A Danish prince, the son of the Duke of Holstein Augustenburg, was recognised as his successor; but while negotiations were pending for his marriage with a lady of the Bonaparte family, he died, and the States of Sweden had to choose their future ruler. General Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's cleverest and most distinguished officers, then commanding the French army on the Baltic, had a year or two before won the grateful affection of many of the best families in Sweden by his kindness to a batch of Swedish prisoners taken in the Polish War of 1807. Ten out of twelve men forming the committee appointed by the Swedish Diet voted for Bernadotte; Charles XIII. adopted him as his son; and Napoleon not only approved, but sent his friend a million of francs for immediate expenses.

Charles John Bernadotte was a Frenchman to his finger-tips, the son of a lawyer at Pau, and first entered the army as a private soldier. He rose rapidly, and became acquainted with courts as well as camps, since he was made Ambassador at Vienna, and married Mlle. Clary, the daughter of a Marseilles merchant. Their son—Oscar I.—married Josephine de Beauharnais, Princesse de Leuchtenberg, and their grandson Oscar II. married Princesse Sophie of Nassau in 1857. The eldest of their four sons is the present Crown Prince Oscar Gustave Adolphe, Duke of Vermeland, who was born at the old historic castle of Drottningholm in 1858.

In 1881 he was married to Princess Sophie Marie Victoria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden, and of Princess Louise of Prussia, the only daughter of the late Emperor William, and sister of the late Emperor Frederick, one of the most accomplished women of the day. They have three little boys, who respectively bear the titles of Duke of Scaine, Duke of Sudermanie, and Duke of Westmanland.

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COMING KINGS
AND QUEENS
AND
THEIR ROYAL
RELATIVES.

4

5

6

1, THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND. 2 AND 3, THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.
4, 5, AND 6, THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF DENMARK AND THEIR SON.

The Crown Princess of Sweden is decidedly delicate, and the Swedish climate, lovely as it is in summer, is too much for her during the winter months. She frequently goes to the South of Europe during the cold season, and has spent the present winter in Algiers, where the dry air of the Sahara suits her admirably. Her husband is much engrossed with his military duties, and the King of Sweden is before all things a man of letters and culture. His second son, Prince Oscar, who is a sailor, formally resigned the designation of Royal Highness in 1888, and renounced all rights to the succession when he married Fraulein Ebba Munck de Fulkila, the daughter of a distinguished Swedish officer, who accompanied the Queen of Sweden to Bournemouth during the winter of 1887-88. It was quite a love match; and when there are so many sons in a family as in that of Sweden, one at least may be allowed to drop out and enjoy the sweets of private life.

MARGARET'S WAY.

By ANNIE E. WICKHAM, Author of "Two Women," etc.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

A TELEGRAM to Geoffrey brought him to the Lesters' house in the late afternoon.

"What have you done to her?" he demanded of weeping Mrs. Lester, Mary, and Jemima.

The three women were in the little hall to receive him.

He was limping painfully.

"I gave her into your charge, madam. You are answerable for her safety," he said, his eyes upon Mrs. Lester. "Has she come back?"

"No, sir," said Jemima timidly.

"Stop crying. Where is there a chair? My confounded ankle——"

He staggered, and leant his weight on the frail hall table.

Mary caught his arm; she and Jemima helped him into the drawing-room.

"Now tell me everything," he commanded. "Be quick; there is no time to be lost. When did she go? Why did she go?"

"It was not my fault, Mr. Fenham: I have been as kind to the girl as if she were my own daughter, and——"

"Will you tell me when she left your house, madam?" he thundered.

"She was gone when I went into her room this morning. Her bed had not been slept in——"

"She went last night?"

"No, no; she must have gone this morning. I should have heard her if she had gone last night. I could not sleep, and no one can pass my door without my hearing when I'm awake. She must have slipped out of the house this morning before Jemima was down."

Geoffrey drew a long breath of relief.

"Did she leave no message? Had you quarrelled? Why did she go?"

"She left a few words on a half-sheet of paper."

"Let me see them."

Mrs. Lester and Mary glanced at one another.

"Here is the paper," the latter said.

"What does she mean? Given up her lodgings?"

"It was my poor Nell's fault," said Mrs. Lester. "She told her you were sending us something to help us give her the comforts she was accustomed to, and Margaret flew into a rage and left the room. Nell is much worried and deeply regrets——"

"I had told you to keep the transaction to yourself. The mischief's done. You have no idea where she would go—no clue?"

"Perhaps she might return to Fen Court."

"Not likely."

"She would not go there," said Mary decidedly. "I am dreadfully sorry about it all. She said we'd all been deceiving her: and so we have; and where has she gone? What will she do? She told me she'd never travelled alone. Oh dear! Oh dear!"

Mary broke into a helpless fit of sobbing.

Geoffrey gnawed his forefinger, his frowning face turned to the window.

"I must go to the police-station. Call the cabman to help me into the cab. Have you done anything all this day?"

"Ben has been making inquiries and telegraphing. Ah! here he comes; perhaps he has brought news."

A second hansom drew up at the door. Mr. Waller descended, his face composed to a suitable gravity.

"One of the porters at New Street Station thinks he saw her getting into a train for the North, but he ain't sure. How's the foot, Fenham? Bad news this about Miss Margaret; but she can't go far: that's one comfort. She hadn't the money—only about thirty shillings, Mary tells me. I've been to the police and given a description, and had an advertisement put in the papers."

"Did she take any luggage?"

"Nothing but a hand-bag. Her being in black is against her being noticed; but, on the other hand, she's a fine-looking girl, and carries herself with an air."

"Describe what she was wearing. I will telegraph to London for detectives."

Mary gave a description of the hat, jacket, and dress Margaret wore, and the time of her leaving—the hour was fixed between five o'clock and nine o'clock in the morning.

"I did not go to sleep until five, and Jemima was down at nine. She must have gone between those hours," said Mary.

Geoffrey wrote down the information in his pocket-book.

"We'll soon find her," said Mr. Waller hopefully; "she can't have gone far. 'Tis bad luck for you to go off hunting for a lost cousin just when you've got engaged."

"Engaged!"

"Have I spoken too soon? Put my foot into it, as usual. I heard you were engaged to Miss Seymour."

"Who told you that piece of nonsense?"

"It's common talk in your parts, and yesterday I heard from a friend (a good customer he is, too) that it was a settled thing, and publicly announced. Ain't it true, then?"

"No. Had you heard this tale?" he asked Mary.

"Yes."

"And told it to Margaret. Does she believe it?"

"There seemed no doubt, and—and——"

"You might have known better. Give me your arm, Waller. You can contradict any story of my being engaged to Miss Seymour. She and I are very good friends, that is all."

He limped out of the house on Mr. Waller's arm.

"Get into the hansom and come with me. You can make inquiries at the stations and send telegrams for me. My ankle is a horrible nuisance. Tell the driver to hurry along."

Mr. Waller had been searching for Margaret since eleven o'clock that morning. He had given himself no time for a meal, and he felt that he might legitimately have claimed a half-hour with his *fiancée*. But Geoffrey's curt, authoritative tone awed the younger man, and, as he afterwards said to Mary—

"I saw what a state of mind he was in. To move was just agony to him. How he went on like he did beats me. He got in and out of that hansom, and limped about the stations and sent telegrams until I was dead-beat with two whole legs—what he must have been! He didn't care what he spent. Some of the cabbies must have made fortunes, I can tell you. I couldn't help feeling sorry for the poor chap! He was leaning forward out of the hansom, not saying a word, but staring at every woman we met, to make sure 'twasn't Miss Margaret. We should have been driving about Birmingham still, I believe, if I hadn't struck. Getting on for twelve, Mary, and I hadn't had a bite or sup since eleven that morning. I said it was no use looking for her in Brum—she'd have gone by train somewhere. One of the porters gave a pretty good description of her: the one who said she got into the train for Leeds. Fenham agreed with me, and we drove to his hotel; and 'twas lucky we did: for no sooner had he got out of the cab than down he went in a dead faint; and no wonder, the doctor said. How he'd borne the pain at all was a marvel. His ankle's worse than ever it was."

No trace of Margaret beyond the porter's description of a lady travelling North rewarded that evening's search.

A clever detective took up the hunt the following day. On the fourth day he owned that he was baffled.

"She didn't go North," he said to Geoffrey: "no young lady got out of the train at Leeds. That's a made-up story of the porter's. The guard of the London train says there was a young lady answering to the description in his train, but she was with a party of girls: four of them, he says. I suppose she didn't know anyone she might have gone with?"

"No one."

"The guard says they were together, four of them. They were having lunch together, and he noticed them particularly, because one of the girls chaffed him when he came for tickets."

"Miss Lester would not be with them," said Geoffrey decidedly.

"I can't get a clue. You see, her being in black and having no luggage made it easy for her to pass in a crowd. And yet you say she would be noticed, sir—that she was a striking-looking young lady?"

"Yes."

"You're sure she had no friends she could have joined?"

"Positive."

"She's not in Birmingham, I'll swear to that! London is the most likely place for her to have gone to. It's the best place to get lost in. Don't be down-hearted, sir; we'll find her, if she is living. I'll go up to town to-night; it is of no use my staying here."

In spite of doctor's advice and Ben Waller's prognostications that he would lame himself for life, Geoffrey accompanied the detective to London. To remain inactive was impossible. Better to bear the shaking of the railway-carriage than to lie with bandaged foot upon a couch, dreaming of all the horrible things that might happen to Margaret. At least he was doing something when he travelled from one place to another, when he scoured the town in a hansom, when he telegraphed to Mrs. Jones, Miss Seymour, and the hotels where he discovered his father and Margaret had stayed in their few wanderings. He refused to pause in the search. The less time for thinking, the better. He closed his lips before the doctor's remonstrances, and started that night for London.

But, as the detective said, the Great Town is the best place in which to hide or to be lost.

"You say she had only a few shillings with her?"

"She had less than two pounds."

"Had she any jewellery she could sell?"

"She had a pearl necklace: that was the only piece of jewellery she took with her, and she would not part with that unless she were starving. It belonged to her mother."

"She would be pretty nearly starving by now," said the detective cheerfully. "We will keep a watch on the pawnbrokers' and jewellers'. Should you know the necklace, sir?"

"Yes; it was an old one, and valuable."

"Ankle worse, sir?"

Geoffrey had winced at the recollection of when he had last seen that necklace. It was round her firm white throat the Saturday night before that drive into the country. She had taken the pearls off to show to him; she had blushed when he whispered in her ear as he handed them back. She had believed the story of his engagement to Miss Seymour! How could she have done so, after what had passed between them?

"I thought she understood," said Geoffrey to himself; "I should have spoken that Sunday. Yet she should have had more faith in me than to believe that story of my engagement to Miss Seymour. What can have become of her? Where can she have gone?"

He asked that question many times in the following weeks. He could neither eat nor sleep, and he would not rest. Mr. Waller came up to see him a fortnight after the search had been removed to London.

"He's going to be ill," thought Ben; "anyone can see that."

"Any news of her?" he said aloud.

"None. Sometimes I doubt whether she can be in London. Nearly three weeks now, and not a trace of her! Three weeks, and a girl like that alone in London, perhaps without a penny!"

He got up from his chair, and dragged himself painfully across the room.

"Your ankle's no better, I see?"

"Worse."

"Why don't you lay up? You're doing no good tearing about the country, and——"

"If I only knew where she was. It is this uncertainty—— Ah! here is a telegram; there may be news."

He opened it eagerly, but threw it on the floor impatiently when he had read it.

"Only from Mrs. Jones, to say she has not heard from her. I thought Margaret might write to her, so she has directions to telegraph to me after every post."

"You are looking ill," said Mr. Waller, after a pause. "You'd better go home and rest."

"That will not be until I have found her."

"It was of no use begging him to rest," said Mr. Waller afterwards. "Besides, you can't deceive me; I saw he was on the brink of an illness that would make him lie up, whether he meant to or not. He was haggard and flushed, and 'twas all he could do to keep from groaning with pain. I took it all in, I can tell you, and before night he was down in a fever. I telegraphed to Mrs. Jones—a bustling, weeping, old party she was—and put her in charge, and the doctor got two nurses. Oh, he's well enough looked after, you may be sure of that. He won't want for anything, as he's got the money to pay. I've promised him to keep up the search for Miss Margaret; it quieted the poor fellow, my promise. My word, Mary: I'm thinking it's getting an uncommonly serious matter about the girl. It's of no use crying, but——" Ben shook his head gloomily. "I'll tell you what," he continued, "I've an idea. These detectives have such belief in

"'WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HER?'" (*p.* 374).

themselves, but I'm thinking they're a set of asses. Why should they take it into their heads that she's in London? She may be anywhere else in the world, for all they know. Why! she mayn't have left Birmingham. They've advertised in all the London papers, and offered a big reward. I'll tell you what: I'll do the same in the Birmingham ones. Oh! finances are all right; Fenham'll see me through. I'll describe the pearl necklace, too. She hadn't anything else—any brooch or bracelet I could mention?"

Mary could remember nothing but the pearl necklace.

"Well, that's something! I'll have that put in. How's Nell?"

"Worse, much worse! She's in an agony of pain. Everything has gone wrong with us since we took that money for Margaret. I wish we hadn't; oh dear! I wish we hadn't."

"Pooh, Mary! don't be foolish! It was a very sensible arrangement; you could not have afforded to keep her for nothing. As for Nell's illness, Doctor Tallin says that he has been expecting it for months: that only your good nursing has staved it off."

Ben did not add that the doctor had said it was the beginning of the end.

"And a good thing, too!" he said to himself, with nineteenth-century hard clearness of phrase. "No one could have stood her temper much longer. Mary will be free when the poor thing's out of her misery."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

MEANWHILE, where was Margaret? She had fled to her bedroom after the scene with the Lesters like a wounded creature, wishing to die alone.

"Deceived! tricked! I have been living on his money all the time! He thought he might do or say what he pleased to a girl living on his bounty." A sense of justice made her pause. "No, I did not mean that. He thinks I am only a child. But they have deceived me; I can never trust them again. How they must have laughed between themselves when I thanked them for their kindness, or said that I would never live on his money. How my head whirls! What am I to do? Has he told Enid that he is paying them for my living? Oh!"

She seized her bag and pushed some clothes in.

"I cannot stay here an hour longer, not one hour." She drew aside the blind, and looked into the street. "How dark it is! I must wait until the morning; I cannot go until daylight. What am I to do? Thirty-five shillings: that is enough to take me to London. Even this belongs to him." She looked at the money in the purse he had restored to her. "But I must use it to get away. How could they deceive me so? Enid will laugh over the story. When I was so confident I would not take his money, so sure of myself!"

She laughed aloud, a hard little laugh.

"Nell tricked me the best; she has got more out of me than Mary and her mother. Most of my ornaments have gone to her, and I thought I was paying them: doing something in return for their kindness. They would not have had me to live with them if Geoffrey had not arranged it all. I was just a puppet, for them to pull about as they pleased. But they shall not have the chance again. This time they shall lose sight of me altogether."

She sat in an arm-chair, and waited through the weary night for morning. Her eyes widely opened, her lips muttering disjointed sentences, she stared at the lowered gas-light, and crouched in the chair, every nerve in her body tensely strung.

Towards sunrise her limbs relaxed, her eyes closed; for ten minutes she dozed. Awakening with the feeling of something horrible having happened, she sprang to her feet. The garish gas-light showed the quiet little room, the small white bed, the limp-hanging muslin curtains, the toilet-table, with Margaret's array of ivory and silver. Wonder that she was not in bed was succeeded in a flash by the memory of why she waited for morning light. She shivered with the chill of the morning hours. A faint white light shone through the blinds, making the gas burn yellow and dim. Sunrise was not distant. The chill and low vitality of the small hours quenched her passion.

Another mood succeeded the hot, wild-tempered one of the night. Tears rained down her face; to prevent her sobs being heard by Mary and Nell in the next room, she buried her face in the cushions of the chair. She shook from head to foot, her small hands clenched on the chair-arms, her face rasped with the rough coarse covering.

"I must stop! I will stop!" she said to herself. "I shall be worn-out, and I have so much to do. It is daylight; I can finish packing my few things, and then I will go."

She dragged up the blind. A grey day and a misty rain blowing up the street were not an alluring sight. The dismal weather was an added trouble to her misery; yet sunshine she would have felt a mockery.

She pushed what she could into her hand-bag; among other things, a pearl necklace. It was the one piece of jewellery she took.

"Nell is welcome to the rest. But this was my mother's; she shall not have this," she said, with a bitter smile.

Morning was fully come. Dull, damp, grey; if anything could have awakened Margaret to her madness, it would have been the look of the wet misty streets in the prosaic morning light.

But Margaret never hesitated for a second in her determination to shake the dust of the Lesters' house off her feet. From the moment of hearing the terms under which she was resident in Mrs. Lester's house, no other course had seemed possible to the headstrong girl. At any time the discovery would have mortified her; coming, as it did, on the news of Geoffrey's engagement to Enid Seymour, it drove her nearly frantic. She neither reasoned nor thought. What she should do when her few shillings were exhausted, how she was to earn her living, where she was to find a home, did not come within the scope of her

mind's vision. She could only see as far as leaving the Lesters' doorstep.

It was striking eight o'clock when she walked downstairs. She disdained to tread lightly; she was leaving the house; they could not detain her, they were not her guardians. But her heart beat quickly when she passed Mary's door, and a feeling of relief came over her when the hall door closed behind her, and she was in the street.

Where now? The world was before her. With thirty-five shillings in her pocket, in the rain, Margaret stood and determined what was to become of her. There seemed to be but one thing possible: the train and London. Work *must* be found in London; everyone went to London, and Margaret must go there too.

She walked to New Street Station. A stream of traffic was passing down Broad Street, the omnibuses had begun to run. But Margaret was too shy to stop one. Carrying her heavy bag, she trudged the distance, choosing the quieter side of the street, and hurrying as if in fear of pursuit. Flushed, breathless, she arrived at the station. Luckily, she chanced upon the right ticket-office, and a civil porter directed her to the platform for the London train.

Three girls were alone in one compartment, and Margaret got into the same carriage. She watched the platform, expecting every moment to see Mary's anxious face searching for her. But no Mary came, the train started, and Margaret was upon the wide world, free at last.

The three girls were chattering merrily. At first Margaret did not listen, her own thoughts were too engrossing; but after a while she could not help noticing that one of the three was staring at her. When she caught Margaret's eye she smiled, and held out a box of chocolates.

"Have one?"

"No, thank you."

Margaret declined shyly.

The girl left her seat, and took the corner opposite Margaret.

"Where are you going?"

"London."

"So are we. At least, my friend," nodding to one of the other girls, "is. This young lady isn't going as far. I'm a typewriter; my friend's in the post-office."

"Oh!" said Margaret.

She had not the vaguest idea what a typewriter was, and she did not know that girls were employed in post-offices.

"I'm learning shorthand, too. You get capital pay for reporting."

"Do you?" said Margaret eagerly. "Does it take long to learn?"

"Months. But I'm quick; I shall soon pick it up. Won't you have a chocolate? They're good ones. I'm awfully fond of chocolates."

She was a girl with a bright, keen, dark face. Eyes, lips, and every feature seemed to speak. A little toque sat rakishly on her black curls, a daring red feather stuck in the side.

"I like your look," she continued, after a few more questions and answers. "What is your name? Mine's Polly Smith. Ordinary name, isn't it? My friend's called Ethel Watkin, and this young lady's Miss Davies; did you say your name was Davies?" to the third girl.

That was her name. Polly's bright black eyes turned again upon Margaret.

"Now you know us all, and what we are. Ethel and I have been for a week's holiday in Wales, and I had relations in Birmingham, so we've been spending a day or two there before we settle down to work again. It's a dirty place, Birmingham. London's the city for me!"

Polly Smith rattled on.

"Is it difficult to find work there?" asked Margaret during a pause in her torrent of words.

"Difficult? I should think so! Like searching for a needle in a bundle of hay. What can you do? Anything special? Cooking? That's a good thing; one of my friends makes a hundred and twenty a year by it. Another——"

"I am afraid I can do nothing."

"That's bad. Have you any money of your own? What are your people? Where have you lived?"

"My father and mother are dead. I have been living with a cousin, but she cannot keep me without being paid, and I have no money."

"Where are you going in London?"

"I—I—to an hotel, I suppose."

"But that's fearfully expensive. Haven't your people seen about lodgings for you? Haven't you any friends?"

"No; I will starve rather than return."

"Starving is uncomfortable work," said Polly. "You'd better go back to your people. By the bye, I'm starving; let's have lunch."

Margaret was made to join in the meal of tarts, cakes, and fruit. Polly Smith would not take "No" for an answer; and, to tell the truth, Margaret was sorely in need of food.

"I'm a queer card!" said Polly. "I'm called the fool of our club."

"Club! Do girls have clubs?"

"Rather! Most of us live at our club. I don't—it's too expensive for me. I have a bedroom out, and drop in there for my meals. You *are* green! Why, you can't know anything about the world. Your people must be mad to let you start out by yourself. But I suppose you've some money?"

"A little."

Margaret was ashamed to own how little.

Miss Watkin and Miss Davies were reading penny papers; they left Polly Smith and her new friend to their talk.

"It's Polly's way," Miss Watkin whispered to Miss Davies: "she's alway's picking up new chums. If she likes a face, she'd make up to it if she died for it."

Margaret, for her part, was fascinated by the vivacity and outspokenness of Polly. Her knowledge

"MARGARET DECLINED SHYLY" (*p.* 378).

of the world awed our runaway; her friendliness and lack of self-consciousness completed the charm. She was unlike any girl Margaret had met before in her life—this type of bread-earning, hard-working, lower-middle-class girl.

"I've made my own living for four years; I began when I was nineteen. My father died without a penny, and I had just to get on as best I could. An aunt let me have enough to scrape along on until I had learnt typewriting, but that's no use now. It's so easy to learn; every week I make less. Shorthand is the thing to go in for. You take up that."

"Do you like being alone?"

"I'm never alone. I've heaps of friends. You will like the life, after a while. If you're making a good bit, you can have a jolly time. I'll tell you what: I've an idea! Suppose you share my bedroom? The girl who had it with me has been moved to another part of London. She teaches cooking at the Board schools, and she's had to go to other lodgings, to be near her school. You might take her bed if you would pay me five shillings a week for it. It would just suit me," said Polly frankly. "I'm hard up: that's the truth; and I can hardly afford to pay for the room even with someone to share it. I don't see how you can go to an hotel alone, and you won't find anything cheaper. You'd better accept the offer."

"You think I shall soon find work?"

Polly was doubtful.

"But you'd better come with me, anyway. I'll look after you, and put you in the way of earning something. You've never told me your name?"

Margaret hesitated to answer. Remembrance of Mr. Fenham's disgust and contempt for women who earned their living flashed across her memory. Here was she, Margaret Lester, stepping down a stage lower on the social ladder than even the Lesters. No, she would not be Margaret Lester. There should no longer be a Margaret Lester; someone quite different should take her place—a girl who associated with Polly Smiths and their friends: who paid five shillings a week for a bedroom which she shared with another girl.

"Millicent Lyall," she said, after that momentary pause.

She blushed when she said the false name. But the train was drawing up at a station; Polly's head was out of the window, watching the persons on the platform; her confusion passed unnoticed. The casual acquaintance, Miss Davies, left them at this station, after kisses and promises to write had passed between her and the two Londoners.

"I didn't fancy that girl much," said Polly, putting her hat straight after the vehement embraces. "I shan't write to her. What is your name? Millicent Lyall. What a pretty name! Like a novel! There's

a great deal in a name, I think. Ethel, I've found someone to share my bedroom. At least, I suppose you will, Millicent?"

"Yes. It is very kind of you."

"Kind! not a bit of it. Sharing the expense is what I think of. You must have an eye to the main chance, or you will never get on in this world, I can tell you. You can go to our club for your meals. Charges are moderate, and dinner is pretty good. Here we are. What luggage have you?"

"Only this bag."

"We've only things we can carry ourselves, so we'll go on a 'bus. We've been on a walking tour—that is why we have so little. Come along."

The three girls mounted to the top of an omnibus.

"There's no place like London," said Polly, with a contented sigh. "I don't care a bit for mountains, or rocks, or waterfalls. Give me a street with plenty of passers, shops and carriages, and pretty dresses. The roar of London's a hundred times better than the sea, and watching the people is a hundred times more exciting than climbing an old mountain. You've never asked where my room is? You are an innocent! It's a good thing I've taken you in charge; I don't know what you would have done alone."

"Where is your room?"

"Up Chelsea way. It's a distance, but it's cheap, and it is not a long walk to the club. You can go there to dinner at six, if you like."

"Are you going?"

"No—I've spent all my money. I've only enough to keep me until next Saturday—pay-day. I shall make myself a cup of tea and have a bit of cake or bread and butter. I can't afford a dinner at the club."

"I do not think I will go alone. I would rather stay with you."

"Then you'd better buy yourself something to eat. I'm afraid I haven't enough for the two. We'll get down when Ethel does; she doesn't come our way, and I'll take you to the shop where I get my things. I dare say you would like something more substantial than cake. Their ham is good; buy half-a-pound, and bring it with you. It'll give a relish to your tea. Ethel gets down here."

Miss Watkin hailed another omnibus, and departed towards the City.

"She has a good salary," said Polly, "and her sister makes a splendid sum cooking. They have a sitting-room and bedroom, and go about a lot. I shall join them when I've learnt shorthand. Chelsea's out of the way of things. This is the shop I told you of."

"What shall I buy?"

"What a helpless innocent you are! Get a roll and half-a-pound of ham, and a tart, or a cake, for pudding."

"Will half-a-pound of ham be enough for both of us?"

"Are you going to treat me? That is jolly kind of you! Buy a pound, then."

The ham looked tempting before it was cut and wrapped in paper. Margaret thought that slices of ham would not be very appetising out of greasy wrappings, but she said nothing. Polly accepted it so much as a matter of course that she did not like to acknowledge her squeamishness.

"Spend this," said Margaret, giving her two shillings; "you know what to buy."

Polly spent the money to the best advantage. Their purchases made quite an imposing array upon the counter. Quantity, not quality, was Polly's motto.

A long omnibus ride took them past the Park.

"We must walk a little way," said Polly.

Laden with parcels (one paper bag broke, and six halfpenny buns fell upon the pavement, to the delight of some ragged children), the two girls made their way down a side street. It was one of those streets filled with small shops, children, and gossiping women: a street where the sweep and the man who mends umbrellas live and placard their callings. Polly nodded to a shoemaker cobbling a boot, and exchanged a few words with a woman seated in a chair exposed for sale in a furniture shop.

"I know nearly all the people in the street," she said. "That was a nice old soul I spoke to then. She invites me in to tea sometimes. She is the rich woman of the street: Scotch and thrifty, you know. My room is in this house."

A tidy-looking woman answered the door. She greeted Polly warmly, and accepted Polly's new friend with equanimity.

"Your room is ready for you, Miss Smith, and I'll make up the second bed at once. Do you want a cup of tea?"

"Yes, bring up a jug of water, and send Minnie to buy a pennyworth of milk, there's a good soul. That's all we shall want."

Polly led the way up the narrow stairs to a moderate-sized double-bedded room, looking into the street.

"This is the cupboard where I keep my things. I can lock up my tea, you see. Mrs. Vokes is pretty honest, but she doesn't mind taking a pinch of tea when she gets the chance. I've a small spirit-lamp and a kettle; everything handy. Just put a light to the methylated spirits, and in five minutes I can have a cup of tea. There is only one plate, I am afraid. You take that, and I'll use my saucer. I think there are two knives and two forks; they don't match, but you won't mind. Thank you, Minnie," as she opened the door, in answer to a knock; "you have been quick. It hardly looks a pennyworth of milk; you haven't helped yourself, have you?" tilting up the small jug, and examining the contents. "All right; I believe you."

"It is not a pennyworth, all the same," she remarked when the child was gone.

Margaret sat upon one of the two chairs in the room, and watched the preparations for the tea-dinner or dinner-tea. Her offers to help were refused. Polly's nimble fingers placed the ham upon a plate, laid the knives and forks upon a small table, from which a variety of odds and ends was pushed to make room, and shook the tea into an earthenware teapot.

"The water is boiling. Draw your chair up to the table, and we will begin. It was kind of you to buy this ham for me, real kind! it *is* good! You can't eat more than that? Why, what a poor appetite you have! Drink your tea; you will be able to eat then."

After some mouthfuls eaten to please Polly, Margaret's appetite was satisfied. She watched Polly eat her ham from one side of the saucer, and her cake from the same saucer turned upside down.

The meal ended, the cups, saucers, and plates were washed in the wash-hand basin, wiped with a not particularly clean duster, and, with the remains of the feast, locked away in Polly's cupboard.

"I'll take you to the club now, and introduce you to some of the girls. There ought to be some letters for me waiting there. I'll put on another dress, and do my hair, and then I shall be ready."

One small trunkful of clothes was Polly's modest wardrobe. She brought out a smarter dress than the one she was wearing, curled her hair, tied on a veil, and declared herself ready for the club.

"THE MEMORY OF THOSE FOUR UNSUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES SAT HEAVILY UPON HER MIND" (*p.* 383).

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

FIVE o'clock was striking when they entered the room which served for the common sitting-room.

The club was a home for girls who could not afford to pay for good lodgings, or who preferred to live with others. Each girl could have a cubicle to herself, and the use of the common sitting-room for a small sum a week. Meals were provided for those who wished, or the girls might board themselves.

Polly and Margaret were early. The majority of the girls had not returned from their various employments as clerks, governesses, teachers of cooking, typewriters, and the hundred and one things women do to earn their daily bread.

The sitting-room, or hall, as it was called, was occupied by three girls: one moodily working, one reading a fashion paper, and one chattering to two young men in the farthest window.

The working one ran forward and kissed Polly.

"What is the matter with you, Betty? You look dumpy."

"I've lost my situation at the Board school, and I

can't hear of another. There are such heaps of girls going in for cooking. I am afraid I shall have to fall back on mother to help me; and I know she can hardly get on as it is, with the boys to educate."

Polly listened to a long story of poverty, and sympathised with poor Betty.

"The Carrington girl is flirting as hard as ever, I see. That's Elsie Carrington with those men in the window, Millicent. This is my friend, Millicent Lyall—Betty Carton; she's sharing my room with me. She wants to find something to do."

Betty Carton looked at Margaret with gloomy eyes.

"I hope you are not one of those rich girls who won't live at home, and come and take the bread out of the mouths of us poor ones. You look well off."

"Come, come, Betty, don't be nasty; Millicent isn't one of those sort of girls. How Elsie Carrington is going on! Who is the girl reading, Betty?"

"Cartwright, I think her name is. They say her people have a lot of money, but she won't live at home, and has come to make her living. She is trying for that clerkship that Amy Winter is trying for; and most likely she will get it. She has influence. Oh! it is a shame that girls like that don't stay at home."

"Never mind; they soon find that independence is not so sweet as they thought it. You stay here and amuse Millicent, while I go and ask the porter if there are any letters for me."

Miss Betty Carton passed the time with gloomy accounts of the overcrowding of the labour market, of the difficulty of finding work, of the hardness of life.

Before Polly had read half the letters which waited for her, the large room began to fill with women and girls.

The greater part of them knew Polly; she was surrounded. Invitations to tea for her and her friend poured upon her. She accepted one; Polly could always drink tea.

It was past seven when she and Margaret walked back to their lodgings.

"I must do some mending before we go to bed. You must tell me all about yourself, and what you think of doing whilst I work."

Polly lighted the lamp, and sat down upon her bed to sew.

"May I help you? I cannot work very well; but if you will show me what to do, I will try."

"I can accommodate you," said Polly.

Margaret sat by her side. They stitched at a red blouse for Polly to wear in the winter.

Few pictures hung on the walls. Two beds, a common deal dressing-table and wash-hand-stand, two chairs, and a small round table comprised the furniture. Polly's trunk leant against the wall, and Margaret's bag stood by her bed. Two strips of carpet were placed by each bedside; the rest of the floor was bare. A small looking-glass hung on the wall, and a shelf was roughly nailed below the glass; this was the dressing-table. There were no curtains to the window.

"Now then, begin your story," said Polly.

Margaret began. She owned that her name was not Millicent Lyall, and, beginning from Mr. Fenham's death, she told everything.

"Mr. Fenham brought you up as his heiress; you quarrelled with him; he left his money to his son, who wanted to provide for you; you would not let him, but went to live with some of your father's people; and when you found out he was paying them for your living, you ran away. I don't see your motive, and I think you're a stupid. I wish I had someone who wanted to provide for me. Wouldn't I let him, just!"

"You do not understand," said Margaret sullenly.

"No, I don't; and I don't want to. I think you ought to write to your people, and let them know where you are."

"I will not. You can do so, if you please. I have told you everything—you can write. But I will leave you the moment you do; and I will never return to the Lesters."

"I shan't tell, you may be sure. Polly Smith can be trusted, as any of my friends will tell you. You have only twenty shillings left. What shall you do when that is gone?"

"I can work."

"If there is work to be found. Well, you can stay on here until your money is gone, and then you will have to return to your people. Now we'll go to bed."

Polly's quick brain understood what had been left untold. The girls crept into bed; the light was turned out. They lay silent in the darkness, busy with their thoughts. The roar of London sounded in the distance; in the street below, voices of men and women sounded shrill and raucous against that dull roar.

"Did you say Geoffrey Fenham was engaged?" said Polly suddenly.

"Yes."

"Ah!" clever Polly ejaculated.

Work began for Polly the following day. After a light breakfast of tea and bread and butter, she started for her office. Margaret was left to her own devices.

Polly's blouse was finished when she returned that evening; Margaret had worked at it the whole of the day.

"You have eaten nothing," said Polly, opening her cupboard.

"No; I waited for you to come home."

"You will be ill if you do that kind of thing;" and Polly shook her head.

She was very kind, in her way. In the search for work that now commenced she did what she could to help Margaret. Not eagerly, or with much heart; for where was the use of finding work for a girl who had rich relations who wanted to keep her, and for whom there was a large reward offered in the papers? But she introduced Margaret to persons who might help her, and told her of places where to apply.

The money dwindled in Margaret's purse. It is

wonderful upon how little a girl who denies herself enough to eat may live ; but five shillings a week for lodgings and small necessary expenses, in a fortnight brought her stock of money down to a few pence.

"You will have to go back to your people," said Polly ; "or let me tell them where you are. I should get the reward then."

Margaret's daily life must have been a trial to a girl brought up with the prettiness and daintiness of an English lady. Polly was kind, lively, quick to understand, ready to help ; but Polly was not fastidious in her way of living. She would as soon eat from a dirty plate as a clean one; she ate her breakfast usually between stages of dressing ; she did not mind the living and sleeping in the same room : she never noticed the disorder of that room. Cakes, sweets, and tea were her favourite food ; she wanted no regular meals. A cup of tea and a tart, eaten standing, was her usual meal after her day's work. What she had in the middle of the day Margaret did not know. A change of dress, and she started for the club, where other girls would join her, and they would enjoy themselves to their hearts' content.

Margaret never went with her. She had no money ; and her second visit to the club was her last. Miss Betty Carton had looked at her from head to foot, with angry eyes.

"I believe you are the girl for whom there is such a big reward offered," she said.

Polly heard the remark, and interfered before Margaret's confusion was observed.

"Millicent is my friend, and I shall have the reward, if there is one," she said. "Don't you be poking your nose into my business, Betty."

"She is like the description of the girl : that is all I meant," grumbled Betty.

The conversation turned to something else.

But Margaret dared go to the club no more. She spent the long hours when she was not hunting for work in mending Polly's clothes. She became quite clever with her needle in that fortnight. But even Polly's wardrobe could take no more mending at last ; and the time came when Margaret sat with her hands before her, and a few pence in her pocket, and wondered what was to become of her.

"Write to Mr. Fenham," said Polly.

"No."

Polly shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know what you can do, then. Have you anything you can sell? There is that old pearl necklace. I dare say you could get something for that."

"That was my mother's. I cannot sell that."

"Pawn it, then, or"— seeing Margaret's horrified face—"I'll ask my cousin, who is in the business, if if he will lend something on it. Even a few shillings would be something ; and you could get it back at any time."

Margaret looked at the pearl necklace. She did not like allowing it to go out of her possession, but she was sorely in need of money. There were necessary additions to her small stock of clothes that she must make ; she had brought so little in her hand-bag.

"You are sure I could get it back at any time?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Of course you could. I've often managed things for other girls. Jim is only in a small way of business, but he's honest. Give me the necklace, and I'll send it to him."

Reluctantly Margaret handed the necklace to Polly. She asked no questions about Jim, but accepted Polly's word for it that he was honest.

"Here is a letter from Jim," said Polly, two days later. "We shall know now what he offers you for the necklace. My goodness ! he says that it is worth hundreds and hundreds of pounds, and wants to know how you came by it, and all sorts of things. He will lend you twenty pounds—*twenty pounds !*—on it ; or he can sell it outright for a lot of money. You will have to pay him interest on the twenty pounds, you know. Shall you sell it, or take the twenty pounds?"

"I shall take the twenty pounds. Where does your cousin live?"

"Birmingham. It was with him and his mother I'd been staying when I met you in the train."

"Birmingham ! He will not put it in his window? Mrs. Lester or Mary might see it."

"What if they did? You say they have no control over you ; that you will never go back to them. But he will not show the necklace if you do not wish. Fancy it's being worth all that money !"

The twenty pounds arrived in a few days ; and as fortunes never come singly, the same day Margaret found a situation.

It was only a small thing to act as secretary to a philanthropic lady. The work was hard, the pay was light : twenty-five pounds per annum. But Margaret felt that it was something ; that at last she had made a start.

Polly did not congratulate her upon her success.

"You were lucky to get it," was all she said. "There were four girls trying for it from the club. I suppose she liked your looks best. Poor Betty Carton expected to be taken by her."

Margaret coloured.

"I am sorry, but I must work to earn my living."

"Oh, yes ; you must work to live," said Polly, drily.

The tone of voice hurt Margaret. It aroused in her disagreeable doubts. The memory of those four unsuccessful candidates sat heavily upon her mind. Why would Polly persist in hinting that she must return to her own people? Why might she not throw in her lot with these working girls? Why could she not become one of them?—enjoy their free and easy lives, the hand-to-mouth living, the good comradeship, their jokes, their pleasures, their work? Why not?

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

BETTY CARTON came to see Margaret the following day. Her sallow face was gloomier than usual ; her eyes were red with weeping.

"You've got the place I tried for," she said, without

a preliminary greeting; "I should have had it but for you."

"I am sorry," said Margaret, awkwardly. "Will you not sit down?"

"No, thanks." Miss Carton declined the chair. "No, thanks. I've come to beg you to give this situation up."

"But——"

"I know it is cool of me; but what am I to do? I don't know what I shall do. Oh, Miss Lyall! give up this situation. I know Mrs. Le Brun will take me if you decline it."

"Last week I had only a few shillings left."

"Yes; but you have people to fall back upon—I have no one. You are taking the bread out of my mouth; and Polly says that it is only for some silly bit of pride that you will not take money from your relations."

"'I WAS COMING BACK TO-DAY, GEOFFREY'" (*p.* 385).

had nearly got it. Mrs. Le Brun had almost promised it to me, when she saw you and took a fancy to you. I have been trying for weeks for a situation, and I thought I was sure of this. Oh!"

"But I want to earn my living. I want work as well as you."

"You need not work. Polly has told me you have rich relations, and that they do not wish you to work for your living. Miss Lyall, I have nothing. My mother has eighty pounds a year, and on that she has to live and clothe one of my brothers." Betty Carton began to cry. "And now my elder brother is ill with typhoid fever. Mother has to nurse him, and there will be expenses—heavy expenses. It will be weeks and weeks before he is well again, and able to go back to his work. She cannot let me have money; and if I went home to live, I should be another mouth to feed. I have only a few shillings left, and when that is gone

"Polly does not seem to mind what she says of me."

"She thinks I ought to have this situation. Oh! it's life and death to us, this fight for work, and it is only play for you."

Betty clasped her hands tragically and paced the room.

"Do you know what it is to really want money? My brother, ill as he is, will have to do without things you would consider just ordinary necessaries. Mother will have to go without fires or warm clothing through the winter to save money to pay the doctor's bill. How can I go home to be another burden on her? She has no money to lend me to stay on in London, and if I leave London I am out of the way of work altogether."

"I can lend you some money," said Margaret impulsively.

"Give up this situation—that would be more to the

point. Miss Lyall"—she knelt down by Margaret's side, and seized her hands—"Miss Lyall, do you know how we are all fighting and struggling for work, and when girls like you come among us and snatch the bread from our mouths, it is terribly hard! It is bad enough when someone who wants the money is chosen before us, but when it is someone who need not work——"

"I must work. I cannot ask for money."

"Cannot? Will not, you mean. If he is willing to give it, you *ought* to take it. You have no right to refuse."

"I cannot take money from him," said Margaret stubbornly. "I am sorry for you. I can lend you some money. How much do you want?"

"I don't know when I shall be able to repay it," said Betty gloomily. "If you would give up this situation to me, that would be something sure. I'd go down on my knees to you, if that would be any good."

"It would not," said Margaret hastily.

"Polly thinks you ought not to take it," said Miss Carton. "You will think over what I have said, won't you? I call it wrong of rich girls to come and take away the bread of poor ones."

Miss Carton departed, slightly cheered by the ten pounds she carried in her pocket.

The pleasure of her first success was gone for Margaret. Miss Carton had rubbed the gilt off the gingerbread, and—what was worse—represented the gingerbread as a stolen one. Did Polly think the same? She asked her the question that night on her return from the office.

"Do you think I ought to give up this situation?"

"Yes, I do," said Polly bluntly.

"But you helped me to find one."

"I never thought anyone would take you, and looking for a situation passed the time for you. I think you ought to go back to your people. You can't stand this sort of life, and you don't enjoy it. You look white, and fagged, and thin. If you get ill, I don't know who would nurse you."

The upshot of a day and night's deliberation was a polite note to Mrs. Le Brun, declining the post of secretary, and mentioning that Miss Carton was still disengaged.

Margaret sought for no more situations. Betty Carton's words rang in her ears: she was taking the bread out of others' mouths. Slowly, but surely, the conviction was growing within her that she must return to the Lesters, or to that house at Bridge End that Geoffrey had prepared for her.

"Though I don't know how I shall bear it if I have to live there," said poor Margaret: "only a few miles from Fen Court; and perhaps he and Enid would be riding over to see me and inviting me there, and I should have to go. But I must go back. I have been wrong all through—proud and silly. I would have my own way, and it is right I should be punished for it. I have been foolish, and headstrong, and passionate. Mary would have behaved differently; but Mary is so good—I shall never be like Mary. But I will go back to them, and try to help her with Nell, and Geoffrey shall do what he likes about money. I will not refuse what he offers, and I will never again try to be independent."

"Polly, I mean to go back to my people," she said, at the end of ten days. "I think I ought."

Polly nodded her head.

"You ought to have gone long ago," she said drily. "I have several times nearly been writing and saying where you were, just to ease their minds. They must have been worried about you."

"I never thought of that," said Margaret.

The faces of Mrs. Jones and Mary rose before her mind's eye. Had they been very anxious about her? Had they thought her dead or ill? She realised for the first time what her leaving them without a hint or clue to her whereabouts meant.

"I must go at once—I will not leave them another day in suspense," she said.

"Telegraph," said practical Polly, "or let me telegraph; and then I could claim that five hundred pounds reward that is offered for you."

"No, no. I am going back to eat humble-pie," said Margaret, between laughing and crying. "I mean to give myself up to them."

She was putting on her hat and jacket as she spoke. So excited were they, that neither she nor Polly heard a commotion in the street below. A carriage and pair had driven up to Mrs. Vokes' front door, and a lame man had been helped from it by an elderly woman.

"A Mr. Fenner, or Fenham, or some such name, wants to see you, Miss Smith," said Mrs. Vokes, putting her head into the room.

She had forgotten to knock in her excitement at the unusual sight of a carriage and pair in *this* street, stopping at *her* door.

"He has found you out," said Polly. "You must come down with me."

Margaret followed her down the narrow staircase.

"Stop!" she said, seizing Polly's hand when it was on the handle of the parlour door.

"You are not going to faint?"

"No. I am all right now. Go in."

Geoffrey was steadying himself against the mantelpiece, to the imminent danger of the green china ornaments. His eyes were fixed upon the door; he expected—he hoped—to see Margaret's face when that door opened.

Polly walked into the room, followed by Margaret, in hat and jacket.

"I was coming back to-day, Geoffrey," Margaret said humbly, with downcast eyes and quivering lips.

END OF CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

PREPARATION FOR THE NAVY: ON BOARD H.M.S. *BRITANNIA*.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

THE commander of the *Britannia*, the senior chaplain, and I, stood upon the deck of the world-famed training-ship, gazing at the varied and lively scene around us. The waters of the beautiful Dart lay wide and still around us, the green-clad hills were clear reflected in the glassy mirror, the masts of many vessels reached up to the sunny sky, little boats darted to and fro upon the crowded river, all was life and animation, bustle and hilarity. Here is where young England learns the duty of manning her wooden walls.

"Ah! the training of boys for the Navy is very different from what it used to be in my day," said Lord Charles Beresford once to me. "I joined a regular old man-o'-war, and went to work at once. The present system is, however, quite as thorough, and we turn out capital men."

It was to learn what the present system was that I was now standing upon the deck of the *Britannia*, which, together with the old troopship, the *Hindostan*, affords home and shelter to so many of our young British hopefuls.

"We will go below," said the commander, as he led the way, "and you shall see something of our daily life and work."

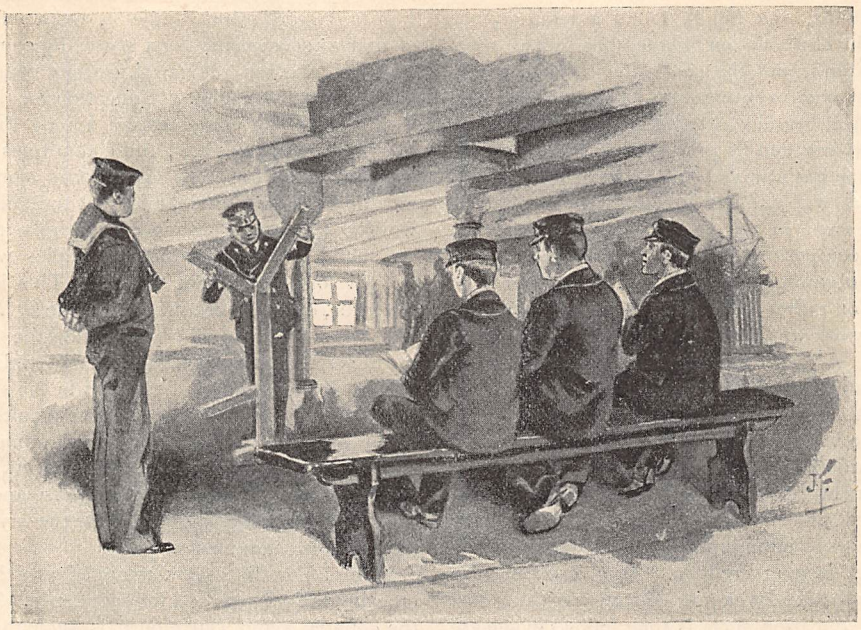
As we passed through the long decks, through the port-holes of which the bright sunshine streamed cheerily in, I caught a glimpse of a group of smart little cadets gathered round an old blue-jacket, who was explaining to them by means of a model the use of certain ropes, the names of different signal-flags, and the like; and round a very handsome model of a mastless ship run on wheels was a group of older boys, who were learning the different and intricate manœuvres to be gone through before a ship can be anchored. In the steam-study was a capital working model of a compound engine, as well as other models dealing with steam vessels; and in the next room were some fine models of modern men-of-war, upon the construction of which the boys are very carefully trained.

"In my young days," said the captain, "we had to learn all this for ourselves."

The mess-room lies wide and open upon the after-part of the lower deck, and is hung round with engravings of old naval engagements. Crossing by a covered way to the *Hindostan*, I was shown the great sleeping deck, upon the floor of which stand long rows of sea-chests, upon each of which a name is painted, and above which hangs the owner's hammock; and close to the dormitory lies a floating swimming-bath, which, when heated by steam, is used to teach the boys swimming in winter weather.

I asked the captain if discipline was easily maintained—if the boys were as easily managed as at a good public school.

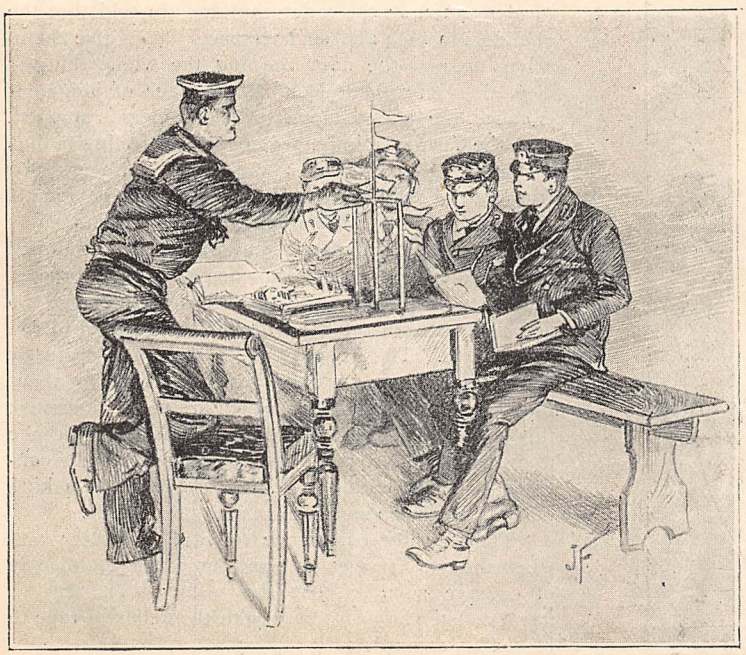
"Oh yes," he replied; "we have but little difficulty, though I confess the lack of anything in the shape of a Sixth Form, which so often exercises a wholesome restraining influence at a large public school, is a somewhat serious defect. We have consequently to



SEMAPHORE INSTRUCTION.

be very particular in the choice of our cadet captains. Almost everything depends upon them, for they are the connecting link between ourselves and the great mass of cadets. Again, I believe much in personal communication with the boys. I have some boys dining with me every night, and our officers are chosen with a special regard to their capacity for joining in the boys' games and amusements."

"And what is your daily life here?" I asked, as a bugle sounded and a number of uniformed cadets passed us hurriedly by, carefully saluting the captain and chaplain, who smilingly nodded or spoke to each boy as he filed by.



PRACTICAL SIGNALLING.

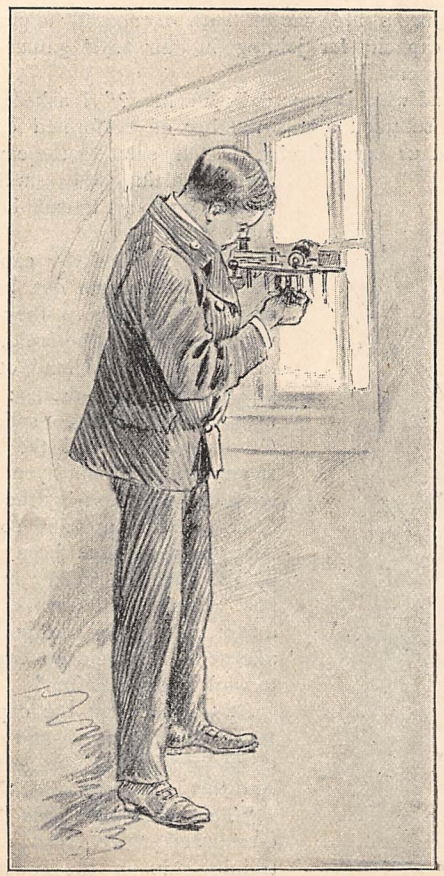
"Well," replied the captain, "at 6.30 they turn out, bathe, and dress. At 7.10 they are mustered for work before breakfast; some drill on land, others go to their class-rooms: seamanship, knotting, splicing. Others go on board the little steam-yacht which you see lying close by, and lay the fires and get steam up, and so on. After prayers have been read by the chaplain, comes breakfast. From 9 to 1 is work, with a short interval for rest, and the afternoon is given up equally to work and recreation."

At this moment the captain was called away, and the chaplain took up his parable. And this is what he said:—

"The *Britannia* has been established since 1859 as a training-ship for the cadets of the Royal Navy. The work

was begun at Portsmouth, and after a removal to Portland in 1862, she finally found a resting-place in Dartmouth Harbour on September 30th, 1863. Though the ship is not the same, the training establishment has been continuous. There have been only two or three serious changes in system since the course of study reached its present limit of two years, in 1870. Entry has always been a matter of competition between a large number of candidates selected by nomination, except in the years 1875 to 1880, when there was no competition, but only a trifling test exam. to pass, after obtaining a nomination. This has been one change—or rather an attempted change—for the effect on the work was prejudicial and the competition was restored. A great change was made in 1888, when the age of entry, which had up to that date stood at an average of thirteen, was raised a year, and now stands at fourteen, the limits of age being between thirteen and fourteen and a half.

"The nature of the study has always been to a great extent technical, and framed with the view of rendering the young officers well instructed in the practice of the profession they have entered on. It is very little use attempting to advance the general education of the cadets in a classical education, such as their fellows in age are carrying on at the public schools. An attempt was made to teach classics, but it was impossible to give more than two hours a week to it, consistently with attention to the professional subjects, and it suffered the fate of many recommendations made by committees, and after being given a fair trial, classics ceded its time to history and geography. Education for the naval profession must be compromised among the conflicting claims of many subjects, and committees of the most eminent educationalists have only concluded that experience is no guide, and that to make it a system worthy of the name it should be entirely re-constructed on sound principles, which principles would contain no part of the present system. This is, no doubt, scientific, but it is not practical. The *Britannia* course has been a growth slowly following the needs of the naval service, and adapting the materials of youthful mind provided to their best uses in the service afloat. The best court of judgment for the results of the work of the ship will always be the commanding officers and commanders-in-chief of the various fleets to which the young officers go from the *Britannia*, and these have nothing but the highest praise for the style of youngster and his attainments.



READING THE SEXTANT.

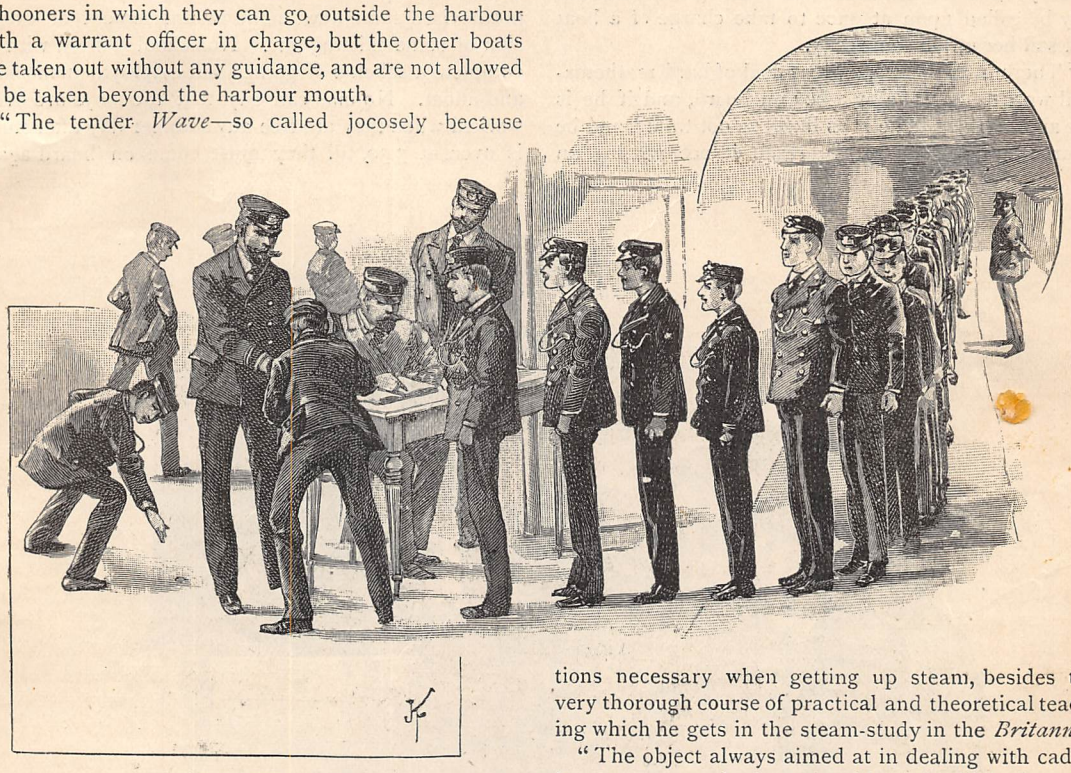
"The life in the ship is arranged with the view of increasing self-reliance and independence. The nature of the country round Dartmouth is such that the cadets can be set free from all supervision and surveillance during the time they are ashore, and they are allowed to run free for six hours at a time on a summer afternoon—a privilege which no school in England enjoys. And it is natural to ask: What do they do? As they are not looked after, who should have a right to say what they do? Two or three things may be noted on their behaviour. Supposing they get into mischief, and one of the farmers complains that they have been throwing his hurdles over the cliff or stoning his ducks, and a complaint is made to the captain of any of their misdemeanours; the cadet captains are told that the offenders in such and such respects must give themselves up, and the next morning the whole thing is cleared up on the 'aft deck,' as the place of judgment is called, the pocket-money of the raiders is stopped, and the farmer reimbursed, and good feeling is thus restored between the boys and their neighbours. In winter a pack of beagles belonging to the cadets hunts the country two days a week, and the farmers enjoy riding after the little dogs; they will stand a good deal of annoyance connected with open gates and uprooted turnips to keep on good terms with the lieutenant who acts as Master of the Hounds, and to get him to run their hares. The regulations of the ship expressly state that cadets are warned to avoid climbing about the cliffs at Stoke Fleming, which are very dangerous; this takes the place of an old regulation which forbade their climbing, and is for that reason presumedly considered as a permission to climb, and even as a kind of challenge to do so at the peril of their necks.

"They hardly ever come to grief, however; and when they do, it gives an opportunity for the display of courage such as that shown by Hugh Stucley, naval cadet, who went down with the help of a rope to rescue his comrade.

"Dartmouth Harbour is a splendid place for boating

of all kinds, and the boats at the cadets' disposal are ample to provide all who wish it with a chance to pull or sail about for the afternoon. There are two schooners in which they can go outside the harbour with a warrant officer in charge, but the other boats are taken out without any guidance, and are not allowed to be taken beyond the harbour mouth.

"The tender *Wave*—so called jocosely because



PAYING POCKET MONEY.

Britannia rules her—is a small steam yacht, barque-rigged, and fitted for instructional purposes. She is not used for pleasure purposes except on such occasions as the whole holidays, when a party of cadets is taken round to Devonport to see some ships in course of construction in the dockyard, or to visit some of the matters of interest in the gunnery and torpedo instruction ships in the port.

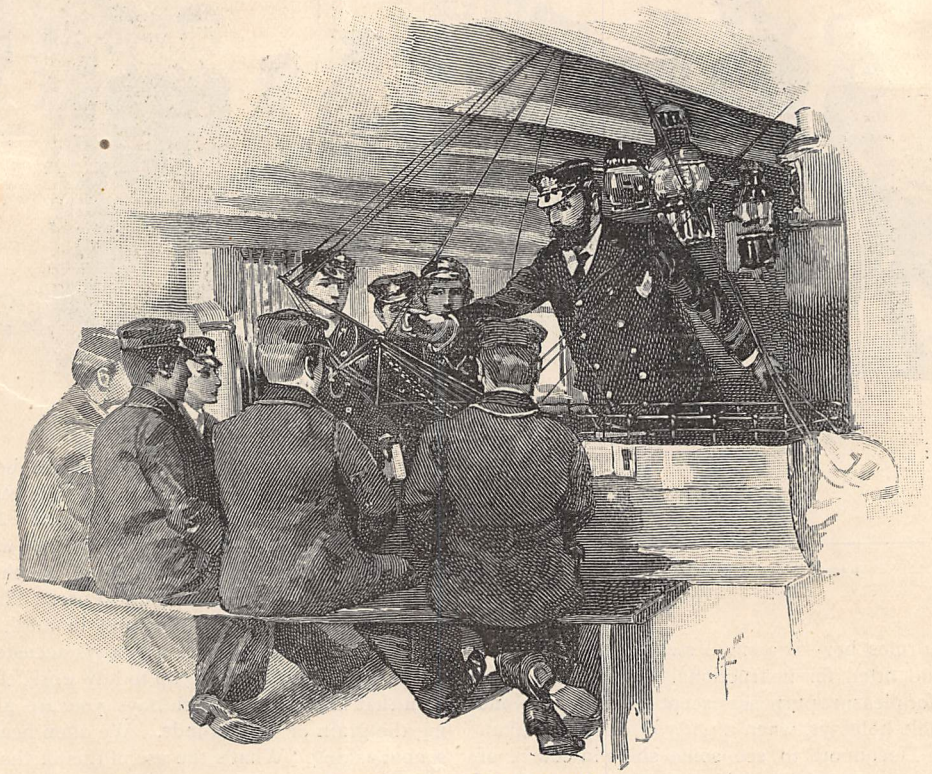
"At all other times the *Wave* is a school-ship, a technical model, and during the summer months a very hard-worked craft. She is taken out of the harbour every week-day for one purpose or another, and the drills aloft begin early in the morning. The navigating officer takes her out with small parties, to learn and practise pilotage and the navigating a vessel by the use of Admiralty charts. The cadets, in turn, are put in charge of the bridge, actually to take her out, the navigating officer naturally keeping an eye on the performances, to see that his vessel is not left on the rocks. If he go below for a minute, the feelings of the youthful pilot have doubtless been well described by Mark Twain in his 'Mississippi.' The first lieutenant takes a watch of one term of the cadets out in her for instruction in the management of the vessel under sail, and morning sail drill is also part of his work in her. The engineer uses the engines for practical teaching in the management and construction of engines; each cadet, in his turn, is regularly taught how to lay and light fires, the operations and precautions necessary when getting up steam, besides the very thorough course of practical and theoretical teaching which he gets in the steam-study in the *Britannia*.

"The object always aimed at in dealing with cadets is never to teach them anything of which they are not taught also to make a practical use. The Navy is essentially a service of action, and in addition to the gain to the general service in always accustoming the cadets from the first to be up to any work, there is the gain that in so dealing with boys you are also following the grain of their minds. We often hear a boy at school asking, 'What's the use of this or that?' This question could never be asked in the *Britannia* without the complainant running the risk of spending an extra hour in the practical application of the said lesson. A boy is usually more matter-of-fact than his teachers, and it is a good instance of this that the cadets now give very little attention to teaching in masts and yards, which used to be the staple commodity of seamanship instruction, and think that steam is the really important branch. They are about right in this, but it is curious that they should be so far-sighted as to have noted it. The beautiful rigged and working models connected with the seamanship of former days are always attractive to the small boy who visits the ship, but when he enters as a cadet he finds that this is not considered 'up to date.'

"Great importance is attached to boat-sailing and signal-work; a midshipman should be thoroughly proficient in these before he goes to sea, if he is to find favour in the eyes of his commanding officer. A smile is often observed on some visitor's face when he is told that a party of cadets out in a boat on a lovely summer afternoon, skimming over the harbour

in a good breeze, are at study. A very pleasant form of study, no doubt, but a very necessary one; for directly the lads leave the *Britannia* to go to sea, they may be called upon at once to take charge of a boat and sail her off on some duty.

"There is, of course, a great deal of hard mathematical work to be done by a boy on board, and if he is idle and neglects it, he is as likely as not to fail, and be returned to parents as the result of not passing an examination; but the work is splendidly taught, and no cadet need ever fail if he works decently well; supposing that he has been able to pass in, he must have enough ability to pass out. The naval service depends on a sound mathematical knowledge applied to practical work, and this knowledge admits of direct test by examination; so that it is only right that the naval officer should be expected to pass at certain times without trenching on the vexed question of the suitability of examinations as a test of suitability to defend our country.



INSTRUCTION IN SEAMANSHIP.

"The social life of cadets in the *Britannia* is to a great extent responsible for the strong coherence between the members of the 'Executive' in the Navy; they have all passed through the same mill, they know that their messmates have the same traditions, and have been trained from the first in the same school of manly independence and straightforwardness. Nothing could be pleasanter than the two years which a cadet spends in the old ship; nothing is spared to give him every opportunity of enjoyment. Captain after captain has thought his term of office incomplete if he has not devised some new mode of amusement or extension of some existing one. No school is fitted with so complete a scheme of games and employments ashore and afloat. No one can say that the boys are overworked when they are free any summer day after study is over, at 3.30, till they must come on board again to tea at 7 to 7.10, while the summer half-holiday is unequalled anywhere for its freedom from any muster or 'call.' The *Britannia* is admitted by everyone who has looked into the life on board and ashore to be the finest school in England, and it is likely to be so when a series of the finest naval officers who have been chosen to command have given their best thoughts to improve the life. The Prince of Wales has always been commended for his judgment in sending his two sons to begin their life in public by taking equal shares with all the cadets who were going through the *Britannia* at that time.

"The late Duke of Clarence retained a very strong affection for the old ship, and a lively recollection of the various episodes of his life at Dartmouth. The Princes' life was so completely free from affectation or from any difference in their treatment, that a visitor coming here would never have noticed any difference; and this constituted the charm and value of the training to them.

The records of the time show that they acted all the while thoroughly in the spirit of the regulations, and appreciated, as the better-minded always do, that there is nothing forbidden for the mere purpose of annoyance or restriction, as schoolboys often think. When idle or unprepared with work, they took their drills, but any insubordination, which would have been impartially dealt with, did not exist.

"The *Britannia* Eleven plays an out match every summer half-holiday, and their opponents, the surrounding schools, the regiments at Devonport, and the naval teams as they can be arranged, as well as the county, find the boys worthy foemen, and mostly return beaten; some of the recent years have shown extraordinary successes. The band plays up in the fields, and the scene is lively in the extreme. Three matches are played at the same time, and one match at least is played against three elevens of a neighbouring school. In the evening the band plays on board, when the youngsters can let off some of the steam pent up during the hour of evening preparation for the next day's work. The band is composed of the personal servants of the cadets, who are entered from the shore, and chosen for their ability to play some instrument. The whole scene on board at night is very striking, and should be seen if the cadets' life is to be appreciated.

"The progress in the establishment in the last fifteen years has been nothing short of a revolution; the rapidly changing forms of vessels and the needs of the general service have called for complete change in the scheme of teaching; the internal and outside fittings continually being improved and added to make almost a new ship of the old craft, though she remains safely moored, with her companion *Hindostan* ahead of her, in the same old place.

"Everything connected with the Navy must be level with the times, and most of all in the *Britannia* it is necessary for all the teaching to be, if possible, before the times, so that a youngster going to sea may not find himself a fossil before he has begun. God grant that our Navy may ever continue to be the Englishman's ideal of the profession for a Christian and a gentleman!"

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.

A NEW DRESS CAP.
(From a photograph by Walery, Regent Street, W.)

APRIL.

THE capricious month of April has arrived, and the perplexing question, Shower-proof cloak or sunshade? has to be decided. Appropriate to the season is the beautiful waterproof plush manufactured by Messrs. Lister, which, made either as a three-quarter mantle or a semi-fitting jacket, looks costly and is most serviceable; but it requires the skill of an adept in the art of mantle-making to insure a successful garment. April's varying moods would also seem to have influenced the selection of the leading colourings for materials; for we now see side by side an "Amazon" cloth of smooth and silky surface in bright blue with one dyed to the hue of the sunny lawn refreshed by a shower.

Covert and faced-cloth in colourings of drab, tan, putty, and fawn have numerous admirers, whilst a grey cashmere, with an infinitesimal check in blue, green, or pink possesses a grace all its own. Ere this, you will have arrived at the correct conclusion that all the materials for the Spring season, with few exceptions, are smooth on the surface and of a clothy texture.

Moiré silk was arranged in an excellent manner on a new style of costume, the skirt, which was cut short and round, was made in bright blue faced-cloth, each width of material forming a box-pleat tapering towards the waist; the under portion of each pleat was composed of black moiré silk, the huge sleeves and folded

SILK TENNIS BLOUSE.

bodice, terminating at the jet embroidered waist-belt, were also of moiré. Associated with this costume was a deep shoulder-cape outlined with black, having a handsome collar, turned down over a scarf of the moiré silk, tied in a large bow with broad ends fringed with jet. A bonnet of gold-coloured fancy straw, with wide bows of black ribbon and tips frosted with gold, completed this stylish costume.

Now that the days of fur trimmings are numbered, jetted galloons and embroideries, combined with ribbon, step in to take their place. Lace will certainly gain in favour as the summer advances, and now appears on cloth or moiré silk, in écru or straw-coloured tints of Venetian and Maltese design, particularly in the form of an insertion, straight lines being one of the characteristics of the mode of to-day.

Lace in its finer qualities of Brussels or Chantilly will be utilised by milliners on large hats and also for matrons' caps, the latter ornamented with ribbon and fancy pins. The dress cap we illustrate on p. 391 is a new and becoming design, gracefully drooping behind the ears, and yet giving dignity and height to the wearer by the raised crown and erect bows of ribbon. Ivory-tinted lace may have the pretty addition of ribbons of vieux rose, mauve or violet purple.

Tennis Blouses.

No abatement is indicated in the enthusiastic following of the old favourite game of tennis, although the breezy down offers a strong counter-attraction in the invigorating pastime of golf, and the fascinations of boating claim attention. For each or either the becoming blouse is appropriate. Our illustrated example is made in a shot blue and green silk—two colours that have combined their contrasting charms with pleasing effect. The full bodice and shoulder-cape are drawn into a small square yoke over which the deep square collar turns down, and is fastened in front with a large scarf bow and ends. A puff and frill to the elbow is repeated again to the wrist, where it turns back and forms a cuff. The bodice is shaped to the waist by tiny perpendicular tucks sewn to an underneath belt, and forms a frill below ; an embroidered line of feather-stitching in dark blue outlines collar, cuffs, and frills.

If this blouse were made in cream-white cashmere or flannel embroidered with two or more tones of colouring identical with the Club colours, and bow of silk in corresponding shades, it would then have a distinctive style of its own.

An old favourite is still with us in the close-fitting blouse, with fulness drawn up high to the throat and collar turned down. The large sleeves, cut like a man's shirt-sleeve, with stiffened cuff, and straight waist-belt sewn to the skirt, and fastening with it at the left side of the front width, a welcome fashion to those who retain memories of skirts and belts that refused to "pull together." In almost every instance, the plain short tennis costume of either tweed or cloth is made to fasten at the side of the front and ornamented with a lappet, which is repeated also at the opposite side and forms a pocket.

The hat worn with the blouse in our illustration is of coarse fancy straw, the crown burnt cream in colour, with a brim of dark blue and green plaited straw and rosettes and aigrettes of blue.

A covert coat is an acquisition, and has much to recommend it both for style and usefulness, and may be worn fastening invisibly straight down the front or opening over the blouse. It is cut semi-fitting in front, tightly fitting at the back, with basque twelve inches below the waist and each seam strapped and double-stitched, and should be made either in fawn or putty-coloured cloth. Let me here mention that the basques of jackets are not worn so deep as they were last season, and in some designs are raised at either side and longer at the back and front. Also that the fulness of sleeves is arranged to the back of the arm and droops away from the shoulder.

Tea-gowns and Morning Wrappers.

An incalculable advantage is gained when a gown will serve a double purpose and look to advantage. The tea-gown holds first rank as such, lending a hostess a charmingly graceful appearance when welcoming friends to a social cup of tea or genial home dinner-party.

I will describe one that is undoubtedly elegant in colouring and design. On a tightly-fitting lining was arranged a soft satin robe-front of turquoise blue, crossed at intervals with lines of tinted lace insertion,

and fully gathered to a pleated yoke of satin and lace, with trim little collar shaped to the throat. The straight overfronts and back of the gown were made in Ondine silk, shot blue and faint yellow with an opalescent effect; unlined were these overfronts, the looped edge of the selvedge forming a pretty finish.

A deep cape of tinted lace encircled the yoke, and the sleeve was composed of a large puff of satin, and lines of insertion, finished with a lace frill below the elbow. At the back, the gown fitted close to the figure and was cut with a short train.

A lovely tea-gown for a bride—see illustration—is made in grey cashmere and ivory satin veiled with net and trimmed lace and moiré ribbon. The lining must be exactly fitting to the figure. The whole of the front is draped with satin and net, a deep flounce of lace festooned with ribbons trimming the hem, lace also forms the square and falls in a graceful jabot at either side of the front; ribbons are brought from the side seams under the arms to a centre at the bust, giving an Empire effect to the design.

Cashmere shoulder revers terminate half-way down the front, and the back is cut either with a wide pleat or plainly fitting to the figure. The cashmere sleeves are fully pleated, and lines of ribbon finished off with bows are sewn from elbow to wrist, a frill of lace falling over the hand.

This design would make a handsome gown in black silk with a front of amber veiled in black net, lace, and ribbons.

Those who wish for ease and economy combined would do well to invest in cashmere of a soft petunia colour and convert it into a tea-gown, cut straight and full from neck to feet, girdled at the waist with satin ribbons, also tied at the throat with a bow of the same. The back to form a Watteau pleat and the hem trimmed with a gathered frill bordered with lace insertion, a deep frill also edged with insertion is inserted into the arm-hole; a long puff to the elbow and thence tight to the wrist is the fashion of the sleeve.

Warm, cheerful-looking flannels in broad stripes of pink and white patterned over with a design in grey, or blue with a moiré effect in a darker shade, are the materials of which the morning wrappers are made with the addition of deep turned-down collars and cuffs of quilted silk and silk cord girdle.

A dressing jacket looked fresh and pretty made in pale blue, and was successfully trimmed with lace insertion; the sleeve was bell-shaped, and rosettes fastened the lace insertion that formed the round yoke.

A tea-jacket for a young lady in pink Surah silk had a square yoke outlined with a frill of écru lace, high collar and scarf belt with long streamers of silk. The sleeve was made with fulness, at the back of the arm from shoulder to wrist, and finished with lace.

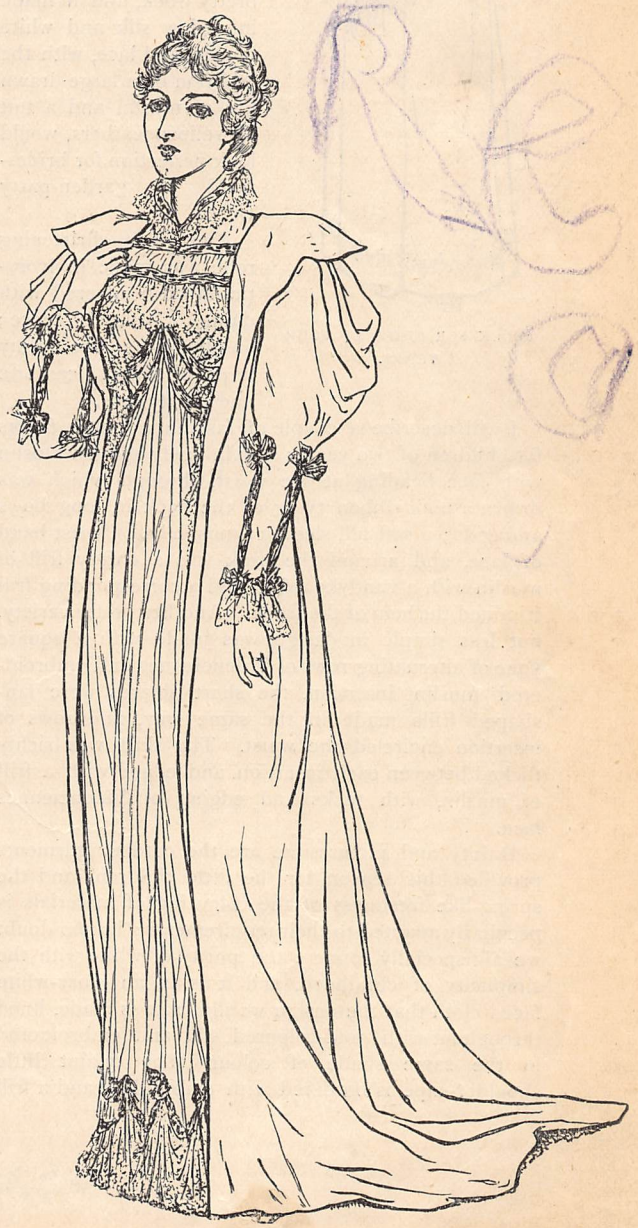
Children's Garments.

The Empire mode influences the designs for children's frocks with charming effect.

Lace, both as an insertion and also an edging, plays an important part, with white muslin either plain or with pin spots or tiny sprigs scattered over the surface.

Nothing could be prettier for a child of three years than a little frock of white muslin, cut with a small round yoke, into which is gathered the short-waisted bodice, the skirt, hanging straight and slightly full to the ankles, had a gathered frill of embroidered muslin headed with a row of insertion and minute tucks. A line of insertion at the waist had a pretty effect, and the deep collar frill and puffed sleeves were formed of embroidered muslin, lace, and tucks.

A favourite style is the daintily-coloured silk slip worn under the transparent muslin and lace frock. A pretty effect was attained with pink silk and white muslin, the little bodice, entirely composed of alternate rows of



TEA-GOWN.

FROCK FOR CHILD OF FOUR YEARS.

Valenciennes lace and muslin, opened in front to show a vest of pink silk drawn in tiny tucks; lace was inserted around the short waist and headed the frill at the hem of the little skirt, which was tucked and edged with lace. Sleeves of lace and muslin were made long to the wrist, with an Empire puff at the shoulder. A charmingly pretty frock, and if made in yellow silk and white muslin and lace, with the addition of a large drawn hat of muslin and a tuft of yellow feathers, would look perfection for bridesmaid or garden-party frock.

An exquisite christening robe was made in ivory-tinted satin covered with dainty Brussels lace; another was one filmy haze of finest cambric and dainty lace.

I will describe a couple of fascinating little frocks for children of two years: one in finely spotted muslin with lace beading at the waist, through which was drawn a pink ribbon tying at the back in long bows and ends; a soft full sleeve of muslin had a wrist-band of lace, and around the neck was a dainty frill of muslin with a vandyke edge, and a corresponding frill trimmed the hem of the frock. Another pretty variety, but less simple in design, was made with a square yoke of alternating rows of Valenciennes and embroidered muslin insertion, the short sleeves were fan-shaped frills made in the same way, and rows of insertion encircled the waist. The skirt was richly tucked between each insertion and edged with a frill of muslin, with tucks and edging of Valenciennes lace.

Dainty and picturesque are the outdoor garments provided this season for the little children, and the spring-like freshness of the colouring of materials is peculiarly adapted to their requirements; but no doubt we all specially connect the purity of white with the simplicity of childhood, and it is in an ivory-white faced-cloth that the design we illustrate is made, lined throughout with gold-coloured silk and embroidered in the same shade of colour. The quaint little shoulder-cape is bordered with embroidery and a frill of silk, and almost covers the short-waisted bodice, which is little more than a deep yoke; to this is sewn the coat in slight fulness in front, increasing towards the centre of the back. A broad scarf-belt of silk passes around the waist and fastens at the back in a large bow without ends. The sleeves are set full in a large puff and continued tight-fitting to the wrist.

This design would look exceedingly quaint if made in dull blue cloth and embroidered with golden-green silk.

The bonnet is of drawn white silk with a broad bow and ends of silk fastened under the chin. The outside brim is covered plainly with silk and a full crown and tuft of feather tips.

Those useful little adjuncts to children's costume, the silk blouses, made in a variety of designs with or without sashes, ornamented with either Valenciennes lace or ribbon rosettes, will certainly obtain throughout the summer season. Our illustration shows an example of the little silk blouse, and is made in almond-blossom pink Surah silk. A pointed yoke effect in tiny perpendicular tucks has a soft scarf collar fastened with rosette, and a full puffed sleeve finished at the wrist with tucks and a narrow heading. A draw-string confines the blouse at the waist which droops over the broad silk sash; this is "made up" into a large knot in the centre of the back, and the two ends hang down to the edge of the frock. Thus the blouse is complete, and may be worn with any frock either of bronze green velveteen, golden brown cashmere, or white crépon.

SILK BLOUSE AND FROCK FOR CHILD OF FOUR YEARS

In our design is shown a frock of cream-coloured cashmere, cut out in vandykes at the hem and edged with a flat pleated frill of the pink silk.

A pretty blouse of pale blue silk had a yoke with deep turned-down collar frill of flat pleated silk and lace; the sleeve was one large puff with a dainty cuff at the wrist.

A. LL. G.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence each (and for one shilling in the case of the blouse and the children's frocks). Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

A GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND.

AGAIN we have a story by Mr. Stanley Weyman to speak of in our "Gossip." "The Man in Black" (Cassell) is not so lengthy a story as that which we referred to before, but it is strong and with a well-sustained interest. The adventures of the little Sieur de Martinbault both before and after he fell into the clutches of M. Solomon Nôtredame are well told, and cannot but arouse and hold the reader's attention. It would not be fair to tell how the mystery which surrounds the lad is unravelled, but the dramatic manner in which the *dénouement* is brought about leads to a scene which is more than powerful. The little touch of anti-climax, in which we are shown how "poetic justice" was meted out to "Master Crafty Eyes," is quite excusable. For, after all, the tale is of France under Richelieu and not of nineteenth-century Britain. I must not pass by this story without a word as to its illustrations—strong and vivid drawings by Mr. Wal Paget and his brother Mr. H. M. Paget.

AN ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE MAN IN BLACK."

To the "Masters of Contemporary Music" series (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.) Mr. Charles Willeby has contributed an excellent volume on the "Masters of English Music." As far as possible, the biographical data have been gathered from the composers themselves, and when I point out that the musicians included in the work are Sir Arthur Sullivan, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, Mr. F. H. Cowen, Dr. C. Hubert Hastings Parry, and Professor C. Villiers Stanford, I have said enough to whet the appetite of all lovers of English music and musicians. The portraits of Sir Arthur Sullivan—first as Mendelssohn scholar in 1856, then as a young man of two-and-twenty (though, after the manner of portraits taken thirty years ago, this does make Sir Arthur look little younger than his present age would warrant), and, lastly, as he is to-day—form an interesting series. Titles and honour have done nothing to add to the value of Sir Arthur's work. As thorough as he could make it, he always sent it from his hands. In Mr. Willeby's pages we see him struggling, rising, succeeding, but in himself always the same, kindly, courteous, and considerate to all with whom he had dealings. A journey to the Far West, undertaken a few years ago for family reasons, led to a scene which can only properly be told in Sir Arthur's own words, quoted by Mr. Willeby:—"I was travelling," he says, "on a stage in rather a wild part of California, and arrived at a mining camp where we had to get down for refreshments. As we drove up, the driver said, 'They expect you here, Mr. Sullivan.' I was much pleased, and when I reached the place, I came across a knot of prominent citizens at the whisky store. The foremost of them came up to a big burly man at my side, and said, 'Are you Mr. Sullivan?' The man said 'No,' and pointed to me. The citizen looked at me rather contemptuously, and, after a while, said, 'Why, how much do you weigh?' I thought that was rather a curious method of testing

the power of a composer, but I at once answered, 'About 162 pounds.' 'Well,' said the man, 'that's odd to me, anyhow. Do you mean to say you gave fits to John S. Blackman down in Kansas City?' I said, 'No, I did not give him fits.' He then said, 'Well, who are you?' I replied, 'My name is Sullivan.' 'Ain't you John Sullivan the Slogger?' I disclaimed all title to that and told him I was Arthur Sullivan. 'Oh, Arthur Sullivan!' he said. 'What, are you that man as put "Pinafore" together?'—rather a gratifying way of describing my composition. Nevertheless, I said 'Yes.' 'Well,' returned the citizen, 'I am sorry you ain't John Sullivan, but still I am glad to see you anyway—let's have a drink.' I had a drink, and received an invitation to pass as many days as I liked with them." Perhaps this is not in every respect a sample of the anecdotes in the book, but it shows that anecdotes are there. And they are mingled with criticism that strikes one as being both just to its subject and helpful to the general reader. And in that lies the value of all such work.

What an admirable idea it is to give children at school lessons in the practical working of the constitution of whose history they have been taught. Messrs. Cassell have just published a second edition of "Lessons in our Laws: or Talks at Broadacre Farm," which deals with the makers and carriers-out of the law, explains the relation of one branch of the State to another, and shows the quarter from which each derives its power. Lessons like these are an admirable training for future citizenship.

If literary style were the only test of a book's excellence or claim to the consideration of readers, then "Gunner Jingo's Jubilee" would have short shrift in any "Gossip from Bookland." But the volume under this strange title which Messrs. Remington & Co. have just published is so full of good stories and chatty reminiscences that one can forgive its bulk and its technical faults. Its author is a retired officer of the Royal Artillery, Major-General T. Bland Strange, who has seen service in a good many portions of the Empire and retains a clear recollection of places and incidents. He was a Woolwich cadet at the same time as Chinese Gordon, and in later years was on the educational staff at Woolwich when the Duke of Connaught was a gentleman cadet there; and he says that "there was no smarter, steadier gunner in the squad than the gunner of the blood royal." Perhaps in Gunner Jingo's student days classical knowledge did not play so large a part in the entrance examination for Woolwich as it does now, or he would not—even in retirement—have twisted his Horace about as he does when he tries to recall the famous *Pallida mors* lines. But that is one of the lapses I am disposed to forgive in consideration of the good stories he tells of "the Rock," the West Indies, the Mutiny, and of Canada. His tale of the very accessible Colonial Governor is better than usual. "One of the most popular of Colonial Governors," he says "a man who despised sentries and the usual paraphernalia of a prancing proconsul, and who never had his hospitable doors shut except to a 'brickfielder' (hot wind), found himself invaded by an Antipodean politician in a hurry, who, seeing a neat damsel coming down the great staircase in the coolest of simple costumes, beckoned her, and said, 'My dear, I am in a hurry to see your master,' and slipped a coin into her hand. With perfect composure, she conducted him to the study door, which she threw open. 'Bob, here is a gentleman very anxious to see you. He has just given me a half-crown.'" I am obliged to limit myself to short anecdotes from our author's rich store; and I confess that I have enjoyed "Gunner Jingo" not a little, despite the old soldier's weakness for dropping into political remarks (which must fail to please *all* his readers) and the discursive character of his book.

Despite the repeated visits of its ruler to Europe, and the fact that its products are to be found in almost every town in our land, I doubt whether there is another half-civilised country so little known to the "man in the street" as Persia. But signs are not wanting that "the Land of the Lion and the Sun" has a brilliant future before it, politically and from a commercial point of view. The latest book on the country is one of the best. It is entitled "A Year amongst the Persians," is written by Dr. Edward G. Browne, and published by Messrs. A. & C. Black. Dr. Browne writes temperately, and describes with great care what he saw. There is a dry humour apparent in many of the frequent arguments in which he indulged with his native friends that does not in any way detract from the value of his work. As a rule, our author devotes his space to the people rather than to the places in which he found them. Speaking of Kashan, however, he says, "Almost every town in Persia is celebrated for something, and Kashan is said to have three specialities: first, its brass-work; second, its scorpions (which are said never to attack strangers, but only the natives of the town); and thirdly, the extreme timorousness of its inhabitants. Concerning the latter, it is currently asserted that there formerly existed a Kashan regiment, but that, in consideration of the cowardice of its men, and their obvious inefficiency, it was disbanded, and those composing it were told to return to their homes. On the following day a deputation of the men waited on the Shah, asserting that they were afraid of being attacked on the road, and begging for an escort. 'We are a hundred poor fellows all alone,' they said; 'send some horsemen with us to protect us.'" From other stories which Dr. Browne tells, I am obliged to admit that the *sobriquet* which Anglo-Persians of my acquaintance give Persia is justified. They call it "the land of the *liar* and the sun."

In handsome single volumes Messrs. Cassell have just published new editions of those two clever stories, "Tiny Luttrell" by Mr. E. W. Hornung, and "The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane" by our old contributor Mr. Frank Barrett. Both stories deserve a wide circle of readers, and in this handy and portable form should be sure of popularity. Mr. Barrett's story is accompanied by a number of telling illustrations.

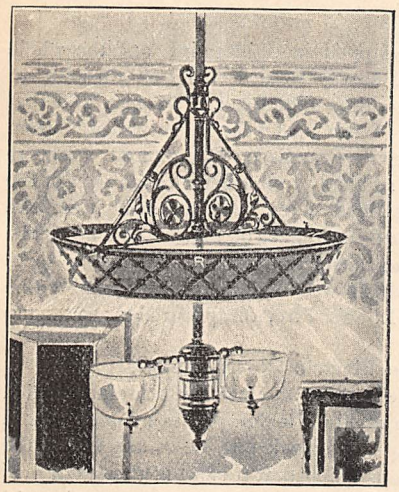
THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Reservoir Reflector.

Our figure shows a reflector for gas lamps indoors, which at the same time absorbs the heat of the flames, and tends to keep the rooms cool. The reservoir, R, contains water, and is open to the air, so that the heat is absorbed in evaporating the water, which renders the air sufficiently moist to be pleasant. Tobacco-smoke and the gaseous fumes are also absorbed, and, if required, a disinfectant, such as permanganate of potash, can be added to the water. By means of a siphon arrangement, the reflector can be emptied and filled with fresh water in a few minutes without having to touch the water.



RESERVOIR REFLECTOR.

Indiarubber Curtains.

Curtains of an indiarubber composition, containing 75 per cent. of the gum, 3 per cent. of wool dust, 5 per cent. of pulverised fruit stones, 10 per cent. of bleached amber varnish, and 5 per cent. of bleached leather waste, with a little infusorial earth, have been introduced on the Continent. The ingredients are worked into a paste by means of bisulphide of carbon and rolled into thin sheets, which are decorated with pleasing designs.

Poison in Dolls.

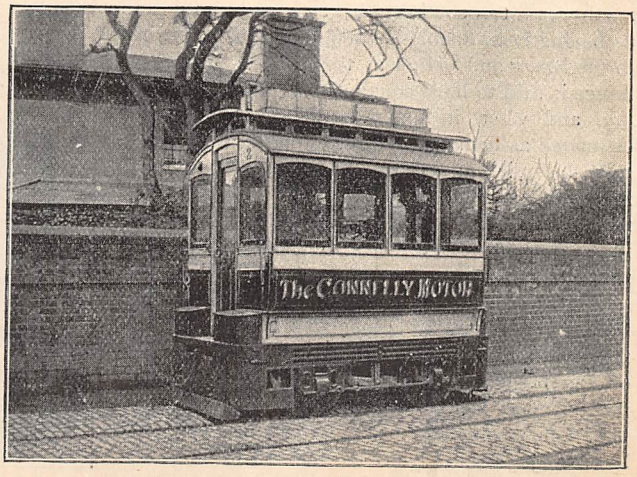
M. A. Bulowsky, a foreign chemist, has recently shown that children's india-rubber toys—such as are used on the Continent at least—sometimes contain harmful pigments. Black dolls, for instance, are often coloured in the mass with lead salts, and red rubber articles with sulphide of antimony, which, however, does not dissolve in the saliva. Grey rubber goods usually contain zinc oxide, and are therefore dangerous, especially if brought to the mouth. Surface colouring is also effected by injurious pigments, and it is probable, he thinks, that many childish ailments are really due to this unrecognised cause.

A Glaze Frost.

A remarkable "glaze frost" occurred during the past winter in Roumania. This natural phenomenon is attributed to rain falling and instantly freezing on the surface of the ground cooled below the freezing-point, and it covers them with a smooth coating of ice. In Roumania, however, the cause seems to have been that the raindrops were already cooled below the freezing-point and only needed contact with some hard surface to freeze them, as the surface of the ground was above the temperature of the freezing-point. The frost coated the telegraph wires near Bucharest with ice and icicles to the diameter of an inch or more and broke them down. Trees were also snapped across and branches torn off by the weight of the ice.

A Gas-motor Car.

A new motor for drawing tramcars, in lieu of horses, has been introduced into England from America. It is the invention of Mr. Connelly, and the motor is a gas-engine worked with compressed coal gas or with oil gas. The explosions of the gas are noiseless, there are no disagreeable fumes, and the speed is easily regulated. Our illustration gives a general view of this locomotive, which can also be combined with the car in one vehicle.



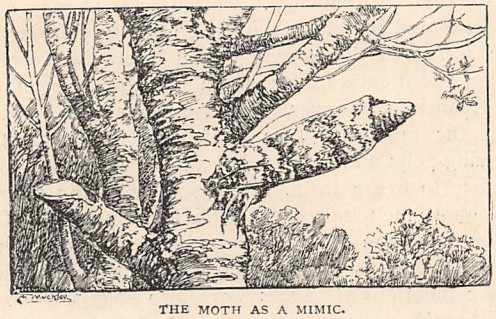
THE CONNELLY MOTOR. (*From a photograph.*)

The Roof of Asia.

The great Dapsang Plateau, in the Pamirs, has been called the "roof of Asia." It was visited by Lord Dunmore during his travels in that region, when, by the aneroid barometer, he found its elevation no less than 16,000 feet above the sea. Nevertheless, no discomfort was experienced from the mountain sickness caused by exertion in the rarer atmosphere of high altitudes.

The Moth as a Mimic.

An interesting case of protective mimicry is related by Mr. G. H. Cotton, of Hiram, Ohio, U.S., in an American scientific journal. One day he observed the stub of a branch projecting from the trunk of a young cherry tree which he had recently pruned, and, wondering how he had overlooked it, drew out his

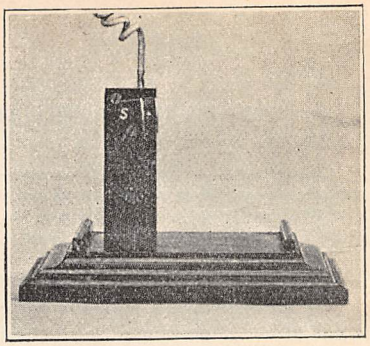


THE MOTH AS A MIMIC.

pocket-knife to cut it away, but found that he had startled a moth. The insect was attached by its head to the bark, which it closely resembled, and at the usual angle of the branches as shown in the sketch above. Moreover, the abdomen being white resembled the end of a decaying branch.

A Great Fireball.

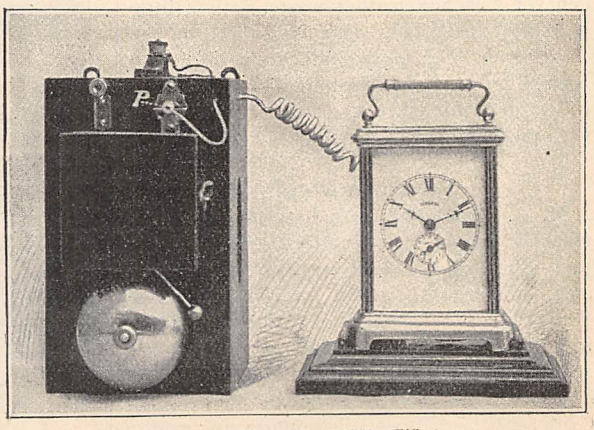
On January 25th last, about 10 p.m., a magnificent fireball or meteor was seen in the heavens over a great section of Worcestershire and other adjacent parts of the country. It appeared to travel from north-north-west to south-south-west, and is described as having been double-headed, of a bluish lustre in the heart, and yellow at the edges. Its brilliance is said to have equalled that of the electric arc, and when it finally exploded, at a point estimated as being near Tewkesbury and sixteen miles high, it emitted flashes which turned the night into a kind of day, and left a long luminous trail of fire. Several detonations followed its disappearance, the last of which was so violent as to rattle crockery and shake houses in the manner of an earthquake. Whether it was an instance of globular lightning or a meteoric stone is not quite certain, as no traces of any fragments have been found, but it was probably the latter. Next evening about eight p.m. a curious meteor was observed at Croydon by Mr. J. Munro, who has described it as a "black aurora." Five dark rays or streamers, like the blades of a fan, extended from a point above the northern horizon nearer to the zenith or the magnetic zenith. Seen against a hazy sky illuminated by the glare of the metropolis, they resembled streaks of a gigantic brush dipped in Chinese ink, and the whole system wheeled slowly towards the east through an arc of 30° to 40°, then faded out. We may add that about the end of the past year, a ship bound from Australia to San Francisco encountered a severe hurricane, and suddenly found herself in a part of the sea which was dead calm. At the same time she became enveloped in a sheet of bluish light up to the very tops of the masts and of blinding lustre. The phenomenon, which was doubtless a remarkably fine display of St. Elmo's Fire, disappeared as suddenly as it came.



AN ELECTRIC CLOCK ALARM.—FIG. 1

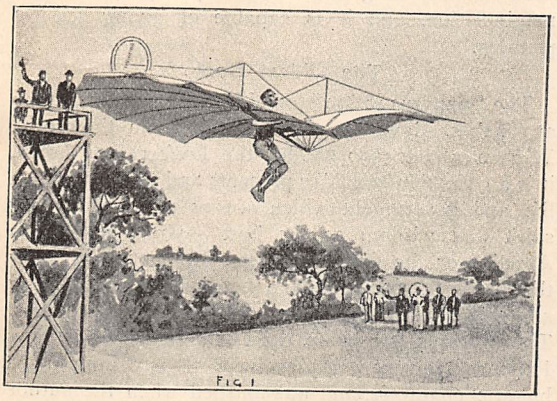
An Electric Clock Alarm.

Our illustrations show an electric clock alarm which is the invention of Mr. Fielder, and is at once simple and efficacious. The clock may be of any shape, the only qualifications being that it shall fit the stand provided (or have the bottom of the stand adapted to it) and that the winder of the alarm shall project at the back of the clock. But the clock is not connected with the apparatus, and may be used, apart from it, in another room, if desired. When the alarm is to be used, the clock is wound up, the alarm set, and the clock placed firmly on the stand, so that the winder of the alarm is pushed inside the slot, S, shown at the back of the stand. When the time arrives for the alarm to come into action, the bell attached to the battery will ring until the peg, P, is taken from its place in the battery case, an arrangement which, in



AN ELECTRIC CLOCK ALARM.—FIG. 2.

the case of the bell being used to awaken a servant, ensures her being compelled to get out of bed to silence the alarm. The electric current does not pass through the clock or any part of its mechanism, and by an ingenious arrangement the metal contact plate at



AN AERIAL TOBOGGAN.

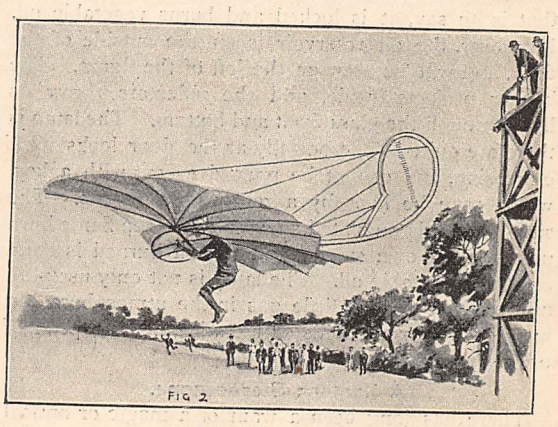
the back of the clock stand may be used as a "push" and the bell used for calling assistance of any kind, irrespective of the alarm.

An Aerial Toboggan.

The legend of Dædalus and Icarus of Crete is the mythical germ of aeronautics; but it is on record that one Besnier, a Frenchman, attempted to fly, or rather float, through the air in 1678. According to the *Journal des Scavans* of December 12th that year, he made several trials with four inverted V-shaped floats attached to his person. Again in 1742 the Marquis de Bacqueville, a French courtier, attached floats or wings to his arms and ankles, and jumped from a balcony of his house on the Quai des Theatins, Paris, with a view of floating over the Seine to the Jardins des Tuileries, but fell on the roof of a washing-boat moored near the riverside, and broke his leg. It may now be said that the problem of flying has entered on the scientific stage, and is attracting the attention of serious and able theorists and inventors. Professor S. P. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, U.S., recently declared that he saw nothing to hinder us from constructing a flying machine, which could fly round the world, by simply utilising the force of the wind itself, with an occasional help from a steam or other engine carried by it, when there was little or no wind. This remarkable deduction is based on his discovery that a wind consists of irregular puffs or beats, and that a bird is able to soar by adjusting its wings and body so as to catch and profit by the impulse of these gusts. His idea is to construct a machine, or "aerodrome," on this principle, with means of adjusting the wing or catching surface to reap the full advantage of the irregular air-currents making up the wind, and provided with spare engines to drive the machine when the wind fails. We may also add that M. Tshernoff, a Russian physicist, recently brought a new theory of flight before a scientific society in St. Petersburg. His paper has not been published in this country as yet, but he endeavours to show that the flight of a bird depends on the principle of inertia rather than on the resistance offered by the air to the surface of the wings. Of practical experiments in the same direction the most interesting are those of Herr O. Lilienthal, at Steglitz, near Berlin. The German has constructed an apparatus consisting of two large wings, curved like a bird's and made of linen stretched on a wooden frame with an aperture in the middle of it, as will be seen from our illustrations; and having put the wings over his head so as to rest on his shoulders he takes hold of the frame and leaps from the top of a hill or high building against the wind, and thus getting the benefit of the upward or bearing force glides gently down to the ground at a slope of 10° or 15° from the horizontal. The surface of the wings is about 15 square metres, and they are able to carry him about 250 metres, or, let us say, yards, before he touches the ground. He can incline the wings' surface a little, and thus quicken and slacken his speed, or change his direction. If the wind is not too strong and the wings too large, there is apparently little danger in this kind of aerial tobogganing, which may yet become a novel form of recreation. Even the aged Professor Du Bois Reymond has in this way jumped from a height of 100 feet and landed safely, a feat which suggests the use of the wings as a fire escape.

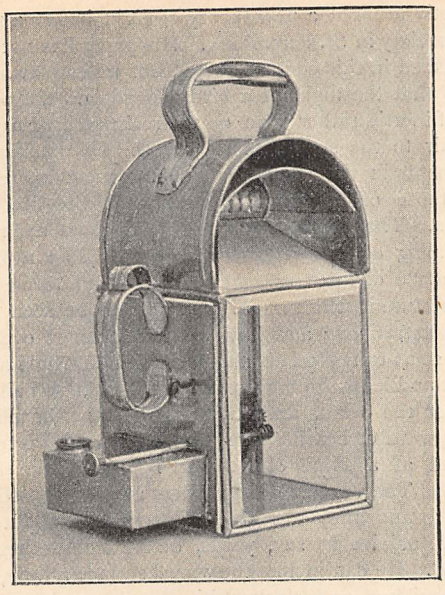
The Mammoth Crystal Cave.

America can boast of the finest caves in the world, so far as known. She has not only the mammoth cave of Kentucky, one of the natural wonders of the world,



AN AERIAL TOBOGGAN.

but the marble cave of the Ozark Hills, the Wyandotte Cave, the Luray Cavern of Virginia, and others of the stalagmitic formation, but she has a crystal cave, discovered in the Black Hills by a party of miners, and not yet explored to its full extent. It is estimated that this cavern comprises forty or fifty miles of underground passages in several tiers, forming a natural labyrinth. It has been formed in strata of



A DOWNCAST LANTERN.

corniferous limestone by a creek which pursues an underground course for eleven miles at this spot. The peculiarity of the cave is that it is lined on walls, floor, and ceiling with crystals of dog-tooth spar, which, when lighted up, present a glittering spectacle. The cave is surrounded by beautiful scenery, and will, no doubt, become a favourite resort of the tourist.

A Downcast Lantern.

The portable hand-lamp which is shown in our engraving sheds its light below as well as in front, and fulfils the requirements of the fire insurance companies in the case of corn-mills and other classes of factories—that is to say, it is locked and burns vegetable oil. Moreover, the oil reservoir is on the outside of the door, and will be seen on the left of the figure. The burner projects inside, and the reflectors throw its light through the glass front and bottom. The lamp is therefore quite safe, especially as the door locks itself on closing, and cannot be opened except with a key, which may be kept by a responsible person. The supply of air is regulated so as to make the flame burn nearly all its own smoke, and the oil burned is colza or other vegetable oil. The lamp is not only useful in mines where there is little gas in the atmosphere, but in flour- and other mills or factories, not to speak of ordinary premises.

A Lantern Stereoscope.

There has long been a want of a magic or optical lantern which would project pictures on a screen and make them appear solid, like photographic images seen through the stereoscope. This has now been invented by Mr. John Anderton, and the apparatus is virtually a double lantern, projecting the images of two stereoscopic transparencies and superposing them on the screen. When seen by the naked eye the combined images on the screen are blurred and misshapen, but when the observer looks through a small eyeglass provided for the purpose the true proportions, distinctness, and solid effect is obtained. This result is brought about by polarising the two beams of light which project the images in planes at right angles to each other, and the eyeglass or lorgnette contains a pair of analysers. The lantern can be used for projecting in the ordinary way by a simple manipulation, and it is capable of giving ten-feet pictures.

The Oldest Book.

The "papyrus prisse" found by M. Prisse in a tomb at Thebes, Egypt, is the oldest book in the world. Written about 3350 B.C. by the Prefect Ptah-hotep, it is a collection of golden precepts and meditations on life and government which are as modern in their spirit and wisdom as the best sayings of Marcus Aurelius or the finest moralists. In fact, they show that in Egypt 5000 years ago there was a tone of culture and refinement equal to that of the best modern ages. The papyrus is now in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, and is very well preserved. It is written in the hieratic character, and was finished when the author attained the patriarchal age of 110 years. Ptah-hotep, as a prefect, filled an office only second to the Pharaoh of his time, King Assa, namely that held by Joseph. He was Keeper of the Royal Granaries, Chief Justice, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord Chief Justice all in one.

PUZZLE MAZE COMPETITION.

AWARD.

The Prize of ONE GUINEA has been awarded to

S. V. HORTON,
Llanbadarnfawr,
Aberystwith.

Extra Prizes of HALF-A-GUINEA each have been awarded to

WILLIAM L. FFRENCH,
75, East Hill,
Colchester ; and

GERTRUDE GOODMAN,
94, Oakfield Road,
West Croydon.

HONOURABLE MENTION is accorded to

WILLIAM H. SORBY,
72, Alexandra Road,
South Norwood.

DEBATE COMPETITION.

The Prize of TWO GUINEAS has been gained by

The Rev. J. M. DRYERRE,
The Manse,
Innerleithen, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION is accorded to

JAMES ALEXANDER, Huntly ;
F. AUSTIN, Petworth ; and
AMYAS SELWYN, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The work of the successful competitors will be published in our pages in due course.

(*Drawn by* PERCY TARRANT.)

BLOSSOM AND PERFUME.

THE ACAPULCO GALLEON.

BY HERBERT RUSSELL.

I WAS leaning over the rail of one of the finest of the Cape Mail steamships, viewing the great far-off heap of Table Mountain, which was rapidly dwindling into a blue shadow in the windy atmosphere as our vessel thundered northwards through the long frothing ridges of the South Atlantic, when a sailorly-looking man came and stood at my side, and, after gazing a moment, exclaimed—

"The old peak grows dim, sir. Another hour of this travelling will give us a clear horizon the circle round."

"I wonder," said I, following with my eye the startled flight of a shoal of flying-fish, "what would be the sensation if one could dive from the bows and let this great roaring steamer, churning up a perfect snowstorm of foam, pass over one's head?"

"If you were to go three fathoms below the keel of the vessel, you would be unconscious, except for the shadow of her eclipsing the sort of twilight that comes sifting through the green water, of anything passing above you. I speak with some little knowledge, for, curiously enough, my calling is that of a diver."

"Really!" said I, looking at my companion with some interest, for I own to finding a considerable fascination in the vocation of the men who explore the bed of the sea. "And, pray, may I ask whether you have been pursuing your submarine investigations in the waters off the Cape?"

"I have, sir," he answered, "in Table Bay itself. And, if it would entertain you to hear it, I will tell you a very curious yarn of my experiences below the surface of the historic anchorage."

"I shall indeed be most interested to hear the story," said I.

"Then, let us go and sit under the lee of the chart-house, for the rush of the wind here makes talking difficult. Ah! this is more comfortable. Well, sir, I must begin by telling you that before I became a diver I was a sailor, and for some years had command of a little barque trading between London and South Africa. I used sometimes, when at Capetown, to hear an old tradition of an ancient Spanish treasure-ship, said to be sunk in Table Bay, and which might even at times be seen shimmering fathoms down under the water, that is glass-clear, when the weather was quiet and the sea still. One day I met with an old Dutch settler, and he told me a wonderful yarn about the wealth of this sunken galleon, which made a good deal of impression upon my mind at the time, for I couldn't help thinking what a pity it was that so much treasure should be lying at the bottom of the bay without an effort being made to recover it.

"I returned to England, and fell ill of a lingering malady, which forced me to give up my berth of command. When I got well again I found no small difficulty in obtaining a fresh post; till, one day, happening to meet with an old shipmate, he told me that he had given up going to sea and become a diver; that he made about five pounds a week at the business, and strongly recommended me to take to it. I told him that I doubted whether I should have the nerve to go down to sunken wrecks and witness such ghastly spectacles as I knew it must often fall to the lot of the diver to behold; but he assured me I should soon grow accustomed to the whole thing, and invited me to go out for a trip with him, that I might make a trial. A few days afterwards I accompanied him in his cutter to the scene of a wreck, from which he was recovering the cargo; he lent me a diving-dress and a head-piece, and I made my first descent in about eight fathoms of water. It was a most curious sensation walking upon the bed of the sea in the greenish glimmering twilight, through which every object loomed vague and large, but I got quite used to it before I had been down half an hour. To cut short this part of my story, I equipped myself with the necessary outfit, and started in the diving business, out of which I did a very great deal better than as a shipmaster.

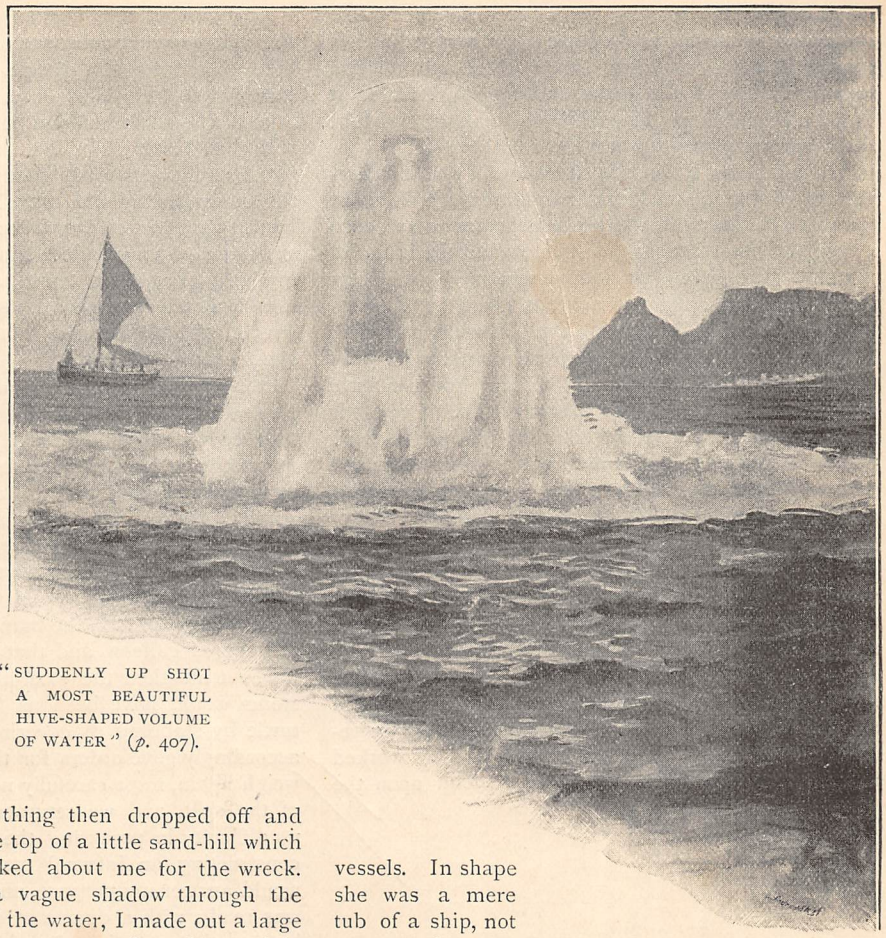
"Meanwhile, there frequently ran in my head the recollection of the Dutchman's story of the sunken treasure-ship in Table Bay. It chanced one evening that I was in the company of a little assemblage of sailors and shipowners; the conversation turned upon valuable wrecks, and I talked somewhat freely about the traditional galleon supposed to be lying under water off Capetown, regretting that I had not got the means to go out, and try and recover some of her rich freight. I suppose I ran on in a pretty fluent strain, dwelling upon the fabulous wealth of the ancient Spanish ships, for I found them all listening to me with the greatest attention.

"Next morning a man named Bury called upon me: he was a Thames barge-owner, reputed to be worth fifty thousand pounds. He said he had been thinking over the subject of our conversation on the previous evening, and wished to know whether I really meant that, providing I had the means, I would go out and

explore the submerged galleon? I answered, certainly; that these sort of traditions about sunken ships and buried treasures are, with scarcely an exception, based upon some degree of truth, and so likely did I consider that there might lie a great fortune in the speculation to any man who would hazard some little capital upon the project, that I only lamented my own inability to make the venture. He then came directly to the point; said that those views were exactly his own, and if I would carry out my scheme he would find the necessary funds, the condition being that he was to have half of whatever I might recover. I closed with his offer, and a week later was on board a steamer bound for Capetown.

"On my arrival, I went to work to gather all the intelligence I could concerning the supposed whereabouts of the sunken wreck, and presently met with a very old waterman, who said he had once dimly seen the outline of a ship resting upon the bottom many feet deep, but couldn't say whether it would be the vessel I was in search of. He pointed out the exact spot, which was at the entrance to the bay, betwixt Green Point and Robben Island, and, as I found, beyond the jurisdiction of the port authorities, so that I had nobody's permission to ask before starting on my scheme. I hired a large sloop suitable to my purpose, and engaged half-a-dozen Cape Malays, whom I instructed in the use of the air-pump, and the meaning of the signals which a diver makes by tugging at the life-line attached round his chest. With the exception of these blacks, nobody had any idea of the object of our mission when, shortly after daybreak one morning, we got under weigh, and stood out towards the entrance of the bay. We arrived at the spot, the bearings of which my old waterman had told me to take by bringing the lighthouse on the island directly into a line with the blue shadowy range of the far-off Hottentot Holland mountains, and let go our anchor in about twelve fathoms of water. This is a tolerable depth to dive to. I've been down eighteen fathoms, but the oppression on my chest caused by the pressure of water was so insufferable that I couldn't remain under more than five minutes. Well, having moored our craft, I adjusted my head-piece, first of all repeating my instructions to the Malays; set a brace of them to work at the air-pump, with directions to keep it ceaselessly going, and then quietly dropped overboard into the clear water, and floated slowly down till I alighted upon the bottom. It was a brilliant South African morning, and the sunshine, lying bright upon the surface of the bay, penetrated to the depths in a kind of misty green twilight.

"SHE SAT NEARLY UPRIGHT, WITH HER BOWS SLIGHTLY HOVE UP" (*p.* 405).



"SUDDENLY UP SHOT A MOST BEAUTIFUL HIVE-SHAPED VOLUME OF WATER" (*p.* 407).

"The spot where I came down was a bed of soft sand. Surrounding me was a most wonderful growth of marine plants — a perfect forest of weeds, most of them looking like huge fantastic ferns, their shapes as motionless as paintings on glass, with the silvery flashes of fish darting in and out among them, and the crawling bodies of great crabs stirring up little clouds of ooze as they burrowed themselves out of sight. A monstrous transparent starfish floated blindly up against the glass of my helmet and attached itself, so that I could not see, but I drew my knife and stuck it, and the thing then dropped off and settled. I climbed to the top of a little sand-hill which stood close by, and looked about me for the wreck. Presently, looming in a vague shadow through the glimmering fogginess of the water, I made out a large black object, which I knew was a sunken ship, and in all probability the vessel I was seeking. But she was too far off for the scope of my pipe to enable me to reach her, so I signalled to be hauled up again. The darkies dragged me up with frantic zeal, and I told them to get the anchor. We stood on until I guessed the sloop to be nearly right over the wreck. I then gave the word to bring her up again, and taking a cup of hot chocolate to put some warmth into me—for the water struck cold at that early hour of the morning—I once more descended.

"I had so well calculated the spot where the hull lay that this time I came down close alongside of her. What I first beheld looked to me like a great unrecognisable mass, covered with weeds and sea-moss, with patches of shell encrustation showing between. But standing awhile and gazing, the shape of the bulky object presently grew clear to my perception. I am not well versed in the marine architecture of bygone ages, but I would willingly have staked that the craft I was viewing could not have been resting down in that green and oozy sepulchre for much less than a couple of centuries. She sat nearly upright, with her bows slightly hove up. The stumps of three masts still stood, together with a queer-looking contrivance aft, which I have since thought was probably the great lanthorn you will see in pictures of ancient vessels. In shape she was a mere tub of a ship, not very much more than twice as long as she was broad, with great bulging quarter-galleries, an immensely tall stern, narrowing atop and castellated with ports, descending in a succession of breaks to a very low waist, and thence with a sudden spring to prodigiously raking bows. I could not regard her without a feeling almost as of awe when I thought of her as the relic of a romantic past; but that she was the traditional treasure-ship I felt very little doubt, and the elation I experienced over my discovery of her rendered me very little disposed to moralise.

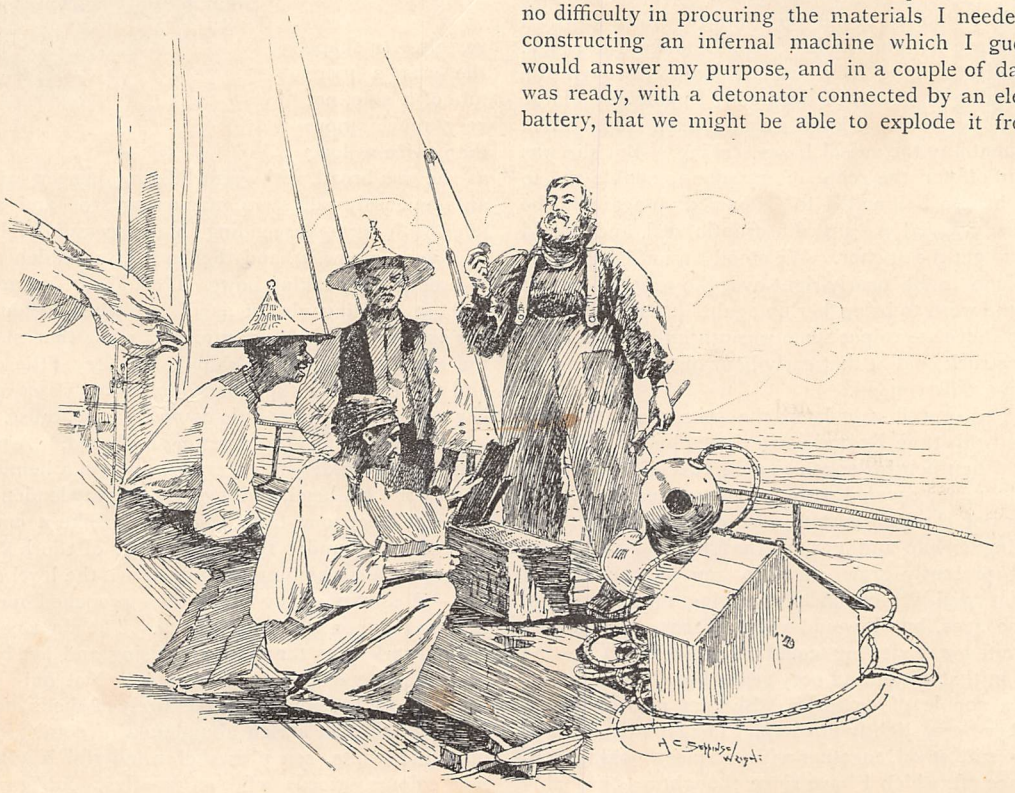
"I had no difficulty in getting on board. A man is feather-light under water, especially with a helmet full of air upon his head, and it needs weighty leaden-soled shoes to keep one from shooting up like a cork. I walked close under the lowest part of the hull, and gave a spring which carried me above the level of her rail. A stroke of the arms then propelled me over her decks, upon which I alighted. The sight between the bulwarks was far more surprising and lovely than the spectacle of the wreck outside. Not only was it that the deck seemed formed entirely of shells of many hues; there was a rich abundance of coral growths, pink and white, sea plants of wonderful beauty and gay colours, weeds of the daintiest configuration, delicate green moss, soft as plush—in short, the whole

scene struck me as forming a very fitting marine garden for some mermaid queen. Whether the hatches were on or not, I could not say, so thick and massive was the coating of the decks, and, indeed, I feared it would take me a very long while to break through that shelly surface of deposit into the hold beneath.

"I had read a bit in the literature of the old free-booters of the Spanish main, and knew a little about the value of the treasure-ships which used to sail once a year between Acapulco, in Mexico, and the island of Manilla. We get a good idea of what such vessels as these were like from the account given in 'Anson's Voyages' of the galleon which the *Centurion* captured. I can tell you from memory the contents of that famous ship's hold, for I used to read the romantic story again and again when a boy, till I came to get it nearly by heart. First of all, they discovered hard upon one million three hundred and fourteen thousand pieces-of-eight, and whilst they were staring with speechless wonder at the hundreds of cases, brimful of the sparkling white dollars, a party of seamen rummaging yet further into the hold came upon a matter of thirty-six thousand ounces of virgin silver, to say nothing of an enormously valuable cargo, composed of arrobes of alpaca wool, serons of cocoa, quintals of tin, and bales of cochineal, indigo, silk, and coffee. Why, sir, there was the wealth of an Oriental principality in the hold of one of these Spanish galleons, and the recollection of what I had read concerning them worked in a fever of impatience in me as I stood upon the weedy deck of that sunken wreck, and realised that she was, beyond doubt, one of that ancient fleet which used to inspire the dreams of such buccaneers as Dampier, Rogers, Shelvocke, Stradling, and a score of others whose names you may be better acquainted with than I am.

"After having made a long and thorough survey of the queer-looking old craft, I gave the signal to be hauled up again, and was brought hand over hand to the surface by my zealous Malay boatmen. I removed my head-piece, dried myself, and sat down to consider how I should set to work to get at the inside of the wreck. A little Revenue cutter came sheering alongside, and an official in a gold lace cap and brass buttons hailed to know what we were doing. I told him seeking for treasure, which lay hidden below. He laughed and waved his hand, wishing me luck. I had no motive in concealing the truth, knowing that we were beyond the limit of all local authority, and within no jurisdiction short of that which the British Admiralty exercises upon the high seas, so that I was aware of my title to keep anything I might recover.

"There was but one plan which I could hit upon for breaking through the barnacle-crusted walls of the submerged galleon, and that was by blowing her up. To have attacked the steel-like surface of shells and stones would have been as futile as trying to kill a turtle by stabbing its covering with a table-knife. I accordingly gave orders for the sloop to be got under weigh again, most carefully noting the exact bearings of the spot, and we returned to Capetown. I had no difficulty in procuring the materials I needed for constructing an infernal machine which I guessed would answer my purpose, and in a couple of days it was ready, with a detonator connected by an electric battery, that we might be able to explode it from a



"I UTTERED A CRY OF TRIUMPH, FOR I KNEW THOSE COINS WERE SPANISH PIECES-OF-EIGHT" (*p.* 407).

safe distance. Early on the following morning I assembled my little black crew on board the sloop, and before the sun had shown above the level ridge of Table Mountain we were once more anchored in the same position. I dived to the wreck, and on my signalling, the infernal machine was lowered down to me. It was a small metal cylinder, of no very great weight, and by dint of a little manœuvring I managed to deposit it snugly among the weeds upon the ancient hulk's quarter-deck. When this was done I signed to be hauled up. We raised our anchor and shifted our berth far enough away to be out of danger, and then I exploded the thing. The effect of it was strange. First came a dull muffled report, like thunder heard in a cellar; the smooth surface of the bay grew very agitated, and suddenly up shot a most beautiful hive-shaped volume of water.

"I waited for nearly an hour, in order to give the water time to settle again, and then I once more descended the depths. The first thing I saw was that the force of the explosion had caused the galleon to shift her posture. From an almost level keel she had been hove over until the slope of her deck was as sharp as the incline of a house-roof. I got on board, and then I discovered that my machine had blown a great yawning hole in the front of the poop-royal, as I believe the aftermost superstructure used to be called.

"Carefully gathering several folds of my india-rubber air-tube over my arm, to provide against its getting foul of the wreckage, I stepped through the chasm into the black gleaming water within. I sank a little, and then alighted upon what I supposed to have been the floor of the state-room. It was not so dark as I had expected, which I can only account for by supposing that the phosphorescence with which the walls of the ancient craft were acrawl gave forth a dim light. The interior was quite empty.

"I had been prepared to find it silted up with slime and weeds, but whether the fact of its having been hermetically sealed prevented the accumulation of deposits, I cannot say; certain it is that, so far as I could make out, the bulkheads and decks were as bare as a barn.

"It was lucky for me that I had entered the ship in the after-part, for I knew that the lazarette would probably lie directly under my feet, and it was here that the Spaniards invariably stowed the valuable part of their cargo. I very soon found that there would not be much trouble in breaking through this second deck to get into the hold below; the planking was so rotten that twice I struck my foot right through it. I stepped outside again, and getting hold of a long piece of shell-crusted wreckage, hard as iron, which had been ripped away from the bulwarks by the explosion, returned with it into the state-room, and began to pound at the floor.

"It broke away readily enough, and in less than half an hour I had made an orifice several feet square. I floated down through this opening, and found still the same phosphorescent glimmer in the water. When I had alighted and begun to grope about me, I discovered the place to be stored with many piled-up square shapes, undoubtedly wooden cases. My heart began to beat swiftly with excitement. I laid hold of one of the square shapes, but could no more raise it than I could have raised the wreck herself. Guessing it was impossible for me to deal with these things single-handed down in the gloom of that hold, I again returned to the upper deck, and signalled with my life-line for a stout rope to be sent to me. In a moment or two the coil of it came swimming down like a wriggling sea-serpent; I re-entered the lazarette, groped about for a conveniently-situated case, securely fastened the rope to it, and signalled for it to be hauled up.

"The thing broke away, and went gliding upwards in a dark shadow; I waited till I guessed they would have got it on board, and then signed to be pulled up too. I came to the surface, scrambled on to the cutter, and in mad haste whipped off my helmet. There lay the wooden box safe enough in the middle of a little pool that had drained from it, covered with a sort of green fur or sea moss.

"My Malay crew gathered around, agitated with expectation and excitement. I called for an axe, and one was almost immediately thrust into my hand. At the first stroke of the weapon the sodden and decayed wood was shivered, and the steel blade struck upon something which gave back a metallic chink. Trembling with anxiety, I tore away the splintered fragments, and disclosed a level layer of large coins, of the colour of bronze.

"I uttered a cry of triumph, for I knew those coins were Spanish pieces-of-eight, and the rusty appearance of them was merely due to tarnish. I drew my sheath-knife, dug out one of the pieces—for they were very tightly packed—and scraped it. The surface came out as white as a new crown-piece!

"But there goes the tiffin bell, and, bless my heart! sir, I am detaining you so long that you will be putting me down as one of those dreadful shipboard bores. Yet spare me another couple of minutes, whilst I tell you the sequel to this singular and somewhat romantic experience. For three days was I at work on that old hulk after I had succeeded in entering her interior, and during that time I sent up seventy-five cases, each exactly like the first, and containing four thousand pieces-of-eight, or old Spanish dollars, apiece.

"I emptied the lazarette; that I might have discovered further treasure by searching for it, is possible, but I was satisfied. Reckoning at the rate of five pieces to an English sovereign, the value of the ancient money cannot be worth a penny less than sixty thousand pounds.

"What did I do with it, sir? Why, it's all packed in cases, deep down in the hold of this very steamer. I'm carrying it to England to share with the gentleman but for whose enterprise it might still be lying at the bottom of Table Bay; and I reckon," concluded my interesting companion, rising, with a smile, "that unless we're shipwrecked and all the money is lost, I've made my last dive to the bottom of the sea."

A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE WEDDING.

(DRAWN FROM LIFE
BY T. W. COULDERY.)

THE BRIDEGROOM.

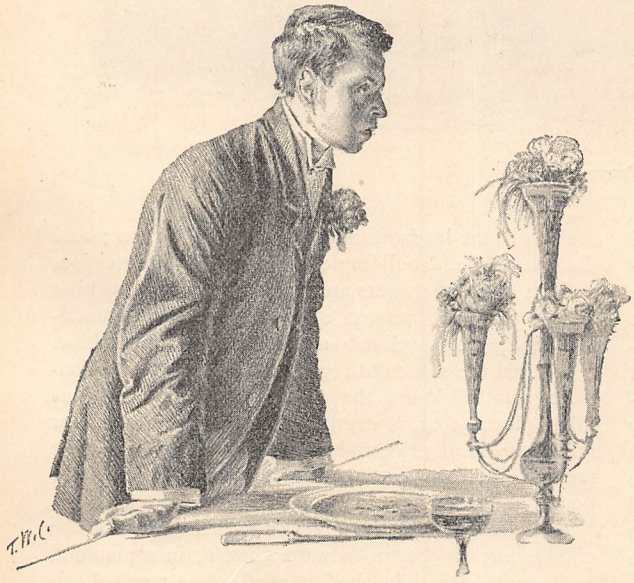
THE BRIDE.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S MOTHER.

THE FATHER OF THE BRIDE.

A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE WEDDING—(*continued*).

AT THE CHURCH DOOR.



THE YOUNGEST GENTLEMAN PRESENT RETURNS THANKS ON BEHALF OF THE LADIES.

BRIDESMAIDS.

THE REJECTED ONE.

THE EDUCATION OF OUR GIRLS.

LIFE AT GIRTON COLLEGE.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

GIRTON COLLEGE, EVENING.

THOSE who have read Miss Beatrice Harraden's charming little book, "Ships that Pass in the Night," will remember that her quaint little heroine one day expounded to her lover—surely the most odious lover that ever walked through the pages of a novel—her views upon the "Eternal Feminine" question. In the course of this exposition she touched upon the education of women, and thus delivered herself concerning the Girton girl :—

"The Girton girl of ten years ago," said she, "was a sombre and spectacled person, carelessly and dowdily dressed, who gave herself up to wisdom, and despised everyone who did not know the Agamemnon by heart. She was probably not loveable," continued this amiable little woman to the grim and stingy person stalking solemnly by her side ; "but she deserves to be honourably and thankfully remembered. She fought for woman's right to be educated. The fresh-hearted young girl who nowadays plays a good game of tennis, and takes a high place in the classical or mathematical tripos, and is book-learned without being bookish, and who does not scorn to take pride in her looks because she happens to take pride in her books, is what she is by reason of that grave and loveless woman who won the battle for her."

A brave and generous defence of a hitherto much unloved, possibly unworthily despised, specimen of womanhood fast passing into the dim and distant past. But the words came to my mind as I drove along the road that leads from Cambridge to Girton ; and the beautiful red building came slowly into my vision, with its massive towers and tall chimneys stretching up into the quiet autumn sky, whilst the main building itself, clear-outlined against the distant blue, compelled the senses to regard it and consider. Consider what? Why, the whole revolution that has taken place—that is even now taking place—in our midst concerning the up-bringing of our girls, and the position they are for the future to occupy in this vast body politic.

As I drove up to the main entrance, the life of the college already began to unfold itself; in a moment, as it were, I felt that I had stepped into a new sphere; at any turn fresh revelations lay awaiting me. To begin with, a number of girls in red jerseys were rushing here and there, hotly and vigorously—I will not say inelegantly—contending for the mastery in a game of hockey. "Life is not all study at Girton," thought I to myself, as a neat-handed maiden preceded me down the long corridors to the rooms of the lady who was to take charge of me during my brief visit, and expound to me the mysteries of the vast establishment. For a few moments we sat in conversation, and then we commenced the round of the building. The Antiquities Room had a certain fascination of its own, inasmuch as its ancient Roman and British remains, dug up in the immediate neighbourhood, were in some respects quite unique; but the hurried entry of a young man, a lecturer from the University, and the following up of a large class of youthful maidens, caused us to beat a hasty retreat. In the Chemical Laboratory I caught a glimpse of white aprons, knitted bows, and dismayed regards at a huge bottle, whence certain

THE LIBRARY.

fearful odours were issuing in a cloud of dim smoke. I thought of the humorous and appropriate name applied to this department of their practical education by the brothers of these young women at Oxford, and I smiled quietly to myself.

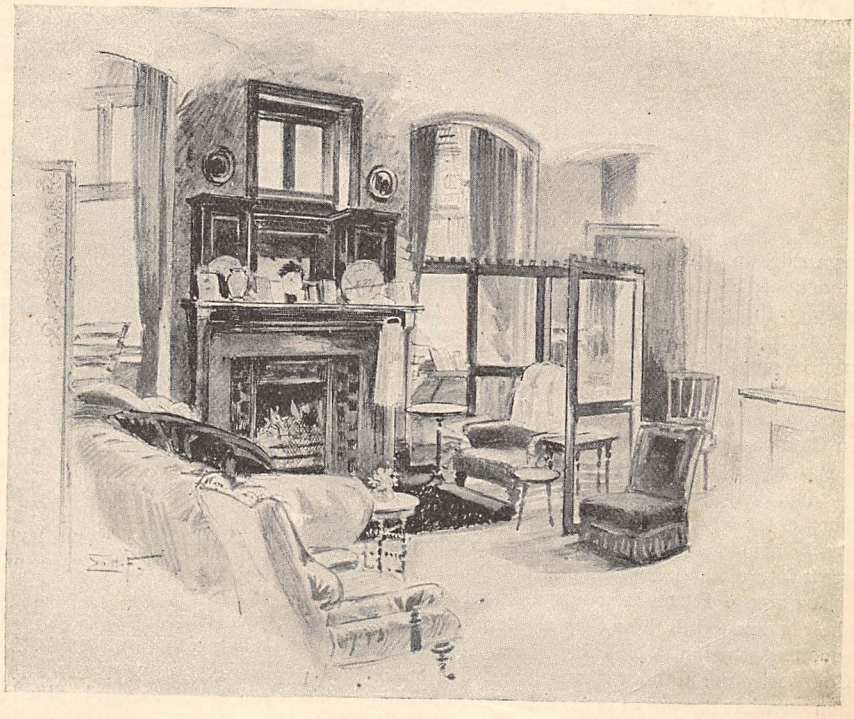
"This is the Chemical Laboratory," my companion informed me.

"I smell it," I replied; and we passed amusedly onward.

Then came a glimpse of an empty hospital.

"We do not have many patients, I am glad to say," continued my guide, as we entered the beautiful Dining Hall; "the life here is too regular and too healthy; and indeed," she added, with sarcastic meaning, "we have no time to be ill in Girton."

"The High Table" fascinated me. It was so curiously reminiscent of the adjacent University and its centuries-old life and habits: so true is it that there is nothing new under the sun. The new is but a continuation of the old. Even our public libraries are but replicas of the libraries of Nineveh and Babylon. But this is a



THE MISTRESS'S ROOM.

digression—or, if you like, a preliminary—to my glimpse of the lofty library, in which silence and a certain stately contemplativeness reigned supreme. A Girton girl sat reading here.

"She is a classical student," remarked the lady at my side; "for the classical students read here more than any of the others. But that generally means a majority in Girton, although at the present moment there are more students taking up mathematics than any other subject. The classics they take up are, of course, what would be required for the Classical Tripos at Cambridge, for as a general rule few girls come here who are not prepared to read for honours."

"Which is one reason," I replied, "why the girls, as a rule, do better than the men. You have, in fact, a pick of the flock, while all sorts and conditions of men go through the University life."

"Certainly," was the reply; "it is understood that a girl comes here to read, whilst," rather caustically, "it has hitherto been almost equally understood that men go up to play. I am bound to acknowledge that in Cambridge things are much altered for the better."

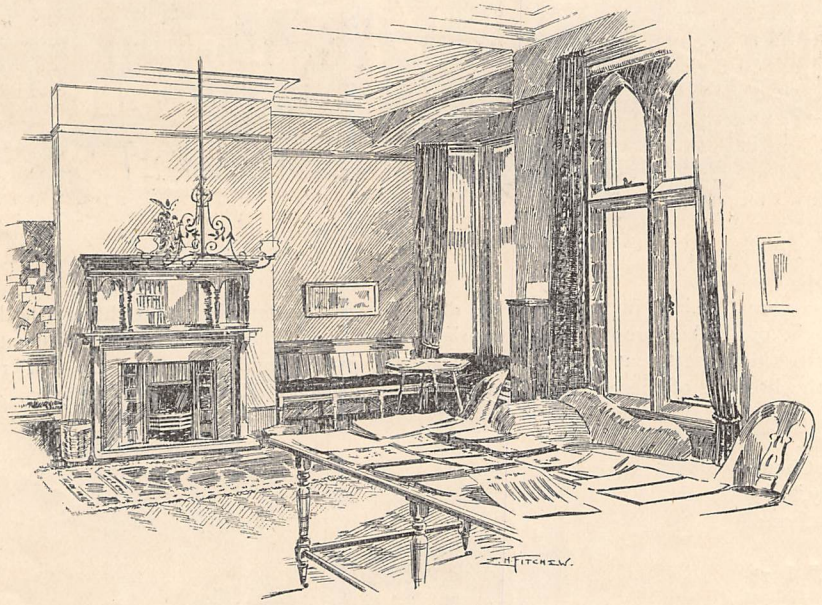
"But you don't neglect athletics?"

"Oh, dear me, no! Golf, hockey, tennis, and the like, enter very largely into our college life. The yearly tennis match with Newnham always creates great interest and excitement."

A glimpse I caught at this moment of some special shelves devoted to the works of George Eliot, Tennyson, and Ruskin, which had been presented to the College by the authors themselves, led to a conversation on what the girls themselves generally read.

"Are they what I may term 'up-to-date' in their literature generally?" I asked.

"I think," replied my hostess, "that they read specially what is talked about at the time. They read all the good novelists of the day, but I don't know that their general tenor of thought is much affected by it. I don't think that they follow much in the lines of the new religious thought of the day, for instance," she explained, in reply to a remark I had made. "But then, again," she continued, "they are very keen on all questions of economical politics. They are well up in the labour disputes; but I do not think they have a very keen appreciation of all questions affecting their own sex. We have here, you must know, a good many Discussion Societies—Societies for discussing Social questions, Ethical Societies,

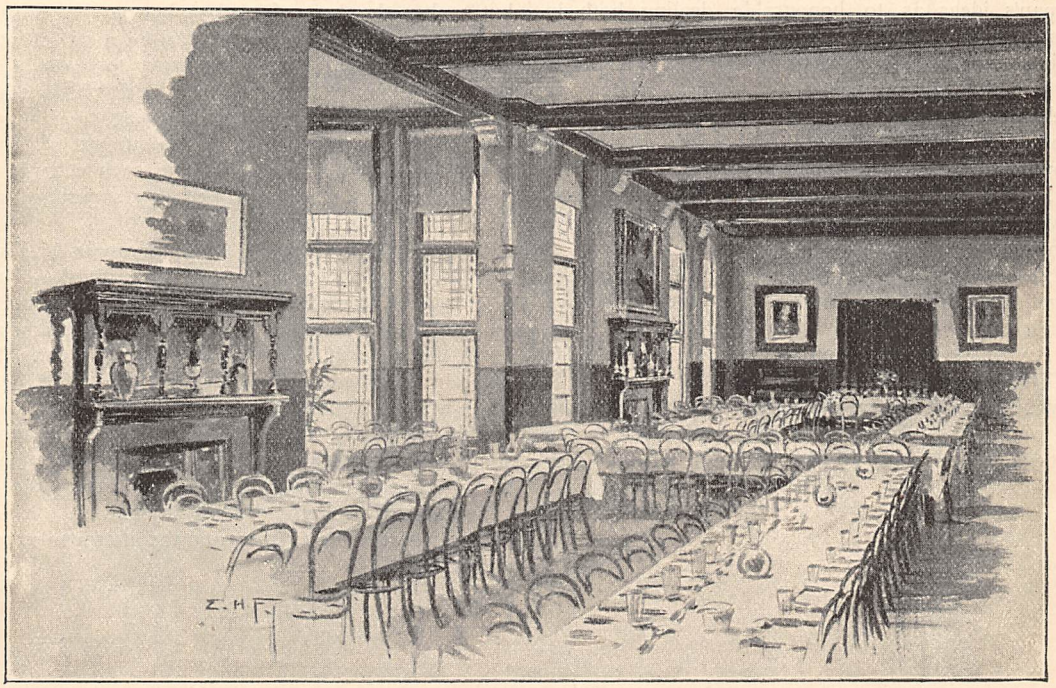


THE READING-ROOM.

Debating Societies. Last night we went into the question of the 'Abolition of the House of Lords.' We are rather conservative here, perhaps, and so the Bill was thrown out by a large majority. On another night the subject for discussion was 'Should Specialisation at the Universities be encouraged?'"

My hostess then led me into one of the little rooms in which these young ladies live, exactly as their brothers would in the University, and I found myself in a charming room, with a balcony outside, from which a glimpse of far-reaching low-lying country was obtained. Long level beautiful stretches of fen country met the gaze on all sides, country across which the shadows lengthily and lazily stretched themselves, and over which the great white sun-lit clouds climbing up over the horizon hung in round or rugged masses of splendour. These the setting sun reddened and gilded; the rays of dying day fell upon the autumn foliage, the birds wheeled in the air, and the evening breeze poured in through the open

window, bringing with it a delightful sensation of freedom and vastness curiously in harmony with the mental atmosphere by which I felt myself surrounded and pervaded. For I was the only man in this little group of feminines; and it was interesting to an outsider to note the bearing and the distinguishing characteristics of the little group.



THE DINING-ROOM.

For one thing, there was a gentle severity in each member of the party. Some have called that the Girton tone; however that may be, I know not. But those who know the University type well know that such a tone is characteristic of the undergraduate of Keble, in a broader and less restricted sense of the Trinity don in Cambridge, and, as I say, with the added charm of femininity of the student of Girton or of Newnham. They may not be aware of it—indeed, they may indignantly deny it, but it is there, and it is well that it should be so. It is the characteristic which at once differentiates them from their less thoughtful, less earnest, less occupied sisters in the butterfly world of fashion, from which they have by no means made a final exit; but to which, on the contrary, they return now and again with a certain undefinable *cachet* of superiority stamped upon them. One of my companions, entering into conversation with me, told me something of the daily life at Girton.

"Some of us," said she, "who are reading very hard, get up at five o'clock. We have an early cup of tea, and work till eight, when the mistress reads prayers. We are not obliged to attend prayers, but I think most of us do. Breakfast is on the tables in hall till nine o'clock. From twelve to three we have luncheon; both of these meals are quite informal. Afternoon tea is taken round to our private rooms and to the lecture rooms at four o'clock. We dine all together at six o'clock. Many of us attend lectures in Cambridge, and I think we specially enjoy the walk or drive in. After dinner come our coffee parties, our club or society meetings, our committees, and all forms of social life generally. Now and again the fire-alarm is very unexpectedly given, and the Girton College Fire Brigade turns out for practice. Oh, yes!" she continued, replying to an exclamation of surprise on my part, "the Fire Brigade is quite an institution here. It was established in 1879, and we have three corps, consisting of the majority of the girls, with properly-appointed captain and officers. We have, of course, a system of registration, called 'Marking,' which shows that the requisite number of days in residence has been put in to enable us to keep our terms according to the University regulations; and we may not miss this marking or be absent from any lecture without special permission from the mistress."

The conversation going on around us now became interesting, for it began somewhat discursively to touch on the general effect on college life upon feminine character. I brought forward the opinion of certain thoughtful outsiders that the tendency was, frequently, towards a certain inevitable hardness of

character and towards selfishness in many individual women. This was vigorously overborne.

"No," said they in soft clamour; "it teaches a woman to be thoughtful, to be public-spirited, to be punctual; what is more selfish than unpunctuality? It gives them new ideas of honour—the outside woman's ideas as to honourable dealing both in herself and in others is frequently somewhat vague; it gives us new ideals."

"I must enter my protest," here interpolated my guide, "as to the assertion that women generally are wanting in strict ideas as to honourable dealing. I know so many who have never been to college who are most scrupulously honourable. At the same time I think that very strict ideas of honour are commoner among college girls than others."

"But does not college life tend to do away with the woman's usefulness at home? At least, so I have been told," I somewhat timidly urged.

"A woman loves her home even more after her life at Girton than she did before."

Indeed, it was universally conceded that the Girton girl of to-day—whatever she may have been in the past—is a pattern of all the domestic virtues. For though now and again those stately halls resound to the chanting of the college song, in which they ask the one the other

"What in joy surpasses
A college life so free?"

Yet in actual experience the Girton girl despises not, but makes the best of, and endeavours to improve upon, the simple, if somewhat narrow and uneventful, life of the home. Nor was I sorry to learn of the Settlement mutually established and supported by Girton and Newnham, which is doing such a good work in far-off Southwark, and in support of which a weekly sewing party is held in each college, the Settlement itself and its work being supervised and directed by a Newnham student.

I stood that evening in the quadrangle of King's College. From King Henry VII.'s exquisite chapel there poured a rush of music, the organ pealing triumphantly, the beautiful voices of the boys now and again distinguishable through the soft thunder. The fountain splashed and glittered in the dying light; white-winged pigeons dipped now and again in the translucent water; a little kitten seated on the mossy stone basin gazed admiringly at its own reflection in the wave beneath; a grave professor passed me by, his gown rustling in the evening breeze.

The scenes of the evening and the afternoon were in striking contrast.

A STUDENT'S ROOM.

ON A LEE SHORE.

By CLARA E. CHEESEMAN, Author of "Had He Known," etc.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

"Lo! in that dell, behind a singing bar,
Where deep pure pools of glittering waters are,
In flowerful shades, where green and gold are rife
Still rests the shell of his forgotten life."

"TO-MORROW it will be eight months since."

"Yes, I remember," Miss Ferrars answered, without looking at her cousin.

As was their rule in pleasant weather, they sat on the verandah. The little table between them was heaped with books and work—little trifles of lace and embroidery; but at the present time neither of the ladies was actively engaged. Ida leaned back in her low cane chair, and from beneath languidly drooping eyelids looked towards the bay that shimmered through the open spaces between the trees. Miss Ferrars appeared to be reviewing the work of the past half-hour, criticising large stitches or irregularities in the pattern.

Yet, from her expression, one might have sworn that she was thinking of no such trifles. Lately her face had worn a strained and anxious look, and a few lines had marred the smoothness of her forehead. There was some change in Ida also. The warm tint of her complexion had faded; she had grown quieter and more thoughtful; her little caprices and lively nonsensical fancies had been put away out of sight. There was something pathetic in this, as the sudden ageing of a child might have been.

"The *Kenilworth* was six months out," Ida said. "She was supposed to be lost; but the mail yesterday brought news of her arrival."

"She must have been disabled in some storm. I have heard of ships being as long as that before; but never of one that spent eight months on the voyage. And the *Hirondelle* has always made such quick passages."

"Do you want me to believe they are lost?" Ida asked, with a touch of her old petulance.

"Oh, my dear! I don't want you to believe anything that grieves you. How can we know what has happened? They may be safe. I pray that they are. Men have been saved and brought home after a longer time than this. We have every reason to hope for the best."

"You always say what is right; but there are others who seem to think I ought to give up all hope—that I should put on mourning. Your visitor, Mrs. Wigton, who comes to condole with us, looks upon me as unfeeling, frivolous, and worldly-minded because I don't burst into tears in her presence, and tell her all I think. I never will put on black, Mary—I couldn't bear to do that, even if I knew there was no hope left. You need not try to persuade me."

"I am sure I never thought of such a thing," Miss Ferrars declared. "Do you think I would vex you with that? So soon, too! It seems wicked to speak of it. Mrs. Wigton ought to be ashamed of herself. If we loaded ourselves with black, what good could it do?"

A long silence. Miss Ferrars made a few stitches, then stole a glance at the girl sitting beside her. When she bent her head over her sewing again a tear rolled from her cheek and made a little damp spot on the embroidery, at which she gazed for a moment, as if wondering how it had come there.

"I wonder why Dick doesn't write to you?" Ida said.

"Why, Ida, he never does write unless he is obliged. He hates letter-writing, though he says he likes to get a few lines from me, and to hear how we both are. When he was leaving he said, 'You must write to me now and then, old girl.'"

"If I had a brother I wouldn't allow him to call me old girl."

"Oh, I don't mind that," Miss Ferrars said, with a little laugh. "Who is this that has just come in at the gate?"

Someone was coming up the path—a brown-faced man, tall and lithe of figure, and with the step (to one who knows it) of the Maori or Polynesian: the easy, indolent gait of one to whom hurrying against time has always seemed an utterly foolish and useless exertion.

"Why, I believe it is Charley!" Miss Ferrars cried. "My brother must be back again. He has had quite time enough."

It was Charley—Ferrars' Man Friday, whom by some chance he had picked up a year or two ago, and who had been faithful to him ever since. The man was a Samoan, and had the pleasing cast of features which is common among the natives of that island group; the light brown skin, the large, long-lashed black eyes, the brilliantly white teeth, which he showed in a smile that answered Miss Ferrars' greeting. But his face immediately assumed a more serious expression.

He carried with him a bundle done up in a gaudy cotton handkerchief, which no doubt at one time had been amongst his master's trade goods. Either her agitation or his incoherence prevented Miss Ferrars from understanding him aright; but she guessed that the parcel had come from her brother, and taking it in her hands, began to unfasten the knotted corners of the handkerchief.

A strange jumble of things rolled out on her lap, and

the sad significance of this began to make itself felt. A little book or two which she had given to her brother, his watch and chain, a bundle of letters, some rough sketches, some old charts, soiled and worn through in the folds; and besides all these, a number of such little articles as a servant might hastily have collected from amongst his master's property—scraps of paper, with memoranda or accounts, handkerchiefs, neckties, studs and rings, and a purse that was heavy in the hand. There could be no doubt of Charley's honesty.

Miss Ferrars looked at the man, wishing to question him; but for the moment words would not come. He was telling her that this was not all; there were other things of the captain's which he had not been able to bring.

As if to remind her that she had overlooked something, he pointed to a little portrait-case—an oval of about the size of an ordinary locket, silver, with a crystal front. Mary had never seen this in her brother's possession; but when she turned it over, it showed her a face she knew well. With a desire to conceal what he himself had kept secret, she covered it with her hand. Ida, perhaps, had not seen. But her cousin, who had been leaning on her chair, had drawn back suddenly, and the pale olive of her face was tinged with an unusual glow of colour.

"I never gave it to him," she said, a sob breaking her voice.

"Hush!" said Miss Ferrars. "Oh, Charley! what is it? Tell me. Where have you come from?"

And then, with every sign and token of grief, the Samoan told his tale. He spoke English—that language which missionaries, traders, and beach-combers have spread through the Pacific—fairly well, interlarding it, however, with many an island phrase, slurring over the hard consonants, clipping the long words. With rapid gestures he traced the schooner's passage from place to place, and as he pronounced the musical native names of the different islands, he checked them off on his fingers. They had traded here—traded there. Samoa had been the first place visited, and when the cruise was finished they had returned there, to lie in the port at Apia a long while.

"The captain he like to stay," Charley said. "Plenty people like Samoa."

The first time they had been there, sailing from island to island, they had slipped into the sheltered lagoons of one of the many atolls or coral reefs. There were two or three small islands connected by the ring of reef. The captain anchored here, and landed some boxes. No one knew why he brought them here, for the island was uninhabited. Afterwards he went on shore, taking only Charley with him, and together they dug holes and buried the boxes. They were not big, but very heavy. The next day the schooner sailed away again. Charley said nothing about what had been done with the boxes to the sailors, because the captain had ordered him not, and had threatened him if he dared to speak of it.

But when for the second time they were in Samoa, after two months the captain had said that he was tired of Apia, and again they left the port and sailed from one island to another of the group. Till at one place, where the captain had gone into the bush to shoot birds, it happened. For when he was amongst the trees, something caught the trigger of the gun a man carried for him, and it went off, and he was shot in the arm—a great wound, for the one who held the gun was near. Only at first he said it was nothing, and, at the mission station, where he was taken, they dressed the wound, covering it with soft cotton. But when he came to the schooner again he was sick and ill, so that he lay down in his berth. And the next day he was in much pain, and the arm was red and swollen to a great size. So it grew worse, until we knew that he must die, for the limb was dead already. Then, as he had ordered, the schooner came again to the lagoon, and there he died—and we buried him. But in passing out again, by the mate's fault, the schooner grounded on the reef, and could not be moved. The sailors put all they could in the boat, and in that we reached Tutuila, and from thence came to Upolu.

This was the substance of the story Mary Ferrars listened to. On the piece of paper she held before her swimming eyes were the few words her brother had written.

"The last stage, Mary. Dying here from a gunshot wound in the arm—an accident. Not in pain now; but that is a bad sign—mortification set in. Can just scrawl this. Charley will tell you about the gold. There are twelve small boxes—four in each of those we buried—£60,000 altogether. Ask Birkwood where that came from—if you ever see him again. I have my doubts. You can tell Ida——"

But he had not been able to write more, or perhaps had decided to leave the sentence unfinished. Lower down in a still feebler hand was scrawled the words—

"Get rid of the treasure. It has cost plenty of lives. Good-bye."

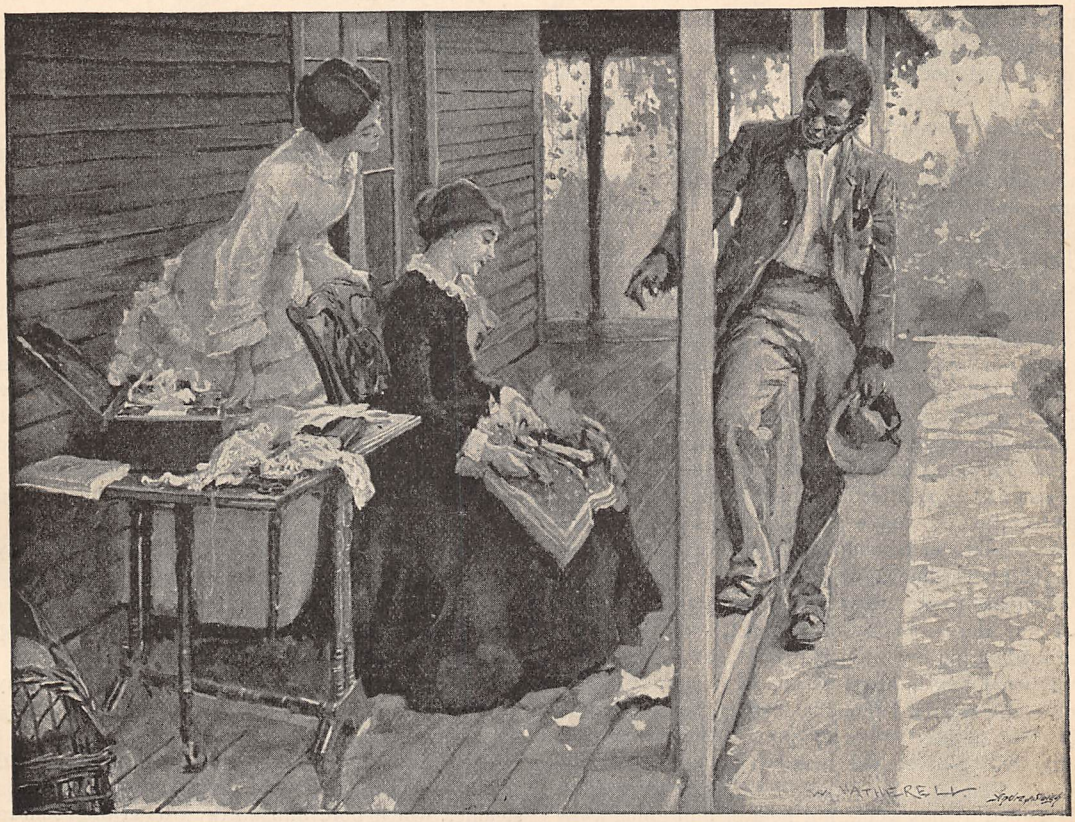
So to the end, Charley had unburdened himself of his evil tidings. When Miss Ferrars questioned him on the subject, he told her that Ferrars owed him no money; for, in addition to his wages, he had made him a present of what in the Samoan's eyes must have seemed a small fortune. However, he had worked his passage from Apia, probably because he was unaccustomed to any other way of voyaging. Now that he had done as he had promised, he would go back to his own people. Moreover, when he was in Tutuila he had married a wife, and so was under a pledge to return.

"You shall go back, Charley," said Miss Ferrars, "and take a present from me to your wife. And something more of your own; for my brother knew I should give you more, and you have come a long way to tell me. But I am going to Samoa too, and I want you to come with me, or I might not find the place you have told me of."

She shook hands with the honest fellow, and thanked and praised him for his faithfulness. It was bad news he had brought her; but her brother had been tended

by him to the last, and had died in his arms. When he had gone she sought Ida, who had left her some time before, and told her of the intention she had formed. But Ferrars' last letter she kept to herself, on account of that reference to Ida, and also the enigmatical sentence about Birkwood, the meaning of which had suddenly become plain. She almost it really was—"which, from the way he writes about it, I feel sure he meant me to take care of. And there may be other affairs—I can't tell what. He was only able to write a few words, or he would have told me all."

"And do you mean to leave me here?" Ida said. "I shall be miserable without you. I know that is a



"HE POINTED TO A LITTLE PORTRAIT-CASE" (*p.* 416).

reproached herself for the swiftness with which her mind had jumped to the conclusion that the gold was that which the *Hirondelle* had carried. She had never understood her brother's character, yet at times she had been vaguely conscious of deeps which it might be as well to leave unsounded. He had lived a double life; and in fear of some other revelation as painful to her as this of his dishonesty, she burnt the whole of his private memoranda unread. To pry into affairs which he had never intended her to know, to read what was meant for no eyes but his own, was more than she was capable of. Better to cover tenderly the face of the dead.

"Must you really go?" Ida asked.

"Oh, yes. He almost asks me. There is some property on the island where he died"—she had resolved that as yet she would not explain to Ida what selfish way of putting it, and when you are in so much trouble I ought to be ready to do anything you wish. But just now I dread being alone. If one were moving about, going from place to place, there would not be much time to think about what might have happened. If you go, Mary, I am going too."

"It would be a rough journey for you," her cousin said; "and if news were to come—as I hope it will, long before my return—you would be out of the way. Of course, you would not be alone. You might stay with some of our friends. Indeed, I think that you had better stay."

"Not with anyone but you, Mary. When the news does come, it will be sent after us. The journey will not be any rougher for me than for you, and if I am not to be alone, neither ought you. You might be ill; and what should I think of myself then, if I had let you go without me? If my father and Alfred were to

come next week, I would go, for I know they would think I had behaved shabbily in deserting you. It is quite settled that I am to go."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

WHEN the boat's keel touched the shore, Weldrick, stiff and cramped from the long time that he had remained in one position, stumbled forward, and fell rather than sprang out of her. Until he attempted to walk, he had not known his weakness. After a few yards he sat down on the bank. The children playing on the beach seemed frightened of him—not without reason, for his appearance was ghastly enough. They ran to a boat-shed, and a man who had been working there came to him and helped him to reach the house.

There they were very kind to him. They would have him sit to the table at once, and were distressed because he was too exhausted to eat much. But he drank that proverbial cup of tea which, in colonial homes, is always ready, and always proffered as a cure for any sickness, fatigue, or privation. More refreshing even than this was the warm bath which they made ready for him, after which—still acting on the advice of his host, an old sailor, who spoke with the authority of one who had experienced all the hardships of the sea—he went to bed, and, even as his head sank on the pillow, fell into such sound, satisfying, healing slumber as he had never known before.

When he awoke, he was another man. Such at least was the testimony of his host, whom he overheard delivering the following statement :—

"When I saw him on the beach, staggering about, bent double nearly, I thought, 'Here's some poor old fellow who's drifted to his last port.' Afterwards I said to myself, 'Not so old neither : forty-five or fifty, maybe.' But now, I'm blessed if he's seen thirty !"

His good friends would not hear of him going away until his strength had fully returned. They were some distance from town or settlement ; but a servant boy was sent off on horseback to the nearest post-office with the letters Weldrick had written. He could not telegraph, for the lines had not yet been made. The people in the house took a weekly newspaper, and at his request all the numbers which were still in their possession were sought for and brought to him. In one of these old papers he found a notice about the *Hirondelle*, a reference to the long passage she was making. She had been four months out. At a later date she was again referred to, and it was stated that all hope of her return had been abandoned.

The boy had come back from the post-office, and brought the latest news in the form of another paper, which Weldrick had scarcely opened before his eye was caught by the name *Hirondelle*. In glad astonishment he read that a whaleboat with a crew of fourteen men had been picked up by a ship bound to Callao. These men were survivors from the wreck of the *Hirondelle*, which had been lost on the coast of Auckland Island. They were taken to Callao by the ship that rescued them, and, after some time, the second mate of the *Hirondelle* had reached London and told his story to the owners of his ship. He had not thought it possible that anyone could have got ashore from the wreck ; but Mr. Weldrick, whose son had been passenger by the unfortunate ship, had resolved to have search made, and had come out to New Zealand for that purpose.

"It is just like him ! I ought to have known he couldn't rest without looking for me," Weldrick thought.

He dashed the paper from him with such vigour that his hostess looked at him in amazement.

"I must leave you at once, Mrs. Blundell."

"My word, sir !" returned that person, "you are not fit to put on your boots."

"Then someone shall put them on for me. My father is in New Zealand. He is going to Auckland Island to look for me. If I don't make haste, he will have started before I can meet with him."

He wondered then—he wondered afterwards still more—at the good-nature with which the family, who already had done so much for him, ran this way and that to execute his orders, and hurried and fussed over his departure. How they gave him Blundell's finest linen and his best clothes, which were worlds too wide, and set him on a horse, which they told him was all fleetness, and which seemed likewise to be all bone. How Blundell rode with him as a guide, shaking to and fro in his seat and steering wildly, after the style of a man-o'-war's man on horseback ; and how, when they parted at the town, with the heartiest goodwill on each side, and hand-shakings that a weakly man might have succumbed to, Weldrick was warmly pressed to visit them again, if he should be "down that way." There was not much fear, indeed, that he would forget these friends.

Then, immediately after—for it all went with the swiftness of a dream—he flung himself aboard a steamer, which bore him northwards at the usual rate of coasting vessels in those slow-going days. He had money with him. The bank-notes in his possession, after all they had gone through, were still a legal tender. At the first port he came to he bought himself clothes, and, having no more need of Blundell's voluminous suit, made a large parcel of it, and returned it with his grateful thanks.

With all his haste he was some days on the road, for to run from south to north of New Zealand means a journey of several hundred miles. But at length the steamer was entering her last port of call. It was quite impossible that his father could have known he was hurrying to meet him. But surely he stood amongst that crowd on the wharf? He could not mistake that tall, upright figure ; he saw the face turned towards the advancing steamer, but with no look of expectancy, no searching glance amongst the group of passengers. Weldrick did not wait to be identified. He pushed through the throng of people on deck, and, before the gangway was put out, jumped to the wharf and caught his father's hand. And what a pleasure it was to feel that warm grasp, to look into that honest English

face! It was like coming home all at once—it was home, though he found it in a strange land.

Mr. Weldrick had a calm and dignified manner; but for once he was thrown completely off his balance.

"God bless you, my boy, I am glad to see you," he said, when he was able to speak connectedly. "How are you after it all?"

And again they shook hands. This was all that custom and nationality permitted. But if they had fallen on each other's necks and kissed each other, it would have meant no more.

They went to Mr. Weldrick's hotel. There, as they dined together, and all through the hours of an evening that almost met the morning, Alfred had to answer questions, to tell his adventures, and describe his experiences and sensations. Mr. Weldrick had so great a curiosity for details that it was not to be satisfied in one night. When they met again at breakfast, he attacked his son with more questions, and continually, during the time they were together, he was urging him to gratify that desire for knowledge which is recognised as the sign of an active and healthy brain.

There were others who desired to know. For the first time in his life, Alfred was interviewed by the representatives of the Press, and on the next day read in their respective papers the answers he had not given.

His father had come by the direct line of steamers to Sydney, and by a strange chance had met with Ida and Miss Ferrars, who were leaving for Samoa. On account of business connected with the settling of her brother's affairs, Miss Ferrars was travelling by way of Auckland, and Mr. Weldrick also had taken his passage for that port. The starting-point of his expedition should have been from the southern part of the colony; but at this date the routes followed by intercolonial steamers, the delays and the frequent changes from one boat to another, were such that he was losing no time by going direct to Auckland.

"I may confess to you now," he said to his son, "that when your mother and I heard of your engagement, we were a little disappointed. We were surprised. I don't know what we had wanted or expected, but we never thought of your marrying out here. Well, I found this young lady whom you have chosen very charming. I don't speak of beauty alone, though I might praise her for that. A good, true-hearted woman, who ought to make you happy, and who, for all I know, may be more than you deserve; for when we have only one son, we're inclined to think a great deal of him. But you laugh in my face when I talk like that. I congratulate you, Alfred."

"I feel as if everyone ought to congratulate me," his son said. "I am very pleased that you have seen Ida and like her so much already, although, of course, I knew you couldn't fail to do that. But we have so much to talk of, there is one thing I keep forgetting, though I have wondered about it ever since your last letter. I hope that you have no need to be anxious about the business."

"The business," said Mr. Weldrick, "is now on a sounder basis than ever."

"But you told me——"

"I know, Alfred, I know. I am ashamed that I should have been such an alarmist. There was a crisis; several firms were involved; but I am proud to say that ours was never less than head and shoulders above water. But you know how it is at such a time—one gets to wondering what will happen next; and there were difficulties; until with work and worry I was so low and despondent that I might soon have persuaded myself I was a bankrupt. However, I was driven to consult Sir Anthony, and he said, 'My dear Weldrick, this is nothing but nervous exhaustion. Take a holiday; try to forget all about your ledgers and bank-books.' Then came the news of your shipwreck, and to look for you I took a sea voyage, and it has set me up again. But now, what is this about Captain Birkwood? Your account of him puzzles me. I don't understand why he left you."

"He has stolen a march on me," Weldrick said.

And then he told how the treasure on board the *Hirondelle* had been stolen, how it had been taken to Samoa, and how, without doubt, Birkwood was already on his way to that place.

"I think it very probable," he said, "that Ferrars made some statement or confession before he died, and that his sister has gone to Samoa for the very purpose of recovering the gold. No one can tell whether the captain may not have the start of her as he had of me. Now, I don't mean him to succeed in this. He knows that I shall do my best to spoil his plans. He is Ida's father; and, for her sake, I would rather that he shouldn't have the punishment he deserves. After all, he must go scot free; but if I can hinder it, he shall not carry his plunder away with him. Nothing can make it right to allow that."

"Certainly not," his father agreed. "He can't be allowed to elope with that. But it is always difficult to spare the criminal. If the bank cares to have pursuit made, he is tolerably sure to be caught. You can't hush up a thing like this, however you may try. An unscrupulous villain, this Birkwood, and he will be known for what he is."

It was certain that Birkwood must have taken his passage by one of the vessels that had sailed for Samoa during the week. The schooner by which Ida and Miss Ferrars had left had been gone three days. But a day previous to this, a trading cutter had cleared at the Customs for Apia. She carried one passenger, whom, from the description given, Weldrick easily identified as Birkwood.

"About your height, sir," the clerk in the office said, "but broader and stouter, and very dark. I never saw a darker face on an Englishman. I happened to remark to someone who had come in at the same time that the man looked like a Spanish Creole, or something of that sort. He heard me, though he was half out of the door, and took the trouble of coming back to say, 'Don't you put any of that foreign stuff on me, my good fellow. What you are, I don't know and don't care; but I am an Englishman!' and with that he walked away."

"What is to be done now?" Weldrick said to his

father. "With the five days he will have to the good, I don't see how we can hope to overtake him."

"He left in some little ketch or cutter, didn't he? and he has fifteen hundred miles before him, and possibly bad weather and baffling winds to fight against. We have a good chance yet."

"I don't see it. Those trading cutters sometimes sail pretty well. I suppose that any vessel we might charter would be subject to delays of wind and weather as well as the one we're following. And I find that there is some difficulty in getting anything that would suit our purpose, especially as we want it at such short notice."

"It would be no use chartering a sailing vessel," Mr. Weldrick observed. "But we might take the *Wanderer*—I mean the steamer I engaged for my expedition in search of you. When you appeared on the scene, she was all ready for the voyage. As in any case I shall have to pay the owners a smart sum for detaining her, and putting them to expense in fitting her out, I don't see why we shouldn't renew the charter—with a difference. 'Change the venue,' as they say in law. We'll take her to Samoa instead of the Aucklands."

"But surely you are not thinking of going?" his son asked in surprise.

"Oho! you would keep all the adventures to yourself, would you? Why shouldn't I have my share? I am not so old yet. But you young men would shelve everyone over sixty."

Alfred laughed.

"To shelve a certain gentleman whom I know would be a serious undertaking. By all means, sir, if we can have this steamer, let us be off at once, for a stern chase is a long one."

"UNTIL HE ATTEMPTED TO WALK, HE HAD NOT KNOWN HIS WEAKNESS (*p.* 418).

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

"It lay asleep upon the horizon line,
And like some lovely amethyst did shine.
But this was land, and eager eyes were bent
To take the wonder in. Even then a scent
Of something sweeter than the salt sea breeze
Seemed in the air: odours of spicy trees,
And sweet green grass, and fruits, and flow'rs the eye
Sees only 'neath the hot Pacific sky."

THE steamer had been secured, and all necessary arrangements made for departure. With his father, Weldrick had embarked on another voyage, which he hoped might be less adventurous than his last year's journey. They were going northwards, to within a few degrees of the line. It was the same ocean still, but bluer, warmer, and sown with islands as the sky with stars.

The time went swiftly. It did not seem to be life: it was a vision, an intoxication of the senses. To be moving on this swimming, panting blue; to have above one this sky of exquisite painting, whose soft white clouds seemed to have in their folds something of that delicate rose that tinges the breast of the tropic bird; to feel through the burning noontide, through the night, the same cool breath of the trade wind; to watch over and over—and each time with a keener wonder—the gradual uprising of some marvellous garden of the sea, some island crowned with forest, decked with such lights and colours as no other part of earth might show; and to come near to one of these—in their fancy loveliest of them all, a land that overflowed with richness from the high-peaked mountains to the sea—to pass beyond the foam-fringed reef into a harbour that lay with all the peace of heaven on its breast, so still and clear that from the boat one looked fathoms deep into another garden there below, where brilliant colours gleamed, where rainbow-tinted fishes passed to and fro above the floor of white coral sand; to gain that shore where the endless growth of cocoanut, bread-fruit, and banana followed all the bays; to wander among palm groves so dense that the darkness and coolness beneath were as of night; among grand, glossy-leaved trees yielding all manner of fruits; among flowers of a scented breath, flung and wreathed in prodigal luxuriance: was not all this—no, not a dream, but something better than dreams—a foretaste of Paradise?

But whoever desired a solitary Paradise? The whole seemed to be complete, to be crowned and garlanded, when he found here the one who was first in his thoughts and had her welcome. Now he must tell his adventures over again, and however modestly he might speak of these, the listener, whose eyes watched his face, whose hand pressed his arm, would be sure to think him a hero indeed, a man who had dared and suffered more than most. What if he knew it to be flattery? It was none the less delightful for that. It was not in human nature to resist such sympathy, such admiration.

With telling this story of his so often he was getting a very dramatic way about him; so now at the end he took from the case in which he had kept it all this while a portrait, stained, spotted, and smirched by the vicissitudes it had passed through.

"I have carried this into some strange places," he said. "It has been down in the depths with me, and there were times when I never expected to see the original again. I think," and he looked to see the smiled, "I never knew until to-day how at her and ter that is than its copy. Perhaps you'll call hat a left-handed compliment."

"I thought you didn't deal in compliments," she said, with a laugh.

But her eyes glistened as she looked at the poor disfigured likeness of herself. Nor could she help being reminded at this moment of the other portrait which, after long wanderings, had come back to her.

"Why did not my father come with you?" she asked after a pause.

Weldrick had anticipated the question, but for all that had not been able to find any satisfactory answer.

"He left me as soon as we reached New Zealand," he said evasively. "I dare say we shall see him soon."

"I wonder you did not keep together," Ida said.

"Well, the fact is I was a good deal more exhausted by the boat voyage than Captain Birkwood, and I suppose he thought it better to push on. He knew I was in safety. Indeed, but for him I should not have got ashore at all."

There was truth in this, no doubt, but not the whole truth, and he felt himself a little deceitful. But to have answered otherwise might have led to other questions, and he was not capable of telling Ida of her father's dishonesty, or of suggesting it.

Another had to do this. It was not possible, even if it had been right, to keep Ida in ignorance of what had happened. To have hidden it any longer would only have been a cruel kindness. Already she suspected something, and was uneasy and troubled in mind.

"I ought to have told her before," Miss Ferrars reproached herself. "Putting off the evil hour has made worse of it. But she had another trouble then, and to add this to it was more than I could bear."

Poor Ida! At first she refused to believe what was told her, protesting against it with passionate incredulity. It was impossible! she cried; her father could never have done this. Who could fancy such a thing? Who had brought this accusation against him? But when conviction forced itself upon her, she bent nearer to the gentle, pitying woman who shared this grief with her, and hid her face upon her shoulder. They cried together, which, whether it may be considered foolish or not, was, under the circumstances, the most relieving, most comforting thing they could have done.

Miss Ferrars knew upon what errand Weldrick was bent. They had exchanged confidences, painful as it was to her to speak of the matter in which her brother had been so deeply involved. From the papers which F[illegible] had left, it was easy to ascertain the exact po[illegible]land on which the gold had been bu[illegible]a station and small settlement in [illegible]e several people who knew the

place well, and they assured Weldrick that there would be no difficulty in taking the steamer into the lagoon. To be on the safe side, however, the skipper of the *Wanderer*, who had engaged a pilot, an ancient beachcomber, who had been long enough in the islands, so he said, to have learnt all the reefs by heart. After a stay of twenty-four hours in port they weighed anchor and steamed out of harbour. On this trip the *Wanderer* had five passengers, Ida and Miss Ferrars, with her brother's Samoan servant, Charley, having joined the other two. Miss Ferrars could well have left the work of recovering the gold to Weldrick and his father; but naturally she had a wish to visit her brother's grave. She came with them, therefore, and Ida had preferred to accompany her rather than remain at the mission station until her return.

Nothing had been heard of Birkwood. The vessel in which he had sailed had been bound for Apia, so that to reach this part of the group he would have had to find another boat. Whether he had anticipated them in their expedition, or whether they were in advance of him, it was impossible to say.

At sunset they cast anchor in the lagoon, a basin of still water five or six miles in diameter. The reef, by whose outer edge ran the creamy edge of the ocean surf, bent round in almost a circular form, along which, and nearly touching each other, were the islands, like beads on a silver thread. Except at the entrance, where some rocks rose steeply from the water, they were low and sandy, covered in most places with the tall-plumed growth of cocoanuts, and with a thick jungle of pandanus or screw-pine, whose twisted stems threw out in all directions the long roots and stays that anchored them in the loose coral sand. On the largest island only was there any growth of forest trees, and its few groves had been broken into and spoiled, as if, notwithstanding the desolation and solitude that brooded over the place, men were in the habit of visiting it.

The red ball of the sun had rolled westward, and, with the swiftness of the tropic night, a dull shade spread over the lagoon. The islands were dark against the sky, dark above the white beaches. But as if weighed in a pair of scales, when one light fell the other arose. Above the ridge of a low islet came the moon, and for some brief space seemed to rise no higher, but stand trembling there, the straight stem of a towering palm tree dividing by a deep black line the disc of silver.

"We may be said to scent the adventure now," Mr. Weldrick observed to his son. "I wonder what your mother would say if she knew my exact position. It's the unexpected that always happens. I thought to go down towards the South Pole to look for you, and I am up here almost under the line. I have done what I, as a steady business man, never hoped to have time for: I have seen the tropics. And though, of course, I regret the business that brought us here, I say that every day of our trip has been a joyment. Look at this place—was ever anything more wildly romantic? Do you not make you think of all the stories of islands and pirates and stolen treasures that you ever read? And to know that there actually is a treasure on that island, and that, for all we can tell, some piratical fellow may have been in here with his schooner! You would have kept me out of all this, Alfred—yes, you grudge me one poor adventure out of your superfluity."

"Why," Alfred returned, "how was I to know you had such a craving for the romantic? Yes, it's a wild place, though a pirate may never have been within a thousand miles of it. Perhaps no white man ever has sailed in here, unless it was some trader looking after *bêche de mer* or pearl shell."

"Or the poor fellow who hid his gold here, and came afterwards to lie beside it. But speaking of traders, Alfred, I wish I could have known of this voyage beforehand. I should have prepared myself by reading and making inquiries about the trade of the islands, and studying the statistics. There are wonderful openings here! Give me an agency in some central position, and trading stations on the different islands, and I'd engage to out-German these Germans who are trying to get everything under their thumbs. An English house, my dear boy, conducted on sound business principles, and with unwavering honesty—which, from all I can gather, is not too plentiful out this way—would soon have a clear field. Unfortunately, we can't develop the idea just at present. But if you decide to remain in this part of the world, I don't know that you could lay your hand to a better work."

His son agreed to this proposition, but rather absently, for he was thinking of other matters.

"Do you know," he said, "I have made up my mind not to wait till morning before examining this island? Why should we? It is light as day. I want to be certain that Birkwood has not forestalled us. For all we can tell, he may be hanging about the place now. I shall ask our captain to put us ashore at once."

"I suppose, Alfred," his father said, looking landwards, "there is nothing venomous in that jungle? No snakes or anything of that sort?"

"I believe not. Lizards, landcrabs, or centipedes, perhaps; but nothing likely to molest us. The Polynesian snakes are harmless. I'm afraid the most venomous creatures of these islands belong to our own species."

"Ah, very possibly," Mr. Weldrick replied. "It certainly has more of the flavour of adventure about it—stealing ashore by moonlight. And there is no miasma; nothing to be feared from exposing ourselves to the night air?"

"Nothing of the kind. At least, the people who ought to know say there is no."

The boat put off from the steamer. Weldrick had told Miss Ferrars he was going ashore to satisfy himself that the treasure had not been removed. He took Charley with him, so that there might be no difficulty in finding the place.

The men rowed swiftly towards the shore. They were interested in this business, especially as they knew no more of its purpose than just sufficed to whet

the edge of their curiosity. The captain himself had made an excuse to come with them.

"Must see after your landing myself," he said. "In a strange place, Mr. Weldrick, one cannot be too careful."

The dimpled face of the lagoon was white beneath the glare of the sky. Like snow was the coral beach towards which the boat was steered. Swaying shadows fell across it from trees and bushes that overhung, and beneath these, in hollows the moonshine could not reach, the darkness lay black and thick. Only at intervals rustled the feathery tops of the palms, and the noise of the surf beating on the windward side of the reef was faint through distance. In this still place, the night stood breathless with her finger on her lip.

They were at the shore. While the men drew the boat higher on the beach, Weldrick said in an undertone to his father—

"We don't want these with us. We had better ask them to wait here."

"Just what I was thinking. If we mean to keep this affair quiet, the fewer companions we have the better. We know the place, captain," he called towards the boat, "and we shall not keep you waiting long."

"You don't mean to go alone, Mr. Weldrick, you and your son?" the captain cried, rushing after them, panting with haste and curiosity.

"Why not? There's nothing to harm us," the elder Weldrick said briskly.

"I dare say not, sir; but I've reason for wishing to be of your party. I'm a British subject"—the captain proudly inflated his chest—"and I don't hold with anything that doesn't square with the law, or that's secret or underhand. How am I to know what you mean to do on this island? It stands to reason that if there's no harm in it, you won't mind a few other people looking on."

"I should have thought," said Mr. Weldrick, with dignified politeness, "that my character and position were a sufficient warranty that I should not be concerned in anything that was illegal or disreputable. In fact, I assure you, on the word of an English gentleman, sir—and I should consider that as firm as a Bible oath—that we have nothing to be ashamed of in what we are about to do. It is really pitiable," he added, turning to his son, "that we should be exposed to such suspicion."

"This is one of the natural consequences of adventures," said Alfred, unable to avoid laughing. "Really, Captain Daggers, you can't refuse to believe what my father says. We are serving the law in this, not conspiring against it. But there are reasons why we can't explain our business to you——"

"And very sufficient reasons too," interrupted his father.

"If there's anything to be hushed up," said the captain resolutely, "I'm against it. I may have to give an account of this somewhere else. If the steamer's been employed on queer work, the owners will have plenty to say to me. Yes, and someone else too! You speak of your character and position, sir, but I'm thinking of my own."

"It seems, Alfred," Mr. Weldrick remarked, "that the only way of convincing Captain Daggers that we are not going to commit some heinous offence is to take him with us."

"If that is the case, we had better do so," Weldrick said, "provided Captain Daggers will remember that we don't want this talked about too freely. It makes very little difference, after all," he took occasion to say to his father a moment afterwards. "He must know about this; we can't get it on his steamer without."

The captain promised absolute secrecy. Having gained his point, he would have promised anything.

"I hope you'll excuse the freedom of my remarks, Mr. Weldrick," he said. "To suspect you or your son of anything that wouldn't bear examination seems preposterous, I'll acknowledge. But I'm a cautious man. I like to know what's ahead of me."

This affair settled, they went in single file along what from the boat they had marked as a path or narrow opening through the trees. This was tolerably free from the thick, smothering vegetation that covered the rest of the island. In the blackest shadows of the bush there seemed to be a spangling of silvery spots of light—glow-worms in the moist dark places. The air was stiller than on the beach, and loaded with the scent of the white waxy flowers of a tree that grew in clumps on the ridge they were climbing.

Led on by the Samoan, they came into a perfectly open space. Weldrick had been following the guide so closely that, before he could check himself, he had almost stepped on a low mound that had no mark on it, no name, but was unmistakably a grave. He drew back quickly.

Charley pointed to it gravely.

"We bury him there," he said.

In a low wailing tone, he added something in Samoan. It was his lament for the dead. The others stood by in silence.

When he had turned away from the mound, the Samoan went a few paces to the right and examined the ground.

"Look here!" he cried. "The boxes all right."

"I suppose, Mr. Weldrick," said the captain, again asserting himself, "that I'm right in presuming these spades we have brought were meant to dig with. Well, whatever there may be here, I'll help you to unearth it."

Weldrick took a spade, and he and the captain began to dig through the loose sandy mould. Not more than a foot below the surface, they came upon a box, a strong packing-case bound with iron hooping. Almost close to it was another, and at the distance of about a yard another still. These were all, Charley said. For their size, the boxes were extremely heavy. There was some rope knotted round each, by means of which, no doubt, they had been carried up here and lowered into the holes that had been dug for them.

"And what will you be after now, sir?" said the persistent Daggers. "Having them down to the boat? If so, I'd propose calling on the men to help us, for if I'm not mistaken, each of these will weigh over two hundredweight."

"What is that?" Weldrick said sharply. "Listen!"

They all heard it, and knew the sound—the clank of oars in the rowlocks.

"Close in shore, as I live!" whispered the captain. "You expected some opposition maybe, sir?"

"Is there another passage into the lagoon besides that which you brought the steamer through?" Weldrick asked.

"Yes. On the other side of the rocks we passed, a boat might get in. They could come in there, and creep along this side of the islands in the shadows, and never be seen from the steamer."

"One would think that they haven't seen her," Weldrick observed to his father, "or, if they have, they can't have reckoned on us landing to-night."

"They've landed," the captain said presently; "not where we came up; and the point of land will prevent them catching sight of our boat. I hear a sort of jabbering. Island boys, no doubt. If they died for it, they'd have to use their tongues. Friends, sir, or foes? Which do you say?"

No answer being returned to these insinuating questions, Daggers' curiosity remained unslaked.

It was not long before those in the clearing heard the sound of footsteps. Whoever they were, these people were advancing towards them. From the very slight noises of crackling and rustling, it was impossible to conjecture how many there might be. But it would be strange if the man whom they expected ventured here without some company. The surprise was complete when, from the arches of the forest, one man stepped into the open and stood facing them.

He started to find the place already occupied. Then his glance swept round, as if he would mark each face of those who were opposed to him. He folded his arms and laughed.

"I might have known it. You appear to be waiting for someone, gentlemen."

"And it's a near guess to say that's yourself," the incautious Daggers could not help muttering.

Birkwood gave him a contemptuous stare.

"I don't know you, sir; and unless Mr. Weldrick is particularly anxious to keep you in his retinue, I would remark that it's healthy down the slope where the sea breeze comes in, and that it would be for your benefit to take a stroll. At any rate, I shan't open my lips again until you do."

It was very bitter to Captain Daggers to be thrust aside just when his excited interest had reached fever-heat; but as, in this instance, Birkwood was firmly supported by the others, he was obliged to yield to the wishes of the majority.

"I shall keep within call with my men, Mr. Weldrick," he cried, as he went backwards down the path, after the manner of those who retire from the presence of royalty. "I don't like the look of this business, and, before I'm many days older, our Consul at Apia will have a full report of it. As a British subject——"

But being tripped up by a root at this juncture, he was heard to say no more.

"What's the fellow saying about Consuls and British subjects?" Birkwood asked scornfully. "Now he's gone we can talk comfortably. You've won the game, Alfred. I shall not fight with you for the possession of those boxes. You're three to one here, you've men within call, you've a steamer in the lagoon. I didn't know that until I got high enough on the ridge to look across. Then I sent my men back—I'd three Islanders with me—and came on alone to reconnoitre, and found you drawn up here to receive me. An unexpected pleasure, as the society people say. This gentleman, I suppose, is your father. Glad to make your acquaintance, sir."

"I could have wished, Captain Birkwood," said the elder gentleman, "that we had met under happier circumstances."

"Why, yes, sir; but this is a topsy-turvy world, and we must take it as we find it. 'Twas a shock to me"—and his glance sobered—"to hear that poor Ferrars was gone. Who'd have thought I should come back out of that whirlpool and find him missing? Who'd have thought we should all turn up here, on the top of an island which a few months ago would have seemed the unlikeliest place on the globe for us to meet in? But your son ignores me. It isn't so long since we were together day and night, since we took our lives in our hands and started on that boat voyage of ours to a coast we hadn't much certainty of reaching. Now he won't speak."

"What do you expect me to say to you, Captain Birkwood?" Weldrick asked.

"Well, I don't know," the captain answered. "You might tell me that you wouldn't take quite the blackest view of my case. You might say you were ready to let bygones be bygones. I'd rather have your goodwill than not. You see, Mr. Weldrick, I like this son of yours. The way he fought against circumstances down there at the island showed me what stuff he was made of. I liked him all through—even when he stood up and told me to my face what he thought of me, and what he meant to do. There's nothing unfair about him. He's smart too—for a man of his training. If I'd known how smart, I shouldn't have troubled to come here to-night."

"From what I've heard," Mr. Weldrick said, "the smartness doesn't seem to have been all on his side."

"I'll own that I took an advantage of him. But he was close to shore, and in no danger. I'll own that I was tempted—the last night we were on the island, Alfred—to come off and leave you in the lurch. I was tempted, I say—for you had roused the worst in me that night; but when I came near, to make sure that you were asleep, I thought all at once—No! I can't do that. I promised Ida. I've got to see him safe home again, whatever happens. Then you woke up and caught hold of me, and a pretty twist you gave my hand."

"I'm very glad you have told me this," Weldrick said. "You can't understand what a relief it is to me."

"I guess I can," Birkwood said drily. "That's all I've got to reproach myself with about you. That's the only harm I ever meant you, and it wasn't for long. But it would have been too tame to have let you come

"NOT MORE THAN A FOOT BELOW THE SURFACE, THEY CAME UPON A BOX" (*p.* 423).

here and take this without opposition. You'd put me on my mettle. I was bound to have a try for it."

He began to laugh, as if at the remembrance of something amusing, and continued—

"I wavered, though, when I heard on the way here that as soon as they knew in Melbourne where the *Hirondelle* had been lost, they had got up a company to recover the gold. There was an expedition fitting out for Auckland Island. It occurred to me what a nice stroke of business it would be to offer my services to them. I tell you, Alfred, I shook with laughter when I thought of it. Go and help them to fish up a treasure which wasn't nearer than two thousand miles to the spot they fancied it in! It was a rich idea; but I daren't take it up. You'd have been blurting this out to the world while I was down there, and I should have been trapped."

"You do not ask after your daughter," Weldrick said.

Birkwood's expression changed quickly.

"What's my daughter to me now? I haven't a daughter. I've nothing. Look there"—he took some papers from his pockets—"those are my certificates. I might as well tear them across for all the good they are. I daren't show them. I can't say I'm James Birkwood; I was master of the *Hirondelle*. If I ship for another voyage, I'll go as a man before the mast. Serves me right, doesn't it? Yes, but it's no sweeter for that. When you send back that gold, the whole truth comes out, and I'm not safe anywhere on earth. I'm an outlaw; I've the fear of the prison before me till I die. It wasn't worth it. No; but this gold makes men mad."

"Your daughter is with us, Captain Birkwood," Mr. Weldrick said.

"Yes. I heard that she and Mary were here. I supposed you'd all join together," he answered.

His talkative mood seemed to have passed, and he sank into sullen silence.

"You know that you can trust us," said Weldrick. "We are no more anxious for your arrest than you yourself are. Come on board the steamer and see Ida. She would be less troubled if she could only speak with you."

Birkwood smiled. "No, thank you. I have my freedom, and I mean to keep it. I trust you; but I don't trust your captain. A meddling fool like that always makes mischief. If you've anything more to say to me, it must be said here, for my stay won't be long. You've too many people—too many who might remember my face and swear to it afterwards.

But I'd like to see Ida. I'd thought of that. Tell her I'm here, and she'll come."

She did come. At the first sight of her father she had no words to greet him with, but clung to him, sobbing brokenly—"How could you—how could you? And I believed in you so!"

"You may well ask that," he said. "It's more than I know myself. But why should you cry? It isn't as if you'd no one but me to look to. We've come to a cross road, you and I. We say good-bye now, and a long good-bye. It's a general rendezvous, I take it, now that you and Mary come. We're all here now: all I care for, anyway. But I'm the only one that steps out from this circle alone."

"I will go with you!" she cried, and held tightly to his hand. "Not alone—no, I won't leave you!"

He put her away from him with a gentleness he did not often show.

"No, no. You mean it now; but afterwards you would be sorry. There won't be room for two people on the path I'll have to take; there'll be places not fit for you to tread. I wouldn't take you if I could. But when I'm out of soundings of home and friends and all the rest, it will be good to think that you would have come. You're like your mother. She'd have stuck to me to the bitterest end. No more now. Good-bye."

They saw him again, long after this, when Ida and Weldrick were married and had a home in Melbourne. One night he passed the threshold of their door, and came and sat with them, and talked as easily and freely as if it were his habit to visit them every evening. But not a word was said that would have served to fill the blank of those years in which they had heard nothing of him.

"So you've settled down now," he said. "Adventures and escapades all done with: married people have no spirit for such recreations. All we went through good for nothing now, but a tale to please the children. You were very virtuous about that reward the bank offered you and Mary."

"How could we have touched that money?" Ida said.

"How? It would have come easy to most people. But you must have finer scruples than the commonalty. To my mind, it sets you on a pedestal, refusing that, when they tried to force it on you in so many different ways. But it's a bad plan to be too tender with banks and public institutions. They don't respect you for it. It's so unlike their own policy, you see."

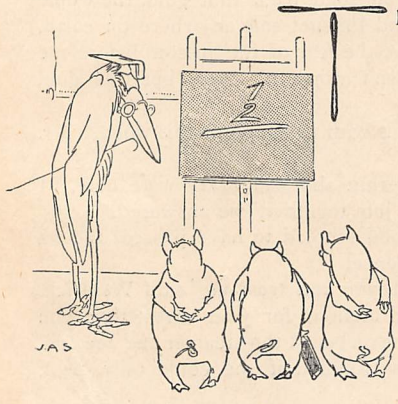
"I'm glad you named the little girl after your mother," he said to Ida somewhat later. "Ay, it makes a lively house when there are children about. I dare say I'll be looking in upon you again."

He kept his word. It seemed as if Justice had winked at the escape of this criminal. His offence was known, and it was generally supposed he was still at large. But no search was made for him, and in the course of years he grew bolder and often visited his daughter's home. He might even, if he had chosen, have ceased his wanderings, and found somewhere a haven for himself. But he was restless to the end—a castaway and a vagabond, the thought of whom was the only shadow on his daughter's life.

THE END.

CAN ANIMALS COUNT?

BY A. H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E.



WHAT animals up to a certain point can count is undoubted. Sir John Lubbock's experiments with his dogs are proof enough of this. Bisset, the famous animal trainer, brought several animals up to this point, and even found that by patience and skill the pig could be taught one, two, three, etc. Anyone who doubts this must turn to Bisset's own accounts of his experiences with the lower brethren. His success with cats and dogs and monkeys only surpassed in some degree what others had done before him, but it stirs something like incredulity when we read of his success with turtles and goldfishes, and we only recover faith when we find the facts fully attested. "In the course of six months' teaching he made a turtle fetch and carry like a dog, and having chalked the floor and blackened its claws, could direct it to trace out any given name in the company. His confidence even led him to try experiments on a goldfish, not all unsuccessfully. . . . . In the course of twelve months he made a pig—an animal usually supposed to be the most obstinate and perverse in Nature—become most tractable and able to count simple numbers." Bisset was a native of Perth, and having trained many animals and exhibited their performances in Edinburgh, London, Dublin, and other places, died in 1783.

Then Mr. Hamerton gave an account in the first part of his attractive volume—"Chapters on Animals"—of the dogs of a certain Monsieur du Rouil which certainly could count; and more: could read and do such things as completely mystified Mr. Hamerton, as he very frankly confesses. This Monsieur du Rouil died before his training of his dogs was completed, and we have often wondered what became of the

poor dogs, for no one was found equal to carrying their education to a farther point.

"According to Monsieur du Rouil's account," says Mr. Hamerton—"which was probably quite true as far as it went—the dogs were like actors who had not quite thoroughly mastered their parts, and he himself was like the prompter, near the footlights. To begin with, Blanche really knew the letters of the alphabet and the playing-cards by their names, and Lyda really knew all the figures. In addition to this, he said that Blanche had studied about a hundred and fifty words in different languages—something like twenty in each language—words most likely to be called for, such as chick, dog, horse, cat, pferd, canis, etc. The restriction to one set of letters simplified the business considerably, but Monsieur du Rouil confessed quite frankly that she could not get through a word unless he were present. On the other hand, he could not make her spell a word in public that she had not before practised with him in private. So it was with Lyda and the figures. She really knew the figures when isolated, and this had been satisfactorily demonstrated when he left the room, and she gave me the number asked for up to 9. But he would not tell me the secret of the confederacy. I told him what guesses had been made on the subject, but he simply answered that I must have observed how impossible it was for him to make signs with either hands or feet when he moved neither hand nor foot."

"SALLY."

Poor Sally, the chimpanzee at the Zoo, in London, could count clearly up to a dozen at the least, and would bring straws to her keeper to any number under that. And Sally was as wonderful for affection and for sense as for cleverness. She was very fond of her keeper, and when she was dying, found, we do trust, some sense of relief in clasping his hand.

With an accent of the utmost regret, too, the keeper tells of Jack, the ourang-outang at the Zoo, how quickly he was advancing in his training and how docile he had become when he died of that fell plague of those creatures in confinement in our climate—consumption.

Rooks have certainly powers in counting; and so have wood-pigeons, which follow very strict rules of procedure indeed. When feeding in flocks in the fields among the grain or roots, they never forget to post a sentinel or two, and a settled regulated method of interchange of position is kept up. They walk in a compact body, and in order that all may fare alike, the hindmost rank every now and then fly over the heads of their companions to the front, where they keep the best place for a minute or two, till those in the rear take their place in the same manner. They keep up this kind of fair-play during the whole time of feeding.

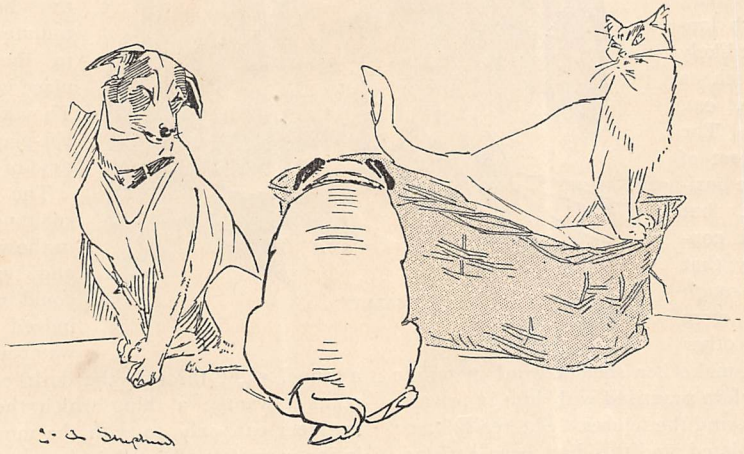
The beaver certainly could not do what he does in the way of architecture and engineering if he could not calculate; nor indeed could the little water-vole, which can run a tunnel right through the dark earth to the exact point it wants: a thing which the cleverest human engineer can only do with the most elaborate helps in the way of levels and instruments of many kinds. Certain species of squirrels must be able to count

"ROOKS HAVE CERTAINLY POWERS IN COUNTING."

—by steps, probably—else they could hardly be able to find, on awakening at intervals in their winter sleep, the little hoard of nuts which they may have laid up against this contingency. The mole could hardly construct the very scientific house he does in the dark, dark earth, with its passages so nicely constructed for getting rid of water, unless he had some simple notion of arithmetic. There can be little doubt that ants can count up to a certain point; and it is almost incredible that spiders can spin their webs without some simple arithmetical knowledge.

Yet some birds, it would seem—and these some of the most intelligent and gifted, as regards song—have no notion of numbers, else it would be hardly possible for the cuckoo to play on them the tricks which it is absolutely certain that he does play with respect to eggs—depositing his own eggs in the nests of other birds. Yet it is hardly possible that *he* can be without knowledge of numbers up to a certain point, for his whole plan circles round a definite way of numbering off the nests in which the female lays the eggs: as No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, and so on. If it is true—as there can now hardly be a doubt—that Mr. and Mrs. Cuckoo not only lay their eggs in other birds' nests, but keep a pretty close watch over these nests by regular turns, to see how their darlings fare—indeed, one very good field ornithologist, who has observed much and closely, gives it as his deliberate opinion that the female cuckoo is ready to aid the young blind monster in getting rid of the true progeny of the foster-parents, and in some cases does herself lift them out of the nest, to her young ones' relief. Of course dogs—clever dogs, at all events—can count, as is proved by the anecdote we have already given of that dog which could carry three-halfpence or more to the baker's shop, and get for them his exact number of rolls, declining to go away till he had had a roll for each copper.

That cats can count was proved by an Essex friend of ours in this way. One of his cats had five kittens, which, as they were very pretty, were promised to various friends; but he resolved to try the memory and arithmetical powers of the cat, so he took away three of the kittens to a different part of the farm-building, where it was impossible the cat could find them. She was greatly troubled, almost distracted at first, licked over the two left, and all the rest of it, but would get up and range about distractedly, mewing and searching, and regarding the dogs (which were well known to her) with some suspicion. My friend brought back one of the lost kittens and put it beside the other two. This was welcomed with an extra share of mewing, crooning, and licking, but in a short while the cat was on the move again, seeking and searching. After a little while another of the kittens was brought back, with precisely the same results, and by-and-by the third, after which pussy was quite content, and did not suddenly get up and go ranging about any more.



"SHE REGARDED THE DOGS WITH SOME SUSPICION."

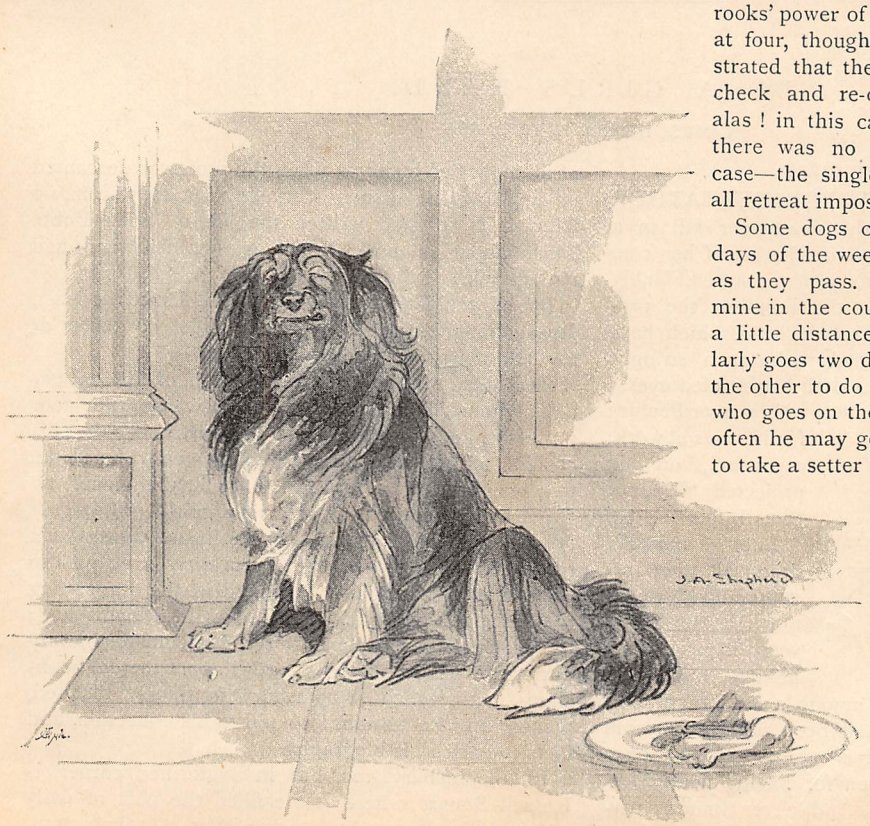
Another case I know of was almost as conclusive. A litter of three kittens was thrown into the pond. The cat, by the oddest chance, went to the pond while they were still making their half-blind efforts to maintain themselves afloat. Overcoming her dislike to the water, she got out one and laid it on the bank, and then another, and, though she could see nothing of the third—for it had been carried down in the freshet and drowned—she went round the borders of the pond for a good way, looking anxiously. At last she gave up the search in despair, went to the spot where she had left the two, took them one by one to a hole in a garden hedge, where she was allowed to bring them up in a nice little nest of dry leaves; and these two kittens turned out little spitfires, half wild in every respect, and, unlike the other cats, never entering the house unless on a run by stealth, and never becoming completely domesticated, though repeated trial was made to bring them round in this way.

Here is an anecdote attesting the powers of rooks in arithmetic so far, which is so good and clear that

we must give it here in the writer's own words, as no paraphrase or epitome could do justice to it :—

"A very large field had been sown with wheat, and in the centre a little hut had been erected to shelter the boy who had to tend the field, and to enable him to reach all parts of it. A gentleman who wished to obtain a few birds to hang up in his own field thought this would be a good opportunity for procuring them, for they thronged around in great numbers, and kept the boy actively employed to drive them off. So, taking his gun, he went into the hut, accompanied by the boy, and through some holes in the sides prepared to pour a volley on the invaders. But he reckoned without his host. The watchful sentinels seemed instinctively to divine the plot. Their warning caw was loudly uttered, and the presence of the ambushed foe was made known. They circled round and round, and settled in the surrounding fields, but not one of them would trust himself within gunshot of the hut. For some time the gentleman waited in vain, and then sent the boy away, with directions to walk straight out of the field ; but this ruse did not succeed. The rooks still refused to 'come and be killed,' so he left the field and followed the boy ; but no sooner had he gone out of the field than the sentinel gave the signal, and scores of their fellows at once descended and commenced their foray. The sportsman determined not to be outwitted in this way, so he immediately took two persons with him into the hut and resumed his ambush, the rooks having taken flight on his re-appearance. After a short time had elapsed he sent one of the persons away, and after another interval the second, expecting that as soon as they both left the field the rooks would return, but he was again doomed to disappointment. 'Beware !' cawed the sentinels in the most sonorous tones, and none ventured to disregard the warning. Determined still further to test their powers of numeration, he again left the hut, and returned with three persons, all four entering together. Again, one by one, the companions were sent away, and the plan was at last crowned with success. The rooks could count as far as three, but four was beyond their powers, and no sooner had the third person left the field than they hurried to the spoil, but only, alas ! to leave two of their number dead on the field, victims to the want of a knowledge of numeration."—"The Birds of Sherwood Forest," by W. J. Sterland (pp. 135, 6).

Some allowance should, however, in this case have been made for possible confusion arising in the course of the action. Even with very correct-minded human arithmeticians in similar circumstances doubt will often arise, after a lapse of time, whether it is a second or a third that has last been reckoned, and where there is no possibility of clear record at the moment, there is much room for confusion, as anyone will find who will try to keep count of the sacks of coal delivered into the cellar from a cart without the aid of pen or pencil, or anything to make definite mark. We can hardly from this circumstance decide that the rooks' power of numeration absolutely failed at four, though it was conclusively demonstrated that they could not only count, but check and re-check up to three, though, alas ! in this case, as in so many others—there was no possibility of re-trying the case—the single slip was enough to make all retreat impossible.



"NOT ON FRIDAY !" (*p.* 430).

Some dogs certainly come to know the days of the week—probably count the days as they pass. For example, a friend of mine in the country, who has two farms at a little distance from each other, and regularly goes two days in the week from one to the other to do certain bits of business, and who goes on these days for certain, however often he may go in addition, used regularly to take a setter bitch with him as companion in his walk. But circumstances arose which made him wish to leave her at home on these days, and he would contrive to escape without her ; but invariably she overtook him before he reached his off-farm, bowing and beseeching his favour in such a way that he could not resist her. Finally, he had to make up his mind that she must be locked up next

time, and said so to his wife as Floss lay apparently asleep in the room. But when the day came Floss was not to be found. She had gone off early in the morning, much to the farmer's wonder and anxiety; but what was his surprise to see her waiting for him at the exact spot where she used to overtake him on the road, and on his approach, her efforts to fawn on, and wheedle, and please him were extraordinary, and after this the interdict was removed. Shepherds' dogs, on the asseveration of many shepherds, know Sundays, and in the Highlands of Scotland enjoy their journey to the church as much as their masters.

The famous French theologian and essayist, M. Rénan, who was a great lover of animals, told a number of stories of animals to a contributor to *Truth*, who gave a report of them in that journal in an article headed, "M. Rénan on our Humble Relatives" (issue for July 28th, 1892); and among them was the following:—

"When a child, M. Rénan had for a neighbour a dog that, disliking the Friday dinners of fish and potatoes, used regularly on Thursdays to go looking about for bones, to hide them for his meals next day. How did he know that Thursday preceded Friday? Another dog associated Sunday with personal cleanliness, and used, as regularly as it came round, to go and take a bath, unless the weather was very cold, when he gave himself absolution. His name was Jocko."

And here is a little passage, with some anecdotes, from Mr. Hamerton's "Chapters on Animals" which may well cap these:—"A lady said that she had known a dog that belonged to a celebrated publisher in Paris, who had a country house at Auteuil. Every Friday his family went to Auteuil, and always regularly found the dog there on their arrival. He went alone through Paris, from the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, and he never made a mistake about the day. The family frequently went out on other days, but on these occasions the dog stayed contentedly at home. Another dog that she had also known had been bred in a strictly Catholic family, and would never touch meat on a Friday. Bets were made, and the greatest temptations used to overcome his conscientious scruples, but always in vain. He was shut up in a room during a whole Friday, with meat in his reach, but preferred to suffer hunger rather than touch it. One of my friends mentioned a dog that he knew quite well which lost its master three years before from small-pox, and ever since then, in all weathers, paid a daily visit to the cemetery, where it mourns upon his grave. The widow goes to the grave on Sundays after mass. The dog knows this, waits for her at the church door, and accompanies her."

BY A GIRL'S HAND.

BY MRS. HENRY E. DUDENEY.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

JESSIE PENNIEFEATHER let the newspaper fall in a crumple on the lap of her cool cotton gown, and stared blankly across the room at the professor's bald head, which happened to be in a straight line with her startled eyes.

Professor Penniefeather was at work, as usual, on his projected "Life of Silas Bubb."

Bubb, novelist, dramatist, poet, traveller, and all-round talented individual, was the professor's hobby. Bubb had been a celebrity in his time among a certain cultured "set." But as his time had been full thirty years before the opening of our story, those who once knew him might be forgiven for having nearly forgotten him, and those who had never known, perhaps hardly heard of him, might be forgiven faces of ill-concealed boredom when the professor descanted on his favourite theme. Strange as it may seem, no fellow-celebrity had written the life of Silas Bubb. This labour of love Professor Penniefeather had undertaken.

But it would never be written—published, at least, Jessie thought sorrowfully, with a sidelong glance at the fatal newspaper paragraph.

And then, with a quick realisation of the misery that hateful, hateful paper might cause the poor professor, his daughter stuffed it hastily under the sofa cushion as the maid brought in the tea-tray: signal that biographical labours were over for the nonce.

Jessie Penniefeather was a very pretty girl, if grey eyes, golden hair, and a skin fresh and downy as a ripe peach, are constituents of beauty. She was so pretty that she absolutely glittered in the dim setting of the panelled room. They lived in Bloomsbury; the professor had to be near the Museum for literary purposes. He loved, too, to prowl about the old bookshops with which Bloomsbury is thickly studded, picking up rare "Bubbs" to add to his collection, and facts to enrich his biography.

In Bloomsbury, too, but in a glorified corner, is Russell Square, where Jessie filled the post of daily governess to the two little girls of Mrs. Abrahams.

Professor Penniefeather had an income which would have kept him and his daughter comfortably in a country cottage. As it was, they barely made both ends meet. Silas Bubb, poor man, was a great expense. Hardly a day but the professor brought home in his pockets—made specially deep for the purpose—books, prints, or autograph letters, picked up, as he gleefully told his daughter, for a "mere song." This might mean anything: from a threepenny-bit to thirty shillings. Jessie sometimes felt a disposition to sigh over these bargains. She had a mundane preference for a full larder in place of a room overflowing with books and MS.

But when the "Life of Silas Bubb" was published, the Professor assured her, fame would come, and with it fortune. "The bibliography alone is enough to establish my reputation," he wound up enthusiastically. "It has taken me years to compile."

And it had.

When the "Life of Silas Bubb" came out, the dingy Bloomsbury rooms might find another tenant; the little girls in Russell Square another governess.

It was nearly done.

"Another month's hard work," said Professor Penniefeather that very afternoon, as he gulped his tea, one eye meanwhile on some stray sheets of his beloved MS., "and the book will be ready for the publishers. Let me read you the Alpine chapter, my dear. I've a high opinion of your critical faculty."

So he read, and his daughter listened, but she replied at random when questioned on certain trenchant points.

The girl's grey eyes were glittering feverishly, there was a circular crimson spot burning on either cheek. When the postman gave a loud rat-rat, she ran herself to the door. She was startled at the wild unusual beat of her heart. It died down into calmer thumps as she saw in the letter-box only a bookseller's catalogue. *That*, at least, could not carry fatal intelligence to her father. But he tore the wrapper off eagerly, ran his eye through, and started to his feet impetuous as a boy.

"Dawson's got a first edition of 'Miss Cranbourne,'" he almost shouted; "only a guinea!" ("Miss Cranbourne" was a rare novel of Silas Bubb's.) "Excuse me, my dear; I must be off to Holborn at once and secure it."

He started up from his half-finished tea. Jessie fetched him his slouched hat and strong stick. Professor Penniefeather's spare and shabby figure was well-known in book haunts.

She kissed him rather lingeringly, and noticed with a pang how worn the dear face was. She knew how greatly he was excited at the prospect of completing the book on which he had lavished much time and labour. She knew, too, that with completion would come reaction. How would he bear the shock of utter failure? of that most bitter failure—being forestalled!

She watched him down the street through a blur of quick rising tears. She thought—probably only fond and foolish fancy—that he leaned more on his stick than usual.

Then she turned from the window, dashed away her tears rather impatiently, pulled the paper from under the sofa cushion, and read the paragraph again.

"We learn with pleasure that Mr. Reginald Halsbury, the clever and rising young journalist, has a 'Life of Silas Bubb' ready for the press. Considering the versatile talents of 'Bubb,' it is marvellous that he has not found a biographer before. In the able hands of Mr. Reginald Halsbury, he will find one not only conscientious, but brilliant. We await the publication of the book with interest."

Jessie fiercely clenched her little hands, and set her even teeth.

A bitter, bitter sense of rebellion rushed over her. For the moment, being but a woman—and a fond daughter—she felt impotent anger and hatred for this successful young writer, who, all unwittingly, would break the poor Professor's heart. The hobby of years cannot be torn up without evil effect.

"He cannot do it one-half so well as papa," she said to herself "He has not half the facts—it is not to be expected." She looked across at the old-fashioned open bureau, strewn with papers and bulky portfolios of notes.

"He will omit the bibliography, or scamp it. He will write in a dashing, superficial way. His book will be well reviewed—he is well known: papa obscure—and this," she went across and touched, almost with reverence, the professor's nearly completed "Life," "will be burned or shelved. I know papa's pride too well. He will never consent, where 'Bubb' is concerned, to be second in the field, nor to collaboration.'

Jessie went back to her chair rather hopelessly.

What could she do—a mere girl, a poor little governess—to circumvent this brilliant and all-powerful young man?

"Oh, how I wish," she said *sotto voce*, and in desperation, "that we had never come to London, never heard of 'Silas Bubb'—bother him! I really do not know which man I dislike most, him or his new biographer."

She poured herself out another cup of tea, and drank it with a vague sense of comfort. She had drifted back, in thought, to the country home she dimly remembered as a child, before her mother died or her father became bitten with bibliomania.

Then she sharply pulled herself back to contemplation of the present crisis.

"There is one thing I can do. Throw myself on this Reginald Halsbury's mercy; tell him all."

She blushed vividly with excitement and nervousness.

There was just a chance, she thought. He might be kind-hearted, generous, this successful young man. He might, when he heard the pitiful story of the dear patient professor's probable shipwreck, consent to withdraw his book. "Surely," said the girl, strong with love, "a book more or less to so successful a writer will not matter very much."

She sat until the room grew gloomy, perfecting her plan. She would call next morning on Reginald Halsbury. She knew his address—a paper which had interviewed him told her that. Fortunately for

her scheme, it was August holiday time. Her pupils were with their mother at Westgate. She would be able to start quite early, directly breakfast was over, and her father settled, all unsuspecting, at his biography.

It would be an ordeal. It all depended on the young man. He might be brutal and laugh in her face, with sheer contempt of her bold entreaty. He might be sarcastic, which would be harder to bear. He might absolutely refuse to listen to or even see her.

Jessie's up-bringing as a young woman had been so unconventional—quiet days in the dingy, unfashionable street, varied only by mornings of dreary routine in Russell Square—that any idea of over-boldness never occurred to her.

It was all settled—even to which of her scanty store of frocks she would wear—before the professor came in radiant, with "Miss Cranbourne" weighing down his pocket.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

IT was into a little room at the top of a small house in South Kensington that Jessie was ushered. Reginald Halsbury turned quickly round from the desk, and advanced almost nervously to meet her.

She decided, with relief, that he was not at all formidable, and she wondered, with a sore heart, if those sheets scattered on the desk were "Bubb."

Reginald Halsbury, indeed, seemed disposed to be timid of her. He was a retiring, reticent young author, very plain, and very ill at ease in the presence of a pretty woman. And poor Jessie looked very pretty. She had that morning been not absolutely innocent of coquetry. She knew enough of human nature to feel sure that she had more chance of softening Mr. Halsbury in her best grey cashmere and hat trimmed with eglantine than when wearing the demure, if rather dowdy, black hat and jacket which was her governess livery.

But Reginald Halsbury only stammered confusedly

"REGINALD HALSBURY ONLY STAMMERED CONFUSEDLY."

at this dainty vision of girlhood. He apologised, with diffidence, for receiving her in his work-room, and asked, perhaps with a slightly eager glance at his deserted MS., what he could do for her.

She looked up in his face. Those were kind grey eyes of his behind the spectacles, and the mouth under his straggling sandy moustache was tender. Coming along, she had rehearsed the pretty pleading speeches she had meant to make, the conversational artifices by which Halsbury might be turned from monopolising "Bubb" and discomfiting Penniefeather.

In his presence she forgot them all, and only said, sitting in the chair he had placed opposite to his own, and resting two nervously clasped hands on the desk:

"I came to ask you—please—not to publish the 'Life of Silas Bubb.'"

The rising author started: hot blood surged up his face to his hair-roots, as he turned puzzled eyes on the fair quivering face, crimson too, so near his own.

"But I—do—do not un-d-d-er-stand," he stuttered, greatly excited, and losing fluency in consequence, "what t-the bio-graphy has to d-do with you."

"Just everything," said Jessie simply, and tears welled up to the blue depths of her eyes. She winked them vigorously away, and hugged to herself the notion that Reginald Halsbury had not seen them. "My father has written a 'Life,' too. He has devoted years to it. He has it nearly ready for publication. All his hopes and ambitions are set on it. Oh! it is so clever, so complete—he reads me bits. I am sure," she concluded earnestly, and with unconscious disparagement, at which young Halsbury quietly smiled, "it is a much better book than yours."

"I am sure it must be," he said heartily, "if, as you say, your father has devoted years to it. I have only given months. Of course, I cannot withdraw my book at the request of——" he was going to say "a comparative stranger," but broke off abruptly. "If you would put me in communication with your father, we might make some joint and satisfactory arrangement—both our names on the title-page, you understand."

Jessie shook her head, not because she was too dense to grasp his meaning, but because she was too well acquainted with the professor to derive any comfort from the prospect of a double-barrelled authorship.

"Papa would never consent," she said mournfully, adding perhaps a flicker of spirit. Who was this young man—almost a boy—to ride rough-shod over a father whom she idolised, and of whose talents she had the highest possible opinion?

"If you think his consent unlikely," said Mr. Halsbury, perhaps a shade huffishly, "he can publish his 'Life' separately, you know. Plenty of room for two."

Jessie felt keenly his curt change of tone. She rose from her chair with a touch of girlish dignity.

And yet excuse might have been made for Reginald Halsbury. Her request was unusual, to put it in the most kindly light. To ask a man to abandon a book to which he has devoted months is a little trying—to the man—even when a pretty girl pleads. Yet he had made a generous suggestion. She had flouted it. She was absolutely ignorant of the enthusiasm of an author for his work—any author, that is, save Professor Penniefeather.

"Thank you very much for your kindness—your offer of collaboration," she said timidly, "and please forgive me this intrusion. I see now that I ought not to have come—that I have asked too much of you. I acted on impulse. When I saw the announcement of your coming book, I felt that no course could be too desperate to save papa's heart from breaking."

She had taken up her umbrella, pulled down the little spotted veil over her twitching lips.

Reginald Halsbury rather deprecatingly held out his hand. It is not pleasant to be told you are on the high road to breaking a heart—even though it be a stranger's.

Jessie took the hand. He pressed it sympathetically. "I am sure," he said stumblingly, "s-some-t-thing could be d-done, arranged, if I h-had an interview with y-your f-father. You—pardon me—probably exaggerate his enthusiasm."

She shook her head again.

"You are very good, but I do not over-estimate. Papa would rather fling his book into the fire than play—pardon *me* this time—second fiddle to any man. He is working hard at it now. Of course, he does not know I am here. He does not even know of the disappointment awaiting him. How am I even to tell him? He simply lives for 'Bubb.' I wish," with a momentary triumph of emotion over diffidence, a little stamp on the floor, and a vicious dig at a dead man, "we had never heard his name, that he had never lived—or died. He was to have made the name of Penniefeather, and now——"

"Penniefeather!" young Halsbury's grasp of Jessie's hand became a grip. "Are you the daughter of Professor Penniefeather?"

"Yes"—a gleam of hope glowed on her face when she saw the change in his—"but I do not see what difference that makes."

"It makes all the difference," said Reginald Halsbury. "And you," with a sudden jerkiness and a keen glance in her wide eyes, "are Jessie?"

"I am Jessie," she returned, mystified; "but who are you?"

"Is it possible that you have clean forgotten Reggie Trimmer—your father's pupil when you lived in that dear little sleepy village of Hollow Fen?"

All his diffidence departed. Jessie, scanning his pleasure-flushed face, certainly traced a strong resemblance to a big boy of fifteen, who, when she was ten, had made her life by turns a torture and an ecstasy, and who had been the constant enemy of her army of dollies.

"But your name is Halsbury," she demurred.

Reggie threw back his sandy head and laughed joyously. Evidently the discovery of identities had given him keen pleasure and great relief.

"That is explained very easily. When I adopted

"'SERIOUSLY, REGGIE, HELP ME IF YOU CAN'" (*p.* 435).

literature I changed my name. I fancied that as Trimmer—fit cognomen for a tailor or a tripe-seller—I should never achieve success. I imagined 'Trimmer' on a book back, and shivered. Even Reginald did not save it. So I called myself Halsbury. It was a mistake. I did not then know the present fashion—that the possession of a hideous name is a long step towards fame."

He had let go her hand, and was hustling his papers together before closing the desk.

"You will let me see you home," he pleaded: "let me pay a visit to the dear old professor. How completely you hid yourselves, Jessie—little Jessie no longer. When first I came to London I looked high and low for you. I made inquiries in every direction, and hunted through the directory. I knew that after your mother's death the professor brought you to live in London, and I was so anxious we should be friends. What made you live such secluded lives?"

"Put it all down to 'Silas Bubb,'" she said demurely.

Reggie sighed.

"Poor Silas Bubb! I had grown quite fond of him."

"Surely you can be fond of him still?"

"I must be second in his affections." He smiled in her blue eyes.

Jessie gave a big sigh of great relief. Dear child! she knew the professor was saved.

"It is not likely," said Reginald Halsbury, as they went through the Park on their way to Bloomsbury, "that I should be impertinent enough to compete with the professor."

He said it humbly. He had a hearty appreciation of his old tutor's solid attainments.

"Your father first gave me a taste for literature. Any small success I may have attained I owe greatly to his training."

"You are very good. You have made me very happy," she said gratefully; then, with compunction, "It is a long walk. I am afraid I have spoiled your morning's work."

"Not a bit too long for me. I enjoy this stroll through the Park immensely."

He sniffed at the flowers with keen appreciation.

"As to work," with a glib perversion of hard facts, "I was not quite in the mood for it this morning."

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

JESSIE came down the steps of Mrs. Abrahams' house in Russell Square rather despondently. Yet the professor was putting the finishing touches on his book—a task in which he was ably and humbly seconded by Reginald Halsbury.

Reggie, as Jessie had slipped back into calling him, was now a daily visitor at the dingy Bloomsbury house, and Professor Penniefeather spoke with compliment and slight amazement of his erudition on the complicated "Bubb" subject. He did not know how nearly Reggie had forestalled him. That fatal newspaper paragraph Jessie had promptly popped into the kitchen fire.

That afternoon—it was chill and wet—as she came down the broad steps of the Russell Square house, Reginald Halsbury, in a mackintosh, was rounding the corner of Keppel Street. He saw the dejected little figure, mackintosh too, descending the steps, and stopped.

"Jessie!"

"Oh, Reggie, how glad I am to meet you!"

The voice was a little hysterical, the eyes behind the veil were slightly reddened.

"You've been crying," he said, with a flush and an indignant glance at the discreetly curtained windows of the respectable "family residence" which formed the girl's background.

"Suppose I have," she returned lightly, as she crossed the Square under the shelter of his umbrella, "you need not comment on it. It is only a round-about way of telling me I look a guy."

"Tell me, Jess"—his voice was earnest; he flung another fierce glance in the direction of Mrs. Abrahams' doorstep—"what they have been doing to you."

"Oh, nothing much; just the ordinary naughtiness of the children and fond interference of their mamma. It was the culmination made me cry. Mrs. Abrahams—she has been upset to-day; the dressmaker has spoiled a new gown and the cook broken a cheese-plate of the Derby dinner-service—gave me notice. The girls are going to boarding-school."

"The best place for them," commented Reggie, with rather savage stress. "I always hated the idea of your being under the thumb of any woman."

"But I shall have," she said, with a tearful little laugh at his frowning face, "to look out for another situation. Perhaps you know of one—of a woman whose thumb might press a little less."

"I do not—and if I did, I would not recommend you. You are too good, and sweet, and pretty."

"You are too complimentary. Even if I were all you say, it would not help my arithmetic, which is woefully weak. Seriously, Reggie, help me if you can. I must earn some money, or who will dress me and meet tiresome little household exigencies?"

"But surely the professor has an income?" he said, feeling the first faint stir of rebellion against the dear old man, whose head was a trifle too much in the clouds.

"But he has a hobby," Jessie reminded him sweetly. "He does not know how fast the money goes. I will never forgive you, sir, if you tell him."

There was a fire in her meek eyes. She read something of Halsbury's determination to "have it out" with Professor Penniefeather.

Reggie had a sudden fit of stammering.

"W-will you f-forgive me if I t-tell *you* something?" he pleaded.

"That depends on what it is."

Why, oh! why did Jessie blush and draw so far away from the shelter of the umbrella that rain-drops sp'ashed on the ribbons of her hat?

"You are getting wet."

He drew her arm through his with an air which savoured alarmingly of proprietorship.

"We both are," she replied nervously, her heart thumping dangerously close to his. "We have walked round the Square three times."

"Have we? I am sorry you were collected enough to observe it."

"Sorry—that I am in possession of my faculties?"

"If they were a little less keen—just for a moment—you might listen more favourably to what I have to say. Don't start aside, dear. It is very harmless. Just three words: *I love you!*"

The rain dripped on. In the parlour of the house a few streets off, the professor was waiting with mild impatience for his tea-maker. And under the umbrella were two faces—one radiant, the other shy.

* * * * *

Penniefeather's "Life of Silas Bubb" was a great success, and ran into several editions. Since its publication there has been an added run on "Bubb" books, and the professor's collection is, he declares, invaluable. When he dies—let us hope a long day hence—he will bequeath it to a, let us hope again, proportionately grateful nation.

It was the happiest moment of Jessie's life, not excepting that momentous moment under the umbrella, when the professor came up from his study into the fire-lit room, where she and Reggie sat, with his work, in all the glory of three volumes, in his hand.

It pleased the dear old scholar, in the fulness of his laboriously-won triumph, to thank Reggie with dignified if grateful patronage, for the help he had given, the valuable matter with which he had enabled its author to swell the biography.

That young man swallowed his flattery very modestly.

To Jessie were accorded no special thanks. The professor had been spared knowledge of the heroic part she had played.

And if his daughter had ever felt compunction for the first and last secret she held from the dearest of fathers these qualms died down as she kissed his lined face, and saw a glow, almost of youth, but born of success, in his kind eyes.

Words by ROBERT RICHARDSON.

Music by J. W. HINTON, M.A., Mus.Doc.

Allegretto.

ACCOMPT.

p

p

1. My la - dy plucks a red, red rose, And pins it on her breast, With pa - ler fire the sun - set glows A -
2. My la - dy walks at dew - y dawn The haw - thorn lanes a - long, And hears, a - bove the glim - mer - ing lawn, The
3. Her hair is like a sun - kissed cloud, Her bo - dy like a larch, Her looks are nei - ther shy nor proud, But

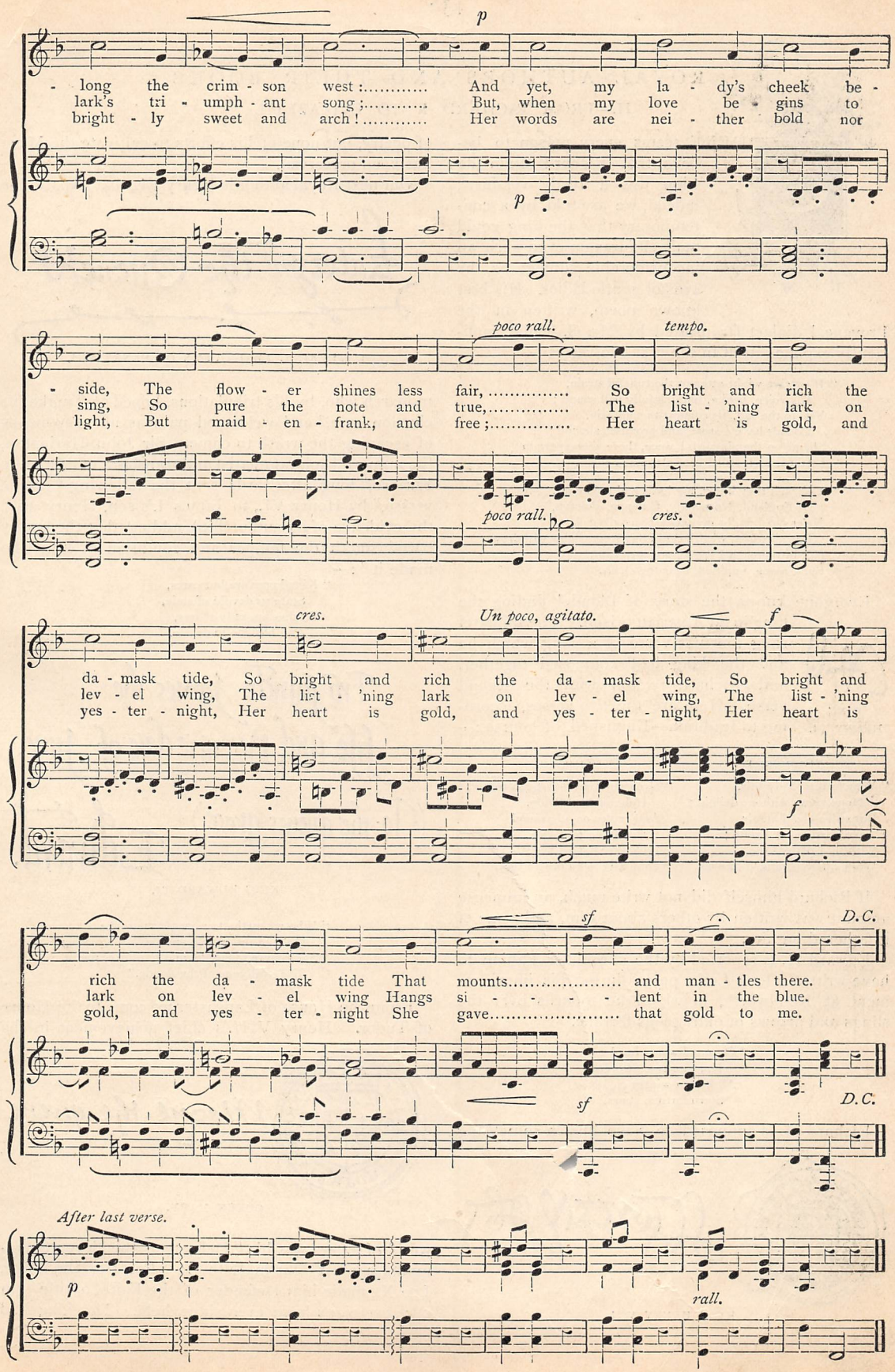
ben legato.

dim.

pp

dim.

pp


p
- long the crim - son west :..... And yet, my la - dy's cheek be -
lark's tri - umph - ant song ;..... But, when my love be - gins to
bright - ly sweet and arch ! ..... Her words are nei - ther bold nor
p
poco rall.
tempo.
- side, The flow - er shines less fair, ... So bright and rich the
sing, So pure the note and true, ... The list - 'ning lark on
light, But maid - en - frank, and free ; ..... Her heart is gold, and
poco rall.
cres.
cres.
Un poco, agitato.
f
da - mask tide, So bright and rich the da - mask tide, So bright and
lev - el wing, The list - 'ning lark on lev - el wing, The list - 'ning
yes - ter - night, Her heart is gold, and yes - ter - night, Her heart is
f
sf
D.C.
rich the da - mask tide That mounts..... and man - tles there.
lark on lev - el wing Hangs si - - - - - lent in the blue.
gold, and yes - ter - night She gave..... that gold to me.
sf
D.C.
After last verse.
p
rall.

ROYAL AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS.

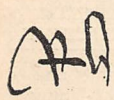
II.—FROM RICHARD I. TO ELIZABETH.

THERE seems every reason to believe that Richard Cœur de Lion was a ready versifier; indeed, we are told by a contemporary that the king could make stanzas on even such an inconsiderable subject as the eyes of gentle ladies. His best known poem, written in the Provençal dialect (translated by Mr. G. Ellis), sufficiently explains itself in the first two verses :—

" If captive wight attempt the tuneful strain,
His voice, belike, full dolefully will sound ;
Yet, to the sad, 'tis comfort to complain.
Friends have I store, and promises abound ;
Shame on the niggards ! since, these winters twain
Unransomed, still I bear a tyrant's chain.

" Full well they know, my lords and nobles all,
Of England, Normandy, Guienne, Poictou,
Ne'er did I slight my poorest vassal's call,
But all whom wealth could buy from chains withdrew.
Not in reproach I speak, nor idly vain,
But I alone, unpitied, bear the chain."

Everyone knows the story of Blondel finding the king in an Austrian prison. The minstrel sang the first verse of a song which he and the king had composed together, and Richard replied with the second verse. Here are the two verses, according to tradition—Englished, of course :—



KING HENRY VI.

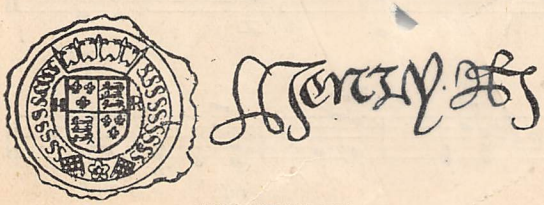
(BLONDEL.)	(RICHARD.)
" Your beauty, lady fair,	" No nymph my heart can wound
None views without delight ;	If favour she divide,
But still so cold an air	And smiles on all around
No passion can excite ;	Unwilling to decide.
Yet this I patient see	I'd rather hatred bear
While all are shunned like me."	Than love with others share."

If Richard himself did not write much, an immense amount was written by others about him, and some of it fathered on him.

Edward II. is reported by the chronicler Fabian to have written a long Latin poem during his imprisonment at Kenilworth, in which he mourns over the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

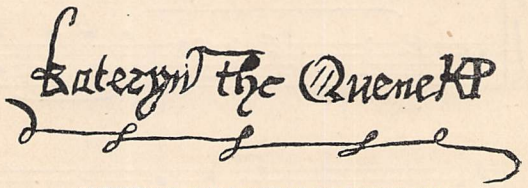
" On my devoted head
Her bitterest showers
All from a wintry cloud
Stern fortune pours."

Richard II. is supposed to have known something of poetry, but none of his efforts to cultivate the Muse has been preserved.



KING HENRY VIII.

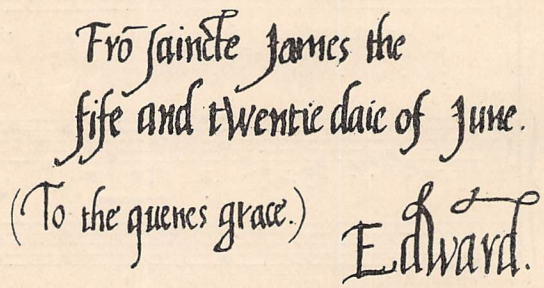
Our next Royal author is Henry VI., that remarkable



CATHERINE, LAST QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

monarch who, by his tribulations, hoped to " make his election sure," and welcomed pain as an easy means of escaping the wrath to come. Sir John Harington, the immortal epigrammatist and translator of " Orlando Furioso," long afterwards sent the following " prettie versse," by Henry VI., to James I.'s son, Henry (with the evidence of its authorship), adding that the poetry " well suteth the temper and condition of him who made it " :—

" Kingdomes are but cares,
State ys devoid of staie,
Ryches are redy snares,
And hastene to decaie.



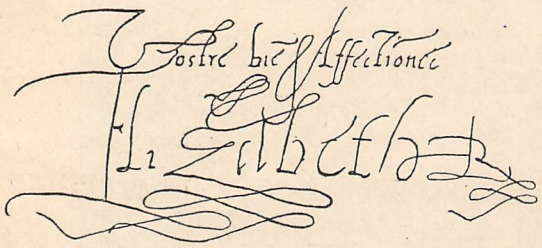
KING EDWARD VI.

" Who meenethe to remoofe the rocke
Owte of the slymie mudde,
Shall myre hymselfe, and hardlie scape
The swellynge of the flodde."

From the House of Lancaster we come to the House of Tudor. Henry VIII.'s chief achievement in the world of letters was his " Defence of the Seven Sacraments against Martin Luther." For this the Pope, Leo X., made him Defender of the Faith, a title that our sovereigns have ever since held. The king had

QUEEN MARY.

none of an author's obstinacy, for in the epistle dedicatory he prays the Pope: "If we have erred in anything, we offer it to be corrected as may please



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

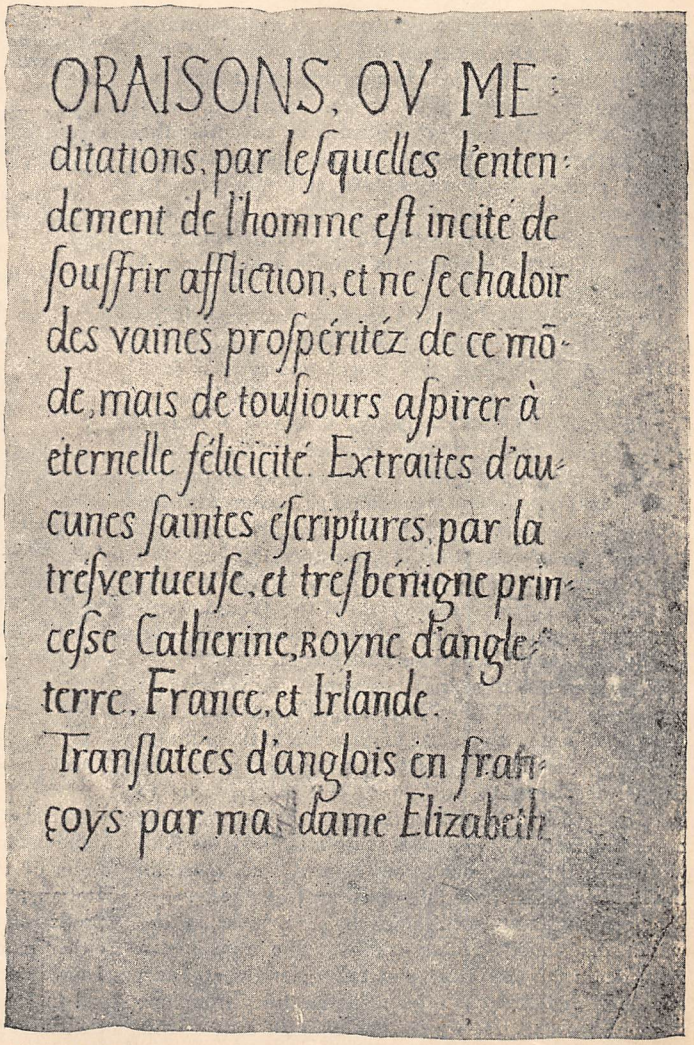
your holiness"; and addressing the reader of his pamphlet, the monarch explains: "Although I do not reckon myself amongst the most learned and eloquent, yet (shunning the stain of ingratitude and moved by fidelity and piety) I cannot but think myself obliged (would to God my ability to do it were equal to my good will!) to defend my mother, the spouse of Christ." In his tirade against the great reformer (written, of course, in Latin) the king shows pretty powers of invective, and adopts a sledge-hammer style. He says of Luther, "This little brother is a scabbed sheep," and that this new Momus becomes "like the devil—that is a slanderer; he rails, he blasphemes, he slanders, he rages, and he who is filthy becomes more filthy still." Finally the king urges the faithful to stand up against "this daring brother, who, however weak in power, yet in mind is more pernicious than either Turk, Saracen, or Infidel."

Was Luther much troubled by this? Not in the least degree. He simply was rude enough to suggest that the king could not have written the attack himself, but that he must have employed some literary "ghost." Henry again replied, defending himself, and it is only fair to remember that according to tradition he had been intended for the Church, and would have entered the sacred calling had not his elder brother, Arthur, the Prince of Wales, died. Sir Thomas More has often been mentioned as the author of the "Defence." Henry's letters to Anne Boleyn have been collected and published. They are not very interesting. Sir John Harington, to whom I have already referred, also sent to Prince Henry "an ensample of royal poetrie," which Sir John's father had often assured him was by Henry VIII., composed when courting the fair maid of honour:—

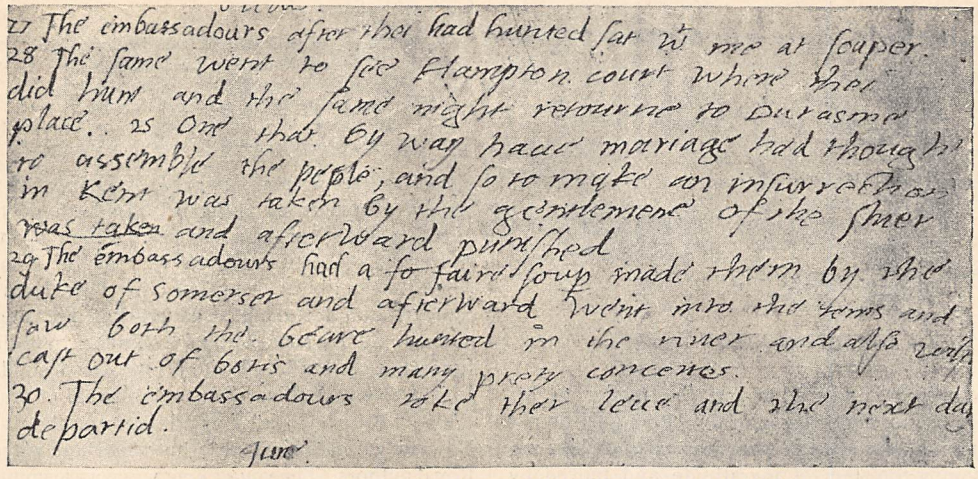
> "The eagle's force subdues eache byrd that flyes;
> What metal can resyst the flaminge fyre?
> Dothe not the sunne dazle the cleareste eyes,
> And melte the ice, and make the froste retyre?
> The hardest stones are piercede thro wyth tools;
> The wysest are, wyth princes, made but fools."

And we know that Henry VIII. is reputed to have been a composer of anthems. In both poetry and music a nice ear is necessary. There is an ante-mortem dirge attributed on very slight grounds to Anne Boleyn; but Queen Catherine Parr, Henry's last consort—and fortunate survivor—has left a grateful posterity a "Lamentation of a Sinner Bewailing the Ignorance of Her Blind Life" (forty-seven solid quarto pages), to say nothing of a small manual of prayers.

The "British Josiah," as admirers of the ill-starred Edward VI. call him, takes an important place amid Royal authors. The young king was very accomplished,


ORAISONS, OV ME-
ditations, par lesquelles l'enten-
dement de l'homme est incité de
souffrir affliction, et ne se chaloir
des vaines prospérités de ce mõ-
de, mais de tousiours aspirer à
éternelle félicicité. Extraites d'au-
cunes saintes escriptures, par la
tresvertueuse, et tresbénigne prin-
cesse Catherine, royne d'angle-
terre, France, et Irlande.
Translatées d'anglois en fran-
çoys par ma dame Elizabeth

FACSIMILE DEDICATION PAGE OF BOOK OF PRAYERS BY PRINCESS ELIZABETH.



FACSIMILE OF ENTRY IN THE AUTOGRAPH JOURNAL OF EDWARD VI.

and perhaps somewhat precocious. Very interesting is Edward's "Discourse on the Reformation of the Nation," in which "the chief pointes that tend to order well the whole commonwealth" are set forth as "good education, devising of good laws, executing the laws justly without respect of persons, the example of rulers, punishing of vagabonds and idol persons, encouraging the good, ordering well the customers, and engendering friendship in all parts of the commonwealth." This is also written in French, and dedicated to his uncle.

But the "British Josiah's" most abiding work is his diary. He began it when he was twelve years old—in 1549—and continued it till November, 1552, a little more than seven months before he died. Thomas Fuller, in his "Church History," thus writes, carried away by enthusiasm for the chronicle: "He kept an exact account, written with his own hand—and that a very legible one—of all memorable accidents, with the accurate date thereof. No high honour was conferred, bishopric bestowed, state office disposed of, no old fort repaired, no new one erected, no bullion brought in, no great summes sent forth of the land, no ambassadors despatched hence, none entertained here, but by him, with his own hand, it was recorded."

Mary was not a literary character. Erasmus says she wrote Latin letters well, and Queen Catherine Parr, with a view to converting her, made the princess begin to translate Erasmus's "Paraphrase of the Gospel according to St. John." But Mary is said to have overworked herself at the task; at any rate, she never finished it. A time-serving confession of faith written to the king her father does not come within the limits which I have laid down for this review.

Queen Elizabeth was a much better scholar, as she was also a much greater woman. She translated a great deal from the Greek and Latin classics, and as a specimen of her work I quote a few lines from one of Seneca's epistles, which her majesty sent to Sir John Harington:—

"Destenies guyde the willing, but draw the grudging sorte. So let us live, so doe we speake, that theye maye ever fynde us readie and not unprepared. The greattest hart is it that bequeaves to God his parte."

Her version of the same old master's tragedy, "Hercules Octæus," is interesting, but only from the fact that it is written in blank verse.

While her majesty was a prisoner at Woodstock, she is said to have written the following lines with charcoal on a shutter—a copy having been preserved by Hentzner:—

"Oh, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witness this present prisonn, whither fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quit.
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:
Causing the guiltless to be straite reserved,
And freeing those that death hath well deserved.
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte."

This is signed "Elizabethe, prisonner," and dated A.D. MDLV. Puttenham in his "Arte of English Poesie," includes in addition to much fulsome flattery of "the most bewtifull or rather bewtie of queenes," a "sonnet" which is interesting as containing an allusion to Mary, Queen of Scots, in these lines:—

"The daughter of debate that discord ay doth sowe,
Shal reape no gaine where former rule hath taught stil peace to growe
No forreine bannisht wight shall ancre in this port;
Our realme it brookes no strangers force, let them elsewhere resort,
Our rusty sworde with rest shall first his edge employ,
To poll the toppes that seeke such change, or gape for such like joy.

Elizabeth also translated—as Alfred the Great had done before her (see Article I.)—Boethius's "Consolations of Philosophy," and wrote prayers in French, Italian, and Spanish—in all of which languages she was proficient. Camden, the great antiquary, says that she either read or wrote something every day; and really I have not room for a bare list of the things she did.

In my next article I shall deal with the Stuarts and their successors to the present day.

R. MAYNARD LEONARD.

MARGARET'S WAY.

By ANNIE E. WICKHAM, Author of "Two Women," etc.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

MR. BEN WALLER'S description of the pearl necklace in the Birmingham papers had borne fruit. A trader in a small way of business had come forward and produced the necklace. He had received it, he said, from his cousin, a Miss Polly Smith, who, in her turn, had been given it by a Miss Lyall, who lodged with her.

Miss Lyall wanted money, and he had lent her twenty pounds upon the necklace. He knew nothing about Miss Lyall: Polly had met her in the train on her way to London. She had taken a fancy to the girl, and since then they had shared lodgings.

The necklace was a valuable one, and seeing the advertisement and description in one of the Birmingham papers he had thought it better to come forward and produce it at once.

The necklace was Margaret's; Mrs. Lester and Mary were positive that it was the one she had worn when staying in their house.

"Then Miss Lyall is Margaret Lester, or I'm a fool!" said Ben Waller, slapping his leg. "She got into the same carriage in the train with this Miss Polly Smith, and that's what put us off the scent. We always looked for her alone."

Geoffrey was telegraphed the news. He was scarcely in a fit state to leave his room, but he defied his nurse, and Mrs. Jones ordered a carriage to drive to Miss Smith's address.

"'I DID NOT THINK,' SAID MARGARET, HANGING HER HEAD."

"Run to earth at last," he said, when Margaret's eyes met his.

"Oh, Miss Margaret, whatever were you thinking about to lead us this dance after you? Detectives and police after you, your name in all the papers, and Mr. Geoffrey worrying his heart out. I never thought you'd have the heart to go and do such a thing. Night after night I've lain awake crying and wondering where you might be."

"I did not think," said Margaret, hanging her head.

"And Mr. Geoffrey, he so ill!" continued Mrs. Jones.

"Ill? Geoffrey ill?"

"Yes; he must needs go tearing about looking for you when he might have been resting with his bad foot. Sit down, sir, in the easy-chair."

Margaret glanced at Geoffrey, then quickly looked away, but that short swift look had shown her the traces of illness.

There were lines about his mouth and eyes that had not been there a few weeks ago.

Miss Polly Smith gave an account of meeting Margaret in the train and bringing her to share her lodgings.

"If I hadn't been very hard up I should not have asked her," she owned, with a bright laugh and daring honesty; "but I took a fancy to her. You see, she has a different look from the girls I know—a sort of—of—Dresden china look. I wanted her to tell you where she was, or to let me tell. I should have

had the reward you offered then; now of course nobody will get it."

"We shall see," said Geoffrey, smiling.

Margaret stood with hanging head in the centre of the room. The talk surged round her, question and answer: Polly's quick Cockney accents and Mrs. Jones's slower provincial tongue, mingled with a few deeper notes from Geoffrey.

Mrs. Jones's heart smote her for her hard words to her pet.

"Never mind, Miss Margie, you're found now; and you'll never run away again, will you?"

"Never."

"You're young, and never thought, I dare say. Mr. Geoffrey will forgive you for all the trouble you've caused, won't you, sir?"

"She will have to show her penitence first," he said, with a peculiar smile.

Margaret's head dropped lower on her breast. She had lost everything by her fight for independence. Mrs. Jones was angry, Geoffrey would never forgive her. Well, she deserved it all.

She turned to the window, and stood looking out upon the crowd of children gathered round the carriage and pair of horses. Geoffrey was making arrangements for her, settling where she was to go until something definite could be decided. They might do what they pleased with her, she did not care; she had no interest in the matter. Mrs. Lester's house, lodgings in London, or a chaperon and Bridge End, what did it matter?

It would not be Fen Court, and nothing else was of consequence.

"She must sleep here to-night," said Geoffrey, in a discontented tone of voice; "it is too late for her to go to her cousins in Birmingham, and she has no friends in London. The Seymours have gone into the country. No; she must stay in these lodgings until to-morrow."

He looked round the small parlour and out of the window. The gas had been lighted in a butcher's shop opposite; the wife of the butcher and two untidy women stood at the shop-door gossiping, and watching the carriage and pair. This was no home for his naughty princess, and yet for one more night here she must stay.

"You and Margaret will dine with me at my hotel," he said to Polly. "You will drive back with me now, and I will send you home safely after dinner."

Polly was delighted.

"I think Mr. Fenham a regular dear," she said, while she and Margaret were upstairs preparing for the drive. "I'll put on my prettiest blouse for him. He looks so jolly, and kind, and handsome—so—so—I can't describe what I mean. He was watching you all the time you stood at the window, and you never looked at him once. He must have been pretty ill, I should say. Are you sure he is engaged?"

"Yes."

"Hm'm! Well, I shouldn't like my young man, if ever I have one, to look at another girl like he looked at you. Aren't you going to brush your hair or put a bit of frilling in your dress?"

"No."

"I shall be ready in a second. You are looking white and done-up. What a state that old woman was in about you! You must have caused them a lot of worry and bother."

"I wish I could die!" said Margaret.

"Not before dinner," said Polly, with her cheerful laugh. "I'm looking forward to that dinner and drive in the carriage and pair. I've never been behind a pair of horses except in an omnibus. I'm hoping we shall meet some of the girls from the club. They will stare to see me so grand!"

Mrs. Jones was having a confidential talk in the passage with Mrs. Vokes when they came downstairs. Mrs. Vokes curtsied to Margaret; she was being duly impressed by the tale of her grandeur.

"Ready?" said Geoffrey. "Lend me your arm, Margaret—I cannot walk without help."

He waved aside Mrs. Jones's substantial form.

"Margaret is enough," he said.

He put his hand upon her shoulder and limped towards the door.

"You might have trusted me, Margaret," he said in her ear.

She turned her head away, but he saw a crimson flush creep up from the edge of her collar to the fair hair on her forehead.

Polly was bubbling over with excitement. She stood by the door of the carriage, calling the children by their names, nodding to the men and women standing at their shop windows, and altogether behaving in a way "that stamped her as no lady,' Mrs. Jones said afterwards to her husband, when describing the scene.

"How d'you do, Mrs. Brown? Is your husband better? Has Gus got over the whooping-cough? I'll come in and have tea with you to-morrow, Mrs. Robins, and tell you all about my grand doings. How are the measles, Annie? You don't look yourself yet."

She put her head out of the carriage window, and nodded right and left as they drove down the street. The one drawback to her pleasure was that they met no girl whom she knew from club or office.

Her talk and ready laughter carried off the awkwardness of Margaret's return. She told Geoffrey amusing tales of girls she had met, covering Margaret's silence with her ready chatter.

Margaret sat through the long dinner, pale and silent. She was on Geoffrey's right hand, Polly on his left. He avoided looking at or speaking to her, but her wants were carefully watched; and once, when Polly turned her head and was looking another way, he said, beneath his breath—

"You are not eating, little one."

Little one! How could he call her "little one" in that voice and with that look when he was engaged to Enid? But he meant nothing. Dear, kind Geoffrey! He could not, he never should, guess what a silly girl she was. How she had mistaken his words and looks for something more than friendliness! How

"'IS THE OLD MARGARET QUITE DEAD?'" (*p.* 444).

she had taken his kind speeches for more than he meant!

She forced herself to meet his eyes, to smile amiably, to answer his words in her usual voice.

"I am not hungry."

But she was grateful that he did not press her to eat, that he did not expect her to talk, that a word now and then was all that was wanted from her. No questions were asked, no remarks made upon the trouble she had caused; she was found —she had returned, and that for the present was enough.

He turned his shoulder and devoted himself to Polly. Perhaps he saw that a word or a glance might break down Margaret's self-control; perhaps he guessed what the steadily erect head and pale lips meant.

"I want to speak to my cousin," he said to Polly, when dinner was ended. "Would you mind sitting alone, or shall I send Mrs. Jones to you?"

Polly decided to sit with Mrs. Jones. She had an inkling of the rights of the story, and she was ready to help Geoffrey, who had won her heart, by any means in her power.

She almost winked when she answered his request.

Geoffrey was impatient to speak. He had scarcely known how to endure the long dinner, with Margaret's face growing paler every moment: to keep his attention fixed on Miss Smith's stories, and to show a proper interest in them. But it was ended at last; Polly was gone, and he might tell everything.

Margaret, meanwhile, was bracing herself up to bear with outward calm the tale she believed was coming.

"Perhaps he wonders that I have not congratulated him," she said to herself. "He will know from Mary

or Mr. Waller that I have been told of the engagement. He has said nothing about Enid; perhaps he thinks I should not like it."

The thought stung her into speech.

"Geoffrey?" she said.

"Yes?"

He was leaning back in his chair, looking at her with a smile on his lips. She stood by the table on which were the remains of the dessert, her fingers playing with a fork.

"I have not congratulated you."

"You have not."

"I hope you will be happy."

"I hope I shall. But before we begin congratulations, I want you to talk business. What do you mean to do?"

"What you wish," in a low voice.

"I wish——. Well, my wish shall come later. You have given up all nonsensical ideas of independence?"

"Yes. I was going to the Lesters to-day when you came."

"You are sorry for what you have done? You will not run away again?"

"I am sorry for what I have done, and I shall not run away again."

"You have come back a good child, ready to do as you are told?"

"I am not a child," she said steadily.

"You will take the allowance I choose to make you, and settle down with the lady I have chosen to live with you at Bridge End?"

"Why Bridge End?" she said, with a sharpened note in her voice. "Could I not live somewhere else? I—I—Bridge End is lonely, and——"

"The house is ready for you at Bridge End. Why do you object to it? You will be near Fen Court. Would you not like that?"

"No"—passionately—"I never want to see Fen Court again! At least, I—I——" trying to speak calmly. "But if you want me to live there, I will do what you please, Geoffrey."

"Good child! Come here, Margaret—you need not stand so far away; there is a chair by my side."

"I am not tired."

"I shall have to stand if you will not sit, and standing is uncommonly bad for my foot. You owe me something, after what I have gone through these last weeks. No, not that chair: this one, close to me. That is right; now we can settle everything comfortably. It is arranged, then, that you live at Bridge End, and that you will accept from me five hundred a year and the house?"

"If that is your wish."

Margaret refused to meet his eyes; she kept her head averted. Her hands she clasped together in her lap, that he might not see their trembling.

"Is the old Margaret quite dead?" he asked, with a laugh in his voice. "I should not like to think that I am never again to see those eyes flash, that head go up, those lips say something scornful. Do you remember the teacup that was broken by a certain young lady one afternoon at Fen Court?"

"Yes," said Margaret, drawing a long breath.

"I see the china will be safe at Bridge End. Do you know," in a sudden change of key, "you are thinner, Margaret; your hands are even smaller than they were."

She moved uneasily; he had no right to speak of her hands in that petting, teasing fashion.

"You cannot afford to lose flesh; we shall have to feed you up and look after you well."

"Shall I ask Polly to come back?" interrupted Margaret.

She felt that her endurance was reaching its limits, and to break down would be to disgrace herself for ever.

"Miss Smith is all right. I have not finished yet, and you have asked nothing about your friends the Lesters. Do you know that Nell is ill—dying?"

"I did not know. Poor Nell!"

"Waller tells me it will be a good thing for everyone—herself, poor creature, and her people. I mean to do something for Waller; he worked hard looking for you. It was his idea putting in the papers the description of the necklace. I hope I shall never have such a six weeks again in my life as these have been."

"I am sorry," said Margaret stupidly.

It was all she could utter, that stupid parrot cry: "I am sorry."

"You might have trusted me, Margaret."

She shrank back when he touched her hand.

"You might have let me know that you were safe. Why did you run away from the Lesters?"

"You had been deceiving me, paying for me to live there and—and—I was deceived——"

"They would not have had you without being paid. Perhaps I was wrong—I should have told you; I meant to do so in the end. But I thought everything was coming right, and that you would forgive me afterwards. Why could you not trust me, Margaret? What did you think I meant that Sunday when we walked in the fields and watched the sunset?"

He held her hand, and would not let it go.

"Let me go," she said, rising.

"Tell me what you thought I meant that Sunday evening," he repeated, holding fast her hand and wrist.

She turned away her head, and a long shuddering sigh shook her from head to foot. She bit her lip until the blood came, that pain might prevent a burst of wild, foolish weeping.

"What did you think I meant?"

She pulled her hand from between his, and covering her face, began to sob—not loudly or vehemently, but with long silent shudders, infinitely more pathetic than passion.

"Margaret!" he said, "Margaret!" and stopped, choked by a sudden emotion.

"I am so tired!" she said brokenly.

He pulled himself from the chair, and leaning his weight upon the table, stood by her side.

"What made you think I was engaged to Miss Seymour?"

"They told me you were."

"And you believed them? Margaret, you should have trusted me better than that!"

She looked up at him, wondering.

"I and Miss Seymour are friends, the best of friends, but that is all. We are not engaged, and never shall be."

"What did you mean, then, when you said you hoped you would be happy?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Mayn't a man hope to be happy with someone else than Miss Seymour?"

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

MARGARET'S hands dropped to her side; she looked up to meet his eyes, and down to hide her confusion.

"Margaret! Margaret! you child! Did you believe that story?"

"They were so sure," she muttered.

"You should have been surer still. I thought you understood; but I would not speak because I wanted you to be sure of yourself. You were so young. Margaret, will you marry me?"

"Come, Margaret," he said, when no answer came. "I am waiting."

But he had taken his answer before she spoke.

His arm was round her waist, and he was kissing the quivering mouth and wet cheeks long before she gave an answer in words.

"You will not treat me as a child again, Geoffrey, will you?" she asked, when he was seated in his chair, and she was kneeling by his side. "You will not deceive me again, for you know it was deceit."

"I thought my naughty Margaret would soon find something to scold me for," he said, pressing her head back against his shoulder.

"Oh! I am sorry, Geoffrey—so sorry, I cannot say it—for my foolishness and all the trouble I have given. You have been ill, Mrs. Jones says, and it was looking for me that made you ill. Was it?"

"It helped," he said evasively.

She pressed her soft face against his.

"I will try to please you, Geoffrey," she said softly.

"How could you pretend you were engaged to Enid when I congratulated you?" she continued, after a long pause. "That was cruel."

"So it was, my sweet, but I could not tell you would take it so much to heart; and I thought you wanted punishment for coolly congratulating me when you must have known it could not be true."

"But I *did* think it true. I—I—that was what hurt me most when I ran away from the Lesters."

"You should have written and asked me."

"Geoffrey, how could I?"

"Never mind. It is all finished and done with now. I have you safe, and I don't mean to let you go again. Where will you stay until our marriage—with the Lesters or at Bridge End? Mrs. Morgan has been there some weeks; if you choose Bridge End, it is ready for you. But I am not going to wait long, remember—a fortnight or three weeks, at the outside. You need not blush, and flutter, and try to be indignant, my sweetheart. Three weeks—that is the limit."

"You are not my master *yet*."

"Am I not?"

He looked into her eyes.

"Am I not? Well, where will you stay for that time?" he asked after a while: "with the Lesters or at Bridge End? Poor Nell may linger on for another month; it will not be very comfortable for you there."

"I could help Mary; I will go to them."

He held her slender figure to him and kissed her on the lips. She was right; she was no longer a child. She could think of others and try to help them.

"I want to give Miss Smith something for her kindness to you. What shall it be?"

"Money," said Margaret promptly; "she always wants money."

"That is easily arranged, then. You shall give it to her. Is there anyone else you want to make a present to?"

"No one except Mrs. Vokes, the landlady. I might give her something."

"I will see to her. I can never be grateful enough to the people who took care of you. You might have come to such awful grief!"

Ten o'clock chimed from the clock of a neighbouring church.

"Ten! Polly will think we have left her to Mrs. Jones. We must send for her, Geoffrey, and then she and I will have to depart to our lodgings."

"I hate you going out of my sight."

"And I hate going," she said ruefully; "but we must."

"Will you give me my cheque-book? It is in that drawer; I hope I shall not have to limp on crutches through the church on *the* day, sweetheart. Thanks. There—give that to Miss Smith; it is your gift, mind."

"Five hundred pounds! Geoffrey!"

"That was the reward offered for you, madam, and I think Polly Smith deserves it."

"What a lot I am costing you!"

He laughed and kissed her hand.

"It is your present to her, remember. Give it to her when you are alone. Must you go? I suppose you must."

A tap came at the door.

"It's awfully late," said Polly's bright voice. "Is the business finished? Oh!" as she saw Margaret standing by Geoffrey, he holding her hand, and refusing to let her go, in spite of her blushes and expostulations.

"Margaret has promised to marry me, and never run away again," he said, laughing.

Mrs. Jones, who had followed Polly into the room, threw her arms round Margaret's neck and smothered her with kisses.

"I knowed from the first how 'twould be," she said, between laughing and crying. "I knew he couldn't

be in the same house with the pretty dear without falling in love with her. Miss Seymour had a hard try after you, sir——"

"Hush!" said Margaret, putting her hand before the old woman's mouth; "you must not say that."

"You never would hear anything against her, badly as she behaved to you, Miss Margie. Well, I'll hold my tongue. To think you should be coming back to Fen Court as its mistress, after all! 'Twould have saved a lot of bother if you and Mr. Geoffrey had arranged it at the first."

"I guessed what would happen," said Polly. "I read between the lines of Margaret's story—see how she blushes—and when I saw Mr. Fenham I thought she had made a mistake about his engagement to Miss Seymour—that was the name, wasn't it?"

Mrs. Jones drove back with the two girls to see them safely home. Geoffrey was not yet well enough to venture out at night, or Mrs. Jones and Margaret would not allow him to do so. He grumbled, but submitted on Mrs. Jones's promise to see Margaret to her lodgings.

Margaret gave Polly the cheque when they were alone in their bedroom. Her extravagant delight brought Mrs. Vokes up to inquire what was the matter. Polly was dancing round the room, waving the cheque over her head.

"Five hundred pounds, Mrs. Vokes: that is what is the matter. A little present from Miss Margaret Lester—that is her real name, not Miss Millicent Lyall—to your humble servant. That is what comes of picking up friends in a railway carriage. Five hundred pounds, Mrs. Vokes!"

"Law!"

Mr. Vokes and Minnie came up to see the piece of paper which represented five hundred golden sovereigns.

"I shall have to pay it into a bank and have a cheque-book—think of that! No more trouble or worry about money: five hundred pounds of my very own! I shall buy a sealskin for the winter. Won't the girls wonder where I got the money? Shall I tell them, Margaret?"

"No, no; I would rather you did not."

"Five hundred pounds! Why, it is a fortune. Mrs. Vokes, I must kiss you, and Minnie too. Always pick up stray girls in railway carriages. You darling! I could hug the breath out of your body"—to Margaret. "I am so glad you are to be happy. Look at her, Mrs. Vokes; isn't she a changed creature? See her pink cheeks and shining eyes? And it is l——"

"Polly!"

"You are lovely when you blush. Five hundred pounds! I shall have to sleep with it under my pillow. It is good of you to give it to me, Margaret.

"HE LAUGHED AND KISSED HER HAND" (*p.* 445).

Mind you get us a splendid breakfast, Mrs. Vokes—nice buttered toast, and ham and eggs, and anything else you can think of."

"You'll have it in the parlour, miss?"

"Yes, of course. Miss Margaret Lester is a swell, let me tell you. Breakfast downstairs, of course. I can afford a sitting-room with five hundred pounds."

Polly could not sleep. The girls would lie silent for half an hour, and Margaret would think that Polly was sleeping, when another outburst of delight and gratitude would come from the excited girl. That five hundred pounds was to make her rich for life; never again was she to be in need of money. She revelled in visions of pretty dresses, sealskin jackets, good lodgings, entertaining her friends, and a thousand fancies that were at last to be fulfilled.

"I shall take a holiday to-morrow, and go shopping. What a pity you cannot wait and go with me! But I can see your cousin won't be happy till he knows you are with your own people. I will see you off by your train, and then I shall meet Ethel Watkin, and we'll go shopping. I shall buy a tailor-made dress, a tweed with a bit of red in it, and a sealskin jacket and muff, and a hat. I wonder which is the best shop? Oh, I wish it was morning!"

Margaret dozed off to a sleep full of happy dreams, in which Geoffrey with one hand gave presents of red dresses and muffs to a crowd of Mrs. Vokes's, Polly Smiths, and Minnies, and with his other held her firmly.

She awakened to find it bright daylight, a London sun shining in at the window, and Polly sitting up in bed busily writing.

"I am making a list of things I want. I wouldn't get up, for fear of waking you, but it's quite time. Dear! I can hardly believe I am the same Polly as yesterday morning. To have a hundred pounds of my own was the very thing I have always longed for, and now I have five hundred, and it is only twenty-four hours since yesterday morning when I had nothing at all, except a few shillings to carry me on to Saturday. Even the weather is delightful; there is actually a sun. Minnie has brought two large jugs of hot water for us. What luck you have brought me, Margaret! I really must kiss you. Five hundred pounds! What a difference between yesterday and to-day!"

Margaret echoed the sentiment in her heart. Yesterday and to-day! Polly had risen from nothing to five hundred pounds. But she—what had she not gained? Everything that made life worth living: something that was infinitely more precious than all the gold and silver in the world. She took Rosalind's advice, and on her knees, fasting, thanked Heaven for a good man's love.

Polly ate her breakfast with the precious cheque spread before her plate. She could not bear to put it in her pocket. When at last she did, she kept her hand feeling the purse, to make sure that it was safe.

The carriage came for Margaret before the "scrumptious breakfast," as Polly called it, was finished. Geoffrey and Mrs. Jones had come to carry her away to the station.

"Nothing would satisfy him but you must be off out of this hole, as he keeps calling it," said Mrs. Jones, as she puffed and sighed over Margaret's modest packing. "No, Miss Margie, I won't let you help me. I can do it alone; and I wish it was more. To think you've been in that dress all these weeks, and no one to mend your stockings or brush your hair. There, run down—Mr. Geoffrey's calling you. He's an altered man since yesterday. Ah! joy's a better thing than doctors. We're going to see you safe at Mrs. Lester's; he can't hardly let you out of his sight. Run away to him, my dear. I'll have finished the packing in a moment."

Mrs. Vokes curtsied and smiled, meeting her on the stairs. A short conversation had passed between her and Geoffrey, which had made her smile from ear to ear. Minnie, too, was one broad grin; she also had enjoyed a word or two with "the rich gentleman, Miss Lyall's sweetheart."

They drove from the door with the air of a triumphant procession. A rumour, spread by Mrs. Vokes, of the wealth and generosity of the pale slight girl, Polly Smith's friend, had floated down the street. A tinge of romance about her and the handsome lame cousin further roused curiosity, and the inhabitants gathered at their doors to see the departure. Whispers and nods followed the carriage; Mrs. Vokes was surrounded, and begged to tell the tale of Polly Smith's fortune and her own good luck; for she also had been liberally rewarded for her very small services.

At the station Polly took leave of Margaret.

"Tears aren't in my way," she said, putting her head into the railway carriage window; "but if I did cry, I should like to cry now. You are one of those people you can't help liking even when they are most annoying, and you've been as good as gold with me. I shall never forget your kindness, and I shall always love you."

Here a tear came into Polly's bright black eyes.

"You are a darling! But you were never meant to work. That's a fact!"

"Polly, you must stay with me afterwards—when—Geoffrey, she must stay with us."

"We shall expect you for at least three months in the year, Miss Smith."

"Oh! I shall like staying with you swells; but it will be nearer three weeks than three months. Look after her well, Mr. Fenham—not that I think you want telling. I'm going right off shopping now with Ethel Watkin. Good-bye, good-bye; and I'm truly grateful."

Birmingham! A clear bright afternoon welcomed her return to the great Midland city. The trees before the villas were golden red in their autumn tints, the houses looked larger than Margaret remembered them to be. Probably it was the change from the back street in Chelsea.

Even the genteel street where Mrs. Lester dwelt was less dingy ; or was it that the change was in herself? A hut would have been a palace to Margaret if Geoffrey held her hand.

"'FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS, MRS. VOKES ; THAT IS WHAT IS THE MATTER'" (*p.* 446).

The cabs drew up before the door. It flew open, and Mary stood on the threshold.

"Nell is so ill," she said, crying, with her arms round Margaret's neck ; "and I've nearly cried my eyes out about you."

Nell died two days after Margaret's return.

She was conscious to the end ; nor did her temper improve with illness. Her one sign of feeling was to return to Margaret the most valuable of her ornaments ; for the rest, she died as she had lived, regretted only by her mother and Mary.

Margaret and Geoffrey were married a fortnight after Nell's death.

The neighbours at Fen Court wonder how Mr. and Mrs. Fenham can endure some of the visitors who stay so frequently with them.

"That vulgar Mr. Waller is unendurable ; and Mrs. Waller, if good and kind-hearted, is scarcely a person we should take about with us. As for that Miss Smith——"

Here hands and eyes are uplifted.

"Did you hear what she said to Mr. Verschoyle?" etc.

Polly's smart tongue did not meet with appreciation in county society.

"But the Fenhams are so unconventional!" said the county. "We must not mind what they do ; and Fen Court is pleasant to visit."

This was what Margaret came to after the rigid, bringing-up of Mr. Fenham. She adopted her husband's views, and became unconventional. The world might do or say what it pleased ; she only wanted to please Geoffrey : in which, let it be said, she succeeded.

The Wallers and Polly Smith were favoured guests at Fen Court.

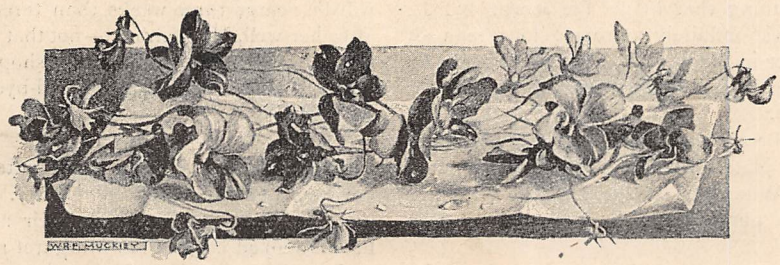
Mary was the favourite with Margaret, Polly Smith with Geoffrey.

"It is no use your dinning Mary's praises into my ears, little one," he would say, laughing. "I know she is a very estimable young person, a model of all the virtues except in her dress ; but she is dull—distinctly dull. Now, my friend Polly is as bright as a bird, and if she had not taken you in charge when you ran away to London—— I shall always be grateful to her."

"Oh, well, if that is the light you look at it in——"

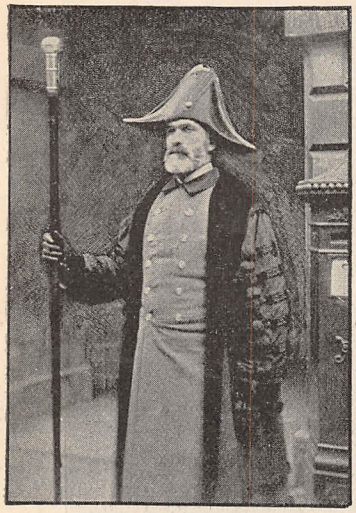
Margaret, with a smile, might give up trying to convince him that Mary was vastly Polly's superior.

THE END.



THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

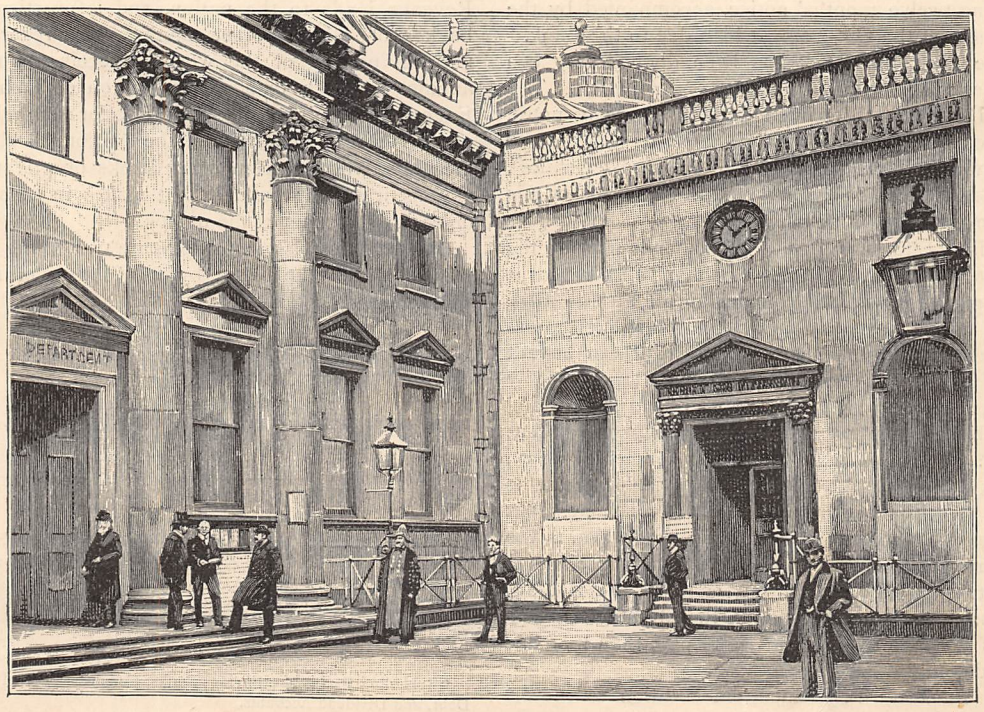
(ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. R. W. THOMAS, 41, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.)



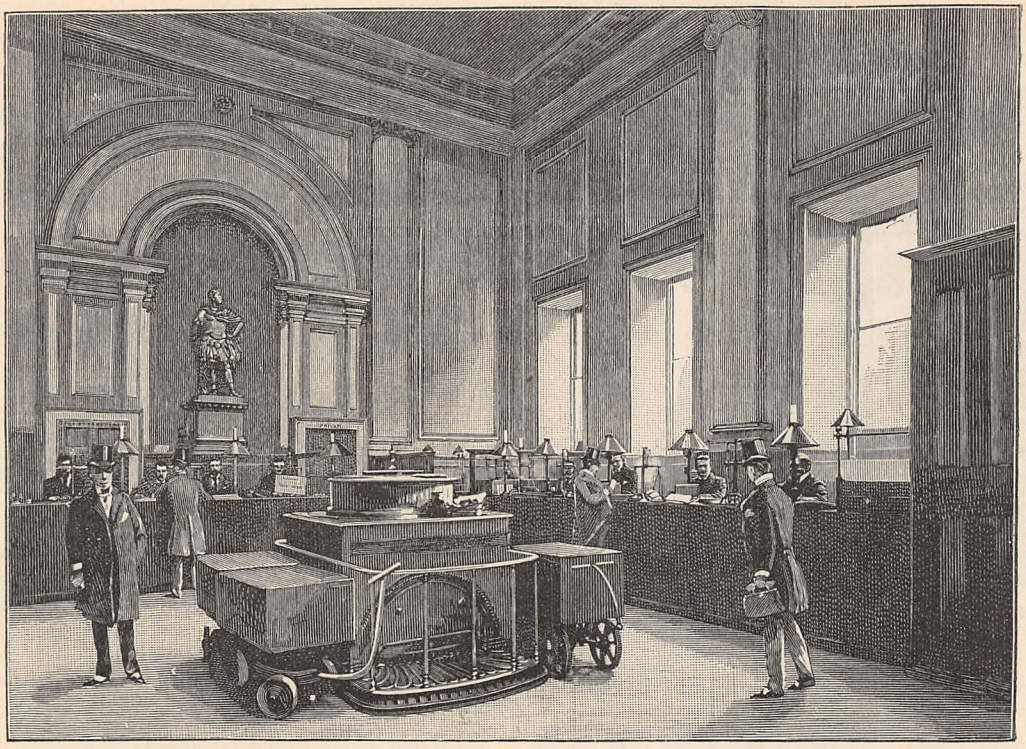
AT THE GATE: A FAMILIAR FIGURE.

EVERY Londoner is familiar with the windowless walls of the building opposite the Royal Exchange, but comparatively few have been inside its gates, know its system of working, or even the origin of the heading of this short article. Many suppose it to have reference to the figure of Britannia on the corner of the notes; but it was William Cobbett who stands sponsor to what has become a household "nick-name" for the Bank of England. Bearing in mind the fable of Mrs. Partington, who endeavoured to mop up the Atlantic, he, under the impression that the Bank directors were with a financial broom endeavouring to stay national progress, in the pages of his "Political Register" called the Bank "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street"—a title which has become a by-word.

This National Bank, which practically holds the reserve funds of all other British banks, and controls the bullion markets of the world, owes its origin to the difficulties of the Government of William and Mary, whose finances were in difficulties, partly through bad management and partly owing to the cost of the war with France. So great was its straits, that in 1691 the Government had to solicit on almost any terms a loan of £200,000 through the members of the Common Council of London; and soon after, William Paterson, a native of Dumfriesshire and the founder of the Darien scheme, came forward with a plan for a National Bank. Notwithstanding a distrust of the stability of William's Government, and many wagers that the Bank would never be formed, the subscription was completed within ten days, and the first Charter, for eleven years, was granted on July 27th, 1694. The capital of £1,200,000 was lent to the Government at eight per cent. interest. The Charter has been from time to time renewed, the two latest renewals of any importance being in 1844 (when important changes were made), and on June 27th, 1892. Various reductions had been from time to time made in the rate of interest paid on the Government debt, and by this last Act the rate on the debt—then amounting to £11,015,100—was agreed to be two and three-quarters per cent. until April 5th, 1903, and two



COURTYARD-ENTRANCE TO THE ISSUE AND DIVIDEND DEPARTMENTS.



THE ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

and a-half per cent. thereafter. By the Act of 1844 the Charter of the Bank can be revoked by Parliament on giving twelve months' notice, accompanied by the repayment of the Government loan due to the Bank.

Since 1844 the Bank has been divided into two branches: the *Issue* Department and *Banking*. The Issue Department is confined to the issue of notes, which can only be done to the extent of £15,000,000 (the amount of the Government loan and securities), plus the stock of bullion and coin in the hands of this department; and in reckoning the stock of bullion, the Bank is not to have more than one-fourth of the amount in silver. The Department also makes a small profit out of the coinage of gold. The value of this metal is fixed at £3 17s. 10½d. the ounce, and anyone taking raw pure gold to the Mint can have it coined free of charge at this rate. But there is delay in this, and consequent loss of interest, to say nothing of trouble and expense; so the Bank buys the gold at £3 17s. 9d. per ounce, paying for it in coin or notes, at the option of the holder. The Department is bound to pay on presentation gold for its notes, but as nearly £15,000,000 is locked up in the loan to the Government, it has been found necessary in times of panic to suspend this law, thus enabling the Bank to issue on its own credit and on the credit of its customers more notes (or promises to pay) than its funds in hand would otherwise permit.

The Banking Department, in addition to the ordinary work of a bank, manages the accounts of the nation in the payment of interest and the principal of the National Debt, aids in the collection of the Revenue, lends to the nation, and is practically the banker of all the other banks. As regards the national portion of the work, it receives £100 per annum for each outstanding million of Treasury or Exchequer bonds or bills, and £200 for each million of other Government bills and the National Debt. On Deposits, whether from other banks or private individuals, it pays no interest, but makes its gross profit on the employment of the money.

Now let us look at and compare two of the weekly returns which the Bank, by its Charter of 1844, is compelled to issue:—

BANK OF ENGLAND.

An Account pursuant to the Act 7 and 8 Vict., cap. 32, for the week ending on Wednesday, January 3, 1894:—

ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

Notes Issued	£39,332,720	Government Debt	£11,015,100
		Other Securities	5,434,900
		Gold Coin and Bullion	22,882,720
	£39,332,720		£39,332,720

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Proprietors' Capital	£14,553,000	Government Securities	£10,387,433
Rest	3,244,437	Other Securities	29,384,504
Public Deposits*	6,237,235	Notes	13,584,610
Other Deposits	31,152,556	Gold and Silver Coin	1,966,869
Seven-day & other Bills	136,188		
	£55,323,416		£55,323,416

* Including Exchequer, Savings Banks, Commissioners of National Debt, and Dividend Accounts.

January 4. H. G. Bowen, Chief Cashier.

BANK OF ENGLAND.

An Account pursuant to the Act 7 and 8 Vict., cap. 32, for the week ending on Wednesday, January 10, 1894 :—

ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

Notes Issued	£40,245,535	Government Debt ..	£11,015,100
		Other Securities ..	5,434,900
		Gold Coin and Bullion	23,795,535
	£40,245,535		£40,245,535

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Proprietors' Capital..	£14,553,000	Government Securities	£11,760,317
Rest	3,426,491	Other Securities ..	25,712,643
Public Deposits* ..	4,899,202	Notes	14,893,380
Other Deposits ..	31,350,264	Gold and Silver Coin	2,018,455
Seven-day & other Bills	155,838		
	£54,384,795		£54,384,795

* Including Exchequer, Savings Banks, Commissioners of National Debt, and Dividend Accounts.

January 11. H. G. BOWEN, Chief Cashier.

A comparison of the figures shows, first, that the Issue Department has issued about £913,000 more notes against a similar increase of bullion in its hands, thus showing that the country required the extra amount for the payment of taxes and other obligations. As these notes are returned to the Bank, the bullion held against them will be given out in exchange.

Secondly, as regards the Banking Department. The Government has had to pay the interest on its debts for the quarter, its salaries and other expenses ; but, on the other hand, has been collecting revenue. The net result has been that its deposits have decreased by £1,338,000, and the Bank has lent it a further £1,373,000. The money paid out has enabled the other banks, discount houses, and the public to repay £3,672,000 borrowed from the Bank of England on "other securities," while there is £1,362,000 more bullion in hand for the Bank to employ.

The management of the Bank is peculiar, and of late called for much adverse comment. There is no permanent General Manager —the Board consists not of bankers, but of merchants. One of these is annually elected as Deputy-Governor, serves for one year in this position, then for another year as Governor, and then retires into the Court as an ordinary member. It is urged that the two years in office really only suffices as an apprenticeship to the work, and that the Governor has to retire just as he becomes actually efficient. Further, having their own affairs—and large affairs—to attend to, proper time and thought cannot be given to their duties. But the discussion of the merits or demerits of this custom is out of the province of this MAGAZINE. Similarly, complaint has been made that insufficient information is given as to the method on which the securities held are valued : whether at cost or at present market prices.

The present market price of the stock of the Bank of England is about £330 for every £100 paid up ; but it has had many vicissitudes. It was £83 in 1696, and in that year the Bank had to pay fifteen per cent. on account of the notes presented, marking and returning the note for payment of the balance at a future time. At about the same time the notes were at twenty per cent. discount, and the stock was almost as low in price when, in 1707, an invasion from the Pretender was feared. Forgeries have resulted in heavy losses. "Old Patch" in 1784 defrauded the Bank of more than £200,000 ; Aslett in 1803 of more than £342,000 ; and in 1824 no less than £360,000 was lost through Fauntleroy.

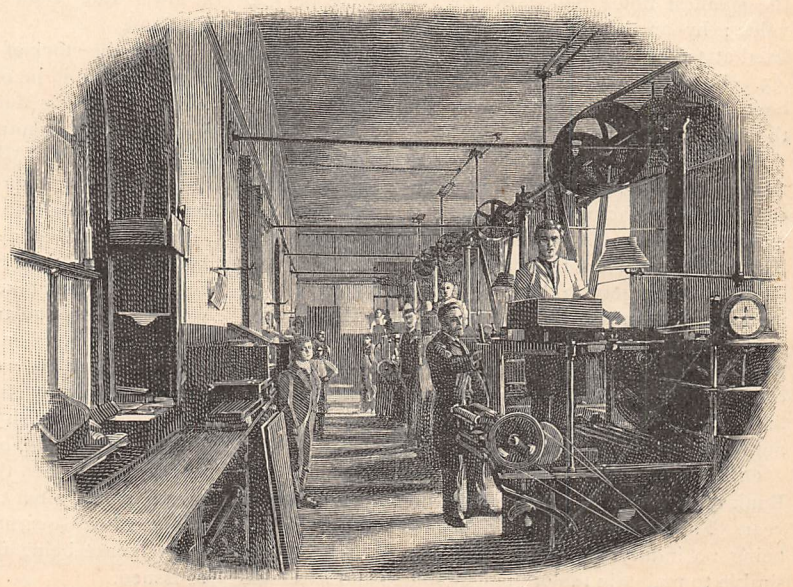
As the National Bank of the country, it has the management of the Public Debt, the making out of the Dividend Warrants, etc. Under the Act of 1892 it receives for this work each year :—

£325 for each million of the National Debt up to five hundred millions, and £100 for each million above that amount, with a minimum payment of £160,000.

£100 for each million of Exchequer bonds and bills, and £200 for each million of Treasury bills outstanding on the last day of each previous financial year.

This remuneration being payable before the 5th of July of the following year.

Bank of England notes are the only legal tender (except gold) for payments beyond £2 in amount ; were this rule done away with, every payment made in the country would, as regards payments, depend upon the stability of the Bank or other concern making payment in its own notes or promises to pay. Since the



BANK-NOTE PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

DIVIDEND ROOM.

6th of May, 1844, no new bankers in the United Kingdom have been allowed to issue notes, and any of those then existing which have discontinued their issues are not allowed to resume them. Until 1759 the smallest notes issued by the Bank were of £20 value; by an Act of 1775 the minimum limit was fixed at twenty shillings, two years later increased to £5. Forgeries of the notes have from time to time been attempted; in 1773 the punishment for copying the water-mark was death.

Great care and expense are exercised in the preparation of the notes, which are said to cost from 5d. to 6d. each for manufacture. The paper is specially made from pure linen rags, each sheet sufficing for two notes. The water-mark on the paper is specially designed. Attempts at forgery in this direction have always been made by hot-pressing; and apart from the peculiar crisp feel of the paper, a ready test is to damp the note, when the water-mark so made on a forged note will at once disappear. The ink is indelible, the design plain and difficult to forge, and, in printing, the machine automatically registers the quantity produced.

Other banks pay a tax on each note issued, the Bank of England a compounded amount of £70,000 a year. So, directly each note returns to the Bank, there being no inducement to re-issue it, and it being desirable to maintain the original crispness and freshness of its notes, the Bank destroys them on their return. Consequently, many notes, being at once repaid, are very short-lived. The largest amount of a note in current circulation is £1,000; but it is said that notes for £50,000 and for £100,000 have been engraved and issued.

After the expiration of forty years from their date of issue, all notes are treated as lost or destroyed, and are written off the books of the Bank, which so makes a profit. But any *bona-fide* holder possessing such a note, and proving his title, can nevertheless demand payment for it. The finder of a lost note who may use it is liable to prosecution as for theft. It is usual to stop the payment of lost notes, but this really only gives facility for tracing through whose hands it has passed; for anyone taking in the way of trade and giving value for a lost note becomes possessed of its value, and he who has lost it becomes the loser, with his remedy, if he can trace the finder, for making use of the note.

After taking into account the probable movements of bullion during the next few days, the amount of gold in the vaults of the Bank governs the Bank rate of discount: that is to say, the lowest rate per annum at which the Bank will discount the best secured bills of its regular customers for this accommodation, much higher rates being required by this and other banks for trade bills, according to the commercial standing of the drawer and acceptor. But this rate now by no means governs the market rate of other banks and discount houses, for frequently the plethora of unemployed cash in the hands of the market is such that they are often glad to discount well-secured bills at a lower rate than that charged by the Bank of England.

When the stock of gold is diminishing the Bank rate is put up; as it increases the rate goes down. So as the rates of discount depend upon the amount of bullion in the country, they influence the exports and imports of gold. If our rate is lower than that of another nation, then a foreign banker makes a profit by buying gold from us in exchange for his bills and employing it abroad at a higher rate. When the rate here is higher, the reverse operation takes place. The Bank of England takes and buys foreign coined gold by weight, and so similarly sells it, so that a foreign banker prefers taking, when he can get it, coins of his own country which are worn and of a light weight, making a further profit by issuing it at its current or face value. As regards English coin, the Bank guards itself by refusing light coin, or by making the tenderer pay the difference between the nominal value and the value as simple metal, often to the annoyance of the innocent holder; but Government offices do the same, the coin in each case being mutilated to prevent it from being re-issued.

W. J. W.

GARDENING IN MAY.

A GAY GARDEN OF SUMMER FLOWERS.

BY A PRACTICAL GARDENER.

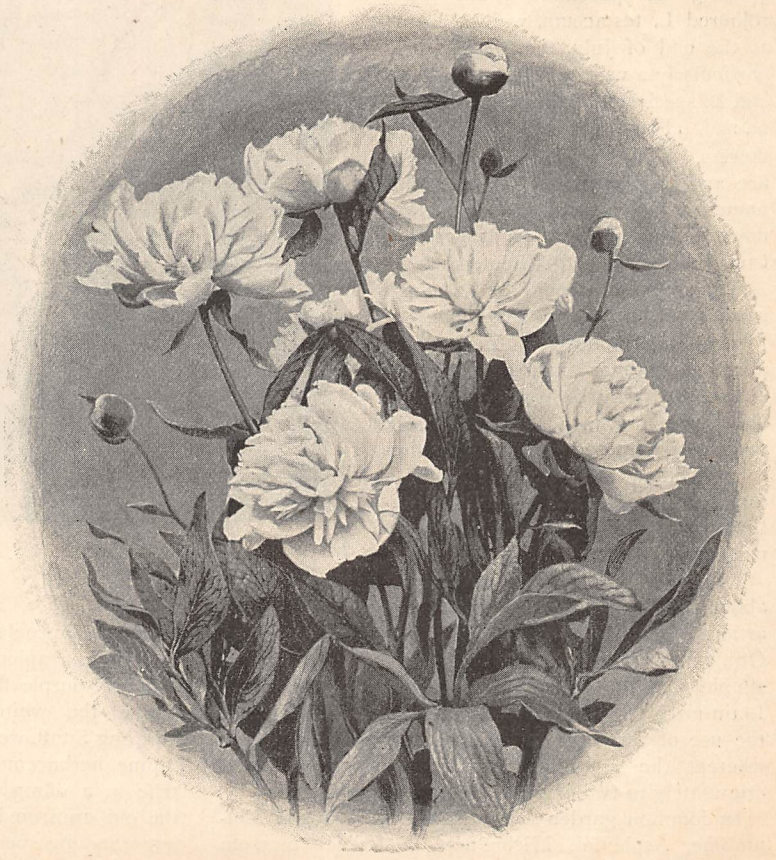
GARDENING is not expensive if a few good things are planted. It is the luxuries that cost money; and these are such things as the more treasured alpines, difficult to rear, like delicate children. I will tell my readers the names of beautiful plants to grow to make a brave mass of colour in the garden through the summer and autumn months. It does not require a fortune to form a pretty garden. As sweet a picture as ever charmed the eye was an old-fashioned border of a number of popular things, spreading out into bold clumps, Lilies, herbaceous Phloxes, Pæonies, and a host of plants; stately Hollyhocks nodding over an old oaken fence.

On Growing Lilies.

Take the Lilies as our first group, and here we have a family of delightful flowers, varied in aspect, free, graceful, and all grown readily in ordinary garden soil. I have just answered a correspondent who inquires about Lilies, wanting to know the best and cheapest kinds, and the way to grow them. The pure white Madonna Lily (Lilium candidum) is one of the fairest of flowers. It is woven into many legendary tales, and graces all good cottage gardens. I want everyone who reads these monthly "chats" to watch gardens on their travels; for many a hint may be gathered from the humble cottage plot, as one frequently hears the cottager's garden described. I wish my own garden were as large, and the soil as good.

Ask a cottager how he gets such a fine mass—say, of the white Lily; and the answer will be invariably to this effect: "Well, the fact is, sir, I leaves them alone." In this answer is a good gardening wrinkle; and if people would pamper their plants less, the flowers would appear in greater profusion and individually of bolder size. The bulbs should be planted deep, and in well-prepared soil; then left alone until they are so crowded that separation is advisable. The best place of all to plant Lilies is in a bed of Rhododendrons, or dwarf peat-loving shrubs, which give protection to the rising shoots in spring; the peaty soil agreeing, too, with the bulbs. But everyone, of course, is not blessed with luxuriant banks of Rhododendron, or Azalea, to hold a festival of colour in early summer. When it can be done, a glorious effect is produced; the flowers gaining greatly in beauty with the foundation, so to speak, of massive shrub.

One is reminded of the wish of an old Chinese writer, mentioned by Mr. Giles in his "Gems of Chinese Literature." He says: "What boots it to wear out the soul with anxious thoughts? I want not wealth; I want not power; heaven is beyond my hopes. Then let me stroll through the bright



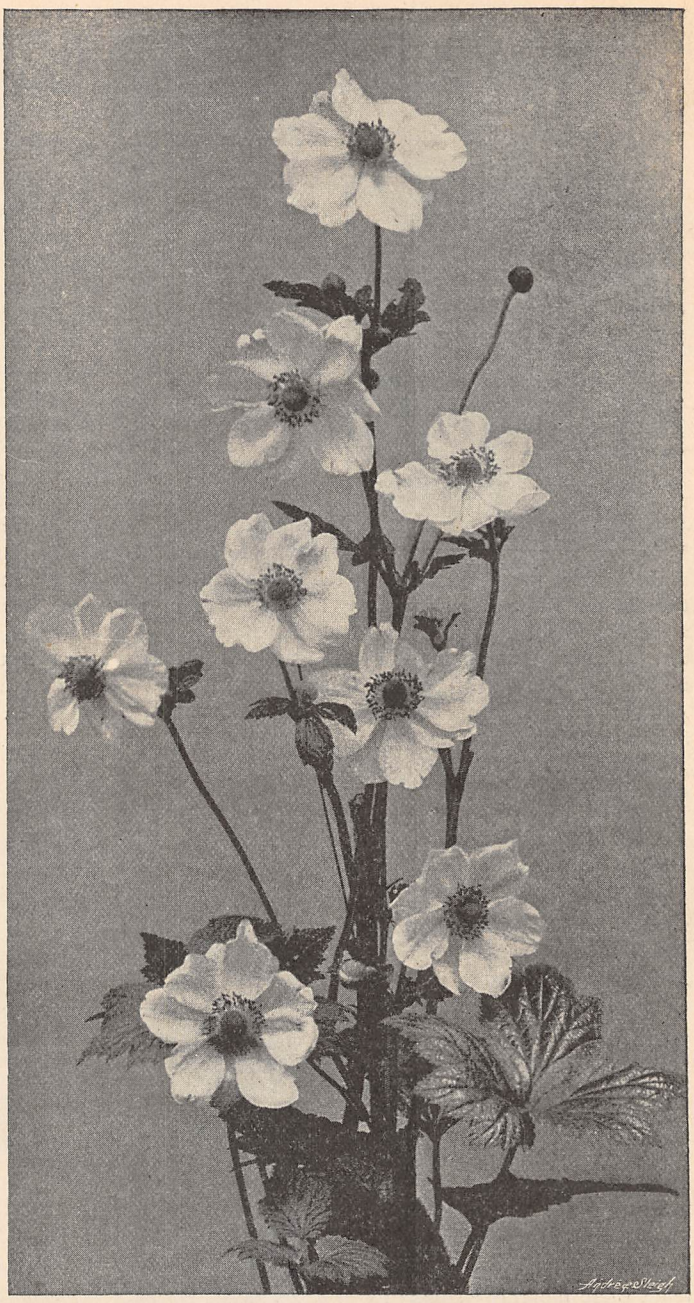
PÆONIES.

hours as they pass in my garden among my flowers; or, I will mount the hill and sing my song, or weave my verse beside the limpid brook." In a garden of Lilies one might enjoy many pleasant hours.

The best, perhaps, of all Lilies is the golden-rayed L. auratum, the pride of the Japanese, who export, one might say, millions of bulbs each year.

This likes a peaty, well-drained soil. Put the bulbs down to quite a depth of seven or eight inches. It is a comparatively modern introduction, having been sent over from the "land of flowers" in 1862. Grow it both in pots and in the border; not forgetting a few of the better varieties bearing flowers of glorious colours, laid on in the form of stripes or spots. You may then select the well-known L. bulbiferum, the varied-coloured L. canadense, the bright scarlet L. chalcedonicum, the orange Lily (L. croceum), L. davuricum, forms of L. elegans, some quite dwarf, only a few inches in height, suitable for the margin of beds, the popular Martagon Lily, the tall-growing L. pardalinum, the buff-coloured L. testaceum, which blooms at the end of July, the Tiger Lilies, particularly a variety called splendens, and L. speciosum, or its varieties, one named album having pure white flowers. These two important groups are autumn-blooming. All the Lilies named are cheap and readily grown, flowering, moreover, in succession from June to the end of September.

A plant that should be in every garden is the white Anemone or Japanese Windflower (A. japonica alba), sometimes named Honorine Jobert. It may be purchased for a few pence; and in a deep moist soil, and not too exposed position, flourishes to perfection, the plant producing a forest of the pure white flowers, beautiful to look at in the garden, and useful to cut for the house.



ANEMONE JAPONICA ALBA.

I fancy I hear readers murmuring about the long names given in these articles; I really cannot help using the big terms. One must blame the botanist; wherever possible a simple English name is substituted for the wordy Latin mixture. But there is this further advantage in the use of the botanical names that they are exact, whereas the simpler titles are often given indiscriminately to two or three different flowers.

In common garden soil will thrive well the Columbine, Asphodel, Michælmas Daisies to blossom through the autumn, the Bellflowers, the yellow Coreopsis lanceolata, perennial Larkspurs, Erigeron speciosum, a splendid hardy plant, bearing a wealth of mauve-purple flowers, Sea Hollies on a warm, dry border, the white Goats' Rue, perennial autumn-flowering Sunflowers, Day Lilies, the white perennial Lupine, herbaceous Lobelias, Lychnis, the rosy Loosestrife in a damp place, Evening Primroses, Pæonies (the old crimson kind), Rudbeckia, the showy Stonecrop (Sedum spectabile), Globe-flowers, the double white Sneezewort, and Hollyhocks.

How to Grow Hollyhocks.

A noble flower is the Hollyhock, from the nectaries of which the poet says—

"The humble bee e'en till he faint will sip."

The bee has a special fondness for the large, gaudy, richly-coloured flowers, well stored with honey. Once, however, our old-fashioned friend was almost lost to us through the disease that for many years practically banished it from gardens.

I have had many anxious inquiries from people in various parts of England, to give them advice as to how to stop the ravages of disease. Stately lines of plants disappeared before its grim advance, especially about the years 1873-74. It is supposed to have been imported from Chili with the species—appearing first in Spain, spreading then through Europe, and to England.

Of recent years the plants have not suffered so severely; and one way to prevent its spread is to burn the leaves when they become attacked, and not to let other malvaceous plants grow near. The Hollyhock is a mallow, a relative of the common Marsh-mallow that loves to dwell in ditches and swamps.

To grow Hollyhocks well, the soil must be rich and well prepared; and you should protect the plants, when first put out, from cold nights. During the summer give plenty of water, and see that each plant is securely staked, to prevent high winds breaking the sturdy but brittle stems.

The plants may be increased by division of the roots, or from seed; and of recent years many beautiful seedlings have been acquired, ranging from purest white to deep purple. The delicate rose-and-white kinds are the more pleasing. If possible, get also the primrose-tinted variety—a soft, charming shade.

The Cultivation of the Iris.

The Iris demands more than a passing notice. It is the amateur gardener's friend, and does not mind even common soil. Brave purple flowers crown the robust clumps in June: they are gone too soon; but one is well rewarded for the annual manifestation of royal colouring.

Before, however, I praise too heartily the foreign "flags," our native kinds deserve mention. The common Water Flag (I. pseudacorus) is familiar in many stream-sides of England, covering the lush margins with its stately stems holding aloft the bright yellow flowers. The Gladwin, or Gladden (I. fœtidissima), is less common, but is familiar in shop windows, as the seed pods, decked with bright coral-red seeds are as brilliant as any flower. The Florentine Iris gives the fragrant orris root, and the family embraces a host of bulbous kinds, the pretty little I. histrio, that blooms in winter, being found on the slopes of Lebanon.

If any of my readers should wish to make a study of a certain family, they could have no better flower to commence with. It teems with lovely things, and the description applied to the Irises—"orchids of the hardy garden"—is not far fetched. They are first cousins to the wonderful plants that seek the jungles, the swamps, the mountain tops, and refuse the sustenance of Mother Earth; but live amid the branches of the forest trees.

The beginner must commence with the German Irises, which will live in ordinary loamy soil, an open position, and give many fine shades of colour. Six very handsome varieties are the lavender-coloured Celeste, the deep purple type, Pallida dalmatica (the Dalmatian Iris), the flowers lavender, Queen of May, rose and lilac, Mme. Chereau, violet and white, and Victorine, white with blotches of intense purple. One shilling will buy a good plant of either of these handsome flowers.

Very interesting are the Fraxinellas (Dictamnus), in both the purple and the white forms. The flowers are supposed to give out sparks in warm summer weather; but the truth is the leaves contain a volatile oil, which saturates the surrounding air. A match applied results in an almost imperceptible flash of light. Both plants are worth growing in every garden, and they thrive in ordinary soil.

The plants named will, if carefully arranged, make the garden a picture of colour through many months of the year. A succession of bloom is maintained, and the variety is interesting, changing with the months, each season bringing its own floral emblems. I have in the few articles I have written, when occasion arose, pointed out that the small garden must be modelled on the plan of the great garden of Nature's own making. A mass of the white herbaceous phlox is far better than a medley of varieties of nondescript colours; a hopeless muddle of tints opposing each other through unsuitable contrast or association.

Such showy things as the gay Petunias, China Asters, Stocks, and other plants mentioned in a previous article, add to the interest and beauty of bed and border.

General Hints.

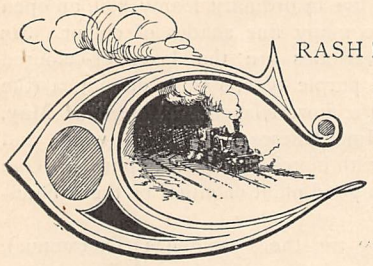
May provides plenty of work. At the end of the month Dahlias—tender bedders for a summer display—and similar things, must be planted. Don't be in too great a hurry to bed out. The last days of May are quite soon enough, otherwise late frosts will, perhaps, injure the plants. Thin out annuals in the border; and in all garden arrangements, especially in suburban districts, one must make good use of "Geraniums." They need not be used to the neglect of other plants, but they are valuable for providing plenty of gay colour at a time when one delights in rich hues.

The grass lawn may be mown about once a week. It is a mistake to let the grass grow too long; and keep walks free from weeds. Place Auriculas going out of bloom in a shady spot; and towards quite the end of the month put a small stick to the flower-stems of Carnations and Picotees.

Plant Pansies in a shady, moist border; and in the vegetable department several things require attention. Sow the useful and wholesome Runner Bean—and no kind is better than the old scarlet; also Peas, Onions, Turnips, Lettuces, Batavian Endive, Radishes for succession, and Spinach. Cress is useful to have plenty of, to use as a salad. Pick decaying flowers off greenhouse Azaleas; repot Pelargoniums and Fuchsias.

PEOPLE WHO FACE DEATH: RAILWAY MEN.

BY HENRY FRITH.



RASH! A breaking of glass in our faces. The wind rushes in through the hole in the "window" of the weather-board. In surprise, not unmingled with consternation, I turn to the engine-driver beside me, and ask what it means.

"One o' them young scamps throwin' brick-bats. Lucky it didn't hit one of us; it might a' been our death. 'Twas a tidy lump!"

Might have caused a death, indeed! The blow might have struck the driver insensible; he would in all probability have fallen upon the permanent way, and fatal injuries would have resulted.

Of all men who face death in this world of ours, the Railway Man is perhaps the most generally in peril. He is daily at work in all weathers, and runs risks which no amount of foresight on his part can minimise. He is the victim of accidents caused by circumstances over which he has no control; and of all railway men, engine-men run the greatest risks on such conditions. Let us look at these men. Come up with me upon the well-swept and water-sprinkled foot-plate (or platform) of the locomotive, and look about you.

There is nothing to suggest danger or death here, surely! A bright array of handles, gauge-glasses, steam-gauge, and many other fixtures, such as steam whistles and safety-valves, outside the protecting weather screen, or the "cab." Facing death in this warm and cosy shelter, with everything at hand! Well, you cannot understand it! Can you not?

Take an instance. We start in excellent trim, as we did the other day from Aylesbury. The train is running pretty fast: a sudden explosion is heard—not an alarming one. The train rapidly pulls up. The guard alights, passengers put their heads out of the windows. Something is burning in the "six-foot";* and when the people inquire what is the matter, they are informed that what they see burning is the body of the engine-driver, who has been blown off backwards. The gauge-glass of the boiler had burst and scalded him; his clothes had somehow caught fire, and he was even then face to face with death, in a moment, unprepared! The fireman escaped injury and was able to stop the train. But if he also had been injured! Picture the awful consequences! Can you understand danger now?

But we are not going to think of accidents. We are upon the engine now, running at a regular pace, keeping a bright look-out. And here we notice how all the attention of our engine-men is directed to their business. Engine-men don't chatter to each other on duty. They have too much to do in watching the signals, the steam-pressure, the gauges, and the fire. All is well; the line is apparently clear in the darkness; but yet death is lurking for them just ahead—unseen, unsuspected.

The fireman is, perhaps, humming a tune as he brushes the dust from the foot-plate. The driver, with his hand upon the regulator, listens, standing sideways, his head turned slightly, so that he can see out of the round glass in front. Suddenly the locomotive lurches, the driver is thrown upon his fireman, and both off the engine as it rolls down the embankment, followed by two trucks!

A piece of timber had fallen from the preceding "goods" train, and had shot the engine off the road. That was "all"!

Now, what like are these men who thus—and in many other ways—face death almost daily? Who are these heroes of the foot-plate who receive no

"THE GAUGE-GLASS OF THE BOILER HAD BURST."

* The space between the up and down lines of metals.

Victoria Cross for Valour, and who are seldom even thanked for preserving hundreds of lives in the course of every year. "Oh yes, there is no danger. We came along all right all the way." But, my innocent friend, you did not know that at one portion of your trip only three inches extended between you and certain destruction! The footboard of a badly-shunted carriage had been "shaved" by the engine, and a strip of wood cut away so that a collision was avoided.

"BOTH ARE THROWN OFF THE ENGINE" (*p.* 456).

Had the driver slackened speed for one minute, the shock would have caused an accident; but he cut through the obstruction, and by his presence of mind saved the lives of his passengers.

That is the kind of man the engineer is: ready, resourceful, brave. Brought up in the "shops" where the engines he loves are constructed, the driver knows his business and his value. From cleaner to fireman, he rises, and his rise is not rapid. His training is a hard one, almost in the fire-box, where he runs nightly risk of suffocation; or if, when tired, he sleeps in it, he may be burned to a cinder by a careless fire-lighter.

But if he survive accident, he begins to "clean"; and there are methods in that operation. In these days he also faces death, for locomotives will collide in the "stables"; and between the buffers of two such engines the young cleaner is sometimes crushed. Indeed, we believe more deaths are caused in this way to lads than in any other.

But our cleaner becomes a fireman, and is taught "firing." There is a proper way to put on coal, and a correct method of handling a shovel, though the spectator does not think so; and there is a time for firing, too; not too much to blow and waste the steam, nor too little to permit steam to fail, nor in such a way as to "choke" combustion. These points he must learn upon shunting and slow goods trains. He learns signals, points, and how to manage and "humour" an engine. When he has learned and practised this work, oiling, and many other tasks, he gets a "fast goods," and goes rushing through the country.

Then comes the firing for the slow passenger trains, after about, perhaps, four years on the goods traffic, on trains which so many people term "luggage" trains. The fireman is then happier: he is on the road to promotion, and perhaps matrimony: a condition for the wife not invariably a "bed of roses."

For although engine-men are, in the main, good husbands and fathers, their wives must experience great anxiety. They know how many accidents occur daily (accidents which never appear save in "Returns"), caused by carelessness of others than their own husbands. The wife knows that the superintendent once said that "a fireman is killed every fortnight, and two disabled every week"; and with this burden upon her mind, can you wonder if she is

THE TERRIBLE PLUNGE OVER THE TAY BRIDGE (*p.* 459).

sometimes anxious until she gets accustomed to the daily return of her "man"?

But suddenly a day arrives when the foreman calls, or a telegram arrives, or a lad hurries up with a message, and then she knows that her Tom will never be an engine-driver! He has faced death once again, and this time his opponent is the victor.

But the driver stage arrives, perhaps, and then life is worth living! The cheery whistle rings out to her as she holds up her latest infant to see "daddy" pass, and he waves, or rather extends, his arm in the mechanical way which all engine-men will recognise and respond to. He flies past on the wings of the wind, thinking not of any danger, but ever on the alert. Straining his eyes through fog and darkness, the driver rushes on through the night or through the day, without any thought of self. His mind is fixed upon his train, upon his work. Ears and eyes are intent upon sounds and signals, upon passing trains, and upon the track.

Why, you may ask, need the men be thus so attentive to sounds and sights? Surely it is not their business to watch a passing train! No; but it may prove their destruction or their safety. There are many occasions upon which the careful engine-men have noticed that a train is too short, as they deemed it; or that a certain train had not passed at the proper time and place. On the former occasion the engine-driver looked out as the short train—a "goods"—passed.

"There ain't waggons enough on, Bill; look for the 'monkey-face!'" *

It wasn't visible from the engine.

"Then some's broke away, you may depend," was the conclusion the driver of the passenger train came to. He accordingly checked his train, and ran easy until he sighted a red light. Then he pulled up, and found that the "goods" had separated, owing to one waggon having left the rails. It had in time pulled other waggons off, and the wreckage somewhat impeded the "down" line. Had not the passing driver noticed the unusually small number of waggons in the passing train, he would have "pitched in," and a bad "accident" would have resulted.

Now, had the driver of the "goods" train had his "ears open," he ought to have understood by the more rapid beat of his engine that he was either running down-hill or had a lighter load. The former was impossible, as he would have known the line was level there. So, if he had reasoned and had been attentive, he would have become aware of the state of his train, and would have signalled the fast train with his gauge lamp to stop.

Here, for the sake of illustration, we have supposed one man careful and the other indifferent. But most engine-men are fully aware of their duties, and act immediately with marvellous presence of mind and judgment.

Take, for instance, the conduct of a Great Western man only the other day. A tree was being felled on the railroad embankment: the trunk slid down to the line as an express was just due. The train came on, the driver perceived the obstruction. To check his engine meant disaster. He might cut it at high speed; but in any case it was imminent danger.

In a second he decided. With steam full on, he drove *through* the tree (nearly six feet in circumference), and carried his train through in safety after him. Had he hesitated, or had he lacked courage to act, he and the passengers would have been wrecked!

The risks which engine-men run are legion, and almost entirely unknown to the general public. A man may be listening for the "beat," or a "cutting" axle, a grain of sand in the crank, or a heated "squealing" axle-box. He puts his head over the

* This term is used to describe the three red lights at the tail of a goods train, thus ***.

engine, and looking back, leans over to listen. He forgets the bridge, or does not see the approaching "goods" train. In the first case, he may be killed instantly by the contact with the bridge-supports ; or in the second, stunned, or less seriously injured, by a projecting crate or some smaller consignment of goods. The present writer once had his "round" hat stove in by something projecting from a waggon under precisely similar circumstances. Had he been leaning out but two inches farther, his head—and not the crown of his hat—would have been crushed and mangled.

The perils and courage of engine-men were seldom more realised and exemplified than in the case of those in charge of the ill-fated train which went over, or through, the Tay Bridge.

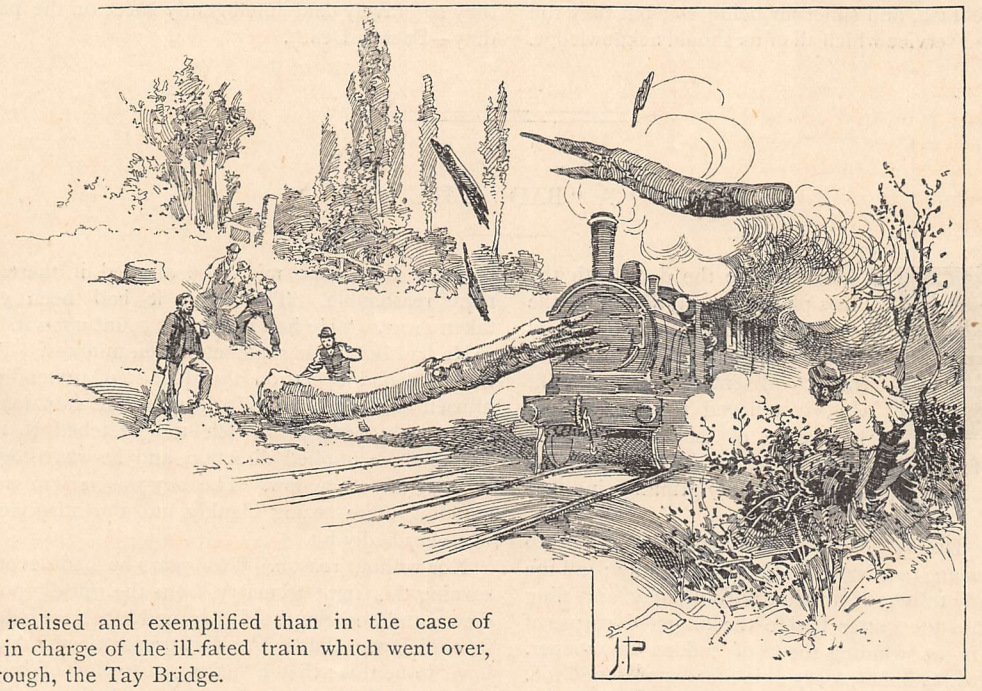
The 28th of December, 1879, was a fatal day in the annals of the iron road. The gale was storming the line when the two engine-men on their friendly steed (No. 224), which was expected to carry them safely with the train from Edinburgh to Dundee that Sunday afternoon, started.

The wind blew harder and harder. Bad enough upon the well-laid permanent way, where continual "firing" and the greatest care were necessary on such a rough evening. But these men, Mitchell and Marshall, did not flinch from the ordeal. What they thought no one will ever know. They had their duty to perform, and they intended to perform it, though, as the wind blew harder and harder, as the steam swooped down from the chimney, and the fire wasted, they had their hands full to keep time.

"It's nothin' when you're used to it," replied one of the men to his father who parted with his son for ever that evening. Then the train started to its destruction.

When upon the shaky bridge, rocking with it, we may imagine the feelings of these brave men. Yet, *if* they feared, they permitted no qualms to check them. "Onward!" Their duty lies in getting the train to its destination, and torn, buffeted as they are, they intend to do so. They know the engine and themselves : they would do their part at any risks. They died on duty as brave men should die : facing death boldly upon the broken bridge.

The training of the engine-man fits him for his position. We have already indicated the dangers of his early days ; and when at length his probation is over, as cleaner, relief-man, and fireman, the express driver is a man of cool courage and splendid endurance.



"WITH STEAM FULL ON, HE DROVE THROUGH THE TREE" (*p.* 458).

Think of some sixteen hours on duty, sometimes more than that (though not "running" all the time), with all one's senses to keep alive in all conditions of weather and danger ; to read every lamp, to recognise every point and crossing, to know when to expect other trains, and if you do not meet them to argue—wherefore?

To think out the reasons why, to drive your engine so that she will keep up her speed, and come in "handsomely"—to keep time, no matter what weather, if it be humanly possible. To decide in a second whether a half-shown light is meant for "on" or "off," and to act as you decide—in fact, to be almost superhuman, to hold your life in your hand, to be a skilled mechanic, a well-informed man, a pleasant, cheery companion, and a brave, self-respecting fellow in your work, walk, and conversation, is to be something of an engine-driver at his best.

But there are other railway men who are daily risking life and limb. The guards, the plate-layers, the fog-men—who are almost the same as the plate-layers—the porters, the shunters, and others. The guards have many anecdotes to tell of narrow escapes, of trains running to destruction, when the only chance of life was a leap to almost certain death. The collision, the de-railed waggon, the crushed van, all carry the grim spectre nearer to the railway man, who may die, with fog-signal or lamp, at his post; or be run over, and crushed into the ash-pan of his son's engine as "she" is being run home to the shed!

The shunter of waggons is crushed between the buffers one night, and falls never to rise again; or is carried, mutilated, to the hospital for the necessary operation. Many are rash, and suffer for being so; but they run risks in our service which all of us should acknowledge.

For his daily risk of life and limb, for his attainments and skill as a mechanic, for his courage, endurance, and perils, the engine-man receives seven-and-sixpence a day in the higher grade, and perhaps another shilling in the highest. A fireman can rise from four-and-sixpence to five-and-sixpence a day; while a guard's pay is from a guinea to thirty-five shillings a week. A "coal allowance" for coal saved—perhaps a penny a hundredweight—will amount to something in the year for engine-men, and the guards and porters pick up a few trifles on occasion.

But we need not discuss these. Let us respect the men to whom we owe so much—more than most of us ever imagine; and let us remember the danger which they so bravely and intelligently meet on the path of duty—Facing Death.

A "BAD" LIFE.

HE stood outside the door with the brass-plate upon it, watching the rain pour down and the mud swash about, churned up by the traffic. Miserable as the sight was, it relieved the intensity of his sense of isolation. It betokened fellow-suffering. There would have been no kindness in sunshine for him, only grinning indifference.

He stood there shaken and trembling, and tried to play the man, to review his position calmly; all the while ready to burst into tears with the day, and fling himself into the gutter beside the draggled corpse of the cat in its winding-sheet of sodden newspaper. He was just as unnecessary; his life was poisoned too. But the tears were restrained by blinking hard; and the success of that effort, evidence of manhood to the boy, was something to be grateful for.

He stood there condemned, not to death—how grand sentence of death would have been, with its possibilities for heroism!—but to life without the fulness of life: without the one thing that now made life worth living: to life without purpose, help, or comfort: to life different from that of other men: to the outcast's, leper's life. "Thou shalt not marry." Surely it had been thundered at him from Sinai, not lisped from an ebonised revolving chair, in tones of calculated conventional compassion over poised finger-tips, as he stood there nervously fumbling at the buttons of his shirt, just risen from the inquisition torture of that hateful little stethoscope, with its tell-tale tubes. They had wrung the secret from his heart, and the sentence was rendered the more merciless by the professional pity of his judge. The owner of the brass-plate had, indeed, held out a hope, and forthwith brought upon himself a stumbling confession, and an entreaty that none might be allowed if there were none reasonable. Thereupon it had been gently taken away. "He had better not count upon it."

He had borne his sentence fifteen minutes. Ten of them he had spent on the door-step, pretending to himself that he was waiting until the rain left off; really only because he felt too wretched to move. For to move implied direction, and he was altogether without direction now. The boy was very miserable, standing there gazing blankly into the misery of the wet, very badly hit.

Nor without reason. Two years he had devoted to earning this right to marry, from the worldly point of view; and now that he had earned it to have it dashed from his grasp thus! And his greatest comfort would have to be this: that a lurking suspicion of his constitutional defect—"organic" it was labelled—had kept his mouth sealed before her all those two years. She must have seen that he thought much of her; but love had never been mentioned. Would it be possible to hide it always, and make it appear that friendship was all he had been seeking? His manliness would be hardly sufficient to make it possible, thought he. Oh, why had not the door with the brass-plate shut him off from love as well, instead of opening to him the fulness of the store? The starving possessor of money bags on the desert island were happy beside him.

But a cab drove up to the door and revealed the drawn face of another, organically diseased, too, maybe—oh, that difference between "organic" and "functional!"—and he moved away into the slop and the rain. A few yards, and he recollected that he had just been told never to get wet if he could help it—penalty, rheumatism and complications. Not that they mattered; nevertheless, he put up his umbrella.

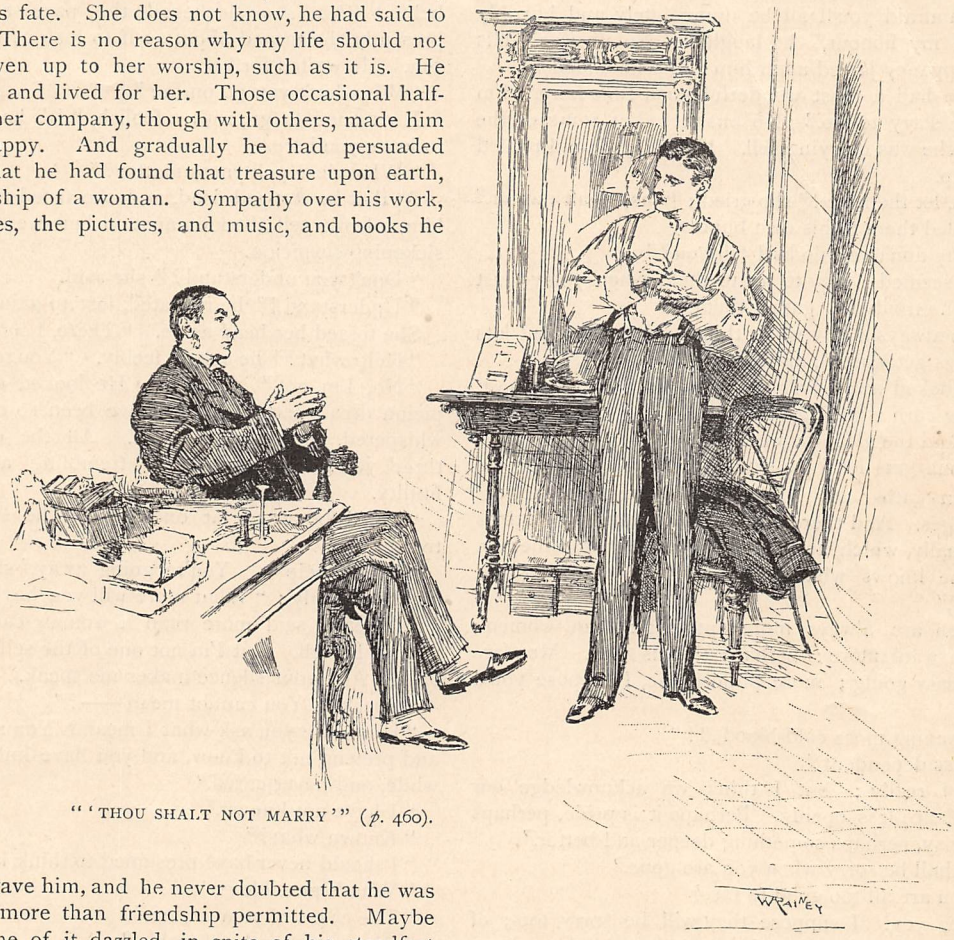
He had borne his sentence for three years—three

years of commonplace heroism, not without murmuring secretly—he was human and young—but without openly betraying himself. He had seen her often : not too often, but often enough to keep him going. The first months had been the hardest to bear ; and the harder because, if she was to guess nothing, he must continue as though nothing had risen between him and her. But he had passed through them outwardly unaltered, and time had accustomed, if not reconciled, him to his fate. She does not know, he had said to himself. There is no reason why my life should not yet be given up to her worship, such as it is. He gave it up and lived for her. Those occasional half-hours in her company, though with others, made him almost happy. And gradually he had persuaded himself that he had found that treasure upon earth, the friendship of a woman. Sympathy over his work, his hobbies, the pictures, and music, and books he loved she gave him, and he never doubted that he was asking no more than friendship permitted. Maybe the sunshine of it dazzled, in spite of his steadfast determination never to allow it to do so. And time brought a sense of security which prompted further confidences. Three years had removed any danger, he was sure. This friendship would stand. She must have recognised what his attitude towards her meant ; and the sunshine was so very good. It might have been more theatrically heroic to have erased himself ; but to have done so would have been to refuse a good in life which might be enjoyed with caution, a pusillanimous slur upon her and himself, unnecessary folly of self-martyrdom.

So he talked to her and treated her as a sister, giving her of his best and deepest. He was almost happy ; he knew he had been brave. The noblest had spoken of this possibility ; he was realising it. He never tried to choke his love ; he idealised it into a religion. So, thought he, I shall get the glory of it yet, and none be the wiser or the worse. I am strong enough. She has clearly seen the nature of my reverence for all women, and for her as one of them. He hid his love in the universal.

Then came for him at harvest-time a whole fortnight's pleasure ; he was invited to join the party at the country house where she was staying. Careful as ever, though by this time he had persuaded himself that there was no need for such excess of caution, however right it might be for her sake, he played his *rôle* of friend of old standing : every day with her walking, driving, picnicking, like the rest, and taking part in the round games and music at night. It was heaven ; he was radiant. He had never talked or looked so well, his gentle loveableness had never charmed so gracefully. And none guessed, so successful had he been. For himself, so accustomed was he grown to his condition that his sentence now seemed insignificant, and the door with the brass-plate an almost forgotten horror. He had learnt to play in his fetters as freely as any voluntary slave to bachelordom.

So it was with gratitude to Heaven that he walked back from sketching the last evening of his stay, content to have enjoyed his fortnight, re-invigorated for work and loneliness in London.



"'THOU SHALT NOT MARRY'" (*p.* 460).

And he met her on the way.

She was gathering leaves to strew upon the dinner-table. He helped her to carry them. Slowly they passed together along the scented lanes, and silently; he, because his heart was very full, and he was afraid of speech; and she——

The silence grew oppressive with meaning. At last she said—

"You are leaving us to-morrow?"

"I'm afraid you'll all be immediately and horribly dull in my honour," he laughed. No answer. His own flippancy jarred upon him; and he added—

"I've had a most wonderful good time here. I'm awfully sorry to go." No answer; but some of the leaves she was carrying fell. He stooped and picked them up.

"Oh, let them lie!" she cried; "they don't matter." He added them to his own bundle.

"Why don't you do as I tell you?"

"It seemed a pity to waste them when you've just taken the trouble to gather them."

"It's always a pity when things get wasted, but lots of things get wasted, all the same."

He looked away over towards the sun in the west, and the corn standing in shocks. The waggons were there, and the gleaners were afield.

"Some gets left," he said, "by the farmer, but the children gather it; what they miss comes to the partridges. And there are crumbs falling from tables continually, which are also all gathered up somehow. No one knows what waste is. It is one of the puzzles."

"Men are always more optimistic than women; women want more: perhaps that is why. Men are more easy-going; more philosophic, I suppose you'd say."

"Meaning more cold-blooded?"

"Less dependent."

"Not really; but I think we acknowledge our dependence less openly. Perhaps it is pride, perhaps hypocrisy, perhaps something deeper and better."

"I shall be sorry when you are gone."

"You are all too good to me."

"Oh, yes! I suppose they will be sorry too; of course they will; but I wasn't considering them. They haven't known you as long as I have. Do you talk to them all as you talk to me?"

He stared.

"Because no one talks to me as you do: no one talks of things that matter as you do."

"But I have known you so long, as you say."

"You always did the same," she said impatiently. "Do you talk to everybody so? But of course you do."

"I hardly know what you mean——"

"Yes, you do."

"By my talking of things that matter. It's natural for friends to talk about what they're interested in."

"Of course, oh! of course." And beneath her breath she muttered, "Friends!"

"What did you say?"

"Nothing!"

"But I'm quite ready to talk about anything you like."

"How absurd!"

"What's absurd?"

"You—I—oh! let's be getting home. It's late, isn't it? What's the time?"

He looked at his watch. "Twenty past six," he said; but he saw she did not hear him, for she hurried forward to the lodge gate. But when it was closed behind them she slackened the pace again, and presently she turned about as if to look at the setting sun. He waited for her.

"Why don't you go on in?"

He turned to go, with a foolish, "It's hardly polite to leave you here."

"What does politeness matter?"

At that he stopped dead, and she faced round upon him, a fierce self-abandonment in her eyes; in his a sickening suspicion.

"Don't you understand?" she said.

"Understand!" he repeated, just to gain time.

She tossed her head aside. "There, I can't help it."

"Help what?" he asked, feebly. "You're crying."

"No, I'm not." She lied. He looked down, suspicion dread certainty. "I have been so careful," he whispered, almost to himself. All the courage of three years was turned to trembling at its own futility.

"You'd better go at once." But he stayed and trembled.

"I can't help it. You're going away," she sobbed. Then suddenly: "What more will you have me say? I've already said more than a woman can say and respect herself. But I'm not one of the self-contained ones. And your silence makes me speak."

"Speak! You cannot mean——?"

"How dare you ask what I mean? You stand there and pretend not to know, and you have known all the while, and never cared."

"I have not known."

"Known what?"

"I should never have presumed to think it possible."

"What's possible?"

"The cause of your crying."

"Oh! you're rather humble."

"I am humble."

"Or insufferably conceited."

"How on earth conceited?"

"You make me say it. Well, then—conceited in thinking yourself above such ordinary people as I am."

"Oh, don't, don't!" he cried. "Think me too absurdly humble to imagine you could care to notice me rather than that. But I have been so careful."

"Careful, careful! How careful, and why careful? That's conceit. You are afraid, I suppose, that if you weren't careful I couldn't help—liking you," with a jerk.

"How can I answer you? You are determined to think badly of me."

"Badly? I can't; I wish I could."

"I wish, indeed, you would. It would be best in the end."

"You know I can't, and I don't want to, and you don't want me to. That would pique you—you who are always talking of goodness, and pretend to think so much of women, and all that."

"That's what the little religion I have teaches me to think."

"It has taught you to play before me."

"Honestly, what nonsense have I ever talked to you?"

"It isn't nonsense. I'm talking it. But if it were, there are ways and ways, and you must know that the indirect is all the more flattering and taking. There, you'll think me the most immodest woman you ever met."

"Never, I swear. I have known you too long for anything you can say to make me think anything but the noblest of you."

"So you can do it even now! But say it again: you won't hate me for forgetting myself?"

"How could I hate you?" he almost sighed. "You are so very much to me."

"Oh! I suppose I am, in your cold ideal way. As if I were worthy to be any sort of example of ideals! But I—I may never be more? I am a woman, not one of those saints you dream about." In defiance of shame, she stared straight at him. He writhed.

"You may as well know it. I ought to have told you before. I—I can never hope to marry."

"Oh! why, why not? Oh! forgive my asking."

"Of course, of course. The doctors tell me so."

"They can't mean it. What——"

"They do. I have known it three years."

She sat down among the mossy roots of a tree beside the drive; and he saw by the colour of her face that what he had passed through she was passing through now. He loathed himself for the basest of fools. He saw, too, before him the black chair, the compassionate face, the delicate fingers, the undeceivable little machine, the brass-plate, and the dripping wet. Ah! at least she was spared the civilised horror of them. It was all Mother Earth here.

She sat silent awhile, and her face grew hard and scornful as he watched.

"Three years ago; and you have dared to behave as you have to me?"

His misery broke loose. "What have I done?"

"Why, talked to me, and made me love you—love you. And you had no right. You know you had no right, and you didn't care."

With a struggle for self-possession and defence, he said: "I am that most despicable of creatures—the male flirt, in fact? You can think that of me without hesitation."

"No, not that. But you can see what you have made me."

"What could I do? I have been so careful."

"I hate, and hate, and hate your carefulness! Yes, I suppose you have been careful. You have talked no nonsense, as you say so triumphantly. But you have 'reverenced all women, and me impliedly, because I'm one,' and so on, and so on, and so on; and you must have known that there was only one way an ordinary woman like myself would take that. You'll never meet any other sort, either. Your ideals are all fanciful nonsense. I hate myself, and you, and everything."

"Will you listen while I tell you?"

"Of course; I could listen all day."

"Because I may not marry I must hide myself away, or endeavour to make myself as repulsive as possible to every soul I meet? That is your sentence on a man who has already been made pretty miserable."

"No, no; but you should tell people."

"How can a man tell people? Must he go about with a label? That would be very absurd, and would imply that he considered himself excessively dangerous at first sight."

"You laugh at me?"

"No, I don't at all. But don't you see that the only reasonable course for him is to be what you hate—careful. He must remember that he is labelled to himself if not to the world in general. And I have remembered that well enough. I have always reverenced women. My object in life at one time was to deserve to have the help of one woman, and so to realise the best thing in life. Then I was told that it couldn't be. That was no slight loss, I can assure you. I said to myself: 'I can't have the best; I will have the next best. I may not worship one woman; I will worship them all, every one I come across.' You were one. So I reverenced you."

His own words, his shallow attempt at explanation, were disgusting to him. He began to see things in their true light.

"How good of you!" she put in, and bit her tongue straightway. With an effort he went on—

"It is true, all the same. I reverenced you. It would have been mere absurdity to become a recluse, and shut myself up in myself. 'I can go into the world,' I said. 'But I will be careful. I will endeavour to show women of what kind my reverence is, and will give them credit for ability to see. They will not misconstrue me if I trust in myself to make it clear. Perhaps I thought too little of the likelihood of any loving me; but that was neither pride nor excessive humility. It was common sense."

"You will think less well of their intelligence in future," she said.

"No; I shall think myself mistaken, rather. I shall think that, though it is possible to do what I attempted, I personally am not strong or careful enough to do it."

"Do you really mean to say that your belief in woman is a belief, and not a mere superstition?"

"I do, and I shall believe. That is all I have left."

"And I have done my best to take that away?"

"No."

"So you will go and show it to someone else now?"

"Possibly. But I shall take care not to be misconstrued again."

"Kind!"

"But I must be unkind. I want you to think of me as cold and calculating. It will be best for you. You will forget the easier." And suddenly the lie he was

"'AH! WHY DID YOU NEVER TELL ME?'"

acting, and the senseless cruelty of it, overcame him. Better far to be simply and utterly selfish. Better to trust her with all now, and believe in her power to bear it. "See," he cried, "what you have done. The doctor took away my right to marry, but you have taken away my right to love. Think of it, what it means, you who love yourself. Think what my asking your pity means; for I have been practically asking for nothing else all the while! Think what I am to look forward to, while you can go and forget, and yet in time have all. Heaven have mercy on me if this is wrong! I have loved you, and lived for your sake for five years." He threw himself down beside her and buried his face in the grass. "Ah, how I have loved you! And all my love can do is to bring you to this!"

She sat still, wild-eyed. "And you have lived on just to worship me at a distance? You never told me. Ah! why did you never tell me? I could have borne it. It would have been more generous to ask me to bear it. You have let me accuse you of everything that is refinedly cruel and vile, while I could have clung to you and comforted you, and been everything to you if I had but known. Oh, forgive me!"

"It is for you only to forgive. I should have torn it out and have done with it long ago. But I couldn't. You will forgive me that? I tried to turn my love for you into a religion, and I have failed. Here you sit and know it all, in spite of me. And now, what is to come?"

At which she rose to her knees. "Kiss me," she said. And he kissed her.

"That's just our once," she whispered, rising. "It's over and done with. You have been strong. Let me prove your ideal true after all. Let me show you how strong I can be. We understand each other now. We will be always the same."

"No! no!" he implored; "let me go."

"Never!" And she stamped. "I say it shall be."

"You will make a coward of me?"

"By showing myself brave too? We go forward, you and I—together—however separate—from to-day. It's settled. We will prove what may be made of this friendship. Come, help me to pick out the prettiest leaves for the table." She broke out into a laugh as natural as if she had just thrown a doleful story aside. "Back to the humdrums again."

"Not the prettiest to-night. Put on all the poor, mean-looking ones, that you'd throw away."

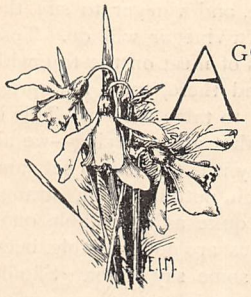
"Those you picked up for me?"

"You know I did not mean that. You have done all the picking up."

"To keep."

FREKE VIGGARS.

DELECTABLE SALADS.



A GOOD deal has to be taken for granted in the present instance, for space would fail me were I to attempt an explanation of the way to prepare the salad materials of the old familiar type: viz., lettuce, endive, and other "greenery," which generally have to make an acquaintance with water before they are presentable at table; therefore I am assuming that when required in the concoction of any of the dainties I am presenting to your notice that the green salad will be *dry* and *clean*. If not, then your reputation must suffer, and so, I fear, will mine.

For the recipes that follow I claim novelty, piquancy, and what is often lost sight of: viz., an appetising appearance. You have heard of, and perhaps eaten, a "chicken salad," but maybe have voted it rather insipid, particularly when the bird has first appeared at table boiled, with the usual trimmings: never a very tasty dish, though very nice, but one which becomes less tasty as time goes on. Perchance it did not occur to you that such a salad owes very much to the seasoning if it is to be worth the pains expended on it. But I will proceed to detail my

Chicken Salad.—Take the meat of the fowl, and trim it by taking the skin off and cutting it in dice or slices, as most convenient. Then put it on a dish, and splash it with the juice of half a lemon; sprinkle a little salt over, and, if you have it, a pinch of celery salt too; grate just a hint of nutmeg, and mix with a good pinch of cayenne and a suspicion of white sugar, with about a saltspoonful of the rind of the lemon grated; distribute this mixture over, and then add either a little fresh tarragon in shreds—say, enough to fill a saltspoon—or use a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar; cover up, and leave while you pile up the salad proper. Take a good-sized dish, and put in the centre either a couple of lettuces pulled to pieces, *not cut*, or one lettuce and a head of endive in sprigs, and about enough sliced cucumber to fill a gill measure. Pour some of the dressing over—this is detailed below—then pile the chicken meat on. I forgot to mention that the seasoning given is enough for about half a pound, but you may be as liberal in the matter of the meat as circumstances permit, so that you are equally generous with the seasoning. Now go over with more dressing; and this should not be stinted. Some scraps of onion or shallot, in the smallest shreds, will give *such* a zest, supposing there is no rooted dislike to their flavour. Now for the finishing touches. Have a couple of eggs boiled hard, and shelled, and cut in slices, and some beetroot boiled and sliced, the thinner the better; the latter should be seasoned at the last moment with vinegar, and pepper, and a dash of salt, and remember a hint of sugar should the vegetable not be quite up to the mark. Drain well, and put a ring round the green, reserving the eggs for the outer border; or arrange a little tuft of cress or a heap of shredded celery between the beetroot slices, if you please, and then embed the yolks of eggs in, leaving the whites to be chopped up and put about the dish where they will be most effective: that is, near the green or red, not in contact with the celery. It is astonishing how many salads, and other dishes too, are marred in appearance by inattention to such commonplace details as I am describing. There! Now there is nothing to do but eat it, and the result will be generally-expressed wonder that no one thought of some such seasoning before. Let me remind you that in place of beetroot, some ripe tomatoes are excellent; or some shredded tomatoes may with advantage be used in the salad; the principle is the thing to grasp; viz., piquancy is to be the key-note of this dish. The dressing will be found just as good with rabbit or veal as with chicken, and if you have a supply of it in the larder and exercise your ingenuity, wonderful are the dishes you will send to table, no matter how scanty the supply of meat; and I know of nothing more likely to remove the stigma that in some houses is attached to cold vegetables of every sort: indeed, it is not unlikely that you will get some "left-overs" on purpose to demonstrate your skill in their transformation; for want of a better name, then, here is the

Piquant Dressing.—I must again assume, this time that you are in possession of a mortar; put in it, supposing that you wish for about half-a-pint of dressing, a tablespoonful of cooked ham that has been chopped, then pound it with the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, and add the yolk of a raw one a little at a time, pounding constantly. Tiring work to do well single-handed, but think of the exercise and the benefits derivable! Take a bottle of good salad oil—it cannot be too good—and add it *drop by drop;* this, you must know, is all-important; and when about a gill and a half has been added, stop. The mixture should be quite thick. Now thin it down with vinegar, both plain and flavoured, or use some lemon or lime juice in place of some of it; anything from clear light-coloured pickles comes in handy, and we all know how the surplus vinegar *does* accumulate; about a teaspoonful of onion juice is a feature of this dressing, and this you get by slicing and pounding the onion, or by chopping and wringing in a cloth. The Spanish are to be preferred in every respect to those of our own country. Then you will give a final seasoning of cayenne, salt—some of it celery, please—white pepper, and a little grated lemon-peel and some French mustard. The latter is not to be found in every house, then the best English must be used as a

substitute; but on occasions like the present don't take it from the cruet, but mix a little fresh with some of your vinegar or lemon juice. A teaspoonful of tomato conserve, should you chance to have a bottle going, is a first-rate addition; the veriest suspicion of anchovy essence is worth a host of other seasonings; I almost fear to name it, lest the novice may suppose that the mixture should taste of anchovy; that would ruin it; the result is something that shall set those not in the secret wondering "whatever is the delicious flavour in the dressing?" Experienced cooks will see the drift of my remarks. It often happens—does it not?—though there is not the least reason why it should, that the root of a tongue gets left over, and a portion of it wasted. Try a bit of it in place of the ham, or in addition. I gave the above in its entirety to an acquaintance, who took the trouble to pound up the inferior bits of the fowl in the same manner, with particularly good results. Another uses curry paste, and omits the mustard; and this is successful, and in no way interferes with the preliminary dressing of the chicken. Now let me introduce you to something very cheap, but *not* nasty: viz.,

Turnip Salad.—The nicer the turnips have been boiled the better the salad; they should be white and well-drained, then cut in slices. Dust them with a mixture of salt and pepper in equal parts, and a hint of white sugar and grated nutmeg; then sprinkle with the juice of half a lemon for a pound or so of turnips, and mix oil and vinegar in the proportion of two parts oil to one of vinegar, and add a little mustard; or the oil may be put over first, and then the vinegar; some finely-chopped parsley or mint, or tarragon and chervil, completes this—plenty of choice, you see; and to win applause set the dish over ice for a time; it cannot be too cold. Some carrots may be introduced or used as a border, or a little may be sieved and added to the dressing; and I am of opinion that in the latter way the addition will be most relished; a dash of onion juice is not to be despised in this connection. The turnips must be a trifle under rather than overdone, or the salad is a failure. Those who like cheese with salad—and who does not?—will do well to add "a grate" over the several layers of turnip; or to use one of the ordinary cream dressings as a basis, with such additions as I have named and a further addition of grated cheese, of which a small proportion at least must be Parmesan.

Boiled Beef Salad.—This is famous, but the meat must be tender, and should be only slightly salted. A piece of brisket or flat ribs is as good as or better than any other part. I may remind you that tongue, even the despised root, will come as a dainty dish in the same guise. Take some thin slices, and set them aside covered, then chop up any remains and mix with some tomatoes in dice, celery salt, and pepper, which ought to be black, and a little grated horse-radish; do not omit a squeeze of lemon juice and a pinch of white sugar, for they will bring out the flavour of the tomatoes and the horse-radish. Then add mustard-and-cress, or watercress, or lettuce, any or all; you see, I am here leaving the proportions to you. Mix a hard-boiled egg yolk in a bowl with a dash of mustard and a gill of oil—these are the proportions; the quantity is regulated by the size of the salad—and then thin with a little good walnut or mushroom ketchup and a spoonful of hot sauce, and vinegar to suit the palate; ordinary good brown vinegar will do. Toss the whole, and lay the slices of meat on the top, with a little horse-radish here and there, and a few sprigs of green, and send the cruet to table with it. This is the sort of snack for days that are so trying—we all know them, when people say it is too hot to eat, and they feel as if they can touch nothing; but, strange to say, it is one that seems quite as acceptable on a cold day; and when tomatoes are not available, beet-root comes in just as well, some say better. Should there be any horse-radish sauce left over from a joint, it may be used, some in the dressing, and some over the top slices of beef. Some hard eggs make a more substantial dish of it; or, for increased piquancy, a small quantity of hot chutney should be borne in mind.

Here is a snack that is especially calculated to make cold insipid food of various sorts attractive and palatable. Put in your salad bowl anything for a foundation in the way of *cooked* vegetables or *raw* salad, or mix them. Always remember, though, that should such tasteless ingredients as potatoes or turnips find a place therein, savour must be given by increased seasoning, and herbs of some kind are almost indispensable. The name of this is

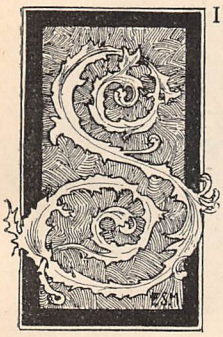
Cosmopolitan Salad, I must tell you. Then season the foundation, and I must of necessity leave something to your discretion. There must be salt and pepper, and probably you will think of other suitable adjuncts if you glance at the foregoing recipes. A dash of acid liquid in some form is certain to be wanted. Then take a tin of canned green corn and drain it: the liquid will not be wanted in this dish; season it with a rather liberal hand with a mixture of oil and lime or lemon juice and good white vinegar, the parts of each being purely a matter of taste, and enough salt and pepper to redeem it from insipidity, but not to destroy its natural flavour. Some will vote a morsel of onion the making of the dish, and I shall agree with them; while many would consider it incomplete without some tomato juice—many, I mean, in the land where the corn is canned. This, too, is not the same thing if not served cold. When meat is introduced, and all sorts of scraps are permissible in the same dish, it should be cut in strips and scattered over the top. I have met with people who dress corn salad with a cream or egg dressing; to any such who may not have given a trial to the simpler kind, I recommend this. Cold haricot beans are an admirable addition, providing they have been boiled until quite soft; the green haricots may be specially named. I find that many like canned corn in very small quantities: just a slight mixture with other materials; to such this salad will prove more acceptable than one of corn alone, though it is only fair to mention that where the latter is liked at all, it is usually very popular. The taste for the commodity is a decidedly acquired one.

Piccalilli Salad is a prime favourite in the States, and is as good with cold fish as with meat. So far, *I* have not acquired a taste for raw cabbage, often used, so I cannot recommend it for the basis. I think that lettuce or endive, with a small amount of shredded Spanish onion, cannot be improved upon for general purposes. Supposing these to be mixed in a bowl or deep dish, the next thing is to dredge with fine white sugar and pepper and a little salt, and toss well, then to introduce the above-named pickle, drained from its liquid, and chopped up with a will, for the finer this hot mince the better the dish; uniform seasoning is the thing to aim at. The thick liquid from the pickles forms the dressing, and may be rendered more pungent with chutney, or mustard, or cayenne, or modified by the aid of cream or oil; this last touch is of necessity a matter of taste; besides, the pickles vary much in quality and strength. I have seen this garnished with all sorts of bright-coloured salad stuffs, and with tufts of horse-radish and morsels of cheese, each resting on a bit of fried bread cut to size, and it would not be easy to find a better cheese snack than it makes in this form. There is no objection to the use of cooked vegetables in this dish, but, as a rule, raw salads are preferred. I *must* refer to cream cheese in such a salad as this. There are no particular rules to observe; the surface is best decorated with little lumps of it, preferably laid on slices of seasoned tomato, and as much as may be liked is pounded and blended with the dressing. A cheese that has become fully ripe is essential.

DEBORAH PLATTER.

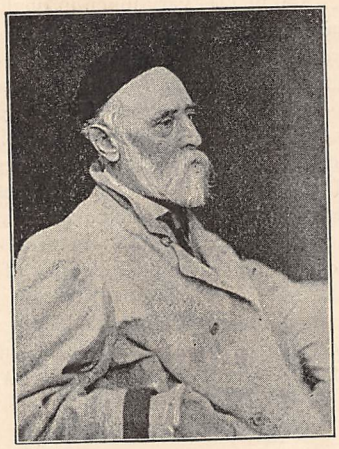
HEADS OF THE PROFESSIONS.

I.—CELEBRATED ARTISTS.



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON—who is one of the handsomest men of his day, as well as an artist of rare distinction—is the most popular president the Royal Academy has ever had. He was born at Scarborough on December 3rd, 1830, in a house which is now incorporated in a boarding-house. His father and grandfather were medical men, and remarkable not only for skill in their profession, but for music and literary culture. Sir Frederick's earliest recollections of his own ambition is that he was always determined to be an artist. Circumstances must have aided him greatly, for when quite a small child he was taken abroad, in consequence of his mother's delicate health; and with the exception of short visits to England, the first thirty years of his life were spent in the cities of Italy and the Fatherland. His father helped him with the study of anatomy; the wandering life and his own quickness speedily gave him conversational facility in German, French, and Italian; but the definite question of an artistic career was not settled till 1844, when the family were in Florence. Mr. Leighton asked the then celebrated Hiram Power: "What is he to be? Shall I make him an artist?" "Sir," replied the American, "you have no choice in the matter; Nature has done it for you." How eagerly the boy of fourteen worked both in the Academy of Fine Arts and the Anatomy Schools may be imagined, and in style his work speedily became more Florentine than that of the Florentines themselves. But after a time he went to Paris, and copied from Titian in the Louvre; and to Frankfort, and worked for some years under Steinle, the friend and contemporary of Overbeck. In 1852 he went to Rome, then the home of many distinguished literary people, and for two years worked hard at his first well-known picture "Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence," which was exhibited in London in 1855. In 1858 he met, and was strongly influenced by, the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, and in 1860 he took up his abode in London. In 1869 he was made an Academician, and in 1878 elected President of the Royal Academy, and shortly afterwards knighted. His baronetcy dates from 1886.

Sir John Everett Millais was born at Southampton in 1829. His father was a Jersey man; and when his son was about six years old, he migrated with his family to Dinan, in Brittany, where the child's sketches of the French officers stationed in the neighbourhood attracted a great deal of attention. In 1838 his parents went to London in order to see how their boy could best be trained for an art career; and on the advice of Sir Martin Archer Shee, then President of the Royal Academy, he entered Sass's Preparatory Art School at the age of ten, and was passed on to the Academy School a year later—the youngest student who had ever worked there. During his career in the Schools he won every honour they had to bestow, and in 1846 exhibited a picture that was very highly spoken of by the critics. Then Millais became one of the seven original members of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood; and in the first enthusiasm of realism he produced the now famous picture called "Isabella," and in 1850 "The Carpenter's Shop," which was first known as "Christ in the House of His Parents." His "Huguenots," "Ophelia," and "Order of Release" are familiar to us all; his portraits are legion and life-like; but his first great landscape was "Chill October." Sir John is a good horseman, a capital shot, and a first-rate fisherman. When at home, he lives in a big square house at Prince's Gate, of which the studio and marble staircase are principal features; and instead of



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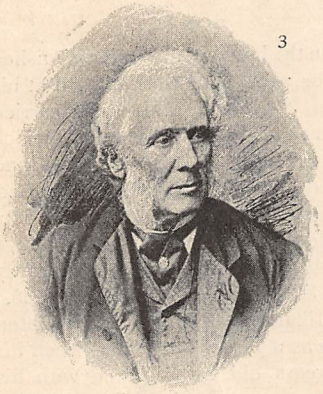

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1. G. F. WATTS, R.A. (*Photograph by Fred. Hollyer, Pembroke Square*). 2. SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A. (*Photograph by Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.*). 3. W. P. FRITH, R.A. (*Photograph by Window & Grove, Baker Street, W.*). 4. SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. (*Photograph by Messrs. W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, W.*). 5. B. W. LEADER, A.R.A. (*Photograph by Bennett & Sons, Worcester*). 6. L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A. (*Photograph by A. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.*). 7. J. MACWHIRTER, R.A. (*Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.*).

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1. FRANK DICKSEE, R.A. (*Photograph by Ball, Regent Street, S.W.*). 2. E. J. POYNTER, R.A. (*Photograph by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.*). 3. G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A. (*Photograph by Scott & Son, Carlisle*). 4. PROF. H. HERKOMER, R.A. (*Photograph by Siegfried Herkomer*). 5. MARCUS STONE, R.A. (*Photograph by Vernon Kaye, South Kensington, S.W.*). 6. SIR JAMES D. LINTON, P.R.I. (*Photograph by Walery, Limited, Regent Stree', W.*). 7. SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART., R.A. (*Photograph by A. F. Mackenzie, Birnam, N.B.*).

the nooks and picturesque corners that are so fashionable, the studio is conspicuous for simplicity and plainness.

Mr. Laurens Alma-Tadema is a Dutchman by birth, the son of a notary, who early left his wife a widow, with her husband's first family and her own two little ones to struggle for. The artist was the elder of her children, and they lived, as generations of Tademas had done before them, in the little Frisian village of Dronryp, near Leeuwarden, in the flattest part of Holland. The boy was born in 1836, and as soon as he could handle anything, amused himself with a pencil. His mother and the guardians who advised her saw no promise of distinction in this, for art was not considered a profession likely to bring in bread and cheese. So they sent young Laurens to the public school at Leeuwarden; but classics were always dry bones to him, though he was interested in Roman history, and drew the gods of Greece in season and out of season. Still, he persevered in what seemed to be the path of duty, till his physical powers entirely broke down, and he won permission to paint chiefly because it was supposed that he had not long to live. This freedom to follow his own bent brought back both health and spirits; and as he could obtain no admission to any art school or studio in Holland, he went to Antwerp, and studied under Wappers. Alma-Tadema worked very hard to make up for lost time, and from the Antwerp Academy went into the *atelier* of Leys, the great historical painter; and when he was about twenty-two he managed to make a home for his brave and beloved mother and sister. For four years the widow rejoiced in her son's success, saw his picture, "The Education of the Children of Clovis," exhibited in Antwerp, and congratulated him on the receipt of his first gold medal. She died in 1862, before the day of his greatest triumph dawned; and a few years later he came to England, and became naturalised. He was made an Academician in 1883, and his diploma-picture was the lovely "Oleander," now in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House. Mr. Alma-Tadema lives at St. John's Wood, and his house contains no useless apartments, such as drawing-rooms or boudoirs, but studios, a dining-room, library, rooms for domestic occupation, and a large and lovely winter garden with a dome-like roof.

Professor Hubert Herkomer was born in 1849, at Woal, in Bavaria. His father, Lorenz Herkomer, was a well-known wood-carver, and in 1851 took his family to the United States. Fortune did not smile on them there, and in 1857 they came to Southampton, where the delicate but gifted boy became a student at the local Art School. It was an epoch in his life when his father had a commission in Munich, and took his son with him for a year's study. On returning to England, the youth attended South Kensington for a few months; and after starting an Art School at Southampton, he settled for a time at Hythe, and painted two pictures which brought him into notice at once. Few artists have ever risen so rapidly into fame. The professor is a master of water-colour, but the public is best acquainted with his work in oils. His great picture, "The Last Muster," was exhibited in 1871, and his "Chapel of the Charterhouse" is still fresh in the minds of all art lovers. But Professor Herkomer's great work is the foundation of the Art Colony and Life School at Bushey, where plain living and high thinking are carried out by a large number of students.

Mr. G. H. Boughton may be classed as an American formed under foreign influences. He was born in England in 1834, and taken, when three years old, to Albany. His early studies were good, and he sold a picture shown at the American Art Union when only nineteen, and spent the money on a visit to London. He afterwards worked in Paris and New York, but finally settled in London. His leanings in art are towards scenes of peasant life and the pathos of rural labour. Holland and Puritan New England seem ever before his mind's eye; and his name will go down to posterity chiefly in connection with "Priscilla," "Rose Standish," "Evangeline," and the "Canterbury Pilgrims."

Mr. Frank Dicksee comes of a family of artists, as his father and uncle both followed the profession. He was trained by his father, and entered the Academy Schools at the age of seventeen. At the age of twenty, in 1872, he obtained the silver medal and the gold one for his first picture: "Elijah, Ahab, and Jezebel in Naboth's Vineyard." One of his principal works is "Harmony," which was bought under the Chantrey Bequest. When made an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1881, he was the youngest member. Mr. Dicksee was the illustrator of Cassell's splendid edition of "Evangeline," and of their "International Shakespeare."

Mr. J. McWhirter is a Scotchman, born at Slateford, near Edinburgh, in 1839, and early admitted an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy. He frequently paints the scenery of his native land, and his "Sermon by the Sea" and "Highland Harvest" are very popular pictures. He became a Royal Academician in 1879.

Mr. E. J. Poynter first saw the light in Paris in 1836. His father was an architect, and his son was educated at Westminster and Ipswich; but he returned to Paris as an art student. Mr. Poynter was chosen Slade Professor in 1871, and was elected a Royal Academician in 1876. He made the cartoons for the Mosaic of St. George at the Westminster Palace, and was Art Director and Principal of the National Art Training School at Kensington till 1881, when he resigned the post.

The name of Marcus Stone has long been a household word from his illustrations to the works of Charles Dickens and Anthony Trollope, in which he exactly caught the tone of those authors and of their day. His pictures have always suited popular taste, and many will remember his "Nell Gwynne," "Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn," "Gambler's Wife," and "First Love Letter."

Mr. B. W. Leader, whose lovely landscapes are so well known, is a native of the "Faithful City," and learned his earliest lessons in Art at the Worcester School of Design, from whence he went to the Royal

Academy Schools. His first exhibited picture, "Cottage Children Blowing Bubbles," sold for £50, and since then he has devoted himself chiefly to mountain scenery in Scotland, Wales, and Switzerland. Two of his most famous works are "With Verdure Clad" and "Streams through the Birch Wood."

The spiritualistic painter of "Love and Death," Mr. G. F. Watts, was born in 1820, and distinguished himself at the competition in Westminster Hall in 1843, when he won the £300 prize for his cartoon of "Caractacus led in Triumph through the Streets of Rome." He spent the money on three years' study in Italy, and at the next competition of the same kind he took the £500 prize. In 1882 there was a "one man show" of Mr. Watts' works at the Grosvenor Gallery, and he painted the best portrait of the late Lord Tennyson.

The *doyen* of the Royal Academicians in respect of age is Sir John Gilbert, the President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. He exhibited in the Academy when its exhibition was still held in Somerset House. His favourite subjects have always been chosen from English history, such as "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," "Cardinal Wolsey at Leicester Abbey," and many others.

Sir James Linton is a distinguished water colour artist and President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, which was opened in 1863. He was knighted in 1885, and will long be remembered by his large picture in oils of "Maundy Thursday." Sir James was commissioned by the Queen to paint the picture of the marriage of the Duke of Albany.

Mr. W. P. Frith is a Yorkshire man, and spent his earliest days at Harrogate. He owed his start in an artistic career to a childish copy of an engraving of a dog, for which his father gave him sixpence. He was sent to Sass, who at that time kept the only Art School in London, and then entered the Academy Schools. His first success was a picture from the "Vicar of Wakefield," and the much-engraved "Ramsgate Sands," "Derby Day," and "Railway Station," were decidedly the pictures of the years in which they were hung at the Royal Academy.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.

THE merry month of May is peculiarly associated in our minds with posies and garlands of flowers, and truly this season our milliners revel in the rarest and most exquisite imitations of Flora's favourites, and their beauty of colouring and form has never been more successfully reproduced. Flowers reign supreme, and for the nonce, the rival "plumes" are banished.

Whether charming the eye in bunches apparently fresh plucked, with the mist yet upon their foliage, or forming a wreath or half circlet to adorn a shady hat, their brightness gleams out from the foil of black chip or crumpled rustic straw. Without exception, the headgear must be chosen in contrast of colour to the costume. For instance, a cloth costume of cool grey-green would be completed by a toque of dark oak-brown straw, trimmed with black moiré silk and auriculas in brilliant colourings.

In some instances the flowers are supplemented by cerise-coloured miroir velvet ribbons, rosettes in velvet of amber hue or pale green moiré ribbon edged with narrow embroidered lisse; and buckle or clasp of paste, made in designs of a century gone, sparkles in the soft folds of "bisc"-coloured lace, presumably *real*.

The French bonnets are piquant little hoods of straw and moiré silk, worn without strings, having tiny bunches and aigrettes of flowers fastened with clasp of jet or paste; such a one is our illustration, the colours being turquoise blue moiré silk, pale yellow straw, blue violets and lilies of the valley. Another takes the form of a little Normandy hood, fitting closely on to

A BLACK CHIP HAT.

(*From a photograph by Walery, Regent Street, W.*)

the head, with raised crown in velvet of green, the colour of the foliage of mimosa; tiny steel sequins outline the front, and an aigrette and clasp are placed at the side.

A decided novelty was a bonnet suggestive of half-mourning, entirely composed of large bosses of jet, forming the half circle across the front, the small crown and two pendant ends that rested on the hair at the back, with fine white tulle strings tied in a square bow beneath the chin. A long paste buckle crossed the front, and outstanding from each side was a jet osprey.

A large black chip hat of picturesque outline had the crown covered with violets negligently scattered over it, pink roses arranged at the side of the front, and underneath the brim, resting across the hair at the back, was a large bow of green moiré ribbon. A wreath of exquisite roses in many colours encircled the crown of a large brown rustic straw hat, with an outline of black crinoline crimped to form an irregular edge. I had this hat photographed.

Panama straw is much worn both in the form of sailors' hats, with a single band of velvet carried round the crown, as also with the brim slightly curved and crown indented, a large upright bow of ribbon forming the trimming. The hats and bonnets are still worn well back from the face, but on the top of the head, and the hair is softly waved and prettily coiled in smooth coils.

Materials and Silks.

The materials present a marked contrast in texture although alike sharing the interest and selection of purchasers. The cloth textiles are smooth and fine, serges and tweeds are light in weight and delicate in colour, as befits the season of the year, whilst the fabrics in use for the more dressy style of costume are of the canvas or crépon order.

Canvas is loosely woven in a chequered or knotted surface, the favourite colours being a dull yellow, a cool green, and mauve pink, and in some examples the monotony of the colouring is relieved by silken dots and horizontal lines in a harmonising colour. The crimped, gauffré and crocodile crépons appear in exquisite colourings of shell pink, lichen green, and old blue.

Tan and fawn colour still hold, deservedly, place in the foremost rank of favourites. A curious silken material, of Oriental appearance, had lines in black wool woven into the surface of sheeny green and gold, a becoming material for a brunette.

Light summer glacé silks appear in minute checks of green and grey, mauve and pale pink, cerise and white, also in black and white, a revival of the homely shepherd's plaid. Silks in pale grey have thread-like horizontal lines of dark green, powdered over with tiny rosebuds in natural colours. Another variety is a glacé silk in raspberry pink, shot with black and besprinkled with black pin spots. Moiré will be worn throughout the season, and with plain satin will form the basis of the trimmings, garnitures and bows on gown and head covering.

YOUNG LADY'S WALKING COSTUME.

Costumes.

Having chosen our material we will next proceed to make it up into a pretty style, and, take the design illustrated as our model, it may be in any colour most becoming to the wearer, as there is a great variety to choose from, no one colour standing out pre-eminently unless it be a soft grey-green, which is undoubtedly becoming to both blonde and brunette. Let our

material then be a gauffré crépon in this colour. We will trim it with moiré silk either black or white, and if it is to be worn on a dressy occasion, use a line of steel to head the silk fold.

A white lining should be chosen for lining the bodice, unless a slip underskirt accompany the dress, made in sateen of the green colour; this lining will be tight-fitting, no seams appearing in the crépon at the back, the little extra fulness being drawn into the waist. A full puff crosses the bust, the bodice opening out V-shaped back and front, and turned back with a deep collar, with an outline of a crossway fold of silk put on with a piping or line of steel trimming. The large full sleeves are twisted diagonally across the arm, setting close from elbow to wrist. The vest and collar may be made in either tucked silk, pleated chiffon, or white moiré covered with old lace.

The skirt is worn over the bodice and draped at the waist with a scarf of silk; it is mounted into a plain-shaped piece set into two box-pleats at the back, and the fulness sewn to this with a piping, and forming two elegant folds in the centre of the back, hangs in straight lines at either side, the front width falling plain from waist to hem, where it is edged with a silk fold laid on to the crépon, and three tiny tucks above.

To wear with this costume procure a hat of chestnut-brown straw, crumpled and coarse, and a garland of pink and crimson roses, also a black moiré sunshade lined with rose-coloured silk, and a charming effect is ensured.

If you have a covert coat it may become useful through the summer months if you match the cloth exactly and have a well-cut skirt made on the approved lines—plain, with strapped seams and a narrow crossway strap stitched each side on the hem of the skirt at the extreme edge, and wear it over a silk bodice made on a tight lining, in peach or dull green silk, gathered into the neckband back and front with a folded waistbelt clasped with a ring of steel; large sleeves, full at the armhole and tight from elbow to wrist.

With this costume a toque hat looks well in green fancy straw with green and black rosettes and jetted quills.

Taking the place of the small fur boas that encircled the throat during the colder months of spring is a pretty little ruff or collar of ostrich feather; either in colours to match the blouse, or black, fastened with a square lace bow and ornament of paste or steel, they are a becoming addition to a plainly-made blouse.

For matrons' costumes the draped skirt now so much worn is important and graceful in design, the cloth overskirt being raised at the side or opening the whole length of the skirt, to show a handsome underpiece of rich coloured velvet or moiré. The bodices are draped across the bust and have epaulettes and revers with handsome lace sewn on flat, through which the underslik or velvet glimmers in lovely colouring; the sleeves are cut less full and pleated into the armhole with three small box-pleats, fitting close to the arm from elbow to wrist, where a cufflet of velvet and lace gives a finish to the edge.

Dust Cloaks.

During the summer months the dust cloak proves an indispensable addition to the wardrobe. We illustrate a pretty design made in Tussore silk, with deep shoulder cape of thread-coloured guipure lace, over which turns down a broad collar fastened with a large bow, and ends of the silk bordered with lace insertion.

DUST CLOAK.

WASHING FROCK FOR CHILD OF SIX.

In front the cloak is cut full, at the back it is semi-fitting beneath the cape, which terminates at each side of the front. The large sleeves have deep cuffs, made to wear with ease over the sleeve of the costume.

A grey alpaca, having a handsome design upon the surface in self colour, was made full to a yoke draped across the bust with broad ribbon, and tied in a monster bow with long ends edged with lace. Large puffed sleeves were made with deep cuffs reaching to the elbow. A full frill stood up high around the neck.

Sunshades.

Undoubtedly the day of puffs and ruches is over, for the newest designs for sunshades favour the umbrella type, simple and plain, with slender handles of natural form, in either cherrywood, bramble or thorn. Ebony handles are ornamented with small knobs painted with Watteau figures, or a group of tiny balls in chrysoprase. For garden parties a pretty and cool-looking sunshade is made in white silk, finely striped with horizontal lines of black, sprinkled over with tiny roses. Black moiré has a border of yellow lace insertion, black satin with radiating lines of insertion from the centre to the edge, crowned with a large rosette of ribbon with upstanding ends.

For useful wear the shot silks or plain bright-coloured silks, with borders of graduated stripes, are chosen, and for seaside or country, white piqué embroidered with a Russian design in red.

Washing Frock for Child of Six.

Linens in shades of blue, green, and pink, brown holland and piqué comprise the favourite washing material for children's frocks. The one illustrated is in "Dutch blue" cotton, embroidered with white ; the full plain skirt has a line of feather-stitch along the hem. The bodice is plain to the waist, with a basque of tabs. Large full sleeves are gathered at wrist and armhole, and have turned-up cuffs embroidered with lines of feather-stitch, as also is the large square collar. The front of the bodice is strapped across and fastened with rosettes ; these are made in fine white flax tape and wash with the frock.

This frock would be exceedingly pretty made in piqué embroidered with red, the collar and cuffs in fine lawn, hemstitched.

Frock for a Child of Fifteen Years.

This design looks charming made in tan-coloured cloth with a little cord trimming of brown silk ; the skirt is gored in front, where it fastens at the left side, and gathered across the back, sewn to the belt and fastened with a bow of the newest design. Around the hem of the skirt are three folds, finished with a row of stitching at the top of the hem. The bodice is prettily arranged with draped pieces forming a V and clasped on the shoulders with small buckles ; lines of cord trim the edge. Fully-gathered sleeves are caught in above the elbows with buckles and finished with turned-back cuffs of pink silk, patterned with triple dots of brown ; the silk is repeated in collar and vest and trimmed with cords. Tan-coloured stockings striped with brown, the stripes crossing the leg diagonally, and tan leather shoes are worn with this frock.

A. LL. G.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence each (and for one shilling in the case of the children's frocks). Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

FROCK FOR CHILD OF FIFTEEN.

A RUSSIAN COURTSHIP.

A RUSSIAN PRIEST.

THOSE who read this article with the hope of gaining insight into a pursuit closely connected with love and sentiment must prepare themselves for disappointment. It is only fair to state, however, that the business-like couples with whose affairs we are about to deal belong for the most part to the peasantry, or to the lower middle classes. No doubt the Russian *maladoi chilavek* (young fellow) has a heart tucked away somewhere under his *blusa*, but in his love-making—or rather, in his wooing, which is quite a different thing in Russia—it is not his habit to take this part of his anatomy into account. He is much too prosaic for that. Dan Cupid is as blind in Muscovy as he is in England (though one can scarcely think that the same limited wardrobe will suffice him), and the peasant who wishes to make a good matrimonial bargain is naturally wary of such a counsellor. He regards with easy good-humour the transaction of taking unto himself a wife, and seldom dreams of letting the image of his betrothed come between himself and the enjoyment of a due allowance of *vodka* (brandy). Marriage, in his theory of the Cosmos, has nothing to do with poetry or passion, with rapture or despair. It is merely a bargain, which it behoves a man to make at an early period of his life, the hopes and fears connected with the bargain being mainly those, not of the heart, but of the pocket and its contents.

Let us suppose that a well-to-do peasant, good-humoured enough in his way, and not a whit more mercenary than his neighbours, has a mind to be married. His first step is to see that his wardrobe is in order, and that he is otherwise supplied with all that befits a man in his position—a house to live in being by no means a needful item; as where this is lacking, the bride can be taken to his father's house. He then makes out a list of everything that he possesses, whether in the way of clothes, money, or provender, and takes this to the *Swatta*, who is an important person in every village. This swatta, or intermediary, is simply an old busybody, who takes a delight in finding out all about her neighbours' affairs. The type is sufficiently well-known to other nations, but it has remained for Russia to recognise her peculiar gifts, and use them for the benefit of the community at large.

The suitor is received with smiles, and with that air of significant mystery which befits a swatta. After hearing his account of himself, and noting points which he has obviously misrepresented—for the Russian tells lies with the most engaging simplicity, and is less confused than his hearer when found out—she produces her list of eligible maidens, with portraits of those whose looks are in their favour. This list supplies the information that each damsel possesses so many table-cloths, so many gowns, so much lace, so many pairs of shoes, and the like. Needless to say, it will go hard with any girl who does not happen to be in favour with the swatta, for that old functionary has really a good deal of power. Theoretically leaving a youth perfect freedom of choice, a clever swatta is often able, by nods, hints, and ejaculations, to make him decide upon any *barishna* (young lady) she happens to have in her mind.

Satisfied at last, the peasant, either with the downcast air of one who is going "cheap," or with the happy confidence of *quid pro quo*, names the girl whose belongings have won his heart. She may be one of those whose portraits he has seen; quite as likely she is not. Whoever she is, the swatta is pretty certain to admire the wisdom of his choice. How much more sensible is he "than the young *dourak* (fool) who went to a swatta in another town, and chose a barishna who had scarcely any flesh upon her bones—one whose very face seemed to say, '*Diety*

RUSSIAN PEASANT GIRL.

minya chaska chiu' ('Give me a cup of tea'). The barishna that is now chosen is a little pigeon indeed. She is of all others the bride for a man of taste. Ah, *Stoopi!* what has he been about? He is stealing her little *golubtchika* (darling) of a bride!" etc.

Pleased with these compliments, the suitor ends the interview by entrusting the swatta with his portrait

BETROTHED PEASANTS.

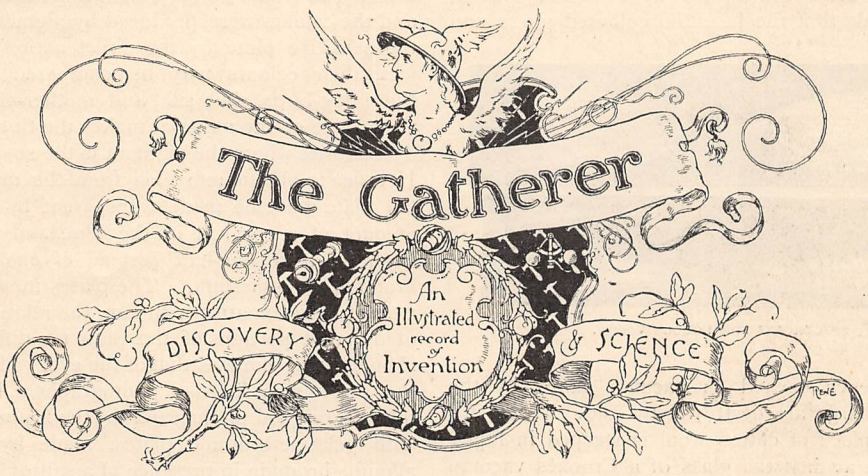
and the list of his worldly goods. The girl is then consulted, and if she is satisfied an introductory meeting is arranged. With regard to this meeting, it is hard to think that there is not a little sentiment in the girl's heart at least. Katerina must differ very much from her English sister Kate if the glamour which surrounds Vaseli or Jakoff when he comes a-wooing is solely dependent on his possessions. In villages, indeed, although the swatta is always in requisition, the young people must know one another by sight at least, and there is more chance of an attachment subsisting between them than in large towns.

If the first interview is satisfactory, the relatives talk the matter over, inquiries are made, and a date is fixed for the *Bogmalitwa*, or betrothal. This bogmalitwa (literally, God's blessing) takes place in the house of the bride, and is rather a picturesque little ceremony. High up in one corner of the room is the Icon, an image of the Virgin or of some favourite saint. The image is close to the ceiling; and suspended by three chains in front of it is a lamp, either of silver or of ruby-coloured glass, according to the means of the householder. Beneath this stands the priest, attired in his robes, and with the lamplight streaming down upon his long hair. Hitherto there has been a little subdued talking among the relatives present, but this is now hushed, and all are expectant as the mother of the bride and the father of the bridegroom advance, the one leading her daughter, the other his son, towards the priest. In a few simple words the lovers plight their troth. The priest solemnly pronounces his blessing, gives a short prayer, and three times makes the sign of the cross over the betrothed couple. He then takes the girl's hand and puts it into that of her future husband, telling him to kiss her. This kiss ends the ceremony, and is the signal for general congratulation. The wedding-day is usually three weeks after the betrothal, a period of six weeks being considered a long engagement.

The betrothal being over, and the wedding within measurable distance, our subject is practically ended, but one cannot help wondering whether, like the prince and princess in the fairy tale, the peasant and his bride are likely to "live happy ever after." There are several ways of considering such a question, but perhaps the truest reply would be that, as a marriage without affection excites less hope in the contractors, there is more indifference amongst married people in Russia than in England, and less chance of either direct happiness or unhappiness. If there are fewer faithful husbands and wives, there are fewer wife-beaters and husband-poisoners. It is not so harrowing to the feelings that Vaseli should never care for Katerina as it is that Tom has ceased to adore the woman he once loved so well; and light-hearted Katerina can always console herself with Jakoff.

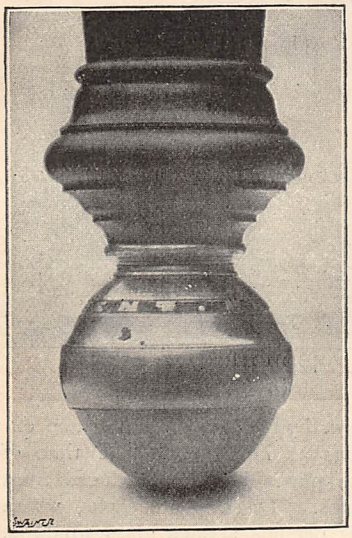
In cases where love really follows marriage, the *Muzhik* and his wife live as merrily and carelessly as a pair of children. Constantly in the open air when the season admits of it, they seem to inhale from their Mother Nature some of her own brightness and vigour. The young wife helps her husband in the labours of the field. They sing at their work, unmindful of the day when muscles will be relaxed and faces withered. Visitors to Russia often return with dismal accounts of the grossness, the moral degradation, of the peasant's life. It is for a Tolstoï to see the life with other eyes. In "Anna Karénina" he shows unmistakably how Love, which makes the world go round for some of us to all so sorrowful a tune, can change the despised life of the peasant into something idyllic in its beauty. "Levin," the great novelist tells us, "had often looked with interest at this life, had often been tempted to become one with the people, living their lives; but to-day the impression of what he had seen in the bearing of Vanka Parmenof towards his young wife gave him for the first time a clear and definite desire to exchange the burdensome, idle, artificial, selfish existence which he led for the laborious, simple, pure, and delightful life of the peasantry." With a fervent wish that they have before them just such an existence as herein depicted, we will take our leave of Vaseli and Katerina.

JANE L. BOWMAN.



Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Globe Castor.



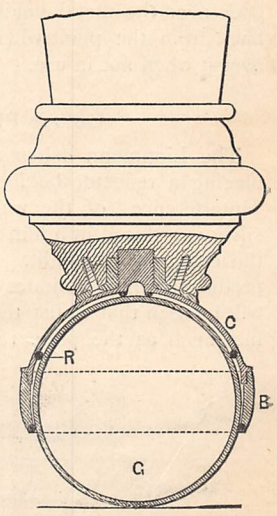
A good castor for the feet of tables, chairs, desks, and so on, is desirable for many reasons. The ordinary wheel castors are apt to break off or work loose, as the weight of the furniture does not bear directly on them, and the wheels go awry, thus making it a trouble to move a chair or table having them. The new globe castor, which we illustrate in section, is, perhaps, as nearly perfect as can be made. It consists of a hollow ball of metal, G, held in a socket by the band, B, and working on a cup, C, and a ring, R, of antifriction metal. Its large size and the ingenious socket enable it to roll in all directions without scoring the floor or making a noise. These castors are made in sizes from one inch to eight inches in diameter, to suit the furniture, and they can either be half covered by the wood of the leg or the metal case ornamented.

A New Postal Wrapper.

A new postal-wrapper has recently been patented, and is being used largely for the covering of newspapers, magazines, and music. Parallel to the lines of the address on the wrapper is a line of perforations, indicated plainly by a "tab," and all that is necessary to bring about the speedy and safe opening of the roll is to pull the tab in the direction of this line. The advantage of this new wrapper will be appreciated by all readers who are in the habit of receiving printed matter by post.

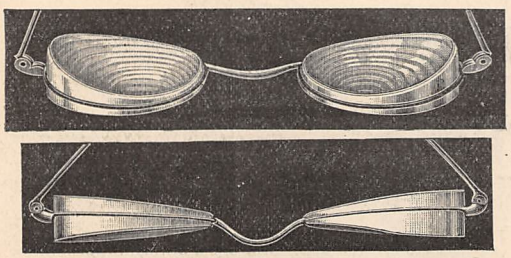
Liquid Air and Phosphorescence.

The temperature of liquid air is 180° Centigrade below the freezing-point, or thereabouts; and hence as a means of producing intense cold its use opens up a new field of scientific inquiry. Many of the properties of matter are greatly influenced by temperature. It is found, for example, that the electric conductivity—that is to say, the power a substance possesses of conducting electricity—increases enormously at such low temperatures. The tensile strength of iron is, moreover, practically doubled by that intense cold. Chemical affinity is greatly weakened, and in many cases it seems to disappear. For instance, the metal sodium no longer burns in water, because it has lost its affinity for oxygen. Certain pigments, such as vermilion, change from a bright red to orange under the intense cold, and recover their true



A GLOBE CASTOR, SHOWING SECTION.

colour on a rise of temperature. These and other effects have been investigated by Professor Dewar, who also finds that the beautiful coloured glows and



SPECTACLES FOR DOUBLE VISION.

phosphorescence excited in vacuum tubes by the electric discharge are destroyed by cold. When, for example, a piece of cotton wool is steeped in liquid air and held against the glass of a Crookes vacuum tube containing phosphorescent samarium, the light disappears. Professor Dewar thinks the reason to be that the cold freezes out matter from the vacuum, and thus stops the passage of the electricity; for it is believed that electricity cannot pass through a perfect vacuum.

Spectacles for Double Vision.

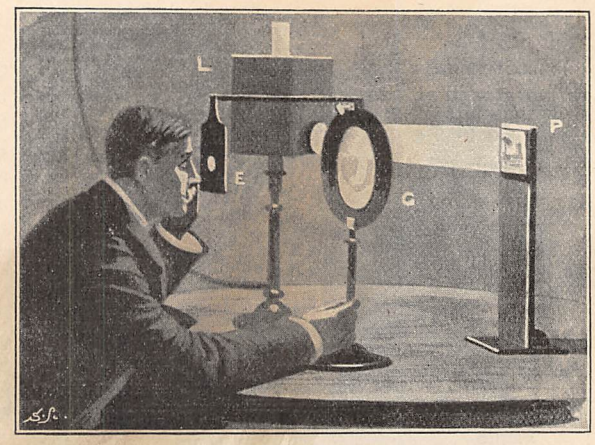
When the refraction of the eye is such as not to bring the rays to a focus on the retina, the eyes are apt to acquire a squint in order to do so; and this habit can be overcome by using spectacles such as those we illustrate, which are prismatic and remove the effect, namely, double vision, without influencing the cause.

A Pencil-Point Protector.

The figure shows a simple device for protecting the point of a pencil when not in use. A metal shield of conical shape, which can be turned backwards or forwards by means of a screw, goes over the metal holder. It is simply turned back from the point when the pencil is in use and over it when not in use.

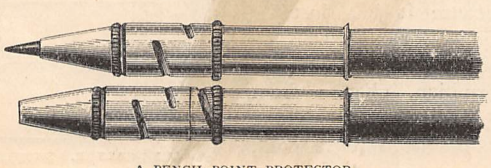
Colour Photographs.

The Lippmann colour photographs are taken by placing a reflector behind the plate and producing "interference" of the waves of light, by which the silver is reduced in a film whose thickness varies with the colour of the light. In this way irridescence is produced, which imitates the colours of Nature. It will be seen that whilst they are colour photographs, inasmuch as the plate reproduces the colours of the object without manipulation, they are so indirectly, not directly, as would be the case if no reflector were used and the colours were produced by pigments formed in the sensitive plate by the direct action of light. In fact, their colours may be compared to those of humming-birds, shot silk, and mother-of-pearl, where the texture of the material makes the tints, and not to dyed fabrics where the pigment is the source of colour. In order to obtain reflection from the mirror behind, the plate must be made transparent by reducing the amount of silver salt in the film, and the albumen ought to have one-half instead of one per cent. of bromide of potassium. The plates must also have a perfect isochromatism; in fact, the relative sensibility of different portions of the plate for different colours should be the same as that of the eye. MM. Lumière, the well-known Russian photographers, have recently taken very good photographs by the Lippmann process with gelatine-bromide plates, made by putting an alkaline bromide in presence of a salt of silver and an excess of gelatine, the emulsion containing more gelatine than bromide of silver. The isochromatism



COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

was perfect, as shown by the whites which came out as clean and various as in Nature. The time of exposure with these plates has been reduced from fifteen to five minutes. These photographs, which comprise landscapes, persons, stained glass windows, birds, flowers, and chromo-lithographs, cannot be obtained on paper and require to be viewed at a certain angle, but they are true to Nature and cannot be retouched with pigments. M. Lippmann has constructed a lantern for showing them in the dark, which we illustrate in the accompanying figure. It consists of a gas lantern, L, giving a parallel beam of white light which falls on the photograph, P. The observer looks at the picture through an eyehole, E, and a lens, G, as shown, but also, if he chooses, with the naked eye. When a lorgnette is employed, the illusion of looking at a real landscape is very complete. We may add that Mr. F. E. Ives, of Philadelphia, has now improved his photo-chromoscope, already described in THE GATHERER. Three or more photographic



A PENCIL-POINT PROTECTOR.

images are produced by selected rays from the object, corresponding to the fundamental colour-sensations of the eye. These images are then seen by lights similar to those by which they were taken, and superposed so as to blend in one, thus reproducing the colours of the object. The apparatus by which this is done is the photo-chromoscope, a small box fitted with lenses, colour screens, and mirrors for combining the views, and a drawer for holding the plates or chromograms. The pictures, in great variety, can be seen by night as well as day, or projected on a screen by using an electric lamp or other bright source, for example, the "Welsbach" incandescent gas light.

A NEW SPINNET.

A New Spinnet.

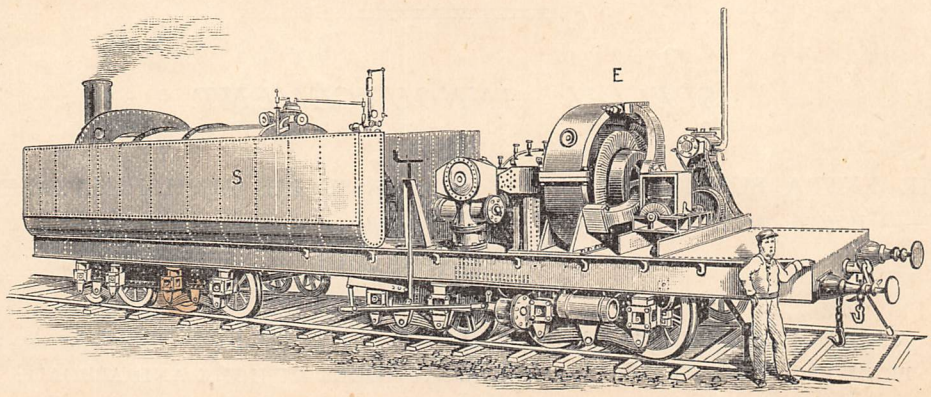
The "épinette Pieffort" is an improved form of a little spinnet played by the shepherds of the Vosges mountains. The latter is formed by a long box of cherrywood, with a head something like that of a violin, and five strings. M. Pieffort has added another string, and improved the tone of the instrument by making it of rosewood, ebony, and other woods. In playing, the spinnet is laid on a table, and the strings are sounded with a bit of reed, while their length is controlled by the forefinger of the left hand, as shown in our engraving. The instrument is easily learned even by a person ignorant of music, and it is capable of rendering popular tunes as well as pieces of a classical order.

Decimal Coinage.

Major-General G. H. Saxton, F.G.S., has published a small table on the decimal coinage for the use of schools, with explanatory notes which show very clearly how such a coinage could be introduced into this country without tampering with the present currency. He points out that a sixpenny-piece is a quarter-florin, and must therefore exchange for 25 cents. He also shows the desirability (not the necessity) of issuing a new silver coin in value $\frac{1}{10}$ florin, and that our farthings, as well as other copper coins, may continue as they are by regarding their value as 25 instead of 24, as now.

An Electric Locomotive.

The Heilmann electric locomotive for drawing ordinary trains is now being tried at Havre. The electricity, however, is only used to apply the steam power more effectually to the wheels and secure greater speed. To this end the steam engine works a dynamo carried by the locomotive, and generates an electric current which is sent through a number of electric motors geared to the axles of the driving-wheels. In this way the power of the engine is distributed and brought to bear on all the axles of the locomotive. It is expected that a speed of eighty or ninety miles an hour may be achieved in this way. Our illustrations



AN ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE.

show the new locomotive uncovered, where S is the steam engine and E the dynamo which is driven by it. The electric motors worked by the dynamo are under the body of the vehicle, attached to all the eight axles.

Spraying Fruit Trees.

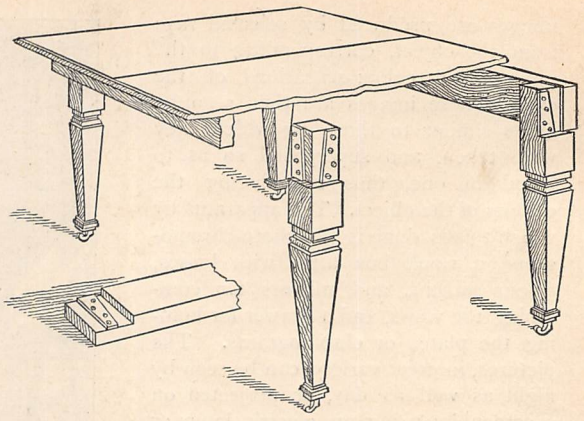
Solutions of mineral poisons are frequently used to spray fruit trees in order to kill insects, but, as experiments made at the State Agricultural College of Michigan, U.S., have shown, the practice is not free from danger, as the poison is found to adhere to the skin of the fruit, and in some instances to penetrate it. As a consequence, those who are fond of fruit may take more of the poison than is good for them. It has therefore been suggested by Dr. R. C. Kedzie that spraying should never be carried on while the fruit is ripening, and, as a rule, he says, there is no need for so much of it.

Electricity from Starlight.

Professor Minchin, a well-known Irish physicist, has just made the curious experiment of using the light of the stars to generate electricity. He is the discoverer of several forms of photo-electric batteries—that is to say, voltaic cells which are excited by a ray of light falling on the chemicals of which they are composed. The energy of the light is thus, as it were, transformed into electricity. One of these cells is composed of a plate of aluminium and a plate of selenium immersed in œnanthol. A cell of this description was recently placed under the eye-piece of a telescope in the astronomical laboratory of Westmeath, and the plates of it connected to a quadrant electrometer of the kind devised by Lord Kelvin, and modified by Clifton. When the light of the planet Venus was focussed on the cell, an electromotive force of 0·17 volt was observed on the electrometer. The experiment is interesting as a curiosity of science, but, of course, it has no practical value.

A Portable Table.

Our wood-cut shows a convenient table which, with other advantages, can easily be taken to pieces and



A PORTABLE TABLE.

carried upstairs or through narrow doorways, as well as packed away in small space. The frames are made in separate parts, and the tops are ledged to keep them from moving them from the frame. The dovetail joints consist of iron plates, and are easily fitted or unfitted with the help of a mallet. Platforms are also constructed by the same makers on similar principles.

HOLIDAY PROGRAMME COMPETITION.

The First Prize of TWO GUINEAS has been awarded to

W. ROUTH,
Shetland Grange, Bedall.

The Second Prize of ONE GUINEA to

The Rev. J. G. JONES, D.D.,
The Corse, Langharne, S. Wales.

An Extra Prize of HALF-A-GUINEA to

HARRIET E. O. MILLS,
8, Florence Terrace, Falmouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION is accorded to

A. M. ASHFORD, Swindon ;
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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE EXTRA SUMMER NUMBER OF "CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE"

Will be published on May 25, and will contain a complete novel entitled

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By a new writer. Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE;

A LADIES' HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT, DEALING WITH HOLIDAY DRESS, &c. &c. ;

PRIZE PROGRAMMES FOR CHEAP HOLIDAY TOURS AT HOME AND ABROAD ;

And other items of seasonable reading. With a large number of illustrations by well-known artists.

JUST IN REACH.

(*Drawn by* PERCY TARRANT.)

HOW I DISCOVERED THE NORTH POLE.

(Dedicated to M. Jules Verne.)

BY J. MUNRO, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF ELECTRICITY."

"IT can be done, and England ought to do it!"

Such was the title of a picture by a well-known artist which attracted much attention at the time of our last expedition towards the North Pole, under Captain (now Sir George) Nares. The canvas represented an old "salt" looking up from a chart of the Arctic regions and delivering his mind in these emphatic words, which came from the very heart of a people who had done more than any other to explore the great ice-caps of the world. True, there were some who regarded, or affected to regard, the attainment of the Pole as a childish and fantastic aim, in comparison with the scientific explorations of the neighbouring coasts.

The Pole is a mere Abstraction, they said; and what does it matter if Captain Nares does not reach it, so long as he is able to extend the geography of the Polar Basin?

Perhaps they were sincere, but the argument sounded rather like an attempt to discount a possible defeat. Be that as it may, the general public, not so philosophical, were more interested in the adventure than in the science. They hoped that our sailors would accomplish this feat of the ages, and plant the British flag on the very crown of the planet. And why not?

Why should there not be a generous rivalry amongst nations, as amongst individuals, making them compete for renown? Is the world so old that it does not matter who does this or that? Surely the attempt to reach the Pole is commendable, if only because it fosters manliness, and a youthful enterprising spirit!

Nares explored the upper channels of Smith's Sound, and brought home a budget of scientific observations, but he failed to reach the Pole, although his lieutenant, Markham, made a bold dash for it across the ice, and carried the Union Jack further north than any man had been before. A Polar expedition is a costly game, and even a wealthy State cannot afford the luxury often.

Hence Britain has been content ever since to look on while other nations tried their hands, in the attitude of one who says: "Beat that, if you can." It has been done. Of several attempts to reach the Pole by all three avenues into the Arctic Basin, that of Lieutenant Greeley, by way of Smith's Sound, has planted the Stars and Stripes in a higher latitude than "Markham's Farthest."

The difficulty of taking the Pole by storm has led to plans for approaching it by sap and mine: that is to say, by founding stations 100 or 200 miles in advance of each other. Lieutenant Peary has shown how easy it is to winter in the Arctic now, and the project is certainly feasible, provided there is land or fixed ice on the road; but obviously, it must be a work of time.

Dr. Nansen has conceived the daring idea of running

"A SUBMARINE VESSEL *À LA* JULES VERNE MIGHT BE CONSTRUCTED" (*p.* 484).

his ship into the ice to the northward of Siberia, and drifting with the current across the Arctic Sea, as near to the Pole as possible. I was present when he unfolded his plans to a brilliant meeting of the Royal Geographical Society last winter, and could not but admire his Columbian faith in his own theory and perfect confidence in the result, although experienced Arctic men, while wishing him "God speed," did not conceal their fears that he was leading a forlorn hope.

He intended to proceed the following summer in his little vessel, the *Fram*, and enter the ice somewhere between Cape Chelyuskin and the New Siberian Islands. There he and his twelve companions would spend the Arctic winter in the usual way, with the addition of an electric light on the mast-head, which would be kept going by a windmill, and the daily exercise of the men in a sort of gin. Little progress would be made during the winter, but in the ensuing spring and summer the drainage of the Siberian rivers, especially the Lena, and the pressure of the southerly winds on the pack-ice, would move the vessel towards the Pole.

In the event of a crush, he could save his boats and take up his quarters on the ice. If provisions failed, he could support his party on the minute crustaceans which flourish in the Arctic Sea. The time he would be gone depended on the speed of the drift, and he might be heard of in the Norwegian Sea, between Spitzbergen and Greenland, any time from next summer to five years hence. In concluding, he asked his audience to give him and his comrades in exile their kind thoughts; and assuredly there are many who will often picture to themselves that lonely vessel and its weird electric star of civilisation shining on the frozen roof of the world during the long Arctic night.

"It can be done, and England ought to do it!" The words kept ringing in my ears that evening; and verily it seemed that if England were to do it she had no time to lose. But how could she? On getting home, I sat down with one of Nansen's maps, which I had brought from the meeting, before me, and thought the matter over. A dash for the Pole in dog sledges might be more successful now that a wire could be laid along the ice-field to keep the pioneers always in communication with the ship or other head-quarters, and supply them with electricity (alternating currents, at least) for heat, light, and even motive power.

There was little or no chance, however, of the Government sending out another expedition on what many would regard as a wild goose chase. A submarine vessel *à la* Jules Verne might, indeed, be constructed, and supposing the surface at the Pole to be frozen hard, it might be possible to blast the ice with dynamite, and allow the vessel to emerge from the water.

Again, a steering balloon with a closed and heated car, or a flying-machine, were possible means of journeying through the air. Such conveyances, however, were still in a rudimentary condition, and belonged to the future. Then it struck me: Why need we go there at all, since we can despatch an automatic explorer in the shape of a small balloon, provided with a self-acting photographic camera to take a view of the Pole, and self-acting instruments to make scientific observations?

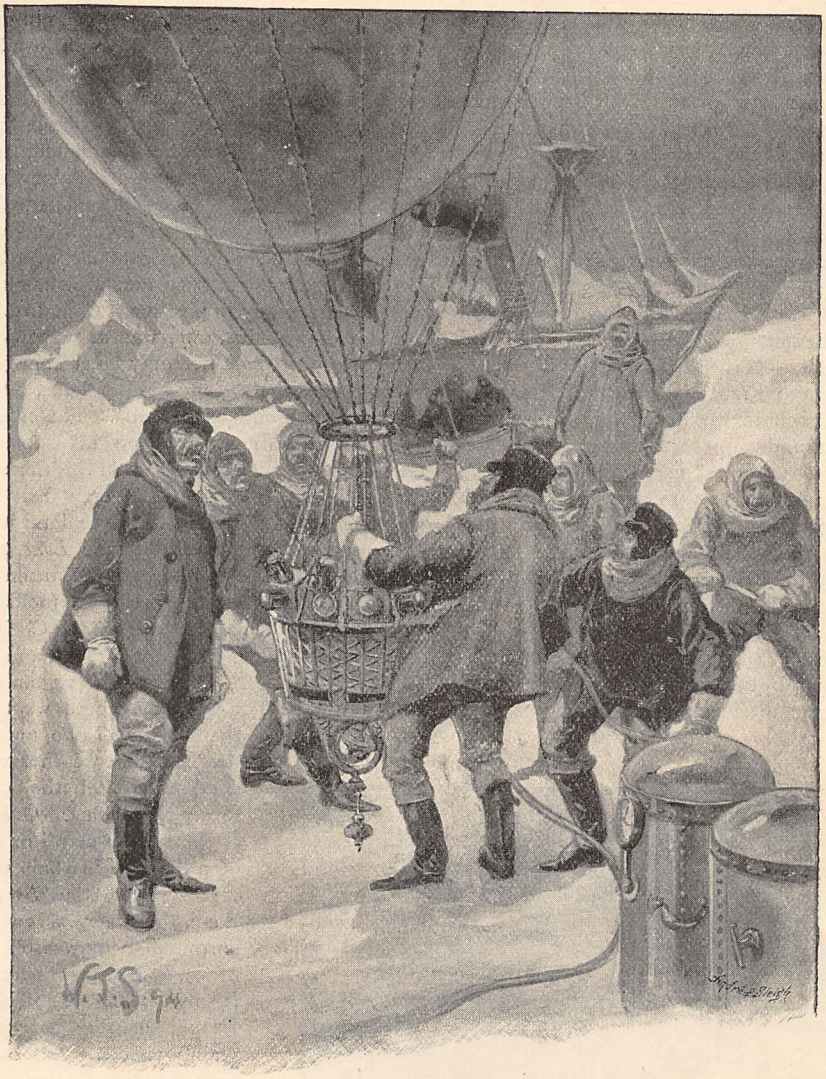
In the coming summer, if the ice was at all open, a ship would be able to get within five or six hundred miles of the Pole, and when the wind was favourable, let fly a number of these balloons at different points of the Arctic Basin. At middle heights the prevailing wind there is northerly: that is to say, from the Pole, but at high altitudes, and also at the surface, the currents are in general towards the Pole. On these southerly winds I rested my hopes, and if I should not succeed in discovering the Pole itself, I might come very near it, or at least add something to our knowledge of the Polar Sea.

The more I considered this idea the less chimerical it looked, and I began to make experiments with the aim of putting it in practice. I need not describe these tentative efforts for the purpose of selecting the proper kind of balloon and devising the necessary apparatus to go with it. Nor shall I in this brief article enter into all the details of the typical form which, after a great many experiments and trials, I arrived at as the best. I shall only say that the envelope consisted of gold-beaters' skin in three plies, almost impermeable, and filled with hydrogen or coal gas.

As the weight to be carried was comparatively light, the size was small, but varied according to circumstances. A car, or rather framework, of bamboo and steel was suspended from the netting so as to hang like a plumb-line below it, and keep the vertical as well as might be. On this car I fixed a set of self-acting cameras, for taking photographs of the sea or land below and the sky above. They were magazine cameras, each provided with a stock of plates and long distance lenses of various focal lengths, to allow for different heights of the balloon, and were operated at regular intervals by means of clock-works keeping time.

Those for the sky views were placed at the extremities of the car, so as to be clear of the envelope. Granting, however, that photographs could be taken in this way every ten or fifteen minutes, say, along the track of the balloon, it may be asked: How will you determine the true positions of them or tell when you have reached the Pole? No doubt that was the crux of the problem. During the darkness of the Polar winter it might be easy enough to localise the balloon where a particular photograph of the sea was taken by means of a corresponding photograph of the night sky, and the time, but not in the daylight of the Polar summer.

The probable speed of the balloon, as observed from the wind, and its course, as shown by the magnetic compass, might give a rough-and-ready "dead reckoning," like that obtained from the log-line and compass of a ship, which would be useful as a check, but not at all trustworthy by itself. I therefore fell back on



"'LET GO!'" (*p.* 487).

the gyroscope, as employed in the French Navy, and adapted it to serve as a Polar tell-tale. This philosophical spinning-top, like the ordinary top or the Scotch "peerie" of the schoolboy, has the property of keeping its axis of rotation in a fixed position in space wherever it is carried.

Consequently, if I were to set the gyroscope spinning with its axis of rotation parallel to the axis of rotation of the earth—that is to say, parallel to the line joining the north and south Poles—it would follow that when the gyroscope reached the Pole its axis of rotation would be in the same line with the axis of the earth. In other words, at the North Pole the axis of the gyroscope would be in a line with the vertical: that is to say, with a plumb-line hanging freely downwards. I had only to mount a suitable gyroscope and plumb-line on the car of the balloon, with the help of gimbals, in such a way that when the axis of rotation of the gyroscope became plumb a camera or cameras were brought into action, and photographs taken of the sea and sky.

I devised more than one way of doing this, mechanically as well as electrically, which I will not here particularise; but that which pleased me best was simply an electrical contact established between the axis of the gyroscope when it was vertical and a special form of plumb-line which I adopted. The electrical current from a dry battery, which would not freeze with the intense cold, was thus available to work a self-acting camera or cameras, and photograph both sea and sky. The gyroscope itself, I may add, was kept in rotation by the electric current.

On the car I also installed a number of scientific instruments for determining the conditions of the

atmosphere, including a maximum and minimum spirit thermometer, an aneroid barometer, a hygrometer, a dust-meter, a magnetometer, and a magnetic compass. With the exception of the aneroid, which was self-recording, the indications of the instruments were photographed at intervals by clock-work cameras.

In order to trace and recover the balloon, I appended an automatic distributor of cards or circulars, bearing instructions in different languages, such as English, French, Russian, and Norwegian. Ejected at regular intervals from the receptacle, these notices fluttered down to the earth, and the finder, reading the inscription, was asked to state in the blank space provided when and where he had picked it up; and if he had seen the ballon pass overhead, how high it was, as well as the direction and rate of its travel. If he had found the balloon itself, he was requested to give particulars of the fact, and to preserve it carefully, under promise of a reward, until it should be claimed by its owner. In any case, he was to forward the card, properly filled up, to my address or to certain authorities of his country, which were specified thereon.

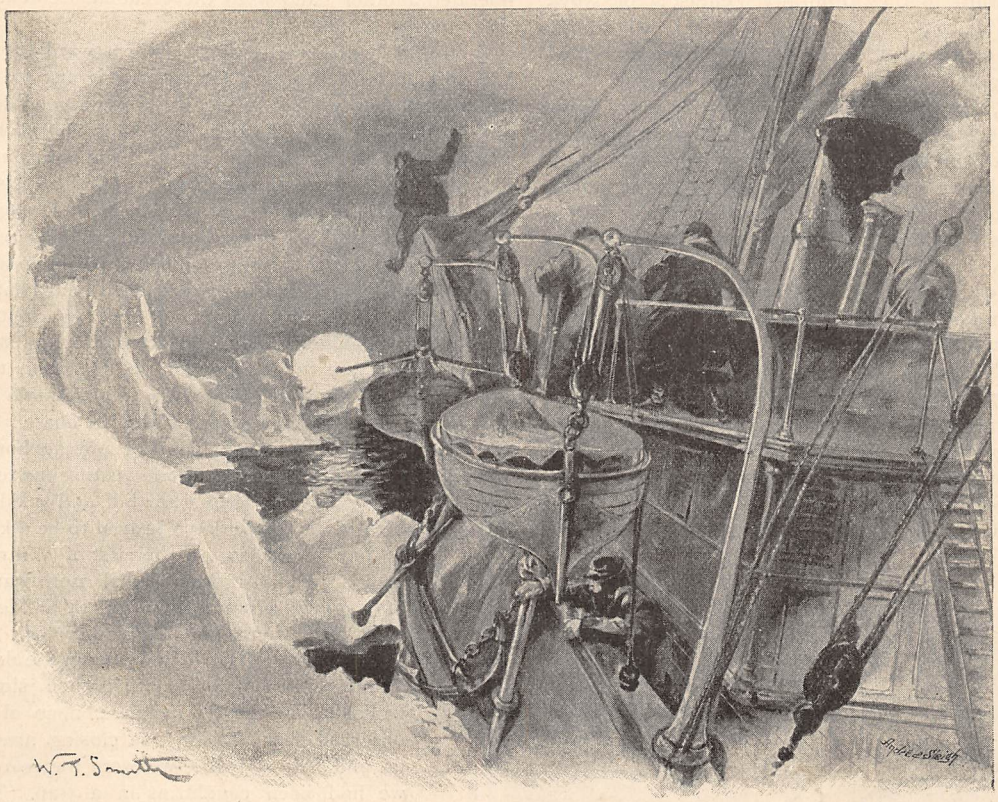
While preparing the balloons, I also made arrangements for taking them to the Arctic regions and starting them on their aërial mission. My aim was to proceed to the north of Spitzbergen, where the ice is sometimes kept open by the waters of the Gulf Stream, and try to get as near the Pole as I could before letting them go. Not to confine myself to one locality, however, and, as it were, put all my eggs in one basket, I proposed to continue the voyage to Nova Zembla, and if the season permitted, to make the north-east passage to Behring Straits. In this way I should describe a half-circle round the Pole, and despatch balloons from different points of it as the wind suited, thus attempting an exploration of the entire Polar Sea. To this end I chartered a small steam whaler, the *Lodestar*, belonging to Dundee; and here I must express my gratitude to the whaling captains of that city and Peterhead for the advice and assistance which they were always ready to give me. Captain Macrae, commander of the *Lodestar*, was an experienced Arctic navigator, who had not only been engaged for many years in the whaling and sealing fleets, but had traded as far as the mouth of the Lena. The chief officer had accompanied Mr. Lamont on his sporting trips to Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla in the steam yacht *Diana*, and members of the crew had served with Captain Nares as well as the Greenland whalers.

By the 30th of June, 1893, the *Lodestar* was fully equipped and ready for sea. Dr. Nansen had already sailed on his hazardous, not to say foolhardy, expedition, and was far on his way to Cape Chelyuskin.

We left Dundee on the 1st of July, and after calling at Lerwick for fresh meat and vegetables, crossed to Hammerfest, in Norway, where we took in coal, then steamed due north for Spitzbergen. The weather was fine, the wind fair, and the crispy sea a lovely azure blue. Only a glimpse of the fulmar petrel or the spouting of a "finner" whale told us that we were in the Arctic regions. Soon, however, a covey of auks surrounded the vessel, and a flock of snow-buntings perched on the rigging. The bleak hills of Bear Island, usually hid in fog, were plainly visible. Later on, we found ourselves in dirty-green water swarming with minute organisms, and knew that we had left the genial tide of the Gulf Stream. Floes dotted with black specks, in the shape of seal and walrus, began to appear, and on the 9th we sighted the peaks and glaciers of Spitzbergen. Traversing the Thousand Islands, we skirted the east coast in seas of floating ice, and reached the North Cape in two days. There was drift-ice between us and the Seven Islands, but not enough to prevent us forcing a passage to the north end of Parry's Island, where we anchored in lat. 80° 40′ N., long. 21° E.

The island consists of two mountains covered with Arctic herbage, and was surrounded by a belt of

"I CLIMBED A LOW HILL AND SPIED AN OPEN SEA" (*p.* 488).



"WE HAD BEEN CAUGHT AS IN A TRAP" (*p.* 488).

solid ice. Scouts were sent to climb the hills and report on the state of the sea to the northward, and as the wind was favourable, I prepared to despatch No. 1 balloon from the ice-foot, which gave us more room than the deck of the ship. A fresh southerly breeze was blowing at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, and as we lay about 560 nautical miles from the Pole, she ought to reach it in some twenty-four hours at the same speed. My calculations as to the buoyancy of the balloon and the adjustment of the cameras were soon made; the envelope was rapidly filled with coal-gas from the steel cylinders in which it was compressed, and the apparatus affixed to the car, each in its proper place. At 3 p.m. all was ready, and the inflated silk swaying in the air under the restraint of the ropes to which the men clung, waiting for the word.

"Let go!" I cried, and instantly the swelling balloon shot upwards, with the car dangling beneath her, and sailed majestically away in the direction of the Pole. "Hurrah!" cheered the men; and as we stood there eagerly watching the pearly drop vanishing into space, I found myself muttering: "It can be done, and England ought to do it!"

A scout having reported thick ice to the northward, I decided to stay there for the present and despatch a second balloon. When this had been done, however, another scout brought word that the ice had become looser to the northward, and that a "water-sky" could be discerned beyond it. Being anxious to get as far north as possible, we started again, and by dint of doubling and charging the bergs, got through a zone of thick ice and into an open stretch of sea, which took us into lat. 81° 43′ N., and long. 22° E.: our northmost point, where we let fly a third balloon from the deck of the ship. She had only about 500 miles to cover, but the breeze had become moderate, and seemed to be dying away. Our position was a risky one, for the pack-ice, broken up by the southerly wind, was closing in again as it fell; and since we had no time to lose, I gave orders to steer for Nova Zembla.

Our course took us past the mysterious Gillis Land, whose dome-shaped mountains could be seen across the unbroken ice-field around it. The wind had changed to the north-east, and there were signs of a snowstorm; but I was loth to leave the Far North without making another trial, and sent up a pilot balloon, to see whether or not there was a southerly wind at a higher altitude. Finding the surmise correct, I despatched a fourth balloon of greater buoyancy, which, after ascending through the lower wind, caught the upper current, and was hurried rapidly towards the Pole. Our position at the time (July 13th) was in lat. 80° N. and long. 35° 10′ E.

We then bore away southward through the drift-ice, and eastward to the Admiralty Peninsula of Nova Zembla (lat. 75° 5′ N., long. 54° E.), where we anchored on July 21st. The state of the ice prevented us from going further north to Cape Nassau, if not beyond it, and a strong easterly gale, with heavy snow-storms, kept us lying idle. In two days, however, it moderated, and after another day of calm and fog, a southerly breeze sprang up, which enabled us to launch two balloons. We then turned southward, and finding the Matoschkin Straits open, steered through into the Kara Sea.

It was tolerably free of ice, barring some rotten floes; and in spite of contrary winds and cheerless fogs, we arrived at Cape Chelyuskin, or North-east Cape (lat. 77° 30′ N., long. 104° E.), where we anchored on August 17th. In a little bay of this low promontory, which forms the northmost point of Asia, we came to anchor for three days, waiting for a favourable wind, and amusing ourselves with the Samoyedes, who had an encampment close by, and were able to inform us that Nansen had passed many weeks before. On the 20th we found there was an upper current for the Pole, and liberated another balloon, to the great amazement of the primitive Samoyedes.

Immediately afterwards we started eastward for the Liachoff, or New Siberian Islands, but owing to the ice and weather, we had to hug the coast a good deal, and it was not until August 30th that we reached Liachoff. Here, in lat. 73° 10′ N., and long. 141° E., we sent off two balloons (Nos. 8 and 9) on a stiff southerly breeze, and continued our voyage. The open channel between the mainland and the ice-fields to the north grew narrower as we proceeded; but in spite of troublesome fogs and shallows, we reached Bear Islands (lat. 71° N., long. 161° E.), and sent up another balloon on September 2nd. In attempting to steer eastward to Cape Schlagskoj (lat. 70° N., long. 171° east), we found the way blocked by impenetrable ice, and had to keep the narrow lane along the coast. On the 6th we rounded Cape Schlagskoj and anchored, waiting for a wind. Next day, while visiting the tents of some Tchuktchis, I climbed a low hill, and spied an open sea north of the ship, which proved to be a kind of bay in the ice to the west of Wrangel Land. We therefore sailed northwards, and gained a point in lat. 73° 14′ N., long. 172° E., where, on September 7th, we despatched our last balloons from the deck. While we stood and watched them slowly vanishing in the far distance, none of us observed that the ice was closing around us, and almost before we were aware of it we had been caught as in a trap. The vessel was cruelly nipped between the grinding floes and bergs, but fortunately, she withstood the tremendous pressure. It was so late in the season that new ice was forming, and I thought we were fairly locked up for the winter, but by dint of cutting and blasting the ice with dynamite, we succeeded in escaping to the south. As we sailed eastward beyond Wrangel Land, the weather became mild and rainy, and on the 18th of September we doubled East Cape and entered Behring Straits. At Vancouver I left the ship to come home by way of Cape Horn, and taking the Canadian Pacific Railway to New York, arrived in London on October 31st, after an absence of four months.

"A DOG RIB INDIAN BROUGHT IT DOWN WITH A SHOT FROM HIS GUN" (*p.* 489).

* * * *

Time passed without bringing me news of my balloons, and I began to fear that I should never hear any more of them, when, to my surprise, I received a communication from the Hudson Bay Company enclosing a letter addressed to me by the Chief Factor of Fort Enterprise, a fur-post of the Company in Rupert's Land. I opened it with a beating heart, and, to my great joy, found that a balloon had been captured in the neighbourhood of the fort, and was actually on its way home.

It appears that a Dog Rib Indian, while out hunting one day at the end of September on the south-east of the Great Bear Lake, had seen it floating overhead, and after overcoming his fright at the mysterious object, brought it down with a shot from his gun. Not knowing what to make of it, and thinking it might be some "strange medicine" of the white man, he and his family had taken it to Fort Enterprise, where the trader examined it, and, finding one of my cards of explanation, had kindly sent it to its destination.

Fort Enterprise is situated on Winter Lake, between the head-waters of the Yellow Knife and Coppermine Rivers, in lat. 64° 15′ N., long. 113° 30′ W.; and I must confess I had not expected any of the balloons to turn up in that quarter. As may be supposed, I was intensely curious to learn what record it had kept of its wanderings across the Polar Sea. About a week ago it was delivered to me, and although the apparatus was much damaged, I was glad to find my efforts had not been altogether in vain, and that some of the photographs, on being developed, were fairly legible.

The balloon proved to be No. 9, which, it may be remembered, was one of two despatched from Liachov or Liachoff Island, in lat. 73° 10′ N., long. 141° E., one of the New Siberian group. According to the compass record, it had pursued a somewhat north-easterly course, and a photograph of the icy sea, taken, as I estimate, in lat. 79° N., long. 125° E., has puzzled me a good deal. In the middle of the white waste of the ice it showed a dark blotch, not unlike a ship, with black spots here and there, which I took to be men. On enlarging it, judge of my astonishment to find that it was indeed a vessel caught in the pack, and that in one of the dim figures on deck I fancied I could trace the features of Dr. Nansen, watching the balloon with a telescope to his eye! Considering the improbability of another vessel being ice-locked in that region, I am forced to regard it as a photograph of the *Fram*.

Another plate of much interest shows, to my mind, that a large island or continent exists to the north-east of Nansen's position, and extends towards, if not quite up to, the Pole. Unfortunately, the pictures at this part of the voyage are somewhat blurred and out of focus, but I think I can trace the outlines of snow-covered hills and glaciers.

As for the Pole itself, let me say at once that in the cameras actuated by the gyroscope, or Polar tell-tale, I found several photographs, all more or less indistinct and out of focus, but all representing a frozen waste of snow or ice, and not an open sea. They have been taken from a high altitude, and this, together with the glare of the snow, renders it almost impossible to trace any details. Signs of roughness on the surface are indeed discernible in one picture, but whether it is due to bergs and hummocks, or to land glaciation, I am unable to decide. Be that as it may, I confidently believe that I have discovered the North Pole, and that not exactly in my easy-chair, but at the cost of a pleasure cruise.

In approaching near the Pole the balloon seems to have ascended to a great height (greater than I had allowed for) on an upward current, and then drifted south-eastward with a current from the Pole in the direction of Greenland; and one or two photographs on this course indicate an appearance of land between the Pole and what is now called Grant Land. Whether this land stretches to the Pole, or how far it extends southwards, I am at a loss to say, partly owing to the stock of photographs having come to an end. After that, the balloon seems to have been carried round to the south-westward, until it was shot by the Indian. A full account of the expedition will be given in a book which I am about to publish, including the narrative of our adventures, fac-similes of the photographs, and the scientific observations.

The advantages of this method of automatic exploration are obvious; and perhaps I need hardly point out the future before it, more especially in the discovery of the South Pole and the Antarctic regions, not to speak of other inaccessible or, at least, unexplored mountains and deserts. The pioneer balloon will facilitate rather than supersede personal exploration, by making a preliminary journey, and giving the intending traveller a bird's-eye view of the country he is about to penetrate.

P.S.—While correcting the proofs of this article, I have just received an official telegram from St. Petersburg, informing me that another of my balloons has been picked up near a settlement in the north of Siberia, whose name I cannot decipher, and is now in safe keeping at Yakutsk.

IF ROSY CHEEKS WERE ALL.

AH, love! if rosy cheeks were all!
If beauty were thy sole estate!
Though thou shouldst hold the world in thrall,
The envy of the proud and great,
And kings should worship at thy shrine—
I would not sigh to call thee mine.

But since to beauty's self are joined
Thoughts gentle and desires subdued,
The graces of a cultured mind,
And love, the crown of every good—
I deem my double bliss divine,
And thank the fates that made thee mine.

MATTHIAS BARR.

THE NEW DERBYSHIRE RAILWAY.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD KEENE, DERBY.

STONEY MIDDLETON.

CASTLETON CAVE DALE AND PEVERIL CASTLE.

DERBY borough and shire have played an important part in the industrial life of Great Britain. On the banks of the Derwent at Cromford Sir Richard Arkwright built his first cotton factory, and on an island swamp of the same river at Derby the first silk-mill in England was erected; while within pistol-shot of that mill one of the first china works in the United Kingdom—the works which extorted the admiration of gruff old Doctor Johnson—was established. Derbyshire, moreover, has been most intimately identified with the rise and progress of railways; and if the county cannot claim to be the birthplace of George Stephenson—"George the Fifth: the Greatest of all the Georges"—it was the scene alike of his early struggles and final triumphs. At Tapton House, Chesterfield, the invincible engineer lived and died; and in that industrial town, with its crooked steeple, he is buried; while the pride of the place is the Memorial Hall erected to his genius and his fame.

Derby was in the van of railways, and in this last decade of the nineteenth century it brings up the rear. It was the first and is the last maker of our iron-roads. Indeed, the conception of the permanent way had its origin in this picturesque Midland County, where the Arts of Peace have been so successfully cultivated. Mr. Samuel Smiles, in his "Life of Stephenson," alluding to the tramway from the Derby Canal to the coal pits at Coxbench, says—

"In 1800 Mr. Benjamin Outram, of Little Eaton, Derbyshire, used stone props instead of timber for supporting the ends and joinings of the rails. As this plan was generally adopted the roads became known as 'Outram roads,' and subsequently, for brevity's sake ''tram-roads.'"

The last conquest of the iron horse in Derbyshire

is of more than local importance. It is, indeed, of national interest. The newly completed Dore and Chinley Railway, which pierces the Peak district, brings Sheffield and Manchester, *viâ* the Midland system, thirty-two miles nearer each other, opens a new holiday ground for tourist and tripper, fresh fields of industry, and a charming residential country.

The opening of this costly undertaking is an event of no ordinary occurrence. The new line is a little over twenty miles in length, yet more than five years and a million of money have been absorbed in its construction. The engineering works are of exceptional magnitude, and furnish a notable illustration of the triumph of mind over matter. What the iron horse cannot get over it goes under, and, as a consequence, there are four and a half miles of tunnelling. Engineers and capitalists had for a long time had their eye on the country traversed by this new Derbyshire railway; but the obstinate character of the district seemed to present insuperable obstacles.

Nor were the physical features of the locality the only difficulties encountered. The projectors of the line met with an almost unprecedented opposition from landowners and other interested parties—an opposition nearly as hostile as that with which the pioneers of railways had to contend. The Ruskinites raved against the invasion of the virgin territory with an invective more fierce than the wildest passages in *Fors Clavigera*. Minor poets made an insectile noise, imitating, in their forcible feeble manner, Wordsworth, who, when the railway to the Lakes was projected, called upon "the mountains, vales, and floods" to "share the passion of a just disdain" against "that whistle."

But selfishness surely had something to do with the protest of the recluse of Rydal Mount. If the poet worshipped Nature so much himself, would he deny her magical influences to people shut up from year to year in the tainted, street-stricken towns? Lord Houghton addresses Wordsworth in this matter:—

> "And thou, the patriarch of these beauteous ways,
> Canst never grudge that gloomy streets send out
> The crowded sons of labour, care, and doubt,
> To read these scenes by light of thine own lays."

So far as the engineering works on the Dore and Chinley Railway are concerned, lovers of the picturesque will not have much to grumble at, for the triumphs of scientific enterprise add, by their splendid viaducts and winding and graceful curves, to the old wonders of Nature. Prior to the opening of this line the country was served by traction engines. The railway in the devious Derwent valley cannot surely be less æsthetic than these hideous abortions of misapplied mechanics.

A gentleman living in the Peak country admirably expresses himself on this question of railways and romance.

"Few men," he observes, "know North Derbyshire better than I do, none have revelled in its delights more than myself, and to no one are its beauties more sacred; but each time that the perennial cry of railway desecration is heard few have a greater regret for the selfishness that lies at the root of it. I have a summer cottage on a hill overlooking a Derbyshire valley. Along the bottom runs the Midland main

THE WINNATS (WIND-GATES), CASTLETON.

CAVE DALE, CASTLETON.

line ; trains pass and repass every few minutes ; the line is a tiny streak, the engine and carriages a toy—the whole a standing example of how puny are man's greatest mechanical triumphs, his chief efforts at controlling Nature's forces, when measured by the ever-present, unchanging immensity of even a small area of the glorious natural beauties of our land. No ; do not hinder railways affording facilities for opening up the country to the dwellers in the towns ; speed them on, help to cheapen the fares, and we shall want no Kyrle Societies, no Sunday Leagues, no Open Space Committees ; all the influences they try to foster will be ready at our hand."

The Dore and Chinley Line, with its gigantic works and pretty railway stations, has passed through all the stages that greet great enterprises : that of sheer ridicule, that of virulent resistance, that of passive acceptance, and finally, that of enthusiastic welcome. It was derided as "The Bilberry and Besom Line" on account of the moorland character of the country which it crosses ; "The Flue Line" in reference to the tunnels that perforate the hills ; and "The High *Pique* Line" because of its competition with the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway. Those, however, who came to scoff remain to praise, for the Dore and Chinley Line is now a fact of very substantial proportions, ballasted with something more solid than bombast, and is the latest completed addition to the new routes to Peakland. Another railway is in course of construction that will also be the carrier for this part of mid-England : The East to West Coast Railway—a cross-country line that links Hull with Liverpool, and connects the North Sea with the Atlantic Ocean.

A plan of this ambitious addition to our network of railways appeared in CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for the month of August, 1892.

Mention, moreover, should be made of the fact that the L. & N.W. Company are also exploiting Derbyshire, and are busily engaged in carrying their "track" over the hills from Buxton to Staffordshire. This extension of their system makes the idyllic valley of the Dove easy of access without desecrating Dove Dale.

But to return to the Dore and Chinley Railway. It should be remembered that so long ago as 1872 certain Sheffield capitalists sought Parliamentary powers to construct a line to be called "The Dore, Hassop, and Castleton Railway." The scheme failed through want of support. It was considered that such a line could only serve a limited and almost unproductive local area, leading from nothing to nowhere. In 1884 the Dore and Chinley Railway Company, Limited, was floated, and received Parliamentary sanction.

This project also proved abortive. It was at this juncture that the rich and powerful Midland Company discerned the advantages of the abandoned undertaking, and at once stepped into the breach.

The new line is no plaything, but considering the mountainous character of the country the gradients are fairly good and the curves not severe. The steepest incline is not more than 1 in 100, and the most acute curve not more than half-a-mile in radius.

While the merchants of both Sheffield and Manchester will appreciate the commercial advantages of this new highway, they will not be indifferent to the pleasant residential attractions it opens out ; and, no doubt, in a few years hence the health-inspiring district will be dotted with mansions and villas, designed, let us hope, by a Norman Shaw, in artistic sympathy with the superb scenic surroundings, and not with the architectural atrocities and breaches of the peace in bricks and mortar of Mr. Buggins, who builds for to-day and charges for all time. The "beauty spots" of this romantic region will become familiar to thousands of people to whom such inviting places as Castleton and the Vale of Hope, Grindleford Bridge, and Hathersage are but mere geographical expressions,

together with the magnificent range of "Edges" that dominate the dales from Kinderscout in the northern extremity, by Bamford, Derwent, and Millstone, to Stanage, Froggatt, and Curbar at the southern end overlooking the wide vale of Chatsworth.

Will the reader accompany the writer in a trip over this new line? Well, we have joined the train at Dore and Totley, a pleasant suburb of Sheffield, and in touch with the undulating moorlands that rise and fall in mountain waves of oceanic grandeur—the heathery wilds that were beloved by Charlotte Brontë and Ebenezer Elliott, and are described by Paul Cushing in "The Blacksmith of Voe;" by Mrs. Humphry Ward in "The History of David Grieve;" by Joseph Hatton in several novels, and by other authors of repute. We rattle through Pointon Wood and presently enter the first tunnel, 6,171 yards in length, beginning at Totley Bents and terminating at Padley Wood. There is only one longer tunnel in the United Kingdom—the Severn Tunnel, 7,664 yards in length. We are burrowing under the Derbyshire Dukeries, for at this point the estates of their Graces of Devonshire, Rutland and Norfolk may be said to embrace each other. You might shoot at a grouse on the property of a Cavendish for it to fly over the ground of a Manners, and for it to drop dead on the estate of a Howard. Fox House, a well-known coaching house, at the junction of four roads, is over the tunnel to the east side, as also is Longshawe Lodge, the shooting-box of the Duke of Rutland. The public are allowed access to the pleasant grounds at Longshawe Lodge, which are diversified with a lake, and some effective rockery and wild-shrub gardening. It is a retreat placed amid wild moorland scenery, where the grim gritstone rocks are scattered in strange confusion amid ferny cloughs and wind-swept spaces of ling and heather, bilberry and wild thyme. One of these weather-stained stones is called "The Toad's Mouth," because of its supposed resemblance to that uncouth reptile. The line emerges into the glad daylight again just at the poetical point where that vivacious stream, the Burbage Brook, joins the Derwent.

The Burbage valley is one of the loveliest in Derbyshire, and the "Brook" is an ideal peat-stained stream; and, as it wimples at its own sweet will through Padley Wood, the scene might have been borrowed from Fairyland. You almost expect in these secluded glades to disturb at their revels Titania, Oberon, and their attendant elves and nymphs. This Burbage, by the way, is not to be confounded with the lime-burning village of the same name near Buxton.

On its journey from the hills the Burbage Brook has passed the sublime rocky platform of Hu-Gaer ("the city of God") and the old British fort, Caelswark ("the building of the churl—Anglo-Saxon 'Carl'"). The view from these prehistoric crags is very impressive; and this part of the railway journey is, perhaps, the most picturesque on the whole route. Close at hand are the ruins of Padley Hall and its desecrated chapel, painfully associated with the persecutions of Roman Catholics in Derbyshire in Queen Elizabeth's reign. The buildings are a mere shell, and very affecting to the religious mind in their decay. It is a pity, if not a scandal, that the chapel, a monument of the piety of mediæval times, should be prostituted to the use of a hayloft and a cowshed!

The first station from Dore and Totley is at Grindleford Bridge. The burly hill called "Sir William"—*not* named after "Historicus"—breaks the sky-line to the west, with Stoney Middleton opening out its limestone pass, and classic Eyam—the scene of the Great Plague—scattered in isolated grey cottages over the hungry hillsides. Hathersage is the next station. The church on the hill, surrounded by greater heights, is old and interesting, and contains some fine monuments. The churchyard is the burial-place of "Little John"—Robin Hood's gigantic accomplice. A delightful rural ramble brings the lover of quaint architecture to North Lees Hall, once the manor-house of the Eyre family, and now the property of Mr. G. H. Cammell, the Hallamshire ironmaster. North Lees is an isolated Elizabethan mansion, surrounded by the austere hills. A staircase from basement to roof is a feature of the fine old house. It is spiral in shape, and the stairs, which consist of solid pieces of oak, run round a massive newel from top to bottom. The view from the flat, lead-covered roof of the tower is a revelation in scenery too comprehensive to be even epitomised in this sketch. Hill, water, wood, cottage and hall, pastoral slope, moorland expanse, winding valley, stern peak—these are the suggestive items in the picture that the landscape painter may fill in at leisure. North Lees is now occupied as a farmhouse. The creamy milk and toasted oat-cake are excellent. A little distance below this hospitable home, partly concealed in a small plantation, are the ruins of a Roman Catholic chapel built by the Eyre family, and demolished in 1688.

Shortly after Hathersage is passed we leave the Derwent to the north-east at Mytham Bridge, where the tributary river Noe joins the parent stream. The Noe gives a healthful account of itself, for its face is tanned with moss and heather, and the trout are jumping merrily.

Here is the third station—Bamford—a capital starting-point for a tramp to Ashopton and the beautiful country called "The Woodlands." Now we pursue the Noe Valley to Hope, the fourth station on the line, which leaves Castleton about two miles to the south-west.

The picture that the carriage window affords is of the massive, grassy slopes of Win Hill and Lose Hill guarding the line to the right, and Mam Tor and the lesser hills, bulking in varied shape, with their outlying valleys and green patches of pasturage, to the left. There is no dale in Derbyshire more beautiful than the Vale of Hope. It is as sweet as its name. There are others more romantic more rugged, more grand; but for pastoral charm it is irresistible. Hope is the station for Castleton—a mile away. Castleton is a name to conjure with. Over its ruined castle Sir

Walter Scott has thrown his magician's wand; while the caverns and mines are nearly as wonderful as the caves in Rider Haggard's stories of adventure. The climax of the scenery is reached at Edale. It is the fifth station on the line. The railway winds by Edale End, down Edale itself, past Edale Chapel and Edale Head.

Of Edale Head let the authorities speak. The late Mr. Louis J. Jennings, M.P., in his "Rambles Among the Hills in the Peak of Derbyshire," is constrained to say of Edale:—

"It is impossible to do justice to the view which charms the eye. It may be doubted whether there is anything finer to be seen in England, for it includes almost everything which goes to form magnificent scenery except water. To the north the lovely Valley of Edale lies spread below, guarded by a range of hills at each end. On the other side is the equally fine Valley of Hope, with heather-covered hills stretching away for many miles. These hills are not, as we all know, as high as the mountains of Switzerland; but they are beautiful in form, and present a very noble and even grand appearance. Fresh from a visit to Switzerland, it seemed to me that I had seen nothing more beautiful and attractive."

On goes the train, with the moss-coloured Noe playing hide-and-seek with the railway. Presently there is a sharp scream from the engine, and we are in the clammy darkness of Cowburn Tunnel. Flakes of fire flutter along the wet walls, and a thousand echoes seem to have been set flying. This tunnel is 3,703 yards long, and the water that was encountered gave the engineers more trouble than the adamantine rock, which was blasted. The tapping of immense mountain reservoirs caused a rush of water which threatened to sweep away the navvies, who became, indeed, "navigators." From February, 1889, to July, 1892, the excavators were at work under Cowburn Hill. In lining the tunnel 20,000,000 bricks and 80,000 tons of stone were used. The ventilating shaft which strikes in the centre of the tunnel is 750 feet deep. This speech of figures excels all "figures of speech." Cowburn belongs to the Mam Tor range of bare grit-stone hills, on which the grass but grudgingly grows. A straight run of a mile brings us to the "fork" at Chinley and Chapel-en-le-Frith, known as the North and South Junction. From the South Junction the line passes over a striking stone viaduct of thirteen arches that almost match the fifteen arches of the viaduct on the main line.

BURBAGE BROOK.

And now our journey over the Dore and Chinley Line is at an end. Have you enjoyed the trip?

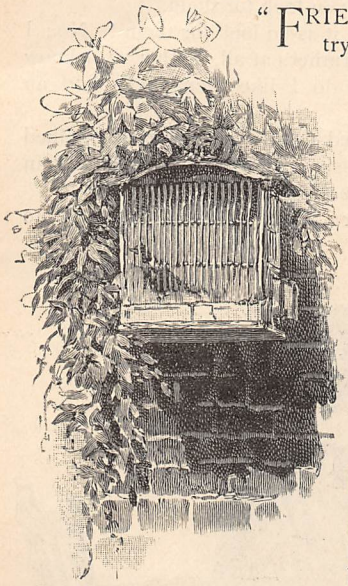
EDWARD BRADBURY.

THE CLEARING OF THE MIST.

By FRANCES HASWELL.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE DREAM OF FATE.



"FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!" declaimed the youngest of the three Holroyd sisters from a point of vantage on the arm of her mother's chair. "I've got an idea; I've got something to say!"

"That's not such a rare event, my child," said the mother, "that it needs to be announced to the whole world."

"But this is a *grand* idea—an original idea! Why shouldn't we get Mabel Townsend married? I don't know how *you* all feel, but *I'm* heartily sick of our guest. Two months, *alias* eight weeks—in other words, fifty-six tedious days—and never a hint at departure. And Emily invited her for a fortnight. Say something, somebody!"

As no one picked up the gauntlet thus thrown down, Violet resumed—

"Emily, is this a time to lie on hearthrugs? Speak out; give an opinion; take the bull by the horns! You're more responsible than anybody else for this terrible condition of affairs. Suggest some scheme: suggest somebody who might be induced to marry her. Rouse yourself; you don't look a bit statuesque down there (whatever you may fancy), except in the matter of silence."

"Well, silence is golden. And really I don't see that poor Mabel does anybody much harm."

"Oh! indeed, don't you? Did your old friend, Josephine Hunt, do us much harm?"

"*She* stayed nine months——"

"So will Mabel, if left to herself, with her three big boxes. Josephine only brought a Gladstone bag."

"Josephine got ill, and *I* had to nurse her."

"So will Mabel; and if we don't quickly get her married she'll fall in love with someone who doesn't *reciprocate her affection*, and *you'll* have to drag him to the altar. Or she'll stay here till she dies, and she'll put it in her will that she must have an expensive funeral, and you'll have to bury her. Yes, *you*, Emily, out of your own pocket-money. And now I dare say you say in your heart, 'I'll be rid of her then, at any rate'—but you were never more mistaken in your life, for she'll haunt you. Or else you'll fall in love yourself, and she'll put her finger in the pie and spoil it——"

"Violet," said Mrs. Holroyd, "don't pour out such a river of nonsense."

"It does sound very like a nightmare, doesn't it? But dreams often come true.

"'Who knoweth if this crimson dream of fate
Come through the ebon or the ivory gate.'"

"Violet's dreams mostly come through the false gate, whichever that is," observed Maud.

"You're so horribly matter-of-fact! You don't have prophetic dreams or interesting nightmares. If you ever dream at all—which I doubt—you dream you are adding up the household accounts, and giving out tea and candles to the maids. That's about your form, Maud."

"Violet, how often am I to forbid slang?"

"As often as you like, dear mother. I never know what things are, and what are not, slang. Come, Emily, do you want a few more prophetic details?"

"Details what about?"

"About these very perplexing and exciting love affairs in which you and Cousin Mabel are going to be inextricably mixed up together."

"Detail away, if that will give you any pleasure."

"I'm afraid there *is* a painful pleasure in dreaming of our friends' misfortunes. Emily, you may scoff now, but the day will come when you'll remember my warnings. So now for details. The first detail is that Mabel will prove herself extremely deceitful. You'll all agree *that* lends an agreeable air of probability to the affair."

"It's horrid of you to go on like that!" said Emily. "Mabel's not perfect, I allow, but you could pick holes in anybody—you could pick holes in a saint; I could easily pick a hundred holes in myself."

There was a general laugh.

"Never mind," continued the girl, "you know perfectly well what I mean. I made up my mind, when Mabel first came, not to begin by looking out for all the poor thing's faults. She has no particular relations in the world except one very unkind uncle; and seeing we've brought her here——"

("Seeing you've brought her here, you mean," muttered very audibly the irresponsible sprite from her perch.)

"Very well, Violet, as you say, *I've* brought her here, therefore I'm going to do my best to make her happy, and to look out for her good qualities."

"All right; look out for them. I wish you all success. Point them out to her future husband too. As for me, I purpose to wait till I can see them with the naked eye, without the aid of a microscope."

"Emily's a good girl," said the mother.

"So she is. I'm not, because you spoiled me when I was a baby. And now you have to suffer the

consequences. I find sweet peace in having no character to keep up."

"At that rate," said Emily, "you ought to be one of the peacefullest people on the face of the earth."

"So I am, or should be, if once Cousin Mabel were safely off it; or at least out of this house, with those enormous boxes——"

Three raps at the front door.

"'HERE SHE COMES.'"

"Here she comes," said Maud.

"By the way, what do you suppose is the attraction down *there*, Emily?" said Violet.

"Down where?"

"At the Anstruthers'. Mabel goes there about every two days."

The drawing-room door opened. Enter Miss Mabel Townsend with becoming languor. She sank into the most comfortable chair.

"Are you tired?" asked Emily, trying to be sympathetic.

"Yes; my head aches."

"You haven't walked?"

"No, Milly; I came up in a cab. And, by the way, here's a note from Mrs. Anstruther. They're going to have a picnic next Saturday on Northwick Sands, and they want me to bring one of you along with me."

"That's very kind," said Mrs. Holroyd.

"It's your turn, Emily," pronounced Maud, the accurate member of the family.

"Then I'll be generous and waive my claim. A long day on the sands with strangers isn't at all in my line. My whole stock of small talk would run out in the train."

"Something always turns up everywhere," said Maud.

"I don't know what you mean by something. A circus, or a goat-carriage, or a boat accident?"

"How absurd you are, Emily! Subjects for small talk always turn up if you look for them."

"But what a strain it is to look for them! No; I hardly know the Anstruthers at all, neither do I know their friends, neither do I like them; let's find an excuse."

Violet quietly slipped down from her place, walked towards the door, passing Emily by the way, and in so doing, gave her a look of strong significance.

Half a minute later, Emily followed her out into the hall.

"Come upstairs, Emily; come up into your room I want to talk without being overheard."

After ostentatiously locking the bedroom door, Violet bestowed herself on the bed.

"Please to be seated," said she.

"What's all this mystery?" asked the elder sister, with some little curiosity.

"Emily, you *must* go to this picnic."

"Was that what you called me upstairs for?"

"I have a scheme, an expedient, a stroke of genius. Mabel is to marry, and at once—for fear of worse complications: that's a settled point, isn't it? Whatever you may pretend, I know you're just every bit

as sick of her as ever Sinbad was of his Old Man of the Sea."

"I'm much more sick of hearing *you* go on about her."

"That comes to precisely the same thing in every respect; for so long as she continues in the house I shall continue to 'go on' about her. But I won't mention her name, as you object to hearing it so often. That's a feeling I can sympathise with."

"But what has all this got to do with the picnic?"

"It has everything to do with it, my dear. Picnics are great places for love affairs—that we know from novels; and marriages generally begin with love affairs; and the Nameless One wouldn't go so often to the Anstruthers' if there weren't any lovers in the case; and we ought to know all about it; and as a family, we always do what we ought; therefore we *will* know all about it. So you must buy a pocket-book and pencil, and take them to the picnic; and there make a note of any young man who so much as looks at her out of the corner of his eye."

"And what next?"

"Oh, then, of course, we shall make him marry her."

"'*How yer gwine git him dar? sez Brer Fox sez ee?*'"

"You'll have to match-make, Emily. You must read up, and see how that kind of thing is managed in novels. Yes; it's the crimson dream of fate! That dream's taking hold of you now; you feel its clutches. You'll have to manage Mabel's love affairs at your own expense, just as I said——"

"With my own pocket-money?"

"Yes; or else with your own heart. In these cases I believe it generally happens that the match-maker—the go-between, you know—falls in love herself. Like Miles Standish and John Alden, you know, courting the Puritan maiden, Priscilla—'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?' Only here it will be, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, Emily?'"

"I think I'll chance that. I should like to see myself in love, sprite, just to know what it's like. It must be a curious sensation."

"By all accounts it is. And you like sensations. So *that's* all right; I'm glad you're so willing to take the one risk of the game. And you've got destiny on your side, to begin with; match-makers always have, you see, for marriage is woman's destiny, and destiny's a nice strong thing to co-operate with."

"Well, I don't believe there is such a thing; neither does Browning. I'm all for free will; and I don't believe *that*, either, about marriage. It's stupid the way books go on about marriage being so awfully important. There are lots of things to do in the world besides getting married."

"Yes, of course; only Mabel's not that sort of person. She doesn't want to do lots of things, or, in fact, anything. And Shakespeare or somebody says the workman must subdue his hand to the material he works in, and Mabel's the material *we* work in. She takes no interest in politics, art, scenery, poetry, science, literature, poor people, gardening, religion, music, foreign countries, foreign languages, any books (except the one *I* happen to be reading)."

"Well, that sounds exhaustive. I hardly know what remains."

"*Well*—to use your favourite phrase—getting married remains."

"Mind, I shan't allow her to marry anyone except a very nice man."

"All right. Look out for your very nice man at Northwick! I wish you may find him, that's all. It's always a mistake to have too high a standard. Oh, bother! there's mother coming upstairs."

"It's quite bed-time, girls," said a voice at the door.

"Yes, mother; I'm coming. Anon, in the words of the poets. And, mother, stop: *Emily's going to Northwick*. Now, Emily, you're booked. In fact, *you're in the dream!*"

The eventful day arrived.

"Remember, remember, remember," said Violet.

"You've told me that about twenty-five times already. Why can't you sometimes let things alone, Violet?"

"Because things won't let me alone. *Things*—you know who I mean—always sits in my own particular chair which I took possession of when I was seven years old; she always seizes the only pen I can possibly write with; and if I'm in the middle of a novel, as sure as day she whisks it away and hides it in her own room. Then I go in while she's at the Anstruthers' with her lover, and carry it off and hide it in my own bottom drawer."

"You poor innocent victim!"

"So you *won't* forget, will you? And you'll take care not to get dragged in yourself, my dear? I should be sorry to bait the trap with my own flesh and blood, like the silly old merchant in 'Westward Ho.'"

"Oh, set your small mind at rest.

> "'The acorn is not yet
> Fallen from the tree
> That's to make the oak,
> That's to make the cradle,
> That's to rock the bairn,
> That's to grow to a man,
> That's to wed me!'"

Emily's finger pained her half-way down to the railway-station from Violet's parting squeeze, which was meant to convey unutterable things.

On the platform Miss Townsend and Miss Holroyd met their fellow-guests, and a bird's-eye glance confirmed Emily's expectation of seeing none of her own particular friends. She shook hands with Miss Anstruther, who, after a remark or two on the beauty of the day, left her to find her own level, being at the moment in deep tribulation about the non-arrival of certain baskets.

The party was large enough to fill several railway compartments. Emily and Mabel were together; nevertheless, as Mabel seemed to know everybody, Emily felt rather left out in the cold. Everybody else was talking in twos.

Here, then, was an opportunity of taking observa-

tions for Violet's benefit. Of course, the whole thing was mere childish nonsense; but as she should have to undergo a close examination that evening, she might as well qualify herself to pass with honours.

In the first place, there was a very short youth, with a very pale moustache and a very thin voice, whose name appeared to be White. Emily instantly decided that Mr. White was "out of the running"—to use a phrase of Violet's.

There was only one other man in the carriage, and he was actually exchanging some remarks with Mabel. Emily glanced at him, and their eyes met. He held out his hand.

"I think I've had the pleasure of meeting you before, Miss Holroyd."

Emily racked her memory in vain. So, grasping her nettle, she said boldly—

"I'm very sorry; it's awfully stupid of me, but I never do know people again."

His face lit up with an amused smile, that set her at her ease at once.

"*Who are you?* that's what you really mean, isn't it?"

"Yes. It's no use pretending, is it? You'd be sure to find me out sooner or later. And then my latter end would be worse than my first."

Once more he looked amused. Emily could always get on with people who laughed with her—or even at her.

"Allow me to introduce myself afresh, then. My name is Grenville Somers. I met you last year at the Royston Gardens. I was there with Mrs. Ross. Do you remember me now?"

"Yes, of course I do. How could I be so dense?"

Mabel put in her word.

"*I* never forget a face I've once known—and liked. Like the Prince of Wales. You've heard that, haven't you? What a wonderful memory royalties have for faces!"

This turn in the conversation gave Emily leisure to take stock of Mr. Somers. She could not put him out of court at once, like poor Mr. White. He was neither dwarfish nor "muffin-faced"—to use a favourite expression of Violet's. In fact, he was quite personable. So far, so good; but then, as Emily went on to reflect, looks go but a small way in so important and comprehensive a matter as marriage.

"It wouldn't be pleasant to have to sit and gaze at a very ugly man for forty or fifty years," thought she; "but then, there's conversation to be considered. There must be a great deal of conversation in fifty years. And there's also good temper to be thought of, and good principles, and good sense. And a husband must have a sense of humour. I fancy he has—this Mr. Somers, I mean. I couldn't possibly exist with anybody who hadn't a sense of humour. However, *I'm* not in the question—only, of course, one can only judge by one's own standard. Well, I shall need some acuteness if I'm to find out all these things before the end of the picnic, but I may as well make a beginning. It's instructive to study character."

Emily began to feel interested in the task she had set herself. Once and again she glanced at the young man.

"I shall soon have his nose and mouth by heart at this rate," she said to herself, smiling. "But I'd like to talk to him. I'd like to draw him out, if Mabel wouldn't monopolise him so."

"It's a dreadful misfortune to forget faces as I do," she said at last, taking advantage of a momentary pause in the dialogue. "I've no doubt I've often met you in the street without taking any notice; that's the kind of thing I'm always in hot water about. That is—if you live in Royston; but perhaps you don't?"

"I've not lived in Royston very long. When I saw you last summer, I was only here on a visit. You, I suppose, are to the manner born, a citizen of this *great* city?"

"Well, we've lived here fifteen years—long enough to get very proud of the place; so I hope you don't mean to make fun of it."

"Why these suspicions? Why these false accusations? I called Royston a *great* city; do you call that making fun of it?"

"Oh, everything depends on the emphasis people put on words. Your emphasis sounded like sarcasm."

"Then I'm going to be awfully truthful and candid. I've heard Roystonians speak of the grandeur of their city; but they never seem able to give much reason for the faith that is in them. I'm quite ready to learn, though, if you'll teach me."

"Now," thought Emily to herself, "I'll try and find out whether he has much general information. It's absolutely necessary that Mabel should marry a well-informed man, because she's so ignorant herself."

"Oh," she said, "I thought all the world knew something about our long and glorious record! Have you never read English history? Don't you know Thackeray's 'Virginians'?"

"I never heard people talk about books at a picnic before," said Mabel, with a slight pout.

"It's a novel, Mabel," said Emily. "Very interesting. Well, Mr. Somers?"

"Yes, Miss Holroyd, I've heard of it."

"Then I hope you've also heard of our merchant princes, and the noble charities they founded, and our grand churches, and our wonderful boy-poet. It really takes away my breath to have to name them all at once!"

"But then, your greatness is decayed greatness," said the young man unkindly.

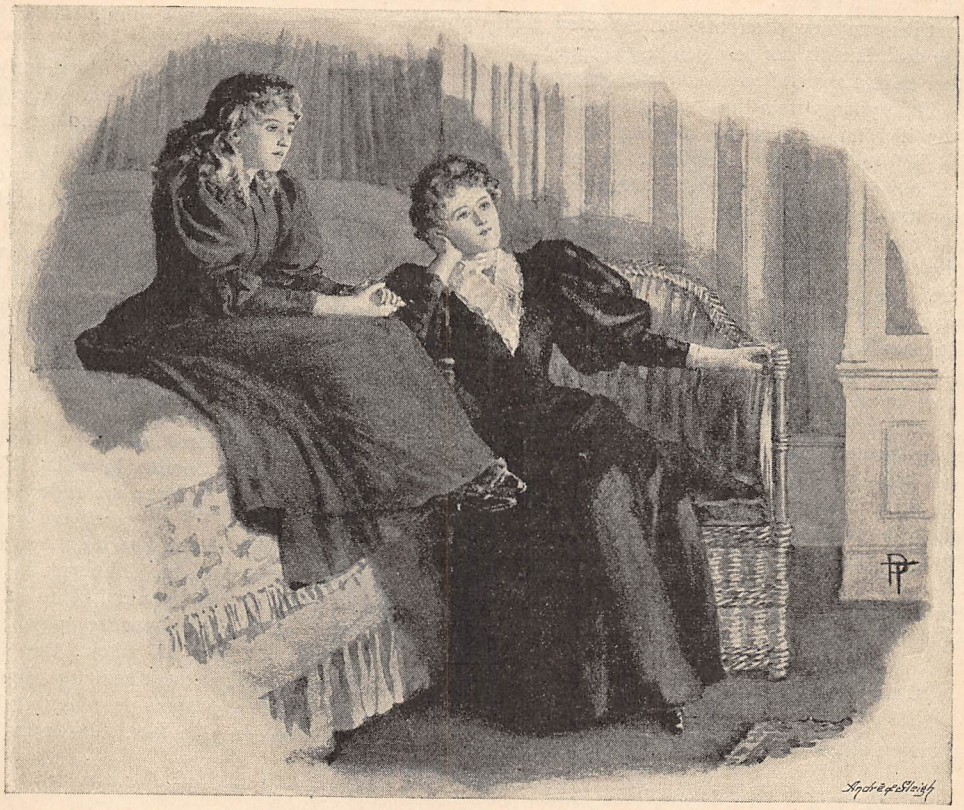
"Have you never heard, then, how Royston is about to renew its youth like the eagle?"

"That's right. As I have to make my living here, this eagle business will suit me uncommonly well."

Emily smiled.

"Then possibly you don't know that we are great in good works and philanthropic movements—to use an old-fashioned word. Why are you smiling? Why should anyone ridicule good things?"

"Why, indeed? I should scorn to be a scoffer. I never scoff. I was only going to make a suggestion. Instead of your virtuous Roystonians working so desperately hard to reform the poor, how would it



"'I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE MYSELF IN LOVE, SPRITE, JUST TO KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE'" (*p.* 497).

be if poor people got up a mission to reform the rich?"

"I only wish they would. It would be most interesting and instructive. I love good advice."

"What a singular state of mind!"

"Singular, is it? It seems to me an extremely natural one. Don't you like good advice?"

"Not invariably, by any means."

"One needn't follow it unless one likes——'

Mabel Townsend put in her word.

"Miss Holroyd is peculiar in admiring Royston so much. The other Royston girls I meet hate it."

"I know a good many Royston girls, and never heard such a sentiment before," rejoined Emily, with emphasis.

"They all call it a stupid town. I'm afraid I don't know much about the history, but they tell me it's the slowest of all slow places nowadays."

"I can't imagine what they mean, then. There's always so *much* that's interesting going on. There's the college, and the lectures, and lots of concerts for anyone who likes music, and lots of pleasant people to know, and interesting excursions in the neighbourhood; how *can* anyone call it dull?"

"I like discussion, especially warm discussion," said Mr. Somers. "Now, Miss Townsend, what have you to say for yourself?"

"It's no business of mine," said Mabel languidly. "I was only repeating what I had heard the Royston girls say."

"But I want to know *why* these people find the place dull," said the indignant Emily.

"There's no society, they say."

"I don't understand."

"That is, nothing worth calling society. No parties——"

"There are *lots* of parties in the winter."

"That depends on what you mean by parties. Twenty girls sitting together in a room with about two men; if you call that a party, I suppose there are parties."

"But, Mabel, it does vex me when people talk like that. Just consider——."

"Oh no, Milly; I don't *want* to consider. And I don't want to argue. I'm very sorry I said anything at all about it. Let's make up our minds once for all that Royston's the most charming place on the face of the earth, and have done with it."

Emily felt snubbed and shut up. She was accustomed to that kind of thing from Mabel, and in a general way did not mind it a bit; everybody had some faults, and it was just Mabel's manner; only she disliked being made to look disputatious and foolish before a stranger like Mr. Somers.

She subsided into silence.

"Well," thus ran her thoughts, "I expected this picnic to be dull, but it's not going to be *that*, and one would rather have a spice of unpleasantness than utter vapidity. This young man has something to say. It looks as if I might find out a great deal more about him before I've done with him. If he does like Mabel and if she likes him, of course we shall get to know him quite well. It's rather curious, but I don't know that I ever did know a man what you might call well. We were so young when father died, and we never saw much of Uncle Henry. I shall watch, and I shall observe, and I shall draw conclusions. Perhaps Violet's 'dream of fate' is going to come true, after all. Perhaps I shall play an important part in a love affair. I shall get to be a confidant, and what Violet calls a go-between! I rather enjoy being '*in the dream*,' so far. If the dream's so amusing, I wonder what the real thing is? It's a pity Violet can't hear my thoughts, or she'd read me a thrilling lecture against being drawn into these whirlpools and vortexes in my own proper person!"

And Emily smiled the superior smile of the heart-whole maiden.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

TAKING OBSERVATIONS.

WHEN they got out at Northwick, Emily drew Mabel aside.

"I'm very sorry if I vexed you," she said. "I didn't mean to. I suppose I *did* speak rather emphatically. Did you think so? I'm afraid I obtruded my own opinions too strongly?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mabel impatiently. "We can't stand talking here. Don't you see everybody else is going out? Come this way, and let me introduce you to Miss Hervey, that plain dowdy girl standing by Mr. Somers; she's quite one of your own sort. Be quick! Oh, Miss Hervey, allow me to introduce my friend, Miss Emily Holroyd. Which way now, Mr. Somers? Do you know the road?"

And a minute later Emily found herself walking down a sandy street, trying with one half of her mind to make small talk for the new acquaintance, while the other half was busied with Mabel and Mr. Somers, who had gradully fallen into the rear. Mabel was not a rapid walker.

"She did seem in a dreadful hurry to get rid of me, and to seize on Mr. Somers herself. If ever I'm in love, I shan't allow it to make me rude and inconsiderate to other people. She might have let me walk with them just as far as the beach; they can't have anything so very private to say. I haven't the remotest notion what Miss Hervey would like to talk about. For anything I know, her favourite subject may be extinct monsters, or, just as likely, the Psychical Research Society. I'll just ask her quite simply *what* it is. Now, I find it as easy as possible to talk to Mr. Somers—rather too easy, in fact, considering Mabel's selfishness."

But time passed on—time always does pass on,

"FEELING A LITTLE ENVY AND MORE SURPRISE" (*p.* 501).

somehow; Emily and Miss Hervey found common ground in abusing the architecture of Northwick villas and admiring Ruskin. They had lunch, and then the pleasure-seekers gathered in groups on the sand, discussing plans for the afternoon.

It appeared there was to be a division of forces, and Mr. Somers undertook to get up a party to explore Brendon Down, a great spur of hill that bounds Northwick Bay to westward.

"I shall go to Brendon Down," thought Emily. "I've been longing to see it close at hand ever since the moment we first caught sight of it. And I rather hope Mabel will go out in the boat. She hates walking."

Emily's own heart warmed at the prospect of a long walk. Having given in her own name as one of the pedestrians, she watched Mabel with curiosity. If she chose Brendon, the choice would be significant.

"Brendon Down! charming!" said Mabel, in response to Mr. Somers' invitation. "Only—how far is it?"

"Nothing much; two or three miles."

"The sea's too dreadful for anything," responded Mabel, with a shudder; "but then, it's such very hard work walking through sand, isn't it? I don't think I could undertake it without help, and I should be sorry to burden my friends."

Grenville could not do less than reply courteously—"I shall be glad to be of any assistance."

Emily stood and looked on, feeling a little envy and more surprise at the ease and assurance with which Mabel could treat people. But they seemed to like it. No doubt Mr. Somers would quite enjoy dragging Mabel at a snail's pace through the loose sand. How absurd it was, though, for her to attempt a five-miles' walk at all!

"If there's any love in the case, I suppose it's all right," thought she; "only that's just what I don't know as yet. I wonder whom I can attach myself to? This would be a lovely expedition if I had anyone pleasant to walk with. I wonder whether I might throw myself once more on Miss Hervey's mercy—though I fear we've exhausted Ruskin. One can't walk alone exactly. I really know nobody else except this Mr. Somers, and as he and Mabel have paired off together (which was *entirely* her own doing), I'll just go and propose to join them, and see what happens. Mabel's quite capable of sending me about my business if she doesn't want me, therefore I needn't be afraid of being a marplot."

So Emily followed the two, and said, laughing—

"Can you do with a second supporter, Mabel? I imagine you'll find it harder walking than you bargained for; and you *are* rather lazy, you know."

"Oh no, thanks, that's quite unnecessary—as Mr. Somers is so kind. It would be a shame to keep you lagging behind with me. Would you like to be introduced to Mrs. Lowell or Miss Darley, that girl with the magenta ribbon in her hat?"

"But we're not going to get left behind," said Mr. Somers. "You under-rate my strength. We shall have no difficulty in keeping up with you, Miss Holroyd."

That was a very nice good-natured speech on the part of Mr. Somers.

"I *like* him," thought Emily, "but of course I won't go where I'm not wanted."

So she fell back on Miss Hervey and a middle-aged lady they had talked to at lunch, for her heart did not warm towards the girl with the magenta ribbon.

Brendon Down had looked a most tempting object of pilgrimage from the opposite end of Northwick Sands, but when our pleasure-seekers had walked some two miles they found their progress barred by an impassable stream flowing down to the sea in a deep channel of black mud.

Those of the party who were strangers to Northwick were at first taken aback by this unlooked-for obstacle; eventually, however, they secured three small boats, and were rowed down the Stygian stream and safely deposited at the foot of the hill, whence they climbed the heights and walked on for another half-mile along a rough ridge, on either side of which the ground fell seaward. Then they all sat down to rest.

Conversation with Miss Hervey and her friend had by this time somewhat exhausted itself, and Mabel still kept her clutch on her young man. Emily watched the ships passing up or down, the circling gulls, the breakers rhythmically falling on the long line of sands, and wished she could go on just a little further, to the point where the Down "breaks down in cliffs to the sea." But she didn't like to go alone.

"What a splendid view!" said someone.

"For my part," said Miss Hervey, "I prefer the view from Hatton Hill, close to home; don't you, Miss Holroyd?"

Miss Holroyd had never seen the Channel look more glorious than from Hatton Hill on a summer evening. "But then," added she, "we haven't seen this place by sunset."

Whereupon, an enterprising person in the company, a certain Mrs. Lowell, then and there invited all present to take tea with her next Saturday in the garden of the old house at the foot of Hatton Hill—"every one of you," she said emphatically, "at five o'clock. Now, don't forget."

But the words "five o'clock" suggested to Miss Anstruther the propriety of looking at a watch; she startled the group by announcing that time was passing on, that the tide must be fast going out, and if they wanted to re-cross black Styx, not a moment was to be lost.

Time and tide wait for no one; there was nothing for it but to hurry down again. But when they got back to the place where the boats had been left, lo and behold! one of those boats had vanished; either the man had got tired of waiting, or business had called him away, and the two boats that remained would hardly suffice to carry the whole party, pack as tightly as they would. They could but try. One boat rowed away as full as it could float; the second also filled; no one remained on shore except Mr. Somers, who had been helping the ladies in, Emily, who had not liked to push herself to the front, and Mabel.

"What *shall* we do?" said Miss Anstruther

helplessly; she felt, as it were, responsible for this serious hitch.

Mr. Chester, from the further end of the boat, begged to be allowed to give up his place to somebody, if anybody would allow him to move.

"Never mind me," said Emily. "I'm not in the least sorry to be shut up here for an hour or two, till the tide turns. I mean to go along to the end of the rocks and see the rollers from the Atlantic coming in."

So the boats disappeared into the mud labyrinths, leaving the three figures on shore to their own devices.

"I'll sit down here and wait," said Mabel, "while Emily goes and looks at the sea."

"Oh, but wouldn't you like to see the view too, Mabel? Unless you are too tired."

"Yes, certainly," said Mr. Somers; "let us all go. This would be rather a stupid place to spend an hour and a half in; there's nothing to see down here."

"I *am* too tired," said Mabel, with decision—"too horribly tired! Of course I should be sorry to prevent other people from doing whatever they like—but it was a mistake for *three* of us to stay behind; I do think they might have contrived to squeeze one more into the boat."

"You two stay here, and I go," said Emily, with a fine sense of generosity. "I love queer out-of-the-way places like this."

It seemed only right to give them a chance of privacy, on what Violet would have expressed as "the off-chance" of a love affair.

"Wouldn't she cry shame on me," thought Emily, "if I let slip such an obvious opportunity of match-making after all her counsels? Though it's all nonsense, really. I should never have thought of such undiluted moonshine (that's what Violet would call it if it was anybody's idea but her own), except for her putting it so forcibly into my head with *crimson dreams*, and all the rest of it."

So she hurried up the steep path. After all, it was a little dreary to take such a long walk in this solitary place all by herself, even though she did love queer solitary places. A step behind her.

"Miss Holroyd, do you mind me coming with you?"

"Oh, not a bit. I mean I'm very glad. But Miss Townsend—I'm afraid she won't like being left alone."

"Someone must be alone," said Grenville.

"Decidedly this does *not* look like a love affair," thought Emily. "Violet will be woefully disappointed when I get to this part of the story. Still, there may have been a quarrel—a fierce lover's quarrel—during the two minutes they were left together."

And she smiled inwardly at her own absurdity.

So they climbed the promontory again, and saw once more the sea, and the gulls, and the long winding shore.

"I'm glad I've got somebody to pour out my raptures to," said Emily. "This really is a beautiful place. But first of all, are you in a proper frame of mind to hear them? or will you turn them into fun?"

"Do you object to fun?"

"Not in its proper place."

"And where is that?"

"At home, for instance, when we sisters get into a merry mood, I often have to mop up the tears with a handkerchief."

"That seems a peculiar notion of merriment."

"Don't you understand? Have you never laughed till you cried? I do—often. But I don't want to laugh now. I want to talk about poetry and history. Do you care for *that kind of thing?*"

"I'm afraid I must confess to having read less poetry and history than I ought to have done. You mustn't put me through a stiff examination. At school, you see, a boy gets into the way of thinking all time wasted that's not spent in games."

"But you're not a little boy, fresh from school," began Emily rather indignantly. "I beg your pardon, but I really think you must have had plenty of time to read books since you left school."

"I've been busy with other things since that. Men have to get their living."

"Ah, no; these are mere excuses—just different ways of saying you don't care about books. I'm very sorry; you lose pretty much everything that makes life worth living."

"Is there nothing you care for in life except books, then?"

"Yes, there are *some* other things, of course. I said *nearly* everything, didn't I? There are lots of things one's obliged to do, duties of all kinds, but one wants a little pleasure to sweeten them, and books are the greatest pleasure in the world—to me, at least.

"Set to work, then, and brighten up this stupid mind of mine. Who knows? You may be able to improve my low tastes, and it's the *forte* of Roystonians to reform the world."

"I can't expand—I can't let myself out, except to a sympathetic listener."

"But you mistook me entirely. I humbly confessed my ignorance: that was all. I'm extremely sympathetic—I am, indeed."

"Come, Mr. Somers, what *do* you take an interest in? I'd try to make myself agreeable to you in your own way if I knew what that was."

"I hardly know myself—things in general."

"That's a large order. You remind me of a shy boy who came to tea at our house last winter, and when asked what he would take to eat, said: 'Whatever you like, thanks; I don't mind.' That was puzzling, but not so puzzling as you are, because at the most there weren't above half-a-dozen kinds of cake on the table, whereas there are twenty thousand things in general."

"Why that particular figure?"

"Because one must say something."

"Why must one, if I may be so inquisitive?"

"Because I *want* to say something, then. I dislike silence. Now choose your topic."

"We can talk of the scenery."

"*I* can't. Whatever am I going to say? The water's blue; but you know that just as well as I do; and besides, it isn't blue at all. The grass is green—that's equally commonplace. The rocks are steep. Is that the sort of thing you mean? For you don't care to hear me quote poetry on the subject, which probably I could do very prettily."

"You know very well that I'm longing to hear a specimen of your powers in that way, and if you refuse, it will be out of the sheer perversity of your heart."

"Let's talk about people, then; people are always interesting. Talk about yourself."

"Well, but I shan't find that such an interesting topic as you kindly imply. I know myself so painfully well that I often get very tired of myself."

"But you forget that other people don't know you painfully well. To me, for instance, you're still strange and mysterious, and everything that's curious and interesting."

"You're pleased to be sarcastic; and," added the girl demurely, "we were taught at school that it was ill-bred to talk of ourselves."

"Ah! but you also learned at school that every rule has its exceptions, and this is an exception. Besides, I have a reason for wanting to hear. I wish to increase my knowledge of human nature, and some day—who knows?—I may put you into a book. That's one of the privileges of friendship nowadays."

Emily laughed.

"Oh, very well! if you give me a solid good excuse for being egotistical—let me see; what can I tell you? I'm nineteen; I have no brothers, but I have two sisters: one older, the other younger than myself. Their names are Maud and Violet; my name is Emily. There, will that help you to write your book, which is probably a directory? Oh, I forgot my address: Miss E. Holroyd, The Firs, Windmill Hills, Royston."

"It's not quite the kind of information I wanted. I shouldn't have taken the liberty of questioning you on your family history. You ought to have given me a complete catalogue of your opinions and tastes."

"You may be thankful I haven't, for I'm a woman with notions and hobbies; and if you'd once got me fairly started on the complete catalogue you talk of so lightly, there's no knowing where I might stop."

But by this time rapid walking had brought the two young people to Brendon Point. Emily, who, among her other hobbies, had a passion for getting near the verge of precipices, flung herself down on the very brink of the cliff.

"Oh, how delightful!" cried she. "I'm so glad we've got to the end! If only Mabel were here! But I'm not going to think of her! It gives my conscience a twinge. Look at that water; is it grey or green? There's no word to describe it. What a long way we can see down the Channel! Just think: behind us is King Alfred's country; down there is Lorna Doone's country; if we could see a little further, it would be the country of Westward Ho; *there's* Glastonbury, which—but I'm forgetting; you don't care for such things."

"Yes, go on. You make it all sound very interesting. You see, I can appreciate *such things* at second-hand; and that's better than nothing, isn't it?"

"Yes; I suppose people ought to be thankful for small mercies. Oh dear!" added the girl, with a sudden change of tone, "it strikes me I'm very rude. I hope you haven't minded my nonsense. We've such a bad habit of teasing each other at home, we sisters, that it infects even our dealings with strangers."

"If you want my forgiveness, you must go on as you began just now, and tell me all you were going to say about Glastonbury and the other places."

"I'll try; but it's very hard to pick up a broken thread like this. What was I saying? Oh, Glastonbury! that's the valley of Avilion, you know,

"'Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow.'"

"Excuse me, Miss Holroyd, but what a curious place Glastonbury must be!"

"A STEP BEHIND HER"
(*p.* 502).

"'A GHASTLY FIASCO.'"

"I'm quoting Tennyson. Don't you understand? It's a myth, or allegory, or something of that sort. How can I talk to anybody who takes everything at the foot of the letter, as the French say? You're hopeless. Oh, what a delicious cool air off what we used to call 'the great big sea' when we were small! I wish we could stay here for hours. Do just look at your watch."

"Seven o'clock!"

"How horrid! We must go back directly, and turn our backs on King Alfred and King Arthur, and all that *wan water*, as the old ballads call it, and rush away to catch trains and get something to eat. Moreover, everything will be eaten up before we get there."

"I should have thought you, with your literary tastes, would be above caring for such vulgar things as tea and bread and butter."

"Well, I don't care so very much. I can fast as long as most people. But I don't think fasting is Miss Townsend's *forte*; so I suppose, after all, it *is* our duty to hurry."

When they got down to where Miss Townsend was sitting, Emily accosted her in tones of deprecation.

"Oh, Mabel! I'm afraid you've been very dull all alone, besides missing that glorious view. I *am* so sorry!"

"I hope you and Mr. Somers enjoyed it," returned Mabel in chilly accents.

Love or no love, it was evident that Mabel was seriously annoyed, and Emily could not avoid a vague sensation of self-reproach, as if she had been taking her own pleasure at her friend's expense. There was nothing to be done now except to ignore all unpleasantness. So she chatted away gallantly in the boat and along the Northwick Sands, appealing to Mabel for her opinion on all manner of subjects grave and gay, but Mabel obstinately declined to be drawn out, and it would not mend matters for her to allow herself to slide into dialogue with Mr. Somers, who was decidedly more communicative.

"It will be rather late when we get home," said Emily, innocently enough. "We've had a long day's pleasuring."

"Indeed?" said Mabel; it was almost the first time she had deigned to utter anything beyond a monosyllable. "Miles of marching through heavy sand are not quite my idea of pleasure, nor sitting alone on a windy hill-side, counting the buttons on my boots, and wondering how bad a cold I shall wake with to-morrow morning. No; to-day's entertainment I can only describe as a ghastly fiasco."

"Oh, Mabel, I *am* so sorry, you can't think! But do let us try to make the best of it when we get to Northwick. Don't let the Anstruthers think we didn't enjoy ourselves. They took such pains and meant to make things so pleasant."

"Then they've failed; that's all."

"Now do, Mabel, try to forget it. Let's talk of something else, and then you won't feel your fatigue so much. Don't let's go on brooding over troubles when they're over and done with—or, at least, very nearly over. I think that's foolish—and wrong too."

"It's against your principles, eh, Milly?"

"Distinctly."

"I've heard more about *principles* since I knew Miss

Holroyd than in all the rest of my life put together," said Mabel, turning to Grenville. "One gets rather tired of having to find chapter and verse for everything."

"Ah!" said Emily, also turning to Grenville, "this is a very old dispute between Miss Townsend and me. I always think life seems so much bigger and more interesting if you can refer even small things under grand rules."

"Oh, for mercy's sake," said Mabel, "don't begin again! I do get so sick of argument. And of course I get the worst of it. I never professed to be a clever woman, you see, Mr. Somers. Milly's always abusing me for not loving books."

Emily could hardly help laughing at the absurdity of the situation—two women laying out each her case for the arbitration of this young man.

"Well," said she, "how can you learn anything about life except from books?"

"Oh, books! You can't learn practical things from books," said Mabel. "People who are always poring over books, and have their heads stuffed full of learning, are generally the stupidest when it comes to practice. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Somers?"

"That's rather a large question."

"Oh yes, Mabel," said Emily, with a mischievous intonation in her voice and a glance at Mr. Somers, "he *will* agree with you. He doesn't go in for books any more than you do. So I've got you both against me; two against one; but never mind, I'll stick to my guns. I like a good fight, Mr. Somers."

"All right, Miss Holroyd; so do I. I'm quite ready —if I knew exactly what we were going to fight about. Books *versus* experience, is that it?"

"Oh, don't, please don't!" said Mabel, lifting pathetic eyes to his face. "It's quite bad enough to have this kind of talk every day at the Firs, without *you* taking it up too."

"Every day! what an exaggeration!" thought Emily, somewhat taken aback. "What disagreeable quarrelsome creatures Mr. Somers will think we are! Oh, I hope she isn't going to cry—and before Mr. Somers, too! I'm sure I never dreamed we were making the poor girl so miserable all this time."

"But, Mabel," she said soothingly, "don't you see he's your champion, coming forward to do battle on your side?"

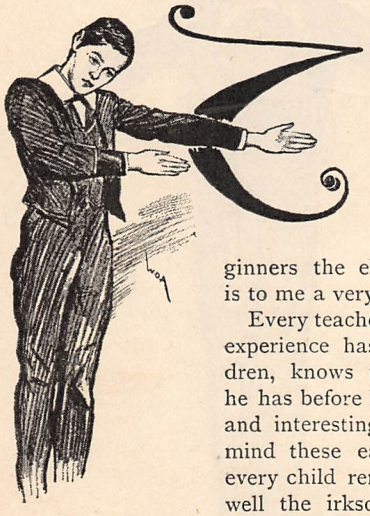
"But I don't want any battles," returned Mabel, with childish petulance. "I want you to amuse me, Mr. Somers. I want you to talk to me and be nice, and make me forget how tired I am, and help me along—as you are doing. That's what men are made for, isn't it?"

"Well," thought Emily, "fancy a grown-up person of sane mind going on like that! Mr. Somers must think her quite silly. But I've read somewhere that men like women to be babies; so perhaps that's no argument against their making a match of it. I shall certainly be able to compile a most interesting history for Violet's edification; *that* won't need any great ingenuity; and if it weren't for those *principles* Mabel dislikes so much, I could add a bit of colour here and a dark shade there, which would turn it into quite a romance!"

END OF CHAPTER THE SECOND.

MUSICAL GESTURES.

BY PROFESSOR J. FREDERICK BRIDGE, MUS.D., ORGANIST OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



A SIXTEENTH OR DEMI-SEMIQUAVER REST, HAVING TWO CROOKS TO THE LEFT.

THE opportunity afforded, in the present article, of explaining an absolutely new and simple method of teaching beginners the elements of music is to me a very welcome one.

Every teacher of music, whose experience has been with children, knows the difficult task he has before him to make easy and interesting to the youthful mind these early stages; and every child remembers only too well the irksomeness of those early lessons.

This subject has been to me an object of thought and interest for some years, resulting in the publication of the little work now under consideration—a *via media* by which the early mysteries of musical notation could be mastered without worry or effort by the very youngest intelligence. In it I have drawn up a series of short lessons, in which manual exercises are the leading feature.

John Curwen has well said, "It is lawful in teaching to use every appliance of illustration or even of fancy to vivify an impression;" and I think, of all means to this end, a system of illustration by means of gestures the most convenient and most natural. These musical gestures, it has been amply proved, possess the qualifications of being easy, amusing, certain, and, above all, healthy. This last virtue, I feel, is a great necessity; anything which tends towards placing *mens sana in corpore sano* is, surely, nowadays a great consideration. Mr. Acland, the Minister for Education, recently said, in an address to principals and lecturers in training colleges, that "he considered that the whole question of physical training and the healthy development of children, especially in the towns of this country, was second to none in importance,"

MARCHING THE SCALE—A WHOLE STEP BEING A "TONE," AND A HALF-STEP A "SEMITONE."

adding that "anything that could be done to encourage the effective study of physical training, he should encourage. The minds of children ought not to be educated at the expense of their bodies."

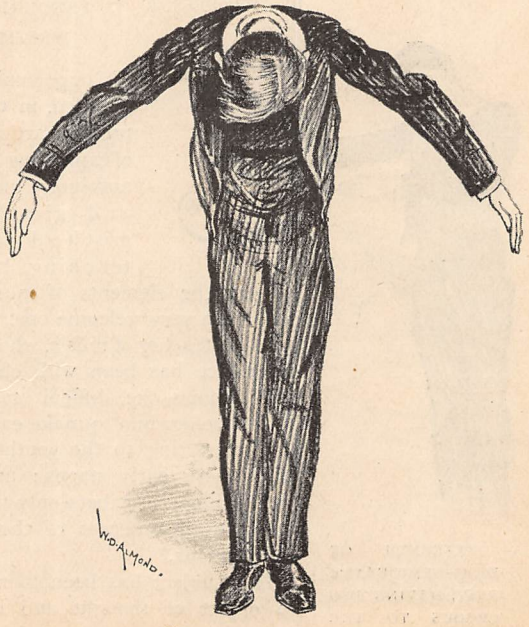
SIXTEENTH NOTE OR SEMIQUAVER, HAVING A STEM WITH TWO TAILS.

Now, if there be no other merit in this system of musical gestures, yet it possesses one great qualification: that of giving a considerable amount of real physical training. During these short lessons, not only are the rudiments of music acquired, but every member of the class goes through a large amount of exertion and exercise with legs, arms, and lungs. It is also no small recommendation that all these exercises can be performed, if preferred, in the open air. We may thus turn the play-ground into a class-room, or *vice versâ*.

The course of instruction covers twelve short lessons. The pupils learn principally *through the eye*, the teacher making all the gestures first and also stepping the scale in front of his class. These "gestures" (amounting in number to twenty-three) comprise "notes" (made by the hands), "rests" (made principally by the arms), "tone and semitone" (represented by step and half-step), and many other musical signs, all of which are graphically represented by some easy "gesture." No book is required by the class, who repeat short sentences said by the teacher, and imitate the signs they see him represent to them.

> "In such business
> Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
> More learned than the ears."—*Coriolanus, III. 2.*

For classes in schools, and for children in the nursery, this method of study will be found really useful. Country choirs also, which too often sing only by ear, and not by the "more learned" eye, would readily learn to read the simple music they require, if taken through this little book of musical gestures. One great advantage is that to teach it requires only ordinary musical knowledge, such as is possessed by all who have learnt the pianoforte. How many governesses, or how many a country clergyman's wife or daughter, understand or have been trained to teach music on any system? They have been taught the pianoforte, and that is enough to enable them to explain all that is required in teaching the gestures. The experience I have had of its use in



PAUSE —A DOT IN A SEMICIRCLE.

my own family and in training the choristers of Westminster Abbey, gives me the greatest confidence in its success, if the system is fairly tried and the teacher really in earnest. The pupils take the greatest interest in making the gestures, and there is a very important merit in this method of class teaching, which is, I think, a distinct and unique advantage —*no child can shirk!*

It is possible a member of the class might refrain from repeating a particular sentence, but if he omitted to make the accompanying gesture the eye of a careful teacher would at once detect the culprit.

It must not be supposed that the musical training is sacrificed to the physical. On the contrary, after the first two short lessons on the "shapes of notes" are learned, and the notes made by the class, the teacher may make his class "read in time." He may also train their voices by making them "read in time" on various notes, "both high and low." Of course, as soon as the major scale is explained and marched, then many vocal exercises can be attempted, these being combined with "beating time."

There are many other points which might be mentioned, but which would be out of place in an article of this kind. I will only add that the teacher is as well able by this method to teach a class of fifty, or a small choir, as he is one individual.

Appended to the book is a collection of ten little songs, "Rudiments in Rhyme." These little songs are quite easy, and the rhymes will impress the "rudiments" upon the mind in a very short time. As the class sing these songs they *make the particular "gesture" mentioned*, with an effect as amusing as it is useful. For instance, in rhyme number two we are told :—

> "The shape of a note shows the length of a sound,
> Notes open, and closed, and with crooks there are found ;
> Of whole notes, and half notes, and quarter, we tell,
> With eighth notes, sixteenth, thirty-second as well."

In the above the six notes are mentioned and *made* by the class.

For the "rests" we have the following :—

> "Rests are signs of silence,
> For ev'ry note there's one,
> And singers find them useful,
> Ere all their breath is gone."

In this rhyme "rests" are introduced between various musical phrases, and not only are the notes sung by the class, but the "rests" are also *made*, not merely counted.

The sharp, flat, and natural are all introduced into a "rhyme," and made by the class when the particular sign is sung.

I may add that every time the Westminster choristers go through these "gestures" I discover new and interesting developments. One particular favourite is to represent "a living common chord." This is

HALF-NOTE OR MINIM, BEING AN OPEN NOTE WITH A STEM.

A DOUBLE BAR, BEING TWO PERPENDICULAR LINES.

HALF-REST (OR MINIM REST), WHICH STANDS ON A LINE.

SINGING RHYMES AND MAKING A NATURAL (♮).

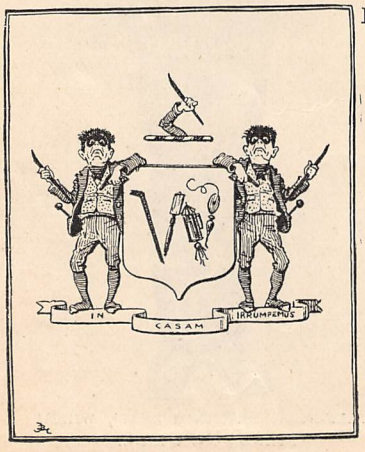
done by making the class divide into groups. All starting from the key-note, while one group remains, other groups march to the third, fifth, and octave, singing as they march. This "evolution" gives an easy training in intervals.

The illustrations which accompany this article are "drawn from the life" in the music-room at Westminster Abbey.

It may be well to state that while this system of teaching the rudiments interests the boys, and gives them good muscular exercise, it demands such promptitude, and the teacher has his eye so constantly upon the class, that there is no fear of levity. I may add that the whole course of instruction is explained in my primer, "Musical Gestures," published by Novello and Co.

AN ARTISTIC BURGLAR.

BY CHARLES C. RUSSELL.



WE were resting on a seat by the seashore at Eastcove, whither I, the rector of Old Stanwick, had gone for a short holiday, accompanied by my friend and parishioner, James Ollacram, Esquire, the eminent iron merchant of our city. He had been out of sorts for some time, and this fact, I suppose, caused him to make the revelations to me which I have attempted to record hereunder.

When he had finished his tale, I came to another conclusion.

"You may talk as you like," said my friend, "of the abilities of Campion or of any other detective, and the very much over-rated intelligence with which some men are endowed. There is, however, a great deal more of it, I assure you, in the novel than in real life. Now look around you," continued Mr. Ollacram, "and consider how many of our great crimes are brought to light. Why, not one-tenth of them, if we were dependent on the wisdom and sagacity of Policeman XX. If the criminal brings intelligence to his 'job' the 'force' is immediately at fault."

I looked at my friend earnestly. He seemed to speak with an air of warmth and knowledge which alike surprised and interested me.

"Yes," he continued, "I am an authority upon the subject. I have been a burglar myself."

"You?" I exclaimed in horror.

Then, rising from my seat, I almost started upon a run. He was a man whom I had esteemed and respected, and one of the very pillars of my Church. Mr. Ollacram laughed quietly at my excitement. His coolness was irresistible; and I could only excuse him on the grounds that he had gone suddenly mad.

"You may stare," replied Mr. Ollacram smiling; "but I assure you there is nothing out of the way in my assertion. Sit down again calmly, and I will tell you a short story.

"In the early part of my life I was an artistic burglar, and I made a considerable sum of money at the profession. The authorities never caught me, and I will tell you further that they never even suspected me of a crime. The reason is simple. I thought out my plans well before I put them into execution. I invariably laid little traps for the police who were to follow on my trail, and Sherlock Holmes, the prince of modern (story) detectives, would as surely have been landed in a quagmire had he come 'on' one of my burglaries, as he was in his adventure over the 'Yellow Face.'"

I reseated myself on the very end of the form, and listened to the following revelation:—

"In those days I dismissed the question of morality from my mind altogether. I ignored all restraint except the restraint of public observation and public opinion.

"My part was studied from the beginning, alternative situations provided for, and once planned out I permitted myself to make no deviation.

"It was in this way that I carried out the burglary in the residence of our mutual friend and neighbour, Chumleigh, in Brown's Terrace."

"Chumleigh! Yes, I knew Chumleigh."

"The houses in the terrace were all alike, and as I lived in one of them with my parents I was perfectly familiar with the features of the others. I could 'go through' them by night as well as by day. Mr. Chumleigh was a respectable merchant, whose wife had recently died, leaving him with three children, the youngest of whom was an infant of but a few weeks old.

"His wife, during her life, had been a very fashionable woman, and was always rather lavish in her display of jewellery. It was this jewellery that attracted me. I concluded that these articles of value would still be found in the room on the third floor, lately occupied by that lady. I also came to the conclusion that Mr. Chumleigh now occupied a different apartment. I therefore determined to gain access to the room in which Mrs. Chumleigh had breathed her last. I trusted myself to be able to do the rest.

"I sent our maidservant on one occasion to the housekeeper, requesting her to let my father try Mr. Chumleigh's latch-key, on the plea that our latchkey had been mislaid, and we were consequently unable to open the door. In a few minutes the girl returned, I had obtained the impression in wax, and the latch-key, with many thanks, was back in the custody of Mr. Chumleigh's housekeeper. To manufacture a similar key was not a work of great trouble to me, and I thus obtained the means of quiet access.

"As I have said, I always arranged my burglaries with a preconceived idea. Accordingly I now picked up an old pair of boots that had seen their best days on the feet of a costermonger, doubtless, and a cap that would have been kicked by a workhouse messenger. I also obtained surreptitiously the awl, hammer, and twine, or 'waxed end,' from a shoemaker who lived in the country.

"I next supplied myself with a used envelope, bearing a postmark, and a portion of a country newspaper. With these articles in my possession I felt satisfied, as an artistic burglar, that I could outwit the most skilful detective. I had, of course, also the usual and necessary instruments which pertain to the faculty of housebreakers, including a leather 'sucker' and a glazier's diamond, for the purpose of removing a pane of glass noiselessly, if it should be necessary to do so. My kit also included a small crowbar, or 'jimmy.'

"Mr. Chumleigh stayed late at his club on certain nights, and knowing this fact, one night I 'cleared for action.' I smudged my face, donned my old clothes, and sallied forth by the back door, which, like all the doors of Brown's Terrace, opened out on a back lane.

"The house which I intended to burgle was now wrapped in darkness. From that fact I knew that the nurse and little ones had retired to rest. I walked boldly to the front door, and, using my new latchkey, let myself into the house, and shut the door behind me as quietly as possible.

"It is not a pleasant feeling, I assure you, to find yourself burglariously on the premises of another. The very stillness awes you, and a thousand eyes behind quite a number of revolvers seem to be peering at you from every turn and corner. The darkness is frightsome. If you have an associate the work may come much easier, but to be alone on a burglary requires the strongest kind of courage.

"I left the old boots in the passage, so as to create the belief that the burglar had taken off his boots before going upstairs. The farther the detectives followed their track the farther would they go from mine. I then went to the rear of the house and opened a window, leaving it open. In this way the belief would be induced that I had entered and departed by the same way.

"I then went cautiously up those dark stairs. Here and there the steps gave forth a little creak beneath my footsteps, as if protesting against the tread of the intruder. It was very aggravating, but I proceeded steadily, and shortly found myself at the door of the room recently occupied by the deceased lady. Here a slight difficulty presented itself, but a little professional manipulation succeeded in effecting an entrance.

"I closed the door of the bedroom softly, and then proceeded to light my candle. The next thing was to arrange my accessories so as to induce the opinion of the (false) identity of the burglar, and to establish a theory that he had been disturbed in his quest. I had rolled a few bread crumbs in the old newspaper. This I now opened, and laid it on the bed, with the 'waxed end' close beside it. Then I laid the old cap on a chair, and the awl and the hammer on the drawers. They were intended to tell a tale. Having thus arranged my supposed surprise I proceeded to work—solid work. All the jewellery I found in a box, locked, and placed in a locked drawer.

"The locks, however, made little difference to me. I appropriated all. I was rather touched, I confess, when I discovered the dead lady's wedding and engagement rings tied with a piece of black silk, and carefully placed in the corner of the little box. How those rings had kept the poor woman thinking, from the time she put them on until her dying day! I actually began to soliloquise in spite of myself. Then I adhered to my plan, and placed them in the corner of the envelope I had brought with me to the house for that purpose. I had previously torn the envelope diagonally across, leaving the postage stamp and obliterating stamp visible.

"I had also left the final letters of a name, and the words '——rn, Beasley Road,' on the envelope to be studied by the detectives. The rings I left behind me.

"I never did believe in making a litter about a bedroom, so having placed the valuables in my pockets I closed the drawers and looked carefully about the room for something more. You may judge of my surprise when I heard a key turn in the door below stairs, and the movements of Mr. Chumleigh in the hall.

"He had returned earlier than I had expected. Calmly I blew out my candle and left the room silently, creeping down the stairs to meet him if he

"'YOU?' I EXCLAIMED IN HORROR" (*p.* 509).

had any intention of coming up. Then my heart began to beat in earnest. I really thought that each pulsation would attract him. I saw him enter a bedroom, light the gas, and deliberately examine the chambers of a revolver which he had lifted. Then I knew my light had been observed, and that he was prepared to make an example of the intruder. Quick as thought I stepped past the door of the lighted room. I trusted to his not seeing me and he did not. I rapidly concealed myself in the corner of the stairs. Meantime my heart was thumping.

"I had barely steadied myself when Mr. Chumleigh turned out the gas, and muttering something to himself, crept up the stairs as cautiously as I had previously descended. When he was well on his way I crept downwards once again, and when I heard him strike the light in his late wife's room I noiselessly let myself out by the front door, and as noiselessly closed it behind me.

"You look surprised, sir," he continued, "but it was not a bad night's work. I netted over £300 for my plunder, and I had the satisfaction of not having robbed him of his dead wife's treasured rings. This in itself was a satisfaction. Of course I had committed felony, and a shameful crime, I admit; but the business of a burglar and the business of a moralist cannot be expected to agree in every particular.

"The morning papers told us of the burglary of the preceding night. As a neighbour I went up to sympathise. A sturdy policeman was standing at the door, and two others were making search inside.

"'Here's where the cove has put off his boots,' said one of the policemen, 'and a nice blooming pair of beetle-crushers they are.'

"They certainly did not look respectable in daylight.

"'He has come through this window here,' said the other, in a strong Irish accent, to Mr. Chumleigh, 'left his boots here, and gone up the shtairs in his bare feet.'

"'And the coolness of the fellow!' added the other. 'Why, he has sat down and ate his tucker on the bed with the *Morning News* for a clane table-cloth.'

"Then the detectives went upstairs, and came downstairs, and measured, and studied, and looked wise. And one saw it was a new hand, and said so from the first; and the other said it was an old hand, and shook his head. Everybody was satisfied on one point, and that was that the perpetrator of the act was a shoemaker, who lived on the Beasley Road.

"I had some interesting experiences over that burglary. It was amusing to hear the theories of the detectives and the public. The police went dashing about everywhere and arresting everybody. There was not a shoemaker in the country but the 'heye' of some inspector was upon him. The mystery never was solved, and after a time I had the jewellery melted, and it turned me in, as I told you before, over £300."

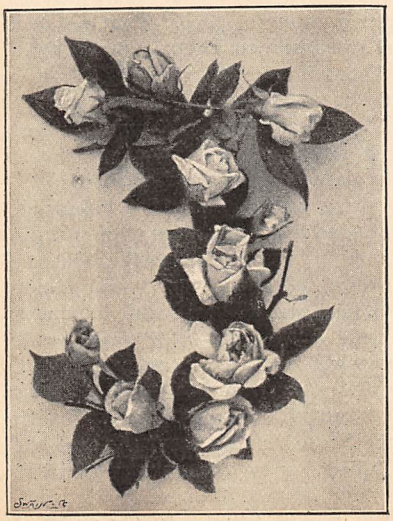
"And do you mean to tell me, Mr. Ollacram," said I, "that this narrative is actually true?" I asked him angrily, as I moved further from one whose very touch seemed now contamination.

"True, sir?" Mr. Ollacram replied. "Every word of it—as true as those other detective yarns we are reading in the magazines to-day. And if this is the period for an artistic detective, why should we not invent an equally artistic and equally intelligent burglar?"

Then I knew that Mr. Ollacram had been jokingly taking a hand at his parson, but I send you his tale notwithstanding.

GARDENING FOR JUNE.

AMONGST THE ROSES.



JUNE is the month of Roses, if any definite season can be determined for the precious flower that tosses its flower-laden shoots in the soft wind and fills the garden with fragrance. Exhibitions are held throughout July, and later in the north; but in hot years, when scarcely a cloud veils the sun from week to week, June is a more appropriate month. The ardent hybridist, who has given us of recent years many splendid varieties, has extended the season of roses until far into the autumn, when many of the delicately tinted and scented tea kinds are in full blossoming.

The present article is devoted exclusively to the rose. I must be concise, to get as much information as possible in a small space.

There are hundreds of roses, some beautiful in form—not all; others as fragrant as the Wild Rose, that flings its delicately toned flowers over the dusty wayside hedge. I revel in our wilding; its innocence is fascinating, its fragrance as sweet as the Honeysuckle, that seems proud to mingle with the little frail rose-tinted flowers, and its beauty is prolonged by the succession of crimson hip, hep, or haw.

The Rose family is split up into two great divisions, the Hybrid Perpetual and the Tea-scented. The former figures largely at the exhibition, and is the more

GLOIRE DE DIJON.

important of the two; but of recent years the tea-flowers, since a better knowledge of their likes and dislikes has been obtained, have contributed to the beauty of many gardens.

The Hybrid Perpetual—that is the class usually seen, containing such splendid flowers as Baroness Rothschild (unfortunately, scentless), General Jacqueminot, or "Jack," in market slang—is a modern creation, descended from the Damask Perpetual and several other classes, Gallica, Bourbon, and China. It was not until 1844 that any number appeared in books, but from thence onwards many acquisitions have been made.

A few rules are given as a guide to the cultivator. First, the soil must be considered. This should be good loam, mixed with well-decayed stable manure. If the soil is very light, add cow-dung, loam, or clay. Remember that the plant wants plenty of good food, although not the nauseous applications, called top-dressings, that offend the nostrils and sodden the ground.

From stories gathered from friends that have travelled in the land of roses—Persia—the nose is not troubled there by whiffs of stable-yard odour. Nor would the great Persian bard Hafez have received inspiration in many an English garden at the mulching season.

Planting should take place from November until March, the former month being the more suitable of the two. In planting "dwarfs," be careful to place the point where the plant is budded and easily seen about two inches below the surface, and make the soil very firm about the roots. The longer shoots may be just shortened—not cut back. In the case of standards, securely stake the stem, to prevent winds playing pranks.

I do not care greatly for standard roses. Aimée Vibert makes one of the best, but, as a rule, they are unsatisfactory, gaunt, starved, and ill-looking, due to two causes: unsuitable varieties used for the purpose and idiotic pruning. It is idle to remonstrate with the inexperienced amateur gardener about pruning. He delights to torture his plants, and inflicts special "attention" on the standard rose. It pays the "surgeon" out by dying.

More mistakes are made about pruning roses than upon any other phase of their culture. Much depends upon the class. The middle of March is the chief season, and this may be made note of by my readers as the time for using the knife upon their fair favourites. Use discretion as to the season, and if the plants are very forward in March, postpone the annual operations for a week or so. Shoots on standards cut rather hard back, removing very small weakly growths to give the stronger ones more space. Thin out weak shoots from dwarf roses, and cut back the strong well-ripened ones to about four or six eyes, according to the condition of the plants; if very vigorous, cut back harder than would be otherwise necessary. Teas need little pruning, just shortening back the shoots and thinning out badly-placed or very weak wood.

Whilst writing these rather unromantic directions, necessary to be followed for an ingathering of roses in summer-time, a very interesting fairy tale about the magic Rose of Bakawali occurs to me. It is an Hindu legend. A certain king was afflicted with blindness, and only one remedy existed, the Rose of Bakawali. That would bring sight even to those born blind. Away sped the king's sons in search of the precious flower, and were informed by the enchantress Lakka (the moon) that the "rose thou seekest is found in the region of the sun, where not even a bird may reach it. Bakawali is daughter of the King of the Fairies, in whose garden this rose is found. In the midst of

the garden is a tank, the sides whereof are set with diamonds, whilst the conduits around are studded with the finest pearls. The tank is filled with rose-water, and in the centre thereof rises an unexpanded flower, fair to see, and of exquisite odour." The rose was discovered with fairy help, and the travellers returned to the king. His eyes were touched with the magic flower, and the king's sight immediately restored.

One might write pages of stories and legendary tales connected with the rose, but my readers possibly yearn for something more practical.

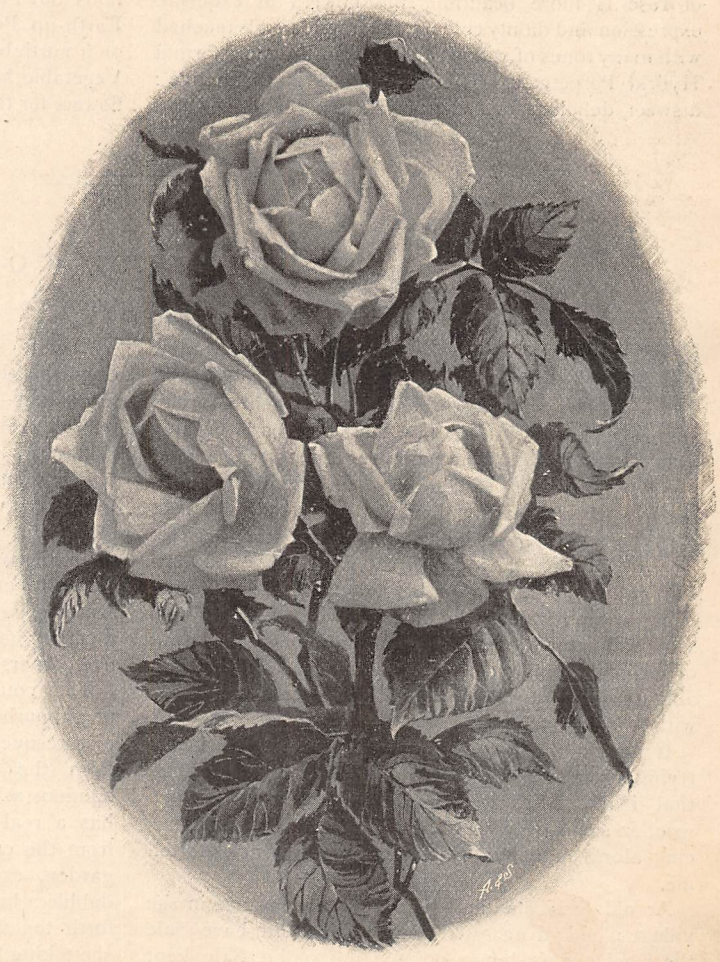
Budding is an interesting and important operation. Everyone likes to bud his own roses, and the operation is not difficult. A warm showery day in July should be chosen. Late budding is a mistake, for the sap ceases to flow as quickly as in midsummer. Choose for budding stocks growing with moderate freedom, as upon such examples the buds will *take* better. It is a pardonable fault in beginners to get stocks overflowing with vigour, but the fact is they are too strong; the bark grows over the bud, and completely smothers it. A simple test to ascertain whether a stock is sufficiently ripened is to break off a few of the prickles. If they snap without tearing the bark, the stock is in suitable condition. The first thing is to select the bud of whatever kind it is desired to use, and give preference to that of moderate size. Remove thorn and leaves, retaining a little of the stalk to hold. Always have a very sharp knife; you can get a weapon especially adapted for the purpose at any good nursery. Cut carefully about half an inch above the eye, drawing the knife a little below it. Then secure the eye and insert it on the stock, which should be previously prepared by opening the bark in the most suitable position, this being done by just slitting it in the centre of the shoot. Then cut it across, making a kind of T figure upside down, ⊥, and insert the bud by cautiously raising the edges of the bark. Tie it in firmly with bass (raffia) or cotton, but leave the point visible. As the bud swells, loosen the ties and cut back the stock level with the budded shoot.

The best general stock is the cutting Brier, but much depends upon the varieties. The Manetti is troublesome, as it produces a forest of suckers, but is useful in certain cases, such as for Hybrid Perpetuals of vigorous growth. Seedling Brier and Hedge Brier or Dog Rose are also available.

One may get roses on their own roots very easily by striking cuttings in the early autumn. Make them of the well-ripened wood of the current year, and from nine inches to twelve inches in length, getting a heel to each, if possible. Don't remove any of the eyes, and tread the cuttings in firmly. In the course of a year they will be transformed into healthy plants, and then plant them in the proposed positions. Tea-scented roses must be struck under glass. The cuttings will not succeed as well in the open as the more robust "h.p's.," as the Hybrid Perpetuals are familiarly christened.

A word about pests. Green-fly afflicts the queenly rose. It cares little how beautiful a flower is, and, to our dismay, one gathers a rose to find the delicate petals smothered with these small green-coloured marauders.

Mr. Benjamin Cant, who has covered many acres with roses at Colchester, recommends the following preparation: Take four ounces of quassia chips, and boil them ten minutes in a gallon of soft water, then strain it, and, while cooling, dissolve it in the same quantity of soft soap. To this may be added another gallon or two of water. Syringe the plants frequently with this, but be careful not to use it when the sun is out. It is best done early in the morning or in the evening.



LA FRANCE.

The only way to kill caterpillars and maggots is by careful hand-picking. These enemies to the rose are readily discovered by the leaves curling up or by perforation.

Two dire diseases should be mentioned, because unfortunately rather common. One is mildew, which afflicts some varieties more than others; and no remedy is better than the old-fashioned one of flowers of sulphur, applied immediately mildew is detected. When the foliage is dry, syringe it before applying the cure. Red fungus, or rust, is incurable. It comes late in the flowering season, and the only way is to burn affected leaves, to prevent the disease spreading to healthy parts.

A delightful class is the Tea-scented, and during recent years we have got to understand the plants better. They are not so tender as many suppose, if the position is moderately warm, with protection from cold winds. The beds should be raised a little from the surrounding level to throw off heavy rains, and during severe winters protect with furze or bracken. Even when the shoots are cut down they will be replaced by new growth from the bottom, to provide a feast of flowers from summer until autumn. No section of rose is more beautiful, the flowers of exquisite expression and dainty colours, the fragile petals touched with many tones of yellow, absent from the more formal Hybrid Perpetuals. Their fragrance is distinctive: a sweet, delicious, and characteristic perfume.

I should have mentioned that a good way to keep the plants as safe as possible through the winter is to mould them up with soil to a height of about six inches. If the tops get cut down, this portion is safe.

I will give a brief selection of the best varieties in the several classes as part of my next month's chat. One cannot plant at this season, so this phase of the subject may wait. But let me refer to the two familiar varieties illustrated: the fragrant La France and Gloire de Dijon. No rose rivals the beautiful "Glory," as gardeners call it. It is the pride of many an English village, tumbling over the thatched roof, and peeping in at the latticed window, scenting room and garden with its burden of fragrant blossom. In town and country it is alike at home—a vigorous, free, and delightful flower.

General Hints for the Month.

All tender bedders may be put out now: Dahlias, Cannas, etc. Keep decaying flowers picked off annuals, otherwise they will soon lose beauty. Roses want careful attention. A watchful eye must be on the alert to detect green-fly. Tie up the stalks of Carnations and Picotees. Make a sowing of Runner Beans. Earth-up Potatoes, sow Turnips for autumn, Lettuce on a north border for succession; also Endive. Plant Vegetable Marrows. Plant out Cabbages and Cauliflowers for the autumn.

FIVE-CORNERED COTTAGE.

BY J. E. HODGSON, R.A.

FIVE years ago we had a severe winter, and the snow lay on the ground well nigh all through the month of March; when the thaw came the roads became almost impassable for horses, and it was pitiable to see the poor beasts trying to drag loads up our steep hills; not a day passed but what accidents occurred, and the doctor at Great Wellerby found himself put to to attend to his practice, all his horses being incapacitated, and a poor woman, so it was said, had actually died in an outlying village for want of medical attendance. Such an unusual and memorable season naturally fixed all the events connected with it in my memory.

It was in the first days of the thaw, when I was trying to take exercise, more by sliding than walking, that I met Miss Betty, who had cunningly drawn woollen socks over her shoes, and seemed to be bouncing along merrily. She had a piece of news to tell me.

An old gentleman had made his appearance in the village; he had accosted her and asked to have Sale the blacksmith's house pointed out, as he, Sale, kept the keys of a cottage which was to let.

"He is a fine-looking man," she said, "quite distinguished-looking, in fact, with white hair, beard, and moustache—military, I should say, by the look of him; but why should he want to look at Five-cornered Cottage?"

A few hundred yards beyond Rose Cottage, or Miss Betty's, as we call it, and on the same side of the road, there is a narrow lane which branches off from the main highway at an acute angle; and in the angle stands a cottage. Its ground plan should have represented a parallelogram, but the lane being in the way, a corner had to be cut off; hence its name, as it has five corners instead of four.

This cottage is of that superior type which in our neighbourhood lets for five shillings a week; it is very picturesque, both when seen from the main road and from the lane. Miss Betty and I hold different opinions as to which of the two views is the best. She has a real talent for art, and when she finds leisure from the calls of her dairy, her poultry-yard, and her garden, executes really beautiful drawings. I also dabble a little in sketching, and we have often sallied forth together and sketched Five-cornered Cottage, she taking the lane view from choice, and I that from the high road.

"'I SEE THIS ROAD IS TOO WIDE FOR YOU'" (*p.* 516).

I think she is wrong about her view; in her sketches it looks too complicated, that bevelled-off corner never seems quite intelligible, especially about the tiled roof; perhaps it is that it presents great difficulties of perspective which neither she nor I are quite masters of.

From my point it is more simple; the gable end has a huge projecting chimney built into it, with a wooden shed leaning against it; the frontage towards the road has four windows, with a door in the middle. At a much later period a porch was added, which is flat on the top and supported by two wooden pillars, each with a Doric capital and abacus. This porch is not in keeping with the rest of the building, but as it is painted white, it is very effective in a sketch; and I consider that pictorially it quite balances the advantages of a dormer window and some roses which Miss Betty enjoys at the back of the cottage. But this is not all: the cottage stands on a high bank, and before it at a short distance is a low brick wall supported by buttresses, with a flight of stone steps down into the road. Owing to the turning of this road, it is difficult to get far enough away to bring in all the features of my view, and, as I have often said to Miss Betty, I wish that some R.A. or other tolerably competent person would come down and show us how it is to be done.

Such is the aspect and configuration of Five-cornered Cottage, and as the inhabitants of Little Wellerby, like those of Athens of yore, spend their time in telling or hearing something new, it was natural that conjecture should be rife there when it was known on the testimony of the agent that a certain Major-General Osborn, of the Senior United Service Club, had rented it for his own use. And the wonder grew when, after some weeks of carpentering, painting, and papering, under the personal supervision of the general, who had taken up his quarters at "The Dragon," in Great Wellerby, an ordinary agricultural labourer's cottage developed into what Miss Betty calls the most *bijou* residence in the village. From the first I was interested in the taste displayed in its internal arrangements, and that reached the pitch of enthusiasm when, on the shelves which had been nailed to the wall in the parlour, to the right of the entrance, there appeared a

magnificent array of books; many of them were statistical works relating to India, Government Blue-books, etc. Then there was a large collection of foreign literature, in French, German, Italian, Spanish, Persian, Russian, Arabic, and Sanscrit; and finally, as the crown of the library, a number of travels, with such a collection of atlases and maps as I have never seen out of a public museum.

"I sold my library," the general said to me, "before I came down here, and these are only the books I could not bring myself to part with."

All the society of Little Wellerby called upon him before he was finally settled in his little cottage. They generally found him seated on a packing-case smoking cigarettes, and giving orders to his workmen in the tone of a man having authority; indeed, a certain peremptory manner of speaking is habitual with him; he never seems quite to have realised that those around him are not amenable to discipline, and though, as we have since learnt, he is one of the kindest and most gentle-hearted of men, there is yet a quirk, a crabbed vein in his nature which makes timid people afraid of him.

Whenever he finds anyone labouring under a self-delusion, he seems to think it his duty to disabuse him; and if in the course of his travels he ever met with an ostrich hiding his beak in the sand, I feel certain that he went up to the animal and told him that he was only making himself more conspicuous by standing in that ridiculous attitude.

He met a young farmer, who was returning from market in Great Wellerby, and accosted him in the following alarming fashion:—

"I see this road is too wide for you. Take my word for it, you are drinking a great deal more than is good either for your health or your estate."

It was probably some brusqueness of this sort on the part of the general which caused the want of sympathy which Colonel Maitland always showed towards him.

They kept aloof; the general did not seem to think much of the colonel, and the colonel mistrusted the general.

Oddly enough, these traits seem to enhance the estimation in which he is held amongst the labourers and less educated classes. To them he is an oracle, to be consulted on all occasions of difficulty, and he has quite supplanted their proper Nestor, the parson of the parish, whose worn-out mantle has fallen from his shoulders: not because he has attained to any form of apotheosis, intellectual or spiritual, but owing to his sheer inability to wear it. The exhortations delivered from the pulpit of Little Wellerby Church have long since ceased to have authority, because they lack the one quality which the most uneducated can understand and appreciate: they have no ring of sincerity, and sound like lessons learnt by *rôte*. Yet the Reverend Samuel Gilbert and the general are sworn allies: a fact which is utterly bewildering to Miss Betty, and to others also, seeing that there is no discernible bond of union between them; and our dear irrepressible gossip boldly describes the parson and the general as two friends, one of whom eats the oysters whilst the other gratefully collects the shells.

But I have been anticipating, and making use of wisdom which came after events still to be set forth in this narrative.

As related at the outset, the general made his appearance amongst us in March. Two or three weeks elapsed before the cottage was ready for him to move into, and then the cultivation of his garden became a matter of immediate necessity; in the ordering and arrangement of which Miss Betty's advice was of the utmost value to him, as in the course of his life he had had much more experience in the sowing of grape-shot and bullets than of potatoes and peas.

She sent him loads of manure, seed potatoes and other vegetables; she was, in fact, so fascinated by the old man, and her heart was so elated at the thought that she had actually realised such a phenomenon as a major-general in her Majesty's service settling down in a labourer's cottage, that I verily believe she would have tilled and stocked his garden at her own expense. But to that extent she did not dare to venture.

Tom Sale, the blacksmith, the general's nearest neighbour, was also helpful both with advice and in a practical way.

Tom is a kindly, good-natured fellow, as by a merciful dispensation of Providence most powerful animals are. When at leisure, he would not allow the old gentleman to dig or delve, but would quietly, but determinedly, take the implement from him, and, with an energy and rapidity which made Mother Earth look quite foolish, finish the job for him. In return for such a service, he was always invited into the cottage, and the big man would stand under the porch as bashful as a maiden, eyeing the thick Oriental rug spread over the stone floor of the kitchen, and rubbing at his muddy boots frantically with a stick. On these occasions Tom was liberally refreshed, and the next day he would be burning with intolerable restlessness and impatience until the time came round for him to go to "The Chequers." There he would relate stirring tales of hand-to-hand fighting in the trenches before Sevastopol, of the Forlorn Hope laying powder-bags against the gate of Delhi, of the fearful well at Cawnpore filled with the bodies of slaughtered British men and women, of the relief of Lucknow, where the general narrowly escaped being blown to atoms, as some brother officers and men were, by the bursting of an ammunition waggon, and of the entry into the Residency, where they relieved the haggard garrison, dauntless still, but well-nigh spent, who had held the place so long against overwhelming numbers.

These were old tales, but they sounded fresh to the frequenters of "The Chequers," and Tom's entry was always hailed with delight, whilst he, on his part, was ever ready to let out his strong arms to the general, provided in return he could carry away a story or two which would make him the oracle of his circle.

Socially, the old gentleman is quite delightful. He is full of information of the most varied kind, and

always ready to impart it ; he has seen much service and not a little hard fighting ; he has travelled in little visited countries, such as Thibet, Siberia, Afghanistan, and Turkestan, and though not at all inclined to parade his attainments, it is evident that he is acquainted with a great number of languages. As he says of himself—

"I have always been possessed with insatiable curiosity, but the things I have wished to know most about are languages and wild beasts."

Of these last he has shot an immense variety ; in his kitchen hangs a skull with a huge pair of ovine horns : those of a Mar Kor, I think he calls them.

"I had a number of such things," he said to me, "but I gave them all away but that one, because it is the largest I ever saw. I shot it on one of the ranges of the Hindoo Kosh, and no one there had ever seen another like it."

But though the most communicative of men regarding his past career, he is utterly reticent on the subject of his worldly affairs, and until certain events happened which I propose to relate, we were in complete ignorance of their condition.

Miss Betty, who is a constant, shrewd observer, had strung together a number of inferences, which established to her mind the absolute conviction that the old general was very much straitened in his means.

One day, when I was sitting with him in his little parlour, I took down a volume from the shelf. It was a beautiful copy of Hakluyt's "Voyages," the folio edition of 1598, bound by Bedford.

"It is a luxury," I said ; "and there is a voluptuous pleasure in turning over a book like this, especially to a man who cannot afford to possess it."

"Ah!" he said, "we all of us spend our money foolishly at times, and take no heed of Fate, which is marching in our rear to overtake us, and take all we have, whether we will it or no."

That was the only allusion I ever heard him make to his fortunes.

However, as I often said to Miss Betty, "it is nobody's business, and he is always cheerful."

"Yes," she would say, "the dear old man is, I believe, perfectly happy. I suppose he looks upon life as a campaign, where you have often to bivouac upon very hard ground, and it is a rule of the service that you must not complain."

No picture of the general would be complete without his dog, a prick-eared, rough-haired terrier, named Pat, and the artist who desires to paint a really life-like and characteristic portrait of him must make him seated at a table, on which are a number of books, maps, and papers, with his dog on his lap ; in his right hand he might put a pen—but on second thoughts that would necessitate his sitting square to the table and thereby hiding his dog, and also his corduroy breeches and gaiters. There are evidently special difficulties connected with portrait painting which require experience to overcome. He might, of course, be represented as sitting sideways, writing at arm's length, but that would not seem natural, besides giving an awkward twist to his head.

On the whole, I think it would be best to give up the pen, make his right hand scratch the dog's ear ; the left hand might lean indolently over the arm of the chair, with a cigarette between the first and middle

"WOULD FINISH THE JOB FOR HIM" (*p.* 516).

fingers. This treatment would represent the general as we know him ; and if by any artifice of painting his skin could be made to appear seamed, rugged, and weather-beaten, and the clear blue of his eyes to shine out like germanders on a clay bank, we should have the man before us.

Apropos of this dog, Miss Betty told me that she once nearly cried in the old man's face. She happened to say something about Pat, and he gently stroked his favourite's head, saying—

"We are getting old together, Pat and I. Which is going to outlive the other no one knows ; but in either case it won't be for long, eh, Pathrick ?—we have agreed to that, haven't we ?"

Pat gave a grunt, as much as to say—

"Yes, governor, that's settled."

Yet, as a truthful annalist, I am bound to record that this same Pat, estimable as he still is, has fallen away from the pristine simplicity and integrity of his manners, as exhibited when he first came to Little Wellerby.

The general, in conversation, often makes grave indictments against him, though it is easy to see that there is a hidden vein of gleefulness behind the narration.

It appears that in winter, Pat, when he is let out in the morning, instead of, as usual, sniffing about the hedge and under the gooseberry bushes, will occasionally leap the wall and disappear. He has somewhere heard the panting of an engine and the "chuck-a-chuck-chuck" of a thrashing machine.

Those sounds he follows up across country, regardless of all the calls of duty, and only re-appears at home after the last bundle of corn and the last faggot have been cleared away from the stack. He returns usually gorged with mice that he has swallowed, and his face scarred and bleeding with the bites of rats he has worried.

The general regrets his absence, but forbears to chide him on his return. He, too, has been a sportsman, and what right has he to scold ? All he does on such occasions is to utter the word "Shelma !" whatever that may mean.

Pat, you must understand, has a very imperfect knowledge of English : he and the general communicate in a strange tongue. "Baad !" I have noticed, means that the dog is to keep his distance. "Ftesh !" "Aftesh !" or a word like that, sets him hunting ; and, when game is started, the word "Zanim !" acts like magic.

I once asked the general if these words came from Afghanistan or the Hindoo Kosh.

"Not exactly," he answered ; "they come from several places ; but words by themselves are nothing ; there is a spirit which flies forth on open wings when they are uttered. You may learn words like a parrot, and know the meaning of them, but until you have lived with a people you cannot discern that spirit ; and the odd thing about dogs is that they don't know the word, but see the spirit."

It is probably owing to the fact that he understands foreign languages that Pat is, in our village, traditionally invested with quite super-canine intelligence, and I regret that want of space, and also the artistic danger I should incur of transferring the source of interest from the human to the brute creation, prevent my relating some of the anecdotes current about him.

It is most delightful and instructive to go with Pat and the general when they go fishing. There is a stream about a mile and a half from our village which once contained abundance of trout, but it has been invaded by pike and perch, and hardly anyone but the general thinks it worth while to cast a fly over it ; but he has taken the trouble to learn its capabilities, and knows every inch of it ; and it is amusing to watch his manœuvres when he reaches its banks. The first thing he does is to sit down and light the invariable cigarette, whilst Pat as invariably proceeds to snort down the rat-holes, and to indulge in ineffectual scratchings.

After a time it appears that the general's keen blue eyes have observed certain signs invisible to the uninitiated. He often reminds me of the anecdote of a great American hunter, whose unerring skill was so well-known that when he fixed his eye on a possum on the top of a tree and levelled his piece, the animal always cried out—

"Don't shoot ; I'll come down !"

In like manner the lurking trout, wherever he might be, when once the general has fixed his eye upon him, seems to give it up, and when the fly is cast leisurely towards him, comes up tamely, and allows himself to be hooked. Then comes Pat's turn for excitement. He runs frantically to and fro along the bank, barking at the struggling fish, and when it is drawn to shore tries to suppress it with his paws. Pat is an all-round sportsman, but I don't think he professes to any special proficiency in fishing.

He feels that it is out of his line, and only testifies with tail and tongue that he sympathises with it as a sport.

They were happy days I am describing. The general, though over seventy, stood erect, and could walk miles if left to choose his pace. He may, he probably did, suffer from the *res angustæ domi*, but that mattered little to an old campaigner, and short rations at his age were not a serious trouble. The longer a man lives the less he wants to eat, and in old age he thrives best on very little ; probably medical science has not yet determined the line which separates a salutary abstemiousness from inanition.

The general's evenings at this time were spent with books, but very often the Rev. Samuel Gilbert would drop in to play at chess. He is, I suppose, fifty years of age, and a bachelor, and in the whole long course of half-a-century he seems to have garnered nothing into the storehouse of his brain but the recollection of certain trivial personal triumphs. He still relates with great gusto how, when a freshman at Oxford, he corrected somebody in a quantity ; and we all of us know by heart the text of a certain complimentary phrase addressed to him by a bishop. When any question is pending, he lies helplessly waiting for a cue, until Miss

Betty or somebody slides in the word, and then he stands up quite bravely; and, what is more remarkable, fights out his contention against any opposition.

As I said before, it is a mystery as to what draws this man and the general together. They play at chess, but that is not enough; in his early days here, when the general was settling himself in his cottage, the Rev. Samuel was very kind and helpful: he procured him a trustworthy housekeeper, besides rendering other kindly offices, and the kind-hearted old man is grateful, no doubt. But besides that, I think he discerns an element in the character of this incongruous associate which he respects and admires. I think he looks upon the Rev. Samuel Gilbert as a man who would have made an ideal subaltern, who, though incapable of originating anything or of bearing the weight of personal responsibility, yet possesses an iron will, and would carry out orders with dogged and unshakeable pertinacity against all obstacles. I have heard him say that in the army sometimes the most valuable men are those who don't think for themselves; and in the management of our parish there is evidently a stronger intellect at work than Nature has bestowed upon its otherwise amiable vicar.

So stood the case some ten or eleven months ago. In the small garden attached to an ordinary farm labourer's cottage, there could be seen any morning in the week, a tall, wiry old man, evidently a gentleman, though incongruously dressed in well-worn homespun, with corduroy breeches and gaiters, with a Dutch hoe in his hand, clearing away weeds; and somewhere in his neighbourhood, probably on the wall overhanging the road, a yellow prick-eared dog, twitching his nose in search of premonitory smells which might indicate the approach of something to be barked at or worried. These are the outward and visible phenomena, which are quite commonplace and ordinary; it is what is unseen that is extraordinary.

"SHE WAS DREADFULLY FRIGHTENED" (*p.* 520).

This old man, by force of intellect and character, has established an ascendency which dominates the entire community. He is regarded by the majority with a veneration which amounts almost to awe, and there hangs around him a romantic and tender feeling of compassion and the sense of some great mystery which has darkened his life. In that mystery there are insoluble elements. He is evidently very poor, and yet, as the vicar can testify—and I also, for the matter of that—he can regale you with a cigar of the

finest quality ; and once a year, just before Christmas, he brings presents round to his particular friends. My wife always receives her share, in beautiful boxes of French plums tied with ribbons, with tissue-paper cut out like lace covering the fruit ; and I often touch a solid Perigord patty—not the little flower-pot saucer that you see in grocers' windows, but a large *croc*, a veritable sixty-nine pounder of indigestibility, which takes a fortnight to consume and a month to recover from.

These good things, as he has told my wife, are sent to him by his daughter and son-in-law, who are settled in Bordeaux. He is a M. Dupuit, and has made his fortune, though a young man still, and is about to wind up his affairs and come to England. Poor Miss Betty has given up the riddle as hopeless ; she cannot understand how they can allow the general's life to be so hard and cheerless.

So stood the case, as I have said before, some ten or eleven months ago.

One afternoon—it was in harvest-time, when the village is deserted by all able-bodied workers—a stranger made his appearance. He was a ruffianly-looking vagabond, with grizzly unkempt beard and hair, and wore a greasy, tattered pilot-cloth jacket, which gave him a seafaring look ; the few who noticed him set him down as a dangerous-looking tramp.

He knocked at several cottages, which were empty and locked up, until he came to old Mrs. Bryce's, who was at home, looking after her neighbour's children. She was dreadfully frightened and bolted the half-door as he came up the path, but he spoke civilly, and asked where General Osborn lived. In her flurry she pointed out Five-cornered Cottage, and blamed herself for it bitterly afterwards.

What happened subsequently we only know from the testimony of Mrs. Sale, who was aroused by hearing a loud altercation at the general's over the way. She could distinctly hear his voice speaking, evidently in a passion, as also the angry barking of his dog ; presently the poor beast gave a piercing howl, and immediately after that there was silence. She stood watching, with her heart beating, as she said, so that she could hear it, and saw an evil-looking tramp issue from the general's cottage. He seemed to be quite satisfied with himself, and walked away with a jaunty air, smoking a pipe.

She rushed across at once to see what had happened, and found the poor old gentleman lying back in his chair insensible, and his trusty dog crouching and whining at his feet.

She ran round at once to Miss Betty's, and word was then sent on to me, my wife and I hurrying to the scene as fast as we could. When we got there we found dear old Miss Betty had already sent her man off on a pony to Great Wellerby to fetch a doctor. She was crying as though her heart would break, and wringing her fat hands in despair.

The general was quite insensible, and had evidently had a fit, as his mouth was drawn to one side. There was no sign of a scuffle saving that the poor dog had had a terrible blow, which seemed to have paralysed his hind-quarters ; everything in the room was untouched except a drawer in the writing-desk, which was open, with a bunch of keys hanging from the lock. On the table lay two open books : Rawlinson's "Herodotus" and Yule's "Marco Polo," with a pencil between the leaves ; the general had evidently been engaged in comparing passages and making notes in the margin.

Women are thoughtful in emergencies, and the idea occurred to my wife to write to Mme. Dupuit, his daughter. On an empty packing-case which stood at the back we found a stamp bearing the names of Smith, Dupuit & Co., 24, Rue de la Garonne, Bordeaux. I wrote the letter then and there, informing Mme. Dupuit that her father was ill, and posted it that same day.

What had happened we never knew accurately, and unfortunately the general's servant was out that afternoon : she had gone to Great Wellerby on an errand for him.

Over and over again we have discussed the matter, trying to piece facts together, and the following, in the words of Miss Betty, is the latest and most plausible version of the story :—

"That man, whoever he was, was known to the general, who would not have been in a rage and stormed at a stranger ; he came to get money from him, and finally the old man had given him the keys of the drawer where he kept it. They could not have been taken from him by force ; why, a powerful, brave man like the general would have made nothing of that tramp ; and besides that, on the wall just behind him, and within reach of his arm, hung his old cavalry sabre and a Ghoorka kookri. Old as he is, he would have cleared that room of tramps in two-twos if he had had a mind to. No ; he gave him the key, and told him where to find the money. Probably when the fellow went to the writing-table the dog flew at him, and he gave it a blow with his stick ; you may depend upon it, it was the sight of that blow and the scream of the poor beast which brought on the fit. It could not have been otherwise. I should not like to be the man who struck Pat such a blow with his master standing by ; I should not expect to leave the house jauntily, with a pipe in my mouth."

When the doctor came he pronounced it to be a case of apoplexy. The general was put to bed, and Miss Betty drew from him a long list of directions, which she undertook to carry out.

From that time she hardly left his bedside, and slept, if she slept at all, in a chair. About three in the morning after his attack the old man recovered consciousness, and in a voice which was quite intelligible, though rather thick, asked for Pat, and how he was. By an inspiration of sensibility—I cannot call it anything else—she had laid the poor wounded animal on the bed by the side of his master.

"Pat is very well," she said. "He is by your side."

The old man stretched out his hand and patted his favourite's head, and the faithful beast, by a strong

effort, dragged himself along by his fore-legs and licked his master's face. With a sigh of relief the general turned round and fell asleep.

For three days and nights Miss Betty hardly left his bedside; she administered the medicines and the beef-tea and jellies which were brought from her house, till, on the fourth day in the afternoon, a fly from Great Wellerby drew up at the door.

My wife and I happened to have called to inquire after our old friend, and were talking to Miss Betty in the parlour. Out of the fly, almost before it had stopped, there sprang an elegant-looking woman. She was very pale and agitated, and when she came into the cottage she looked about her with a scared and bewildered look.

"Madame Dupuit," I said—she bowed—"your father is very much better."

A short dark man behind her bowed also, and thanked me in perfect English.

We pointed to the narrow wooden staircase which led to the general's room. She flew up it, and we had just time to hear his voice crying—

"Vera, is that you, my child?"

We stole softly out of the room and closed the door. There are scenes too sacred to be intruded upon even by the most devoted friends.

When we stood in the street outside, I said to my wife—

"Where have I seen that face before? and who is she like?"

All the way as we walked I was puzzling my brains, and when we took leave of Miss Betty at her garden gate, I told her to go to bed at once and sleep it out.

"But as for me," I said, "I shan't sleep unless I can puzzle out the mystery of that face."

It took me a long time, but it came at last, and I jumped up with a shout which almost frightened my poor wife.

"I have it," I said: "it is the face of the Townley bust of Juno. The exact face, the same broad massive brow, the long deep orbits and narrow eyes, the broad nose and full lips."

And then I fell to musing. Did she strike me as beautiful? Hardly, I said to myself. Pretty? by no means; and then I jumbled up a number of confused notions in my head, which resulted in a vague conclusion that the Greeks had their own peculiar ideas, and we have ours: in which edifying frame of mind I went to bed.

II.

THE rest of my tale is soon told.

Months have passed, and Midsummer Day has gone to join the years, and to swell the bulk of used-up discarded time which lies piled up in the abyss behind us. We are still praying for rain, and indulging in gloomy anticipations of the coming winter. Little Wellerby is pretty much as it was at the outset of this narrative, and the general walks about with a firm step as of yore, apparently unhurt; his dog Pat is as keen for rats and mice as ever, with but one ailment, as a result of the ordeal he went through: namely, a sort of involuntary twitching, or St. Vitus's Dance, which affects one of his fore-legs.

I must relate in a brief and summary way what happened.

The general's attack turned out to be a slight one, and he recovered rapidly. M. Dupuit soon returned to Bordeaux, but his wife stayed a month to nurse her father. She slept at Miss Betty's, who would hear of no other arrangement, and who also insisted upon sitting up alternate nights with her at Five-cornered Cottage, until the old man was well enough to be left by himself. Vera Dupuit brimmed over with love and gratitude to our dear gossip, and she hugged her and sobbed over her when they parted.

But though the general seemed to have recovered his health, things did not march with their accustomed gait. He seldom went abroad, and we were distressed by symptoms which the doctor shook his head about, and attributed to shattered nerves. All on a sudden, however—I think it was in the month of February—a change came over him, and he became the same old general he used to be: always abroad, and in and out of cottages, talking straight to people as before. Pat was well before his master, who, oddly enough, does not know that anything ever happened to the dog; that incident in the terrible scene in the cotttage has faded entirely from his memory.

M. Dupuit has wound up his affairs in Bordeaux, and is living in a house two miles from our village, which he has hired for three months; but the general won't budge from Five-cornered Cottage.

Yesterday afternoon the Townley Juno, as I like to call her, sat a long time in our garden. She had driven over in her pony-trap, but finding that the general had gone fishing, came on to us. Her youngest child was with her: a sweet little beauty of three years old, with dark lustrous eyes like her mother's, and a mass of wavy brown hair hanging on her shoulders.

My son, a midshipman in the Navy, who is at home on leave, at once took possession of the little girl, and placed her on his knee; but his nautical brusqueness seemed to offend the young beauty—she flew into a violent passion, beating him with her tiny fists and scrambling off his knee, in which process she made a display of a pair of fat legs and a quantity of frilled underclothing.

In her rage, she reverted to the language she probably knew best, and then took refuge by her mother's skirts, where she stood sucking her forefinger and scowling at him most ferociously.

They soon made it up, however, and gradually vanished away. When they returned, little Miss Marie had her cheeks, her frock, and her pinafore stained with indubitable black-currant juice.

Juno, in the meantime, had been very communicative, and had told us the whole story of our dear general.

The ruffianly-looking man who had caused his illness

was his own son by a former marriage, and very much older than Vera Dupuit.

"Rutherford," she said, "had been very wild and very bad—quite dreadfully wicked, so I have heard. He ruined father altogether with paying his debts and getting him out of trouble; and finally—what neither I nor my husband knew—father had mortgaged his pension, and sent him off to Australia to do what he could for himself, making him promise that he should never see his face again.

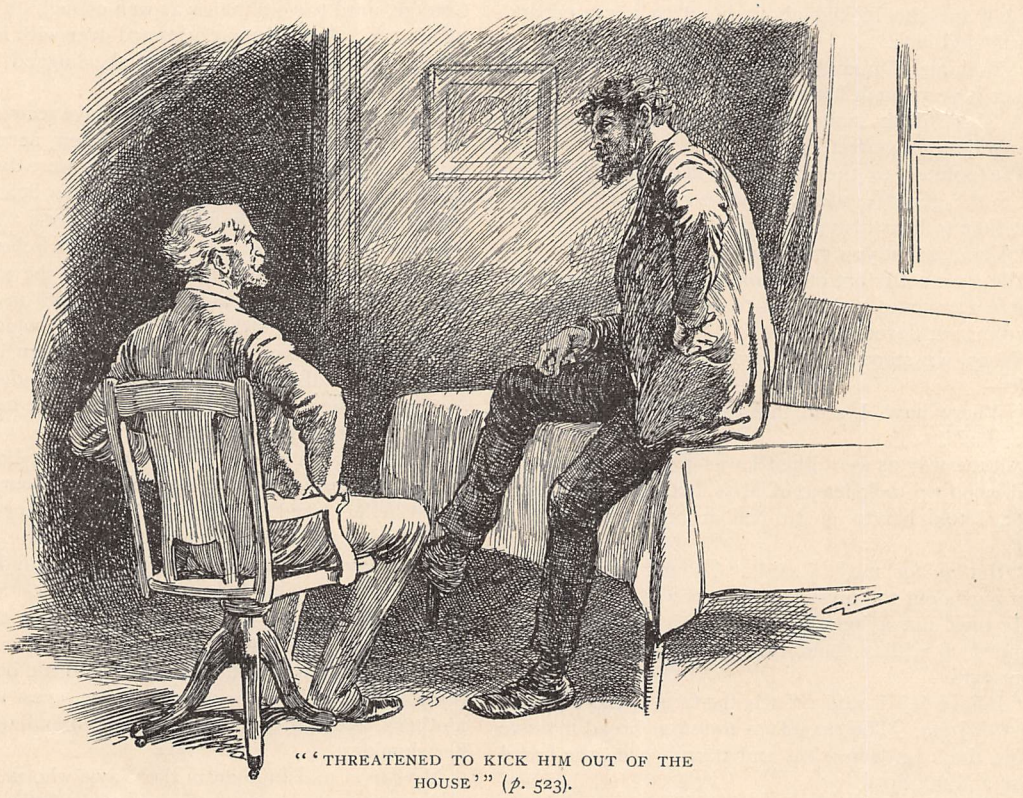
"He has told us that he could not bear the idea of remaining in London and dwindling into a seedy, shabby old man, so he determined to cut quite adrift from everyone, and resigned his club; and none of his old friends there ever knew what had become of him.

"He always wrote most cheerful letters to me, describing this country, that he had such a pretty cottage, and that he was so happy and comfortable, with such nice neighbours and friends; and we, of course, thought that he had his pension. It was really quite naughty of him; but that is his way—he will be independent of others.

"You know," she went on, "he is considered the greatest living authority on all that concerns India. He is especially great on the subject of the tribes on the North-west frontier, and has often been consulted by Government. Whilst he has lived here he has, no doubt, earned something by writing on the subject; but still," she said—and here her lustrous eyes began to sparkle with countless little lights, and the great tears burst their banks and flowed over—"he must sometimes have had very little. I know from his servant that he has lived for weeks on porridge and the vegetables from his garden."

"He has said to me jokingly that five shillings is little for a week's rent, but it is sometimes very hard to pay."

When she had had a little cry, she went on again.



"'THREATENED TO KICK HIM OUT OF THE HOUSE'" (*p.* 523).

"It was a terrible time after I got your kind letter. The hurried packing, the long, long journey, and then, when I got to this village and the carriage stopped before that cottage, I felt quite dazed. 'This can't be my father's house,' I said to myself. It seemed like an evil dream; and father is such a distinguished man.

"Well, it is not for us, who have our own sins to answer for, to think of what retribution may be meted out to others, but Rutherford certainly left this world with a heavy load upon his soul."

"Is he dead?" my wife and I said, almost in one breath.

"Yes; he died last February."

"And how did he find out where the general lived?" I asked.

"Oh, most cunningly. When he arrived in England

he got someone to write a letter from his dictation to Mr. Penniquick, our family solicitor, saying that he had just come from Australia, and wished to send General Osborn some tidings of his son who was out there. Penniquick fell into the trap, and wrote to the address given him.

"Rutherford died in a lodging somewhere in the East-end of London, and it was that letter of Penniquick's, found on his person, which led to his identification."

"Of course he came to the general to get money from him?" I said.

"Yes, and father flatly refused: told him he had broken his word, and threatened to kick him out of the house; and then the wretched man said he would go to the Union in the town here to get relief, and would tell them who he was. Poor father could not stand that, and gave him the key of his drawer, telling him to take what he wanted, but to remember that what was there had to last him two months. Rutherford took it all, but father does not remember anything that happened after he gave the keys."

I had not been able to take my eyes off our Juno's face during this narration, and after she had gone I said to my wife—"Do you know, my dear, that our ideas of female beauty are quite conventional and absurd. We have got to admire arched eyebrows, thin noses, and tiny mouths, and I verily believe it is those monstrous fashion-plates which have corrupted and vitiated our taste. The Greeks perceived, with their unerring taste, what is undoubtedly the highest type of female beauty."

"They had fixed ideas on the subject, no doubt," she said, "and did not allow their heads to be turned by the last example."

I verily believe that my dear, affectionate partner intended this remark to be very cutting.

FRESH AIR AS A MEDICINE.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

FOR years past the many virtues of fresh air have been loudly proclaimed, both in season and out of season. Yet much ignorance still prevails in regard to its value and the necessity for it—many even of those who profess to believe in its excellence take every means to keep it out of their own houses as completely as possible. A widespread notion exists, for example, that draughts necessarily accompany an abundant supply of fresh air; and as it is quite obvious that draughts are to be avoided for health's sake, it seems to follow that risk is incurred in thoroughly ventilating our houses. But draughts really mean an unequal distribution of the incoming air, which results in the production of currents; and this unequal distribution is due to a defective system of ventilation.

A few simple and well-known experiments teach us the necessity for fresh air and the ill-effects of cutting off the supply: *e.g.*, if a piece of lighted candle be placed in a closed glass jar, the light gradually becomes faint and eventually goes out, showing that combustion is impossible except in fresh air. Every child can tell us the reason. The oxygen in the jar has been used up and carbonic acid gas is formed. It is this same action that takes place in a colliery explosion; the "after-damp," which proves so fatal to the colliers, suffocating those who escape injury from the explosion itself, is chiefly carbonic acid gas, which is formed by the ignition of the "fire-damp." It neither supports combustion nor respiration.

Numerous instances of its ill-effects upon health may be cited—perhaps the best known is the history of the Black Hole of Calcutta. We know also that the health of our army and of our navy has materially improved since better systems of ventilation have been introduced. It is therefore certain that a sufficient supply of fresh air is necessary for health. Learning facts and applying them to every-day life are, however, two very different things; and I venture to think that the practical application of our knowledge of ventilation and of the value of fresh air is not so well carried out as it should be. If we consider for a moment all the agents which are at work in our houses consuming the oxygen which is necessary for life and activity, we shall see the necessity of providing a constant renewal of it.

In the first place we have fires. They are, however, distinctly beneficial, because they aid largely in promoting ventilation, and because also the injurious products of combustion are at once removed. In fact, if a fire draws well, it is positive proof that there is a certain quantity of fresh air entering the room, and a smoky chimney often merely depends upon an insufficient air-inlet. Burning gas is another matter. Here we have a very large quantity of air rendered useless, and all the products of combustion are distributed through the room—products which include an irritating acid, which may be present in a sufficiently large quantity to injure delicate fabrics. I may mention that the objection to warming a bedroom by lighting the gas depends upon these facts. Lamps and candles are less injurious; still, they use up a considerable quantity of oxygen and generate much carbonic acid gas. The ideal artificial light is the electric incandescent lamp,

which has absolutely no effect upon the air of a room.

Stoves do much to vitiate the atmosphere of a room. Badly-made stoves, especially if the pipe be made of cast-iron, may give rise to an exceedingly poisonous gas, called carbonic oxide, which even in excessively minute quantities is injurious to health. The people who live in the room are, however, the means by which the air is most surely vitiated. It was thought at one time that it was simply by expiring carbonic acid gas and using up the oxygen in the process of respiration that the air is rendered unfit for use; but this did not explain the unpleasant and stuffy smell noticed in badly-ventilated rooms, and it was further found that pure carbonic acid could be introduced into a room in far greater quantity than is found even in overcrowded apartments without producing any ill effect upon those living in it. It is now believed that the injurious nature of air which has been breathed is due to the presence in it of minute quantities of very poisonous organic matter, supposed to be exhaled from the lungs.

Before considering how the air of a room may be purified by ventilation, it may be as well to point out how serious a risk is experienced by those who refuse to admit plenty of fresh air into their houses. The widespread presence of tuberculosis, or consumption, in England is closely associated with the want of proper ventilation in living-rooms and in workshops. Fishermen, agricultural labourers, and all those following outdoor occupations are comparatively rarely consumptive, while the disease is only too terribly prevalent among those who work in small and crowded rooms. Other diseases, among which may be mentioned measles, whooping-cough, bronchitis, and especially diarrhœa, are not only more frequent in badly-ventilated houses, but are also more fatal than where the ventilation is efficient. These diseases are responsible for the greater proportion of deaths which occur in infancy and early childhood. It is therefore certain that the plea for fresh air is not merely a fad of the sanitary enthusiast, but is justified by the evil effects resulting from its absence.

The bedroom, in which we stay the longest time uninterruptedly, is unfortunately the worst ventilated room in the majority of cases. The door is shut, the windows closed, the fireplace covered up; even sandbags are used to keep out the ever-dreaded draughts; the bed is surrounded with curtains, by which the foul air is prevented from being distributed through the room, and thereby diluted. The wonder is, as the Irishman remarked, that we don't wake up some fine morning and find ourselves dead in our beds. Too often our sleep is broken or disturbed by dreams, and we begin the day heavy and dull; we assign all manner of reasons for this state of things except the right one: the room should be large enough to contain constantly a sufficient supply of fresh air. Theoretically, the minimum amount of air-space to be allowed for each person is one thousand cubic feet: that is to say, the space supplied by a room ten feet high, ten feet long, and ten feet broad, making no allowance for space occupied by furniture. Even the air contained in such a room will only suffice for quite a short time. In this climate the air of a room, unless artificial means of ventilation are applied, cannot be changed more than three times an hour without causing draughts; and the reason why one thousand cubic feet of space is given as the minimum is that three thousand cubic feet of air per hour are required by an average adult. It will be readily understood, therefore, that in a room closed up as I have described the atmosphere becomes vitiated to an injurious degree.

Effectual ventilation of rooms can easily be arranged. Fresh air can enter by the window and the impure air escape through the chimney. If it be objected that an open window is draughty, the current of air can be directed upwards by a very simple device. The lower window-sash is raised and the open space below filled in with a board three inches wide, fitting the window-frame accurately. The current of air enters between the two sashes, and a draught is avoided. Tobin's ventilating tubes are based upon this principle. Of course an outlet for foul air must be provided, and it is easy to make an opening into the upper part of the chimney-breast. If in the morning the windows be opened widely—top and bottom—so as to admit air and sunshine freely, a great improvement in sleep and in general health will be experienced by those who slept in the previously sealed-up bedroom. Children are particularly susceptible to the influence of impure air, and therefore especial care should be taken to protect them from it. Schoolrooms are often badly ventilated, and consequently the children suffer in health and in temper. Much of the headache and listlessness popularly ascribed to over-pressure is really due to insufficient oxygen.

One thing must not be forgotten: we must get pure air to start with from outside. Very often the air as it enters is impure, owing to faulty drains or ash-pits full of decomposing matters. Or the house may be built on that abomination known as made soil: that is to say, over a hollow filled up with a soil made up of all sorts of town refuse. Foul gases are generated, which enter the house and take disease with them. Much care ought, therefore, to be taken to select a house which shall be free from the dangers of insanitary surroundings. If, in addition, plenty of air and light are constantly admitted, much will have been done to secure long life, robust health, and happiness.

Words by RUDYARD KIPLING. *Music by* LOUISE SINGTON.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

There's a whis-per down the field, Where the

Moderato.

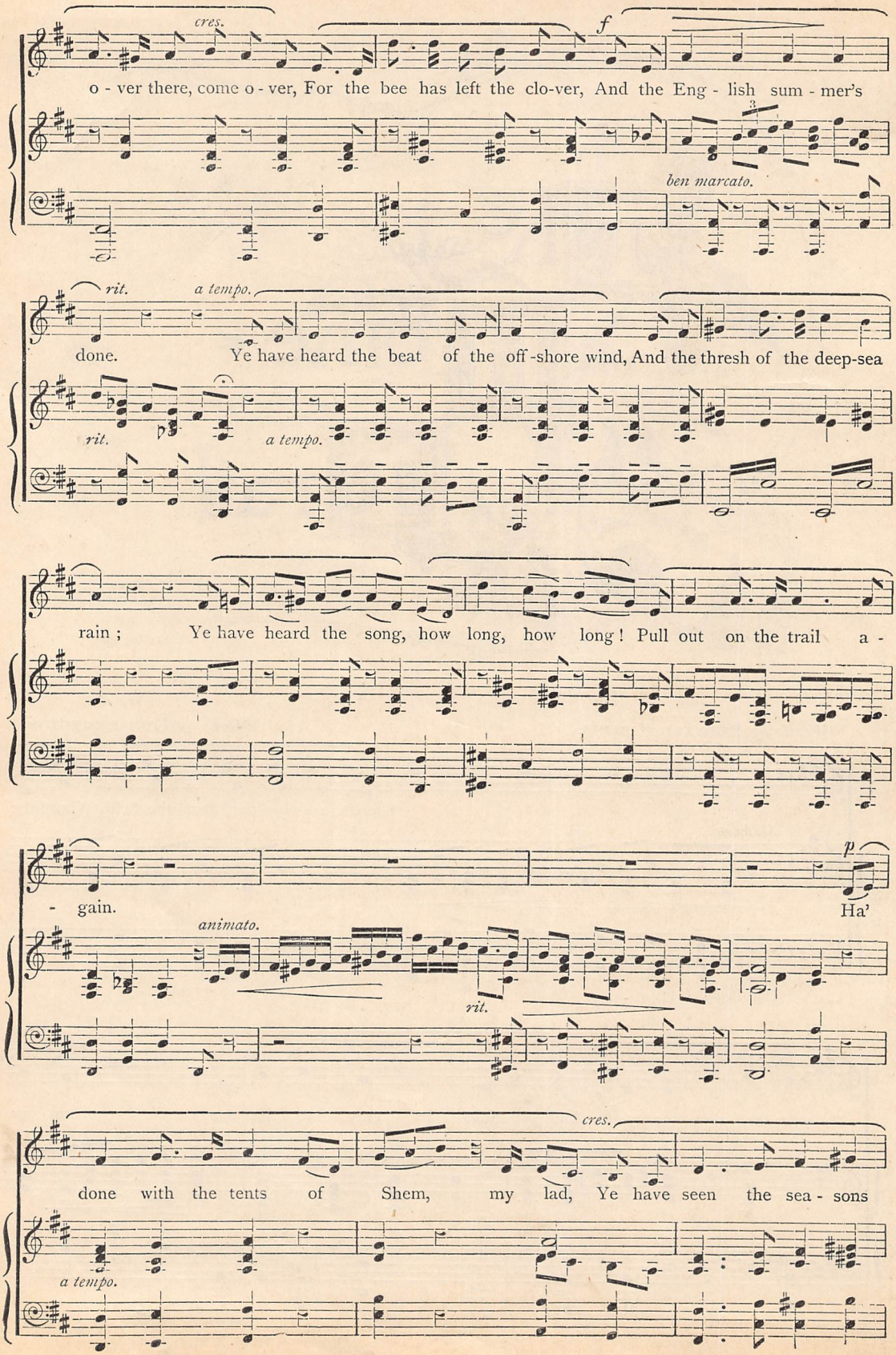
3

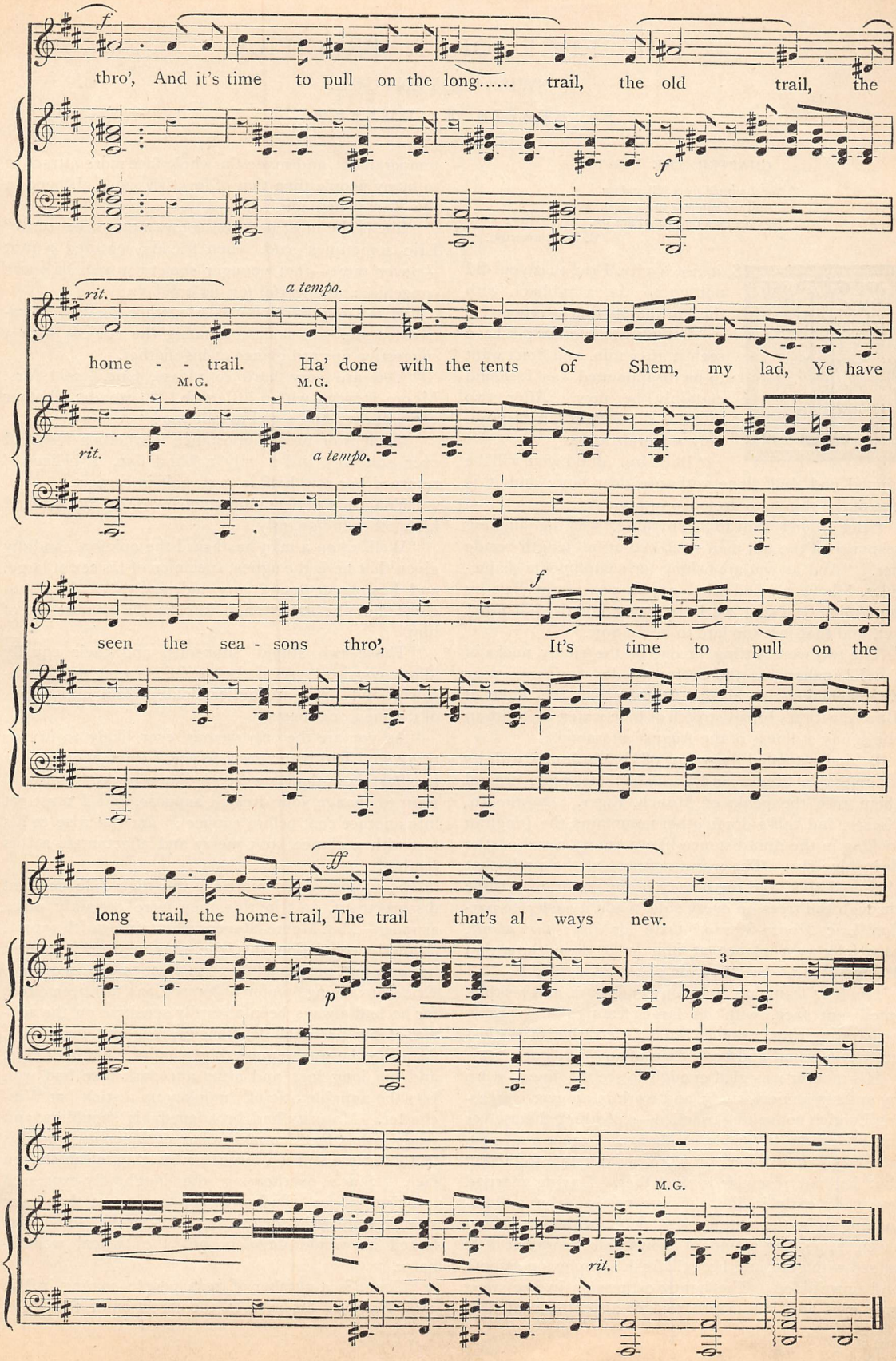
p

Con Pedal.

mf

year has shot her yield, And the ricks lie grey to the sun, Sing-ing


cres.
f
o - ver there, come o - ver, For the bee has left the clo-ver, And the Eng - lish sum - mer's
ben marcato.
rit.
a tempo.
done.
Ye have heard the beat of the off-shore wind, And the thresh of the deep-sea
rit.
a tempo.
rain ;
Ye have heard the song, how long, how long! Pull out on the trail a -
p
- gain.
Ha'
animato.
rit.
cres.
done with the tents of Shem, my lad, Ye have seen the sea - sons
a tempo.


f
thro', And it's time to pull on the long..... trail, the old trail, the
f
rit.
a tempo.
home - - trail. Ha' done with the tents of Shem, my lad, Ye have
M.G.
M.G.
rit.
a tempo.
f
seen the sea - sons thro', It's time to pull on the
ff
long trail, the home-trail, The trail that's al - ways new.
p
3
M.G.
rit.

THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE.

A SWISS ADVENTURE.

By BESSIE E. DUFFETT.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"And I turned from hill and lea
And the summer sun's green revel,
To your eyes that could not see."
E. B. BROWNING.

"IS it not a pity, Eric, that you did not go to the Staubbach with the Parkhursts this afternoon?"

"I think not, mother; I have seen it after rain, and don't want to be disappointed—as I should certainly be now. After two months' dry weather, it is probably a mere trickle."

"But I am afraid you will be hipped and dull alone with me, dear boy; and it is one of the things to do too, you know."

"But I don't want to *do* anything," was the laughing response of the tall man stretched at full length beside her. "And as you are fishing for compliments shamefully, I have a good mind not to rise to the bait by reminding you that we have never bored each other yet, and that it is too late to begin now."

The two were sitting in one of the shady nooks of the Kleineberg, as the pretty wooded eminence near Zwischenlaken is called. At their feet the Lake of Brienz, with its broad stretch of blue water, lay calm in the sunny stillness of the August afternoon.

Behind extended the valley of Vielebrünnen, with its innumerable brooks and rocky heights, while around them rose the peaks of Mönch, Eiger, Schwalmern, Niesen, and half-a-dozen other mountains, the Jungfrau looking in the dim distance like a snowy cloud on the deep blue sky. The warm softness of the air in that sheltered spot, and the beauty of the panorama visible through the trees on every side, made it easier to pardon Eric Moore-Stevens' taste for *dolce far niente*, especially as a glance at him sufficed to show that laziness was no besetting sin of his, as a rule.

His long frame was too bony and spare, and his thin, intelligent face, with its large features and keenly penetrating eyes, were characteristic rather of restless activity of mind and body than of any indolence.

His mother was glad enough to see the lines—worn by endless anxiety, study, and work in an ever-increasing London consulting practice—smoothing themselves out under the influence of change of scene and rest. She was so unlike her son as to make it safe to predict that he had resembled his father. Having married unusually early in life, she was particularly youthful-looking to be the mother of a man owning to thirty-seven years, her abundant brown hair being but little tinged with grey, and her still fresh complexion smooth and unwrinkled. The happy expression in her sweet grey eyes and her mouth told of a gentle, contented temperament, and made the whole face more attractive to many people than that of feverish eager girlhood in this dissatisfied age.

"She is the most peaceful companion in the world," Eric sometimes said, when friends ventured a hint—never more—that younger society would be more congenial and cheerful for his holidays.

"Miss Dolly Parkhurst is altogether too demonstrative for me," he said, continuing the subject, with a suggestive upward glance at his mother.

"You are very hard to please, Eric," said Mrs. Moore-Stevens, with a little sigh. "I wonder whether you will ever find a girl to suit you?"

"What is of more importance is whether I should ever suit any girl; only a blind one, I believe!" returned her son, half in jest, half in earnest.

"You are a perfect monomaniac on that point," said his mother indignantly.

"Well, when a man has heard the opinion candidly given that he is the ugliest specimen of his sex at large, and has never found any independent authority to contradict the assertion, it knocks the conceit out of him."

"Those two stupid Simpsons, and their equally idiotic cousins! As if their opinions were worth consideration! You are better-looking than nine-tenths of the men one meets."

"As you are the only woman ever likely to say or think so, I had better stick to you, I think, mother. It is after six; shall we be strolling back? You will want to change your dress, I suppose, and I must get into another coat before supper;" and he rose to his feet with a glance both merry and affectionate at his mother.

The subject of his marriage was their sole point of disagreement, and in this they were certainly poles asunder—Mrs. Moore-Stevens maintaining with natural motherly conviction that the woman worthy to wed her only and precious "boy" had yet to be discovered. Eric's unvarying opinion of himself has just been cited, for he had always been absurdly sensitive on the subject of his personal deficiencies, real and imaginary. As a boy, he was remarkably "lanky" for his years, and his long legs and arms and dark face had won him the amiable title of "monkey up a stick" at Winchester. Maturity had broadened his shoulders, and made his six feet two inches less conspicuous; but his features were still too large for his thin, clean-shaven face. Since overhearing the laughingly-expressed criticism above alluded to, he had more than ever shrunk from girls' society, until his mother sometimes feared he would develop into the typical woman-hater.

"There is a number of fresh people coming in," he said, straining his eyes in the direction of the Hôtel

d'Angleterre, at whose doors its omnibus was disgorging a crowd of new-comers. "I thought the house was full."

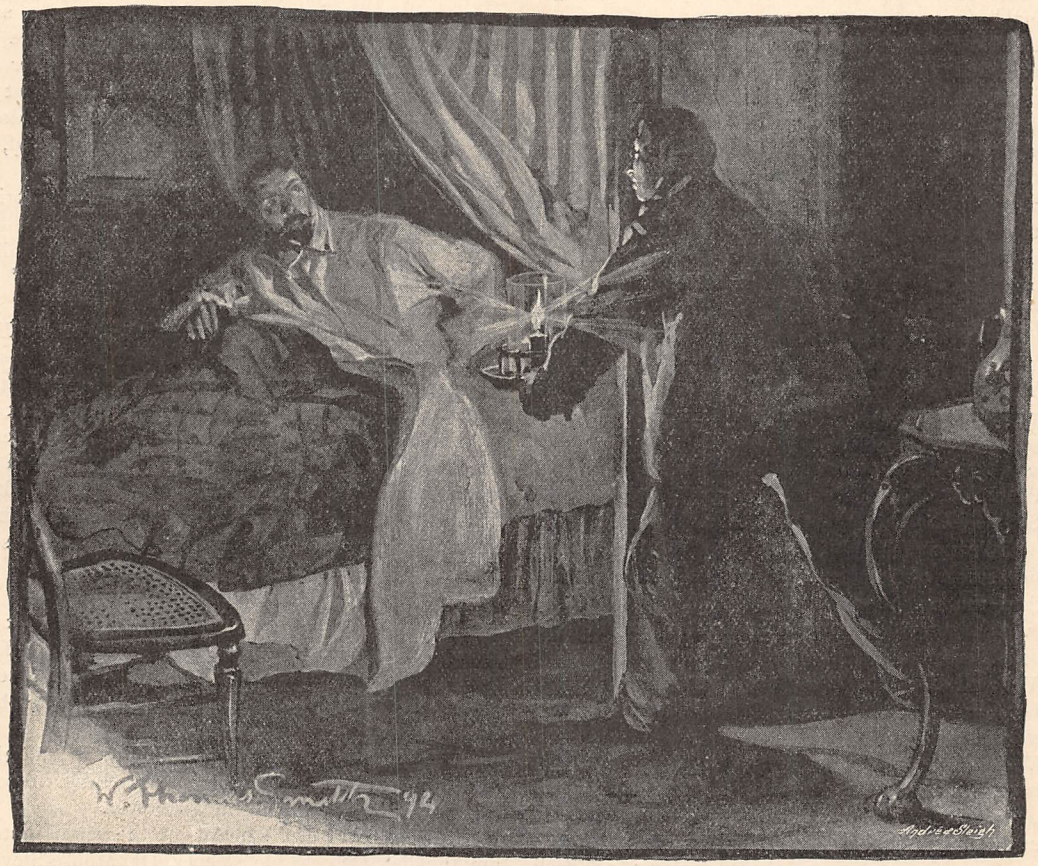
"Oh, I fancy they can always make room for more," laughed Mrs. Moore-Stevens.

"If the hotel gets overcrowded, I vote we move on," said Eric. "They'll give us treacle instead of honey for breakfast. It is getting thicker every morning already."

Thicker still was the crowd in the dining-room, half shaded by long curling lashes, were bent upon her plate, and imperceptible at the moment.

"Hang it! A girl beside *me!*" he said to himself, with fresh regret at the departure of the sub-editor of a leading medical paper with whom he had been able to enjoy the luxury of talking "shop" in low tones. "I suppose I shall have to speak to her, if they're here for any length of time. Hope they aren't!"

But his neighbour was peculiarly silent, for a girl; and she did not even look at him for several minutes,



"'MDLLE. PELHAM—A YOUNG LADY—HAS A *ATTAQUE*, M. LE DOCTEUR'" (*p.* 530).

an hour later, when the Moore-Stevenses descended to their places. Amid a little confusion, room was made next to Eric for three new arrivals: a young married pair and a girl, evidently a sister of one of the couple, who took the chair beside him in an awkward, stumbling manner, suggestive of a school-girl. Yet there was nothing otherwise *gauche* in her appearance; in fact, as far as Eric could judge from the hasty sidelong survey he snatched as the first course was taken round, she was rather pretty, and *petite* in build. Her dark hair was bright and wavy; her pale skin was clear, save for a few not unbecoming "sun kisses," and her little nose and small mouth, with its short upper lip, was particularly dainty and sweet. Her large hazel eyes, during which her companions were deliberating over the wine card.

"Trout? Have you any filleted fish? No? Angela, my dear, will you venture on trout?" said the young matron's high-pitched voice. "I don't fancy there are many bones."

"No, thanks, Frances," was the shyly-given reply. "I—I would rather not, please;" and the girl's ear and cheek were suffused suddenly with red.

Eric did not concern himself, beyond the thought that she was a bashful miss, afraid of fish-bones. He was assailed, too, at the moment by Dolly Parkhurst from opposite, who assured him volubly of his loss in not joining their Staubbach expedition. "It was

more of a veil than ever. Even the guides said so, Dr. Moore-Stevens. And we may have rain shortly."

Though Eric winced at the title to which, as a surgeon he was not as a rule accustomed, he replied good-temperedly to his *vis-à-vis*, without committing himself to any promise of joining the picnics she was projecting by the dozen. Then his attention was again drawn to the girl by his side, or rather to her companion.

"The salt is at your left, and the mustard beside it. I have cut the beef rather small, as I expect it is tough as usual," she was saying.

Amid the Babel of conversation, the remark was not generally heard; but to the Moore-Stevenses and a few others it was distinctly audible. Mother and son exchanged a suggestive glance, which said: "Poor girl! Blind!" as plainly as words. The discovery gave her an immediate interest in Eric's professional eyes, and he instinctively turned over in his mind possible causes of the fact. Since there was no disfigurement, it was probably due to no accident or disease of the eye-ball; yet the blindness was evidently of comparatively recent date, as she required attention at table, and, by her embarrassment, was not used to receiving it in public. Interesting case, very.

"You may talk to her in safety, poor child," said his mother's soft voice. "She can't be frightened by your ogre looks, at any rate!"

He returned her arch glance with a shrug of his shoulders, but did not follow her hint.

"Stupid idea of bringing a blind child—she doesn't look much more—to this place," he said to her, later, as they stood together on one of the balconies, and watched the moon slowly tinting the waters of the lake with silver, and casting deep mysterious shadows over the Bernese Alps.

"Yes; all this beauty lost to her!" breathed his mother sympathetically. "Unless they can try and describe it."

"Which to some blind people is more pain than pleasure. Well, good-night, mother. I shall turn in now, as I want to see the sunrise to-morrow. It is better than the sunset," he added characteristically. "There are fewer women about, looking at each other's flounces, and crying: 'Exquisite! Charming!'"

He had not been in bed two hours, however, when a rap at the door awakened him.

"What is it? Anyone ill?" was his instinctive query, as he sprang up with all his wits about him, after the manner of a man accustomed to such summonses.

"Mdlle. Pelham—a young lady—has a *attaque*, M. le Docteur," the night-porter's voice said, in broken English. "Weel you go?"

"Immediately. What is the number of the room?"

"It is *au quatrième, deux cent cinquante*," returned the man, who was not equal to English numerals.

Eric hurried into his clothes, and bolted upstairs to the top storey with noiseless footsteps, his long legs taking two steps at a time. The narrow corridor showed an unbroken array of closed doors with boots outside, save where, at the farthest end, a smart, dressing-gowned figure beckoned him out of an open doorway.

"Oh, thank goodness you have come!" was her greeting; and he recognised the companion of his blind neighbour at dinner. "It is for my sister-in-law; she has fainted, and I can't get her to come to. I was just beginning to get frightened, as she is blind, you know. It is a shame to wake you, but——"

If there was one type of woman more objectionable to Eric than another, it was the chatterer in illness. He cut Mrs. Pelham short now by entering the bedroom unceremoniously in silence. On the small wooden bed the blind girl was lying, as white and wan as the moonbeams which had won their way through the window, and were playing about the polished floor; her almost pulseless hand was drooping over the bedside, her pale lips were parted, and her eyes closed.

"She is stifled; and no wonder!" he said briefly, and going to the window as he spoke.

"It won't open, and in this wretched room—all we could get—there is no chimney, as you see," said Mrs. Pelham disgustedly.

"Well, we must have air somehow," observed Eric; and taking up a parasol which lay on the chair near, he carelessly thrust the handle through two or three panes. Crash went the fragments on the paved courtyard below. "Open the door wide, please; there is no one about," he continued shortly, as he dashed cold water freely in the girl's face, and held the salts to her nostrils. His efforts were rewarded after a minute, for she gasped and opened her eyes with a slight shiver.

"What is it?" she asked, trying to sit up.

"You have been a little faint, for want of air: that is all," replied Eric kindly, in a tone very different from that in which he had addressed her sister-in-law. "It is a hot night, and you were probably tired."

"Oh, I was! I remember feeling queer and giddy, and trying to call out to someone, and I don't recollect anything after that," said the girl shyly.

"Yes, Angela; and I heard you the very minute. I am the lightest possible sleeper, Dr. Moore-Stevens," Mrs. Pelham broke in gushingly; "and I have nursed her so often."

This assertion was discounted to the hearer's critical mind by the fact that the self-styled nurse was incapable of restoring a patient from an ordinary swoon, and he remarked snubbingly that the partitions were so thin that it was difficult to avoid hearing the slightest movements in the next apartment.

"I'll push her bed nearer the window, and I think she'll do," he continued. "No, don't move" (to the girl); "I can lift you as well;" and in his strong arms he carried the light structure across the little room, and close to the air, which was blowing in freshly from the smashed panes. "Don't scruple to wake me again, if necessary; my room is No. 37, on the second floor," he said, with a glance at the sweet face, all unconscious of his scrutiny, on the pillow.

"But I hope you'll be all right now;" and he touched her hand, and was gone.

"Well, of all the bears!" was Mrs. Pelham's comment. "But I know he's a clever man, for I saw an envelope addressed to him: E. Moore-Stevens, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.S."

"I think he was very nice," said Angela rather wearily. "What is he like to look at, Frances?"

"Oh, a hideous fright! very tall and lanky; but he has a pretty wife, a great deal older than himself."

"He has a kind voice, and soft hands," said Angela, reflectively. "I am sorry to give you so much trouble, Frances, and him too; for I suppose it's his holiday."

"Oh, that's what they are for," replied Mrs. Pelham easily. "Well, good-night; don't wake me again if you can help it, as I am really *dead* tired! I've put some water by the bedside, and the aromatic vinegar."

"All right," came in a depressed tone, "and thank you."

Angela tossed back the short curly hair from her forehead, and tried to compose herself for sleep. Her sister-in-law's parting admonition was not encouraging, and she registered a mental resolution to suffer much before she awoke her devoted nurse again. The hot scalding tears gathered in her eyes, and she had to bury her face in the big square pillow to smother the sobs which would come, despite her best efforts at self-control. It was bad enough to be blind and dependent upon others, but when the unwilling offices of the wife of a half-brother were the sole ministrations, poor Angela might be pardoned for thinking herself the recipient of harder measure than that which falls to the lot of most orphaned maidens.

"If I had only died that time!" was the burden of her thoughts through the night, during which she scarcely did more than close her eyes.

It was a short night, however, for mountaineering parties were starting soon after dawn, and some of them required much knocking to arouse them. The hotel servants were early astir, and Angela was glad to follow their example. She had already learned to be handy in the dark, and could dress herself without disturbing the slumbers of her sister-in-law, whose gentle snores were distinguishable through the thin wooden partition. She had, too, the bump of locality, which frequently, though not universally, develops rapidly among the blind, and she made her way downstairs, with a little guidance from a friendly chambermaid. Ah, how delicious the air was at seven o'clock in the morning! She seated herself on a bench on the verandah with a sigh of enjoyment, and breathed the fresh mountain and lake breezes with delight after her weary night, listening with acute interest to the movements and voices about her.

"Going up the Güggisgrat?" said a man's deep bass, after some time. "Now, Moore-Stevens, come with us. You're an old hand, I know."

"It is an easier ascent from Beatensflüh—less walking," said the pleasant voice Angela recognised at once from the night before.

"The hotel there is so primitive," said the first speaker.

"All the better," returned Eric.

"Ah! we're not all Spartans like you, my dear fellow," said young Parkhurst. "At any rate, I'll try the longer road first, and come back by the way of Mount St. Beatus."

There was the crunch of nailed boots upon the gravel, and Eric turned from watching the little party of men off to where, in the shade, he noticed his patient of the night before. She could not see him, so he took a long survey without embarrassing her. Her pallid cheeks, black-rimmed eyes, sad droop of the lips, and tired gesture as she leaned against the back of the bench, alike pointed to a bad night and an unrefreshed arising. He took her hand, and asked how she felt.

"I know you got up early, because you haven't slept," he said.

Angela tried to smile.

"Confess to hardly a wink," he said again.

"Not forty, certainly," said the girl ruefully. "But it was too bad to wake you for such a trifle. I haven't apologised yet. I hope *you* didn't get up early for the same reason?"

"Oh, I can do with very little sleep," said Eric easily. "We learn to, you know. And it's worth getting up to see the sun creeping slowly up over the mountains. First a few pink streaks come over the snow, then they deepen, and spread gradually, until at last the whole country is flooded with the golden rays. I would rather see it than the sunset."

Angela listened eagerly.

"Oh, thank you!" she said, with a sigh. "It is so nice to hear it described. My sister-in-law hasn't any love for scenery, and my brother thinks it makes it worse for me to hear about things and not see them."

Eric understood and sympathised.

"It does to some people, I know," he said.

"But I feel so out of it, if I don't hear. I haven't been like this long."

Eric heard the tears in her voice, and hastened to change the subject.

"I'm going to prescribe some breakfast for us both," he said. "Will you come? My mother is down too. She always likes to be up betimes."

It was the pleasantest meal that Angela had eaten for a long time. Mrs. Moore-Stevens' gentleness won her from shyness at once, and her son waited on them both so unobtrusively that she almost forgot her troubles for the nonce, and laughed and talked quite merrily. They had finished before the Pelhams sauntered down with a crowd of late risers.

"John" was a heavy, though worthy-looking, specimen of the genus British tourist, without half the sense of his wife, whose alert decision of manner showed her to be accustomed to act for him. This fact, coupled with her love of gush and extravagant chatter, did not prepossess Eric in her favour any more than the

"THE DOCTOR DASHED COLD WATER FREELY IN THE GIRL'S FACE" (*p.* 530).

night's experience had done. He rose from table with an alacrity which made his mother smile inwardly, as Miss Dolly Parkhurst, in the most masculine of shirts, coats, and ties, approached.

"You are an early bird!" she said lightly. "We want to make up a party to walk to Weissenau this afternoon. Will you come?"

"What do you say, mother?" concluding her to be invited also, in a pointed manner, which Dolly understood. "Is it too far for you? Over two miles from Unsprunnen."

"I shall enjoy it if I rest this morning," replied Mrs. Moore-Stevens amicably; and Miss Dolly returned to the same table where sat the Pelhams, John vainly trying to make an Englishman's hearty breakfast of what he called "buns and honey."

"Those are such delightful people!" she said to Frances, with whom she had been chatting on the previous night. "He is quite a big-wig in his profession, too."

"Well, if you had asked me, I should have said that he had very little to say for himself outside it" returned Frances. "I was obliged to call him up in the night to my little sister-in-law, and I thought him blunt enough."

"Oh, that is always his way with strangers," returned Miss Parkhurst, with an air of appropriation.

"He certainly seems very attentive to his wife."

"His *wife!*" laughed Dolly. "That is his mother!"

Frances coloured with annoyance. She prided herself on her *clairvoyance* in such matters, and it was provoking to be found out in such an absurd mistake.

"She is sitting yonder with your sister, by the bye," continued Dolly, with a pucker in her smooth white forehead. "*He* is sure to be somewhere near—always tied to his mother's apron-string! I never saw such a man!"

Frances pushed her coffee-cup aside, and strolled to one of the open French windows. Angela was reclining in a cane lounge-chair under a tree, Mrs. Moore-Stevens sitting knitting in its counterpart. Eric's long figure, surrounded by a cloud of smoke, was stretched at a convenient distance. Angela's somewhat plaintive little face looked bright and animated; she was

evidently enjoying herself more than Frances had seen her do for many months, and a frown crossed her forehead.

She was not a fiend, and did not, therefore, quarrel with others' happiness when it did not interfere with her own plans. But she had a not uncommon desire to be foremost; and since these Moore-Stevenses were highly esteemed by their fellow-guests, it annoyed her that Angela—a silly chit, still in her teens, and childish to boot—should monopolise them.

If she had at that early date any ulterior suspicions, she did not allow them to formulate in her own mind. It was far from her purpose to allow Angela to marry—even if anyone showed so mad an inclination with regard to a blind girl. For Angela had inherited a fortune from her mother, and was at present under the guardianship of Mr. Pelham, her large income being a very convenient addition to their own.

She put a sailor-hat on her head and sallied into the gardens. Eric was starting for the station at the moment; the mails had not come in, and he was getting impatient for his papers.

"I was just going in that direction, too," rejoined Frances mendaciously. "If I may leave my sister with you?" she added sweetly to Mrs. Moore-Stevens, who assented with pleasure.

"If she cares to stay," with a peculiar expression on her face, as her eyes followed her son.

She knew the proposition was not in accord with his taste, but that he could not refuse Mrs. Pelham's company without the grossest incivility.

"How do you think my sister looking?" Frances inquired, as soon as they were out of hearing.

"Not up to much," he replied frankly. "I hear she didn't sleep."

"That wretched room! I feared so. We shall have to leave and go on to Grindelwald, for, of course, her health is of paramount importance to us."

"If so, keep her quiet for a few days," said Mr. Moore-Stevens drily. "She's been overdoing it."

"I am *so* thankful to you for advising it. We had arranged to be here for a week, in order to have letters forwarded, and so on. It would have been such a nuisance to cut short our stay. Still, that bedroom——"

"I have been thinking of changing with her—subject to your approval, of course."

"She wouldn't hear of such a thing, I know," cried Frances. "Of course, it is more than good of you to propose it, but——" She stopped, mingled perplexing feelings confusing themselves in her mind.

"We may not be here for more than a night or two longer, and I can manage very well with the little room, especially with my patent ventilator," he replied, half laughing, adding, with professional reserve: "she need know nothing more than that the room is vacant for her."

If Frances had been able to flatter herself that this most convenient arrangement had been due to any suggestions or merits of her own, she would have been highly gratified and delighted. As it was, she was merely puzzled by his sudden interest in Angela. Had he fallen in love with the child? Or was it purely unselfish consideration of a patient's well-being?

"It is most kind of you," she reiterated, looking at him questioningly. "The only thing against it is the distance she would be from me."

("The main point in favour of it!" reflected Eric.)

"But she is wonderfully capable, considering that she has been blind only a few months."

"Oh, a few months?" echoed her hearer.

"Yes: it is quite a romantic story; you have been so kind, I should like to tell you," Frances went on volubly. "Her sight has never been strong from a child, but it was as good as usual when she went in December to stay with some friends, manufacturers, near Blackburn. Their house was quite close to the mills, and a dreadful explosion took place during her visit. She was near the building at the time; the shock threw her to the ground, and though not otherwise injured, she was quite blind when she was picked up. Mr. Netherton, the oculist—you know his name, no doubt?"

"I was at Guy's with him."

"Well, he says there is no disease, but it is all on the nerves. As she gets stronger she may recover her sight in a measure, or, as a shock caused her to lose it, another may restore it. He couldn't give any more hope than that. An uncommon case, he said it was."

Mr. Moore-Stevens nodded thoughtfully.

"Then, as if that were not trouble enough for her, the man to whom she was engaged backed out of it," continued Mrs. Pelham. "His people egged him on: I will say that for him; but it was a disgracefully shabby thing to do, wasn't it?"

"The cad!" said Eric impulsively, switching off the heads of some grasses by the roadside in a fit of uncontrollable disgust, and feeling her words terribly inadequate. "Poor child! Well rid of him, though."

"I'm afraid Angela did not think so, but, of course, she acquiesced quietly; there was nothing else for her to do. She will never marry now; she was intensely devoted to him."

Frances rattled on in her usual style as they strolled on to the railway-station, and back to their hotel. Eric's thoughts were strangely pre-occupied by the story he had just heard, and he gave little heed to his companion's chatter.

It was by no means the first confidence of the kind of which he had been made the recipient. He knew that other girls had been the victims of men's selfishness before, yet the pathetic little history took a stronger hold of him than he could have believed possible, and made him the more inclined to be gentle and friendly towards the heroine of it.

He said nothing, even to his mother, of the change of rooms, for a variety of reasons; so that when Mrs. Moore-Stevens tapped at the door next hers on the following morning, she was astonished to be bade "Come in" in a girl's voice.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, my dear; I wanted some sticking-plaster. I have managed to scratch my hand badly with a pin, and I thought this was my

son's room," she explained, putting her head round the door.

"Was this his room?" asked Angela, colouring. "Why, he must have given it up in exchange for mine at the top of the house. Oh, Mrs. Moore-Stevens, he shouldn't have done so!"

"Well, he is better able to climb than you are, I am sure," said his mother, who, to tell the truth, was less astonished at the act than that she should have been left in ignorance of it. "He could not have been afraid that I should remonstrate," she reflected. "He is old enough to take care of himself, and he knows, too, that I am not a stranger to his unselfishness. Oh, Eric, Eric! what does this mean?"

For the recollection of his words a day or two ago on the Kleineberg suddenly flashed across her mind. Her son had spoken of marrying a blind woman. It was absurd, of course, and yet she never remembered seeing him as friendly with any other girl.

"Of course she is a dear child, and only a child!" she said musingly, thinking of Angela's short hair and sweet babyish face. "There may be nothing in it. Still, it looks as though he were afraid of being quizzed, to keep it so dark."

She put a leading question to him as they walked down to the lake side from Bönigen to catch the steamer for the Giessbach, an hour or two later.

"Shall you be anxious to move on for the next few days, Eric?"

Eric shifted her dust-cloak to his other arm before replying.

"Are *you* in any hurry, mother?" he asked.

"Certainly not," replied the astute woman. "The weather is perfect. We have not done half the excursions; and as for the hotel, I consider we might go farther and fare worse."

"I don't want to go on, as far as I am concerned," said Eric slowly. "It is more of a rest to me to stay in one place."

"I hope you are not tired to-day that you say so. Didn't you sleep well?" pursued his mother diplomatically.

Eric looked at her and laughed aloud.

"You can't deceive me any more than I can take you in," he said. "So you have found out that I have shifted my quarters?"

"It was just as well, my dear boy. It was too much of a climb for that little Angela Pelham."

"Yes. If she wants any looking after, I dare say you will do it?" he said tentatively.

"I shall, with pleasure. She is a dear girl, and so grateful for any kindness," said his mother warmly.

"I—I am interested in her case. It is not ordinary blindness," was all he vouchsafed of the workings of his mind. "But talking of angels—in the double sense—here they come: Mrs. Chatterbox Pelham, her ponderous spouse, and——"

The party were only just in time to catch the boat, which was on the point of starting. Mrs. Moore-Stevens sat with Frances under the awning, while Eric gravitated naturally towards Angela. The morning was perfect, the slight breeze ruffled the surface of the lake, and sent a few clouds scudding over the deep blue sky; the encircling rocks and mountains—the snowy Susten-Hörner on their left, the Thierberg on the right—standing out clearly. In all too short a time the boat crossed the lake, and they had to alight at the Giessbach station.

"I think I shall keep beside you," said Eric, in an undertone, to Angela. "Mr. Pelham has just slipped in getting off the boat; I see it is as much as he can do to keep his own footing without falling."

Angela smiled, and walked on contentedly beside him.

"You have been so good to me already," she said, summoning up her courage after a while. "I do hope you are not very uncomfortable in that attic? I am ashamed never to have thanked you before, but I didn't know you had changed rooms."

"I am sorry you do now," he rejoined. "Here, give me your hand—this is a climb. Have you ever seen a great waterfall? Well, here there are seven, and there is plenty of water at the driest times. Imagine three bridges crossing these falls—we are at the second bridge now; a climb of half an hour, and we shall be at the third. I see the others are going on to the top. Do you feel inclined to follow?"

Angela did, and they mounted together to the highest fall, where the river from its gloomy hollow rushes under the bridge into a chasm nearly two hundred feet deep. Eric described their surroundings to her as well as he could, telling her of the crystal water leaping from rock to rock in the sunbeams, and forming the brilliant rainbows spanning the cascades: of the masses of foliage and the trees which formed so lovely a background.

"I can hear the rush and try to picture the rest," she said, with a little sigh. "I have seen Wales. I suppose this is Wales glorified."

"Yes: Wales under a magnifying-glass. You ought to be thankful that you know something of what the world is like. I couldn't describe colour to a person born blind, you know," he said cheerily.

The words were bracing to Angela, and she brightened again.

"I do try not to complain," she said earnestly. "It is so horrid for others; blind people are such a nuisance," quaintly: "that's one reason why I keep my hair cut short; and I really came abroad because John and Frances wished me to. I knew I should be a bother!"

"And do you regret it now?"

"Why, no," she said. "I have really enjoyed myself here at Zwischenlaken, if I haven't before."

"And what has given Zwischenlaken such favour in your eyes?" inquired Eric, somewhat inquisitively.

"I don't know at all. I have been trying to think," replied Angela, knitting her brows. "Perhaps it is that we have met with pleasanter people," she added, with a frankness that gratified her companion, and made him act up to the character thus given him by imputation in a way which amazed those who knew him as a woman-shunner, if not a woman-hater.

But when the Parkhursts found that the eligible whom they had been seeking to monopolise had been enjoying himself out of their society, they waxed restive. Angela, in place of being an object of commiseration, was "a designing little piece of goods," whose blindness was a convenient bait; and Mrs. Pelham was a match-maker of the blackest dye.

"Of course it is plain enough that she wants to get rid of an incubus," said Dolly, with a snort. "As if any man—a doctor above all—would marry a blind girl!"

"Of course Dr. Moore-Stevens pities her, and if a girl who can't see asks a man to help her over the stones, he can't be such a brute as to refuse," said her sister ill-temperedly.

"I wonder whether he has forgotten the expedition to Mount St. Beatus? We had planned to go on Thursday, you remember, and take afternoon tea."

"Well, we can go without him," said Fanny shortly. "We shall be a large enough party with the Newtowns."

"Yes," Dolly assented doubtfully, adding, as an afterthought: "But I'll remind him, Fan; otherwise he may think us rude."

"If you want Moore-Stevens to come, it strikes me you'll have to ask Miss Pelham," said their brother, who had been standing listening, with a tinge of amusement on his tanned face.

"What! That girl? It's a hard climb; six miles there and back, at the very least!" exclaimed Dolly. "Are you crazy, George?"

George shrugged his shoulders.

"Try him, and see," was all that was to be got out of him, as he cut a deeper notch in an alpenstock, already adorned with many such marks of prowess.

"What do men know about love affairs?" said Dolly petulantly to her sister, as they strolled indoors.

"They talk together in the smoking-room, and Dr. Moore-Stevens may have let something drop," said Fanny shrewdly.

"He isn't the sort of man to do so. But what a nuisance to be saddled with her! Suppose I ask her brother and sister-in-law to join? He can drag her up the mountains; it is his duty," said Dolly.

"Or let's hope they'll refuse to allow her to come."

"We are going to Mount St. Beatus to-morrow afternoon. Do you still feel inclined to join?" she asked Eric, as they sat down to breakfast next morning.

"To-morrow? Oh! that's too far ahead to decide," he replied, lazily pouring out his coffee. "It may rain."

"But if it doesn't?" persisted Dolly. "We shouldn't start in a thunderstorm, of course."

"I've heard of that being done before now," replied Eric drily.

"Your mother is coming. It is one of the easiest places to get edelweiss, and she wants some."

"Then I shall have to go, to keep her from falling over a precipice."

"You need not trouble about me, Eric," said Mrs. Moore-Stevens, with an amiability for which the Parkhursts were not disposed to thank her. "Canon Newtown and I are going part of the way only, and shall come home together."

"Then, please don't expect me," said Eric to Dolly, with mock languor. "For these fatiguing expeditions take it out of me too much."

"What a provoking creature he is!" said Dolly irritably to her sister. "He can be perfectly hateful, I declare, when he likes!"

"Ask the Pelhams, and then see," suggested Fanny, half in joke, for she did not share her sister's predilection for Eric. "Only, recollect that if he still refuses, you will have the blind girl on your hands."

"Afternoon tea on Mount St. Beatus! How delightful! Of course we will join, if you will allow us to contribute to the picnic," said Frances' shrill voice, in reply to Dolly's question. "Is it very steep? In that case, perhaps Angela had better not venture."

"It is a very gradual ascent," replied Dolly truthfully. "But it is rough, and a rather long tramp."

"She is a capital walker; I really don't know what to say," said Frances doubtfully.

To leave Angela at home alone was an utter impossibility; she knew well that John—who never forgot that his sister's money mainly provided this holiday of theirs—would have rebelled against such an arrangement. He was a clumsy climber himself: in any case, and as a rule, found it difficult enough to keep his own footing, without helping others. But if he himself wished to go, it was clear that Angela must go too.

"What a torment she is!" murmured Mrs. Pelham, her eyes wandering round the room, as though in search of an inspiration. Mr. Moore-Stevens' figure, lounging on the balcony outside, supplied it; and intent as usual only on her own pleasure, it struck her that he might forbid the climb outright, and give her an excuse to leave Angela at home with John.

"The Parkhursts want us to go to Mount St. Beatus with them to-morrow," she said, crossing the room towards him. "I suppose it is out of the question for my sister-in-law?"

"I shouldn't say so. It is a grass path a great part of the way, and she will have a long rest at the top, too. She strikes me as a good walker;" and Eric woke up at once. (How he afterwards regretted the words.) "They have invited me to join them, and I will willingly look after her," he added.

"Oh! I can't tax you to such an extent," said Frances quickly.

"It is no tax at all. It is quite an easy climb," he rejoined composedly.

"Dr. Moore-Stevens is coming, and has promised to help my sister," said Frances, returning to Dolly's side, her own face reflecting Dolly's frown.

She had gained her point, though not in the way she wished, for Eric's rapidly developing fancy for Angela's society disturbed her considerably. Young married women are on the alert for signs of budding affection, and Frances was well aware that pity and love are akin. There was no possible objection to be adduced against his merely friendly association with

"THERE REMAINED ERIC AND ANGELA, DOLLY, AFTER A LITTLE HESITATION, MAKING A THIRD" (*p.* 537).

Angela, but what if anything more tangible should be the result? Trips to Switzerland, carriage-drives, an extra maid-servant, to say nothing of innumerable luxuries in their home, would all vanish with Angela's departure from her brother's guardianship and her brother's house. Under such circumstances, was it wonderful that the poor girl's infirmity became an insuperable barrier to matrimony in her sister-in-law's eyes?

They were quite an important-looking party when they started early on the following afternoon. Men and women with alpenstocks, and all carefully shod for climbing; substantial-looking baskets, from which peeped suspicious articles in the shape of etnas, were in more than one hand; while dainty brown rolls and tempting *patisseries* of every description lurked beneath their paper wrappers. There was some loitering and skygazing before they were all ready. The heavens were cloudlessly and intensely blue, and had been uninterruptedly so throughout the morning, the mountains standing out clear and distinct against their ultramarine background, without even a trace of haze. Under such circumstances, the whisper which circulated among the more cautious members of the party of "Mackintoshes!" became an absurdity indeed.

Mr. Moore-Stevens placidly endured the smile which went round as he appeared with his own and

his mother's light waterproofs strapped upon his long back.

"Yes, it's beautifully fine now, and I hope it will continue to be so," he said, in response to the questions. "No doubt I shall have borne my burden in vain. But it isn't a heavy one, so I shall not repine."

"Has anyone noticed the Niesen this morning," came from more than one pair of lips.

For, like Pilatus, if this mountain be cloudy in the forenoon, the weather may be expected fine for the day; but if the peak shines out clear in the morning, the weather is not settled. But no one seemed to have looked at this or any other barometer, or, if anyone had, he held his peace discreetly. The guides, usually hanging about the hotel, were absent at this hour, and could not therefore be consulted. Old M. Levèfre, the proprietor, wagged his head, and said that the glass was sinking; but variations of it had been constant during the past day or two, without any result, and no one paid much attention, except to nod assent to his parting entreaties to them not to be late for supper, as *bonnes bouches à la reine* were among the bill of fare.

After some manœuvring, they got into line. George Parkhurst and his sister led the van; Canon Newtown and Mrs. Moore-Stevens followed nimbly enough, with Mr. Parkhurst (*père*); John Pelham with careful ponderous steps, his wife, and the canon's public-school son made the next trio. There remained Eric and Angela, Dolly, after a little hesitation, making a third, under pretence of helping the blind girl. For a while the way was easy enough. A grass path, of almost imperceptible ascent, led them up through pastures and shady woods for nearly an hour, when they reached a plateau of springy turf, whence they gained their first peep of the surrounding scenery and a breath of fresh air, delightful after the heat of the valley beneath. Below them stretched the lake, like molten silver in the afternoon sun, with Zwischenlaken on its banks, while around them, deeply blue, the peaks of many mountains, the more distant snow-capped, rose on every side. Upon them all the exhilaration of breathing mountain air and of feeling themselves above the world came to urge them to further exertions, and with one accord they agreed to push on. At this point there were two well-known paths to the summit: the one steep, stony, but short, and without extraordinary difficulty even for women; the other easy, gradual, but longer by two miles. Which should it be? In view of the number of ladies present, the easier but longer way was chosen, though with some demurring, and finally they all started again along the broad path which Eric prophetically remarked "leadeth to destruction!"

"Here I must follow, for I have never been by this road," he said to Dolly. "I took the shorter cut; but this one seems much easier," he added, as they trod the pleasant track, very little steeper, though more winding and zig-zag, than the previous path.

It cost him an effort to be amiable to Dolly, for he was not faultless, and having expressly promised himself the pleasure of an afternoon in Angela's society, it was particularly provoking to him to be virtually robbed of it by the presence of a third party, who stuck to them like a leech. Angela, with the acute perception of the blind, noticed the growing irritation in his manner and voice, and was fearful of being the cause of it. She accordingly seized the opportunity afforded by Dolly waiting to tighten a slack boot-lace to beg him to assure her that he was not tired, and did not find her in the way. The shy, flushed little face and sweet eyes raised to his robbed Eric momentarily of his prudence. Her hand was in his at the instant, and he pressed it closely with an emphatic: "In my way? No; you can never be that!" which made the girl start and drop her eyes.

Eric half expected—he was so unversed in the tastes of maidens in general—that she would resent his speech and gesture, but she did not; rather, there was additional confidence in her manner towards him as she gave herself up to his guidance.

"It is getting steeper, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes, and more beautiful every minute," he rejoined, and described to her the little copse which was to be their halting-place for afternoon tea.

It was truly an exquisite spot. A tiny brook babbled among the stones, around which ferns of all kinds grew luxuriantly, and which terminated in a miniature waterfall. Across the brook stretched a second path, leading, as it appeared, straight to the summit of Mount St. Beatus, which was looking delusively near in the clear pure atmosphere, while the town lay nearly a thousand feet below them. The path, which was the continuation of the one by which they had come, led by the brook-side, not over it, and the question of which was the right one was controverted in the intervals of sipping tea and nibbling *gâteaux*.

The Parkhursts were very decided. The path across the brook was the right one, as anyone could see. As for the other path, they declared that it wound about among the neighbouring hills, and ultimately led back to the valley.

"But the guide-book says nothing about crossing any brook," said one objecting voice.

However, it was not to be denied that in these regions brooks and streams broke out promiscuously, and were too recent or too insignificant for the notice of compilers of guide-books. And meanwhile, there was Mount St. Beatus staring them in the face!

"Well, if everyone is rested, shall we go on?" asked young Newtown, complacently bolting his sixth *madeleine*. "It is more than half-past four."

"And shall we retrace our steps?" said Mrs. Moore-Stevens to the canon.

He and Mr. Parkhurst rose with alacrity.

"May I offer to escort anyone else? Would Miss Pelham accept my help in returning?" asked the courteous old clergyman, with a kindly glance towards Angela.

Eric and Dolly, who stood near, waited eagerly for the answer.

"Perhaps I had better turn now," said the girl reluctantly. "What do you think?"

That she should go to him, and not to her brother

and sister, for advice struck Eric's mother, as it did himself forcibly.

"Please yourself entirely. Are you tired?" he asked, with a curtness which she did not misunderstand.

"Not a bit. If I pleased myself, I should go to the top. They say it looks quite close from here," said Angela wistfully. "I should like to be able to say that I have climbed a Swiss mountain!"

"Then come, by all means; it will please me too," said Eric quickly.

A conviction that a decision more momentous than the ascent of a mountain was involved in the words struck Mrs. Moore-Stevens with a sudden thrill, half dismay, half delight. There was a wistful dewy look in her soft eyes as they passed from her tall son to the little, almost childish, figure in the grey frock beside him, which showed Eric that her motherly perceptions recognised the approach of a crisis in his, and therefore in her, life also.

He stepped back an instant as he unstrapped her cloak from his shoulders.

"Well, mother?" he said in a low tone, with a questioning ring in the words which the sympathy between them helped her to interpret.

A whole host of miserable platitudes, proverbs, and fears rushed into her mind: "Marry in haste, repent at leisure!" "My son's my son!" etc.; but she forced them away.

"Come back soon, and tell me all about it," was her reply, made with a struggle after a smile.

"If she had turned, I should have turned with her," he said, with a grateful look which recompensed her effort.

He and Angela were the last of the party to cross the brook, and she stood to watch the two with a strange shadow on her smooth brow, and an unaccountable foreboding at her heart, which was not entirely due to the suggestion which had just passed between them.

One fleecy, snowy dot of vapour veiled the sun at the moment, and a refreshingly keen breath of air blew across her face.

"The first cloud," she said apprehensively to her companion. "I hope they will be all right."

Perhaps the possibility of a *double entendre* struck Canon Newtown, for his smile and re-assuring rejoinder were very sympathetic.

"Ah! be thankful that there has not been one all this time," he said gently.

And they went slowly down the slope in silence, towards Zwischenlaken.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIRST.

GERALDINE.

SHE skims the *Times* with woman's lore—
Births, Deaths, and Marriages—no more.
For speeches, foreign news, who cares?
What signify stocks, mines, or shares?
At length she starts: "H.M.S. *Foam*
Has left the China seas for home."
She muses, smiles, consults her glass,
Chides the long weeks which slowly pass.

Two months—there comes a stranger guest,
Tall, slight, in naval plainness drest;
He grasps her hand, adores her eyes,
Half blushing when her blushes rise,
Her grace admires, as by his side
She fain her joyful dreams would hide;
And, bolder grown, at length outpours
Affection's pent-up, ample stores.

"For years, your image next my heart,
Hope cheered me half the world apart;
Then, like pure jasmine flow'rs, Love drew
Still close and closer, till there grew
A longing ne'er to be put by
With you to live; life lived, to die;
Your loving heart—your all—to gain,
Now home-returned, this chance I've ta'en."

Her long-lashed eyelids droop their shade,
Pale roses next her cheeks invade:
"One little whisper, Geraldine!
Nay, smile for answer—art thou mine?"
Silent she clasps her trembling hands,
A moment half-bewildered stands,
Turns, ere joy's sparkling pearls are shed,
And in his bosom hides her head.

REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

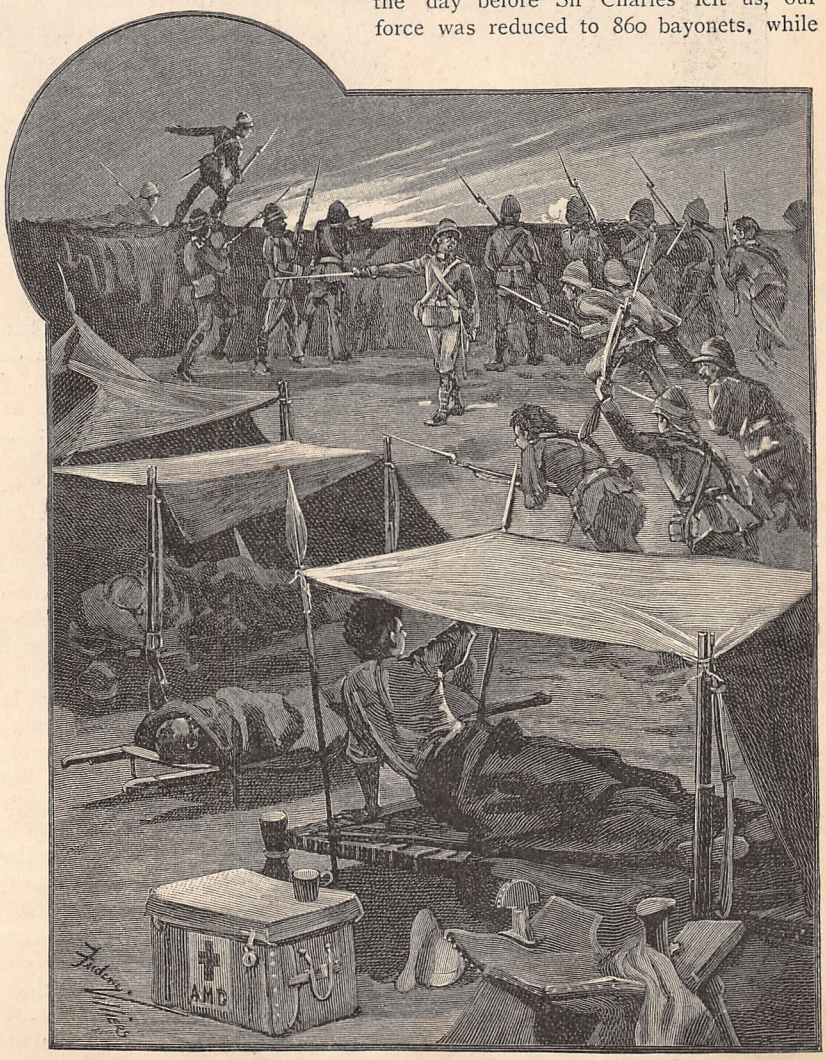
HOW WE TRIED TO RESCUE GORDON.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S STORY.

OUR Desert Column, under the command of Sir Herbert Stewart, after two severe conflicts with greatly superior forces, numerically, of dervishes, after it marched out from Jakdul, occupied Abu-Kru, near Metammeh, and ninety miles below Khartûm, on January 20th, 1885. Only part of Lord Wolseley's orders had then been carried out, for Sir Charles Wilson was now to proceed to Khartûm by one of the steamers which Gordon had promised to send to meet the expedition; Colonel Burnaby was to take over the command of the post here after his departure; and Stewart was to return to Jakdul with the Heavy Camel Corps, and to forward stores, which had been accumulated there, to Abu-Kru—or rather, to Metammeh—which was, however, left in possession of the enemy.

Stewart had been severely wounded in the action of January 19th; Burnaby had been killed in that of the 17th; and by our losses in these engagements our force of 1,685 men had been literally decimated. It was also now threatened by fresh troops of the Mahdi coming up and down the river to attack it. Under these circumstances, which had been unforeseen by Wolseley when he despatched our column across the Bayuda Desert to establish a post here, Sir Charles Wilson, on whom the command devolved after Stewart was wounded, was placed in a most trying position. But he showed himself equal to the emergency, not only by the measures he took for the defence of the post so hardly and gallantly won, but by his determination to open communication with Gordon at all hazards. Though somewhat cheered by our success so far, those of us who were best informed could not but regard his departure for Khartûm on the 24th as a forlorn hope. The captain of one of the four steamers which met us at Abu-Kru on the 21st was one cause of this anxiety; for on leaving Khartûm on December 14th, Gordon told him that if he did not come back in ten days with English troops, he need not return at all, as all would be over. The last entries in his journal, brought down by this captain and written up to that date, were not re-assuring. Omdurman, we knew, had been captured by the Mahdi a few days after we occupied Jakdul on January 3rd, and we also learned from this captain that the enemy had guns in position below Khartûm. It was, therefore, uncertain whether Sir Charles would be able to fight his way past them in the frail craft in which he had sailed.

By the despatch of a convoy to Jakdul for provisions the day before Sir Charles left us, our force was reduced to 860 bayonets, while



"WE WERE UNDER ARMS ALL THAT NIGHT" (*p.* 540).

"THIS TIME ITS SHELL EXPLODED AMONGST THE BAGGARAS."

ten times that number of the enemy hovered round us. Still, no man's heart failed him, and we stood confidently to our guns, hoping against hope for the best.

On the 28th, or fourth day after Sir Charles had left us, our equanimity was disturbed by cannon and rifle firing and a display of bunting at Metammeh. What could it mean? Had the reinforcements of men and artillery, which we heard they expected from Berber, arrived? Little did we suspect then, what proved eventually to be the case, that it was rejoicing over the fall of Khartûm.

We were under arms all that night, with doubled outlying pickets. Some uneasiness was also caused by the delay at Metammeh in opening the nightly tom-tom concert. It was 9 p.m. before it began, and its music, softened by distance, and rendered sometimes *forte* and sometime *piano* by the evening zephyrs, came to us like the soothing strains of an Æolian harp.

Next evening, after dark, several signal rockets were fired off to guide our expected returning convoy from Jakdul, in case of its approaching our camp after dark.

And thus matters went on with us until the morning of the 31st, when, about 10 o'clock, the dervishes were reported coming out in force from Metammeh. Hurrying up to the signal station, I saw them through my glass forming up as if for attack, and noticed a squadron of Baggara horsemen on the ridge between the village and the position held by the Guards on the plateau above the camp. Then came the report of a gun from the direction of the desert, followed by that of the explosion of a shell. This was followed by another gun, and this time its shell exploded amongst the Baggaras, sending three of their horses galloping off riderless. We now knew that our convoy was at hand, and the "assembly" was sounded, in order, if necessary, to aid in repelling any attack by the enemy on it or to defend our position if it was assaulted.

Soon after the second gun the Baggaras fell back, and the masses of the enemy disappeared in patches behind the concrete loopholed walls of Metammeh.

It was now evident that the enemy had not received reinforcements from Berber or elsewhere, and that our fears on that account had been groundless. The convoy brought us not only commissariat supplies, but half a battery of guns and fifty of the Naval Brigade. It also brought us the contents of the three mails from England, which had been received at Korti after we had left there. All things conspired to make us jubilant that evening, and, under the additional sense of security supplied by even our small reinforcements, we had a good night's sleep. It was the first for several that I as well as all the others had slept with our boots off.

But we were destined to a rude awakening; for at 4 a.m. Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley, who had accompanied the expedition to Khartûm, arrived at the camp in a small boat with four men of the Royal Sussex

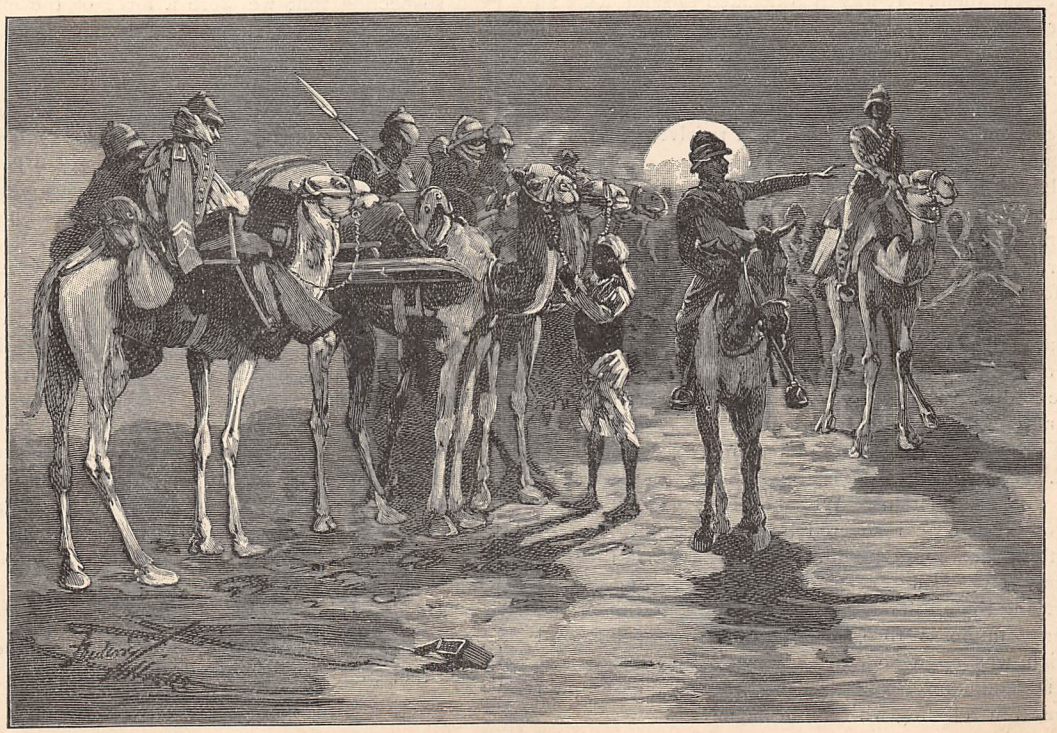
Regiment, and told us that when they reached their destination they found the town in the hands of the enemy, and that it had fallen on the 26th. Both steamers he stated were wrecked coming down the river—the last some thirty miles above the camp—and that Sir Charles Wilson and his party had landed upon an island. He also repeated a report received from a man that Gordon had taken refuge in the Mission Church, which we knew he had prepared for such an emergency: a report which Sir Charles had discredited, chiefly on the ground that no Egyptian flag or any other flew over it. Unfortunately, this statement reached Korti before Sir Charles Wilson's more careful report, and no doubt led Lord Wolseley, in his grief over the failure of the expedition, to the unwarranted conclusion that it was attributable to the alleged delay of Sir Charles in starting for Khartûm after we reached Abu-Kru. As an eye-witness and cognisant of what occurred, I had no hesitation then and none now in contradicting this statement. Sir Charles Wilson might, it is true, have left us on the 23rd, if he had not gone down the river on the 22nd to reconnoitre in connection with the report that a large force of dervishes had come up to attack our literally decimated force; but if he had then started, he could not possibly have reached Khartûm until the 27th. Even if he had arrived there on the 26th, he was not in a position to avert the blow under which it fell. I have already given my readers several facts relative to its condition, and Gordon's fears that, unless English soldiers put in an appearance by the 24th of December, they would be too late; and nearly a month had elapsed since then.

No words of mine can describe the depression of heart and soul this sad news brought upon us. Thoughts would arise that if so and so had been done this catastrophe would not have happened, and, as her Majesty the Queen wrote to the late Miss Gordon, the honour of England would not have been stained by it. To the blunders in the conduct of the Expedition which contributed to its failure already mentioned I venture to add another, which had had a disturbing effect on other minds beside my own. And it was this:—

On November 14th Lord Wolseley received a letter from Gordon, dated ten days previously, in which he stated that he could hold out for forty days with ease, but that after that it would be difficult for him to do so, and that the Mahdi was only eight miles off.

The first detachment of troops, going up the cataracts in boats laden with two tons of stores, had only left Gemai—twelve miles above Wady-Halfa—on November 5th, and when this news was received, had made such slow progress as to discourage any anticipation of Wolseley being able, on his plan of procedure, to be in time to aid Gordon, whose word "difficult" I construed to mean "desperate."

Taking this view of the case in a conversation with two officers of the staff stationed at Wady-Halfa, I was told by one of them that if Gordon could hold out for six weeks, he could do so for six months, and that there was no cause for anxiety about our



"JUST AS THE BROAD DISC OF THE MOON HAD CLEARED THE HORIZON" (*p.* 542).

efforts to relieve him. Lord Wolseley seemed to be of the same opinion, for in reply to a telegram from the Minister of War as to what he intended to do in view of this news from Khartûm, he wired back that it would make no change in his plans. Nor did it; for the slow advance by the boats was, as we now felt, fatally adhered to. In fact, the Camel Corps, as stated by the Minister of War in Parliament, when discussing the supplementary estimates for the expedition, had been formed so as to enable us to meet just such an emergency as Gordon indicated in his letter might be expected to occur after December 14th. Eight years since then have failed entirely to eradicate the depression, chagrin, and sorrow caused by the news brought to us by Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley on that morning. The graves left behind us in the Bayuda Desert, the groans of the wounded and the dying in the field hospitals at Abu-Klea and here at Abu-Kru, and the massacre at Khartûm and Gordon's sad fate, are memories which will haunt those of us who were at Abu-Kru as long as life lasts. And the saddest thought of all is how easily the catastrophe might have been averted by the measures which Lord Wolseley had failed to adopt.

Our position was also a perilous one, for the fanatical hordes of the Mahdi, flushed by victory, might now swoop down on us before relief could possibly be sent from beyond the 176 miles of intervening desert between us and Korti.

At a council of war held immediately after the reception of the news, it was decided to send immediate relief to Sir Charles and his party, and Lord Charles Beresford left at 2 p.m. on our only ironclad to rescue them. It was then decided to send back all our camels to Jakdul, as they would be needed in bringing us reinforcements, and with them also all of our 104 wounded who could be moved. In order to keep open my own communications with the Press, after some anxious consideration I resolved to accompany this convoy.

It was ordered to march when the full moon rose —about 8 p.m.—and was formed up outside of our ramparts in a thick darkness, so that, while the stars were visible over you, you could hardly see your hand before you.

Just as soon as the broad disc of the moon had cleared the horizon, off we moved, with Lord Dundonald as our guide, and who directed our course by compass. We had with us sixty odd wounded, carried in *cacolits*, slung one on each side of a camel.

For the first two hours of our march considerable anxiety was felt lest the enemy, becoming informed of it, would attack us. We, however, passed safely through the ordeal covered by that period. But not so the poor wounded fellows who lay, some of them in agony, on account of the movement of the camels carrying them. They had to run the gauntlet of the thorny mimosas through which our route led, and which was often so narrow between these trees that their blankets were often brushed roughly off, and pain caused in colliding with the branches.

Riding my horse with them during this period, and, in fact, until we reached the Shebecat wells further on, where the road led through an open country, I did what I could to mitigate their sufferings. Sometimes I replaced the disturbed blankets, and then blew up the men who had each in tow the three camels carrying them for their bad steering.

The distance between Abu-Kru and Abu-Klea was twenty-three miles, and our pace about two and a half miles per hour. Before we cleared the Shebecat wells a Metammeh woman, her daughter and slave boy, were met and captured by Lord Dundonald, and they were now obliged to join our march as far as Abu-Klea. She had with her fifty goats, which were requisitioned for the use of the wounded. This did seem hard, but was a case which, it was alleged by the captors, came within the legitimate rules of war.

At 7 a.m. we halted within a couple of miles of Abu-Klea to rest the wounded and give them some much-needed refreshment. The wind was very high, and blew the sand about us in clouds, mixing it with our food.

As Lord Dundonald was to hurry on after we reached Abu-Klea to Korti with despatches, I finished mine, describing what had happened to us after the battle of the 19th, and, this being handed at once on his arrival to Colonel Swaine, Lord Wolseley's military secretary, was initialled by him as Press censor, and, being immediately telegraphed, was the first Press despatch containing the news which reached London.

We found the garrison at Abu-Klea under arms, from suspecting that we were a force of the enemy approaching to attack the post. Here we left those of our wounded who could not bear any further transport, carrying on to Jakdul with us others who had been in hospital at Abu-Klea since our battle here of the 17th January. After a two hours' rest we again proceeded, and crossed the battle-field of that day, where many of the corpses of the enemy still lay unburied, and some of them with all the flesh picked off their leg bones by the vultures. We bivouacked that night on the plain of Messala-mi-eh, where we arrived on the morning of the 16th, and where we learned that the wells of Abu-Klea were held by the enemy, and whence we marched out to fight them. On the second day, about sunset, having, with Prior, of the *London Illustrated News*, and Pigott, of *Reuter's*, left the column, I arrived safely at Jakdul, from which three weeks previously we had marched out full of hope for Gordon and Khartûm. But it had been sunshine and cloud with us. Going, we had sung the beginning of the song Tennyson puts in the mouth of the little nun in his "Idylls of the King"—

"Late! so late! but we may enter still."

Coming back from Abu-Kru, after the eventful days passed there, our song then was the refrain—

"Too late! too late! ye cannot enter now."

MRS. MARY DAVIES ON SINGING.

AN INTERVIEW. BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.

AT THE AGE OF 8.

(*From a photograph by Hemans and Plumer, Coventry Street, W.*)

A LONDONER by birth, Mrs. Mary Davies is once more a resident in the city of smoke and fog. On her marriage with Mr. Cadwaladr Davies, some years ago, the distinguished singer went to Bangor, where her husband was Registrar of the North Wales University College, still pursuing, however, her professional work with the aid of express trains and good health, well inured to the fatigue of railway travel. Some time since Mr. Davies gave up his appointment to seek his fortunes at the Bar, and now at Campden Hill the singer has a London *ménage* of her own. On going to see her there for the first time, we began by talking of the change.

"On the whole, I find it a very pleasant one," Mrs. Davies says, somewhat to my surprise. "You see, the greater part of my life has been spent here, and I have a great love for London. Then, you see, Campden Hill is so healthy and breezy—we are one hundred and thirty feet above the sea-level, I believe."

And Mrs. Davies speaks as if she had heartily enjoyed the morning walk which—I imagine, from the dainty hat and well-fitting jacket she is wearing—she has just taken.

"One thing I miss—the pleasant little circle of friends we had at Bangor. At the college there was quite a little colony, so to speak, of congenial spirits. But one must think of one's work, of course; and as the greater part of my work has been in London, it was rather inconvenient to be living out of London. Then I have long had the desire to teach, and now I am able to gratify my desire."

"To teach? Do you mean pupils who intend to make singing their profession?"

"Most of my pupils have been amateurs; to teach others entails so much more responsibility—young singers have to face a competition daily growing keener, and success depends on so many things besides the possession of a good voice; although that is, of course, the first essential. Take the capacity for working hard, for instance. I cannot possibly tell whether a girl has this capacity until I become acquainted with her personal character. A great many aspirants come or write to me for advice; but in most cases I feel obliged to say 'Don't.' What a difficult task giving advice is; even this little carries with it so much responsibility."

"Of course, you impose some kind of a test on applicants for tuition?"

"Yes; it would be waste of time and money for a girl to take lessons from me if she had no elementary knowledge of music. But I don't like a pupil to have learned too much; she may have a good deal to unlearn. I have been rather amused by the pupils who have come for 'a few finishing lessons, although there is almost no end to what can be learned in music. It reminds me of the old-fashioned 'finishing' school."

"Do you think singing can be advantageously taught in classes?"

"Only to a limited extent. You see, there are so many things to be learned if one is to acquire any degree of excellence: the right way to breathe, first of all, which, when a singer is studying her music, must come as automatically as the striking of the keys to a pianist. But a good deal can be best learned in a class; and I am very glad that singing is now taught in all the London Board Schools. It is my opinion, you know, that every child should be taught to sing. Not that I believe every child is endowed with a fine voice, but because I believe the physical effects of singing to

MRS. MARY DAVIES AT THE AGE OF 18.

(*From a photograph by G. Truckle, New Bond Street, W.*)

MRS. MARY DAVIES' DRAWING-ROOM.

be invaluable. It not only develops the chest and strengthens the lungs—about that I can speak from my own personal experience—but it also involves the right use of the lungs in breathing, with the result that they are rendered much more secure from pulmonary diseases.

"A false method of teaching voice-production may ruin the general health as well as the voice, but on the other hand a rational system, has, I know, been of great physical benefit to several people with weak lungs who had no desire to become singers. Of course, we can learn to breathe rightly without learning to sing; but when it is associated with the cultivation of the voice, the task becomes much easier and more interesting.

"We have just had a piece of very good news," exclaims Mrs. Davies after a pause, a sunny smile on her face—"I mean the Parliamentary grant for a Welsh University. Considering the troubles of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, I suppose we have been very fortunate in getting a grant of three thousand pounds to start. But look at the money which the people of Wales have raised for educational purposes: quite a hundred thousand pounds—the people, mind you, not so much the upper classes. The County Councils, without exception, I believe, have given the money obtained from the liquor duties to education, and every county has adopted an intermediate education rate. As a result of its great enthusiasm in the matter, Wales has now, I believe, a splendid system of elementary, intermediate, and higher education."

"Is there any relationship, think you, between this and the national love of music?"

"I don't know that I can clearly trace the relationship, although I believe music must nearly always produce intellectual aspirations. In many cases the village choirs have certainly had as much influence for good as the village schools. The great want in Wales has been good orchestral music; but that is being recognised, and in the last year or so quite a number of amateur orchestras have been formed. Of the universal love of the people for good music I had a remarkable instance one Christmas, when I sang at Aberdare. The festival lasted two days and four performances of the 'Messiah' were given; yet, although Aberdare is a small place, the hall—which probably held eight hundred people—was crowded at each performance. This festival has been held in the same way every year for more than twenty years."

Of the singer's devotion to Wales the house has many suggestions. On the walls of her morning-room, in which we are sitting are several Welsh landscapes, painted by Welsh artists; in the drawing-room, to which she next conducts me, I find portraits of famous bards of the Eistedfoddau and pictures of their cottage homes. Mrs. Davies also brings out for my inspection a splendid old Welsh Bible, bearing date 1620.

"As you may suppose," she says, "it is a kind of double pleasure for me to read in the Welsh language. I think I have caught some of my husband's enthusiasm for the language and literature of the Principality.

I am also glad to know that some Englishmen are also taking up the study; as a rule, I think you do the language an injustice in supposing that it is uncouth and unpronounceable. Those who study it, and especially those who use it for singing, are surprised to find how beautiful it is."

A fine painting of one of the Welsh mountains has a melancholy interest. It bears the name of Mr. Shrubsole, who made a success at the Academy about a dozen years ago with a picture called "A Crown of Fire." After years of striving, success came, but it came too late; he died just before the arrival of a letter from Messrs. Agnew, offering to purchase several of his pictures at good prices.

The singer has a great affection for the sister art—to be accounted for partly, no doubt, by the fact that her father is a sculptor, as were one or two other members of the family. In the drawing-room there is an excellent specimen of Mr. Davies's skill in a marble bust of his distinguished daughter. It is interesting to compare this with the portrait of Mary Davies which hangs over the fireplace in the dining-room. This was painted a few years ago by Madame Darmstetter, a sister of the husband of the authoress known to her readers as Mary F. Robinson. The young lady (Miss Cecile Hartog) who has written for Mrs. Davies two of her most recently successful songs, "The Year's at the Spring" and "Swinging," is, I learn, also a member of this same gifted family.

"You know Browning's 'The Year's at the Spring,' with the oft-quoted lines—

'God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world'?

PRESENT DAY.

(From a photograph by W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, W.)

AGED 26.

(From a photograph by A. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.)

I had my doubts as to whether the poem would make a good song, whether it would please a popular audience; but my doubts were soon set at rest. From the first it has been most successful."

"I suppose you have to consider well your audience in making a selection of songs for a concert?"

"As regards most audiences, yes, although I am bound to say that it is only really good music which the most popular audiences in the provinces will appreciate. I usually make a point of putting one classical song into a programme and one song of a lighter character. The worst of a song proving very successful is that it becomes very difficult to replace it by another. For some time past I have wished to sing one or two very remarkable Hungarian songs which an American friend has translated and set to music, but my repertoire is very full, and so far I have not had an opportunity. Then I have a great number of songs sent me by composers, and now and again there is one which I should like to take up. 'Twickenham Ferry' was sent to me in this way by Mr. Theo. Marzials, when it was quite unknown, and I am glad to think that I was able to obtain for a very pretty song the success it merited."

"I expect your engagements at the London Ballad Concerts have given you most pleasure, oratorios apart?"

"Well, it is a pleasure to sing a true ballad, and our English ballads are worthy of the attention of the best artists. Some very good work is done at the Ballad Concerts; Santley's singing of such a song as 'The Wreck of the Hesperus,' for instance, is almost a musical education in itself. As a matter of fact, however, some of the best work is done out of London. London naturally considers herself the hub of the universe in all things, but, considering their relative size, I think there is far more love of music

in some of the big provincial cities than in the metropolis. Take choral music, for instance. London has few choirs to compare with those which are to be found in Leeds, Bradford, Manchester, and Liverpool or with the great choral societies of Wales. Another thing I have noticed is that if an oratorio is being given before one of these Northern audiences—say an audience largely composed of the miners and mill-hands of Lancashire—every third man or so is following it with a book. This circumstance must indicate considerable knowledge and love of music."

An autograph portrait of the late Professor Jowett on the over-mantel leads Mrs. Davies to make confession of her faith in the higher education of women, the brilliant scholar having been one of her friends.

"I am so pleased to think," she exclaims, "that in our University for Wales women will be on a perfect equality with men. They will not only be able to take the same degrees, but if one should qualify herself for the position, a woman may become Chancellor. Just fancy, a woman Chancellor of a University! But when I was in America last year, I went over a big college at Boston, where boys and girls were being taught in the same classes, the coloured boys or girls sitting side by side—and this, perhaps, even more remarkable—with the white.

"The Welsh Festival of the World's Fair at Chicago, at which I sang in September last, was organised by a committee on which there were almost as many women as men, and so far as my observation went, they did their work admirably, with such a grasp of detail, such kindly tact, and such an utter absence of anything like 'worry' or 'flurry.' Speaking of the coloured school children, too, reminds me how much I was impressed by the coloured waiters at Chicago, who were certainly more polite than any of the servants in the hotels at which we stayed while in America. Some of these young men serve in the hotels during the summer, and with the savings on their wages maintain themselves at college during the winter. The circumstance seemed to me to throw a remarkable light on the rapid improvement the coloured race has made since its emancipation only thirty years ago."

GETTING EVEN WITH UNCLE MOSE.

TOMMY writes:—

"MY DEAR ROSIE,—I arrived all safe Monday night, and there wasn't nuff for supper. But I guess I fixed that straight next morning. I told Uncle Mose square that I knew my Pa paid for me, and I wanted piles more of everything; cause why, I was getting a Florida appetite already. I said my Pa sent me South to get strong; and I couldn't do that unless I stuffed. He saw there was no help for it, so he laughed, kind of sick, and said 'Stuff away.' Then I started in, and ate twice as much as I wanted, to make up for the bad supper, and to vex him.

"I went around with him this morning, and I tell you, Sis, he knocks spots off the prize miser. First we went to the lumber-yard. He wanted ten cents' worth of shingles to patch a hole in the roof, and he nearly fought the man to give them for nothing. He didn't get them. The yard-man said: 'Not half a shingle without paying for it,' and I saw him laughing fit to bust when Uncle Mose turned his back. Then we went to the store to buy a mouse-trap and a piece of bacon. There was a little bit of string in the bacon to hang it up, and Uncle Mose made the storekeeper cut off the string before he weighed the bacon. There was a cracker-man standing by, saying nothing, but watching and grinning to himself. He had funny eyes that twinkled, and I saw him wink at the storekeeper. I felt right down ashamed to be seen with Uncle Mose; but it was worse when it came to the mouse-trap. 'Twenty cents is the price,' said the storekeeper. 'That's too much,' says Uncle Mose. (He says 'That's too much,' every time.) 'I could get it home for fifteen.' 'But you're not home; and there ain't another store in this yer settlement, so you're welcome to take it or leave it,' said the storekeeper; but he wasn't mad, only looking at the cracker-man, and laughing all the time. So we came away without the mouse-trap; but I guess Uncle Mose thought about it a good deal, for he says to me after dinner, 'Take a walk up to the store, Tommy, and say I'll give seventeen cents for the trap.' But I said I was tired, and I tried to look pale, so he dursn't send me out after that. I wouldn't have gone for a hundred dollars. He tries a new dodge about the grub now. He keeps asking me to have some more every minute, expecting me to get ashamed; but I don't. He don't know me much yet. I say 'Yes' every time, whether I want it or not. He'll get tired of that soon. He ain't as old as I thought he would be. Not more than thirty or forty. I didn't think a real miser could be less than fifty, anyhow. And he ain't ugly, only he looks mean in the mouth, and his nose has a sharpened point like the small side of a scissors. He don't keep any help, and wants me to help him cook and wash the dishes. I would if he was poor, but he could hire help if he had a mind to; so I won't. I didn't say so, but I broke a dish, and that did as well. He was afraid I might break more,

so he wouldn't trust me again. I said my Ma had help sometimes, and he said, no wonder we are poor. I said we'd rather be poor than be screws. He had a man to plough yesterday. He couldn't do that himself, as he has no hoss. And he wanted to pay the man with an old iron kettle that he said was worth a dollar. But the man wouldn't. He said: 'What use is a kettle to me if I have nothing to put in it? And Uncle Mose had to shell out. He's been studying it, and he says it's cheaper for him to get a cat for nothing, than to buy a mouse-trap. I'll watch; and if he starves the cat, I'll steal her, and bring her home to you when I'm coming. This ain't so bad spelt as usuel, is it now? I'm getting a lot better down South. Love to Pa and Ma. Your aff. bro.,—

"TOMMY."

Tommy Andrews was only twelve years old, but Rosie was sixteen, and she had come back from her boarding-school full of ideas, both acquired and original, which she proceeded to prove in her answer to Tommy's letter. She wrote at considerable length, and her good little brother appeared to be hugely entertained by what she had to say.

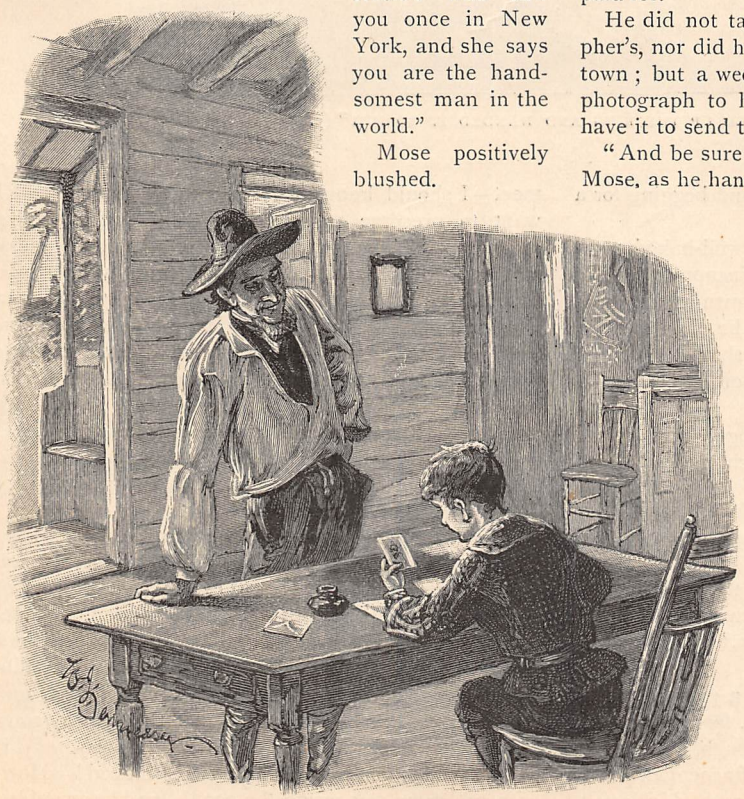
He surprised his uncle next morning at breakfast by inquiring innocently—

"Do folks think you very handsome, Uncle Mose?"

Mose naturally wanted to know why such an extraordinary question had been asked.

"Well," said Tommy; "there's a chum of my sister Rosie's who saw you once in New York, and she says you are the handsomest man in the world."

Mose positively blushed.



"'BE SURE TO GIVE A PRETTY MESSAGE WITH IT.'"

"Who is the young lady?" he inquired, regarding his nephew rather shyly.

"Oh, you don't know her," said Tommy. "She was at school with Rosie, and she saw you once by chance. She wants your photograph. Rosie told me to ask you for it."

"Very likely, indeed, that I am going to waste my money on photographs for schoolgirls," said Mose; but he laughed quite good-humouredly at the idea. To give him his due, he was never surly; outward amiability was not expensive, and his meannesses were all perpetrated smilingly.

"Perhaps she'd pay for it herself, if she wants it real bad," suggested Tommy. "She's just ever so rich."

"Did she tell you so?" asked Mose, incredulously.

"Everyone knows it," asserted Tommy. "Clara Van Gulden has piles of money. When she was at school, her Pa sent her a hundred dollars pocket-money every month, and he lets her do whatever she likes." The next day Mose had his photograph taken; and a terribly expensive business it was, for he had to travel thirty miles to reach a photographer. Sixty miles could not be accomplished in one day, and Tommy could not be left alone all night; he was too delicate. In default of steam, a horse would have done very well for himself alone, but, having Tommy to bring along, Uncle Mose was obliged to hire a buggy. Then they had to spend the night at the hotel where rates were high, and accommodation indifferent; and finally, there was the photograph to be paid for.

He did not take Tommy with him to the photographer's, nor did he tell him the nature of his business in town; but a week later he brought a very flattering photograph to his nephew, and told him he might have it to send to his sister for her friend if he liked.

"And be sure to give a pretty message with it," said Mose, as he handed it to him.

"Wouldn't it be better if you wrote yourself?" asked Tommy, grinning.

"Oh, no," said Mose. He was really quite shy. "Perhaps Miss Van Gulden may write to thank me for it; and then—why, then—" And he retired in confusion. It was evident that he had been indulging in romantic dreams.

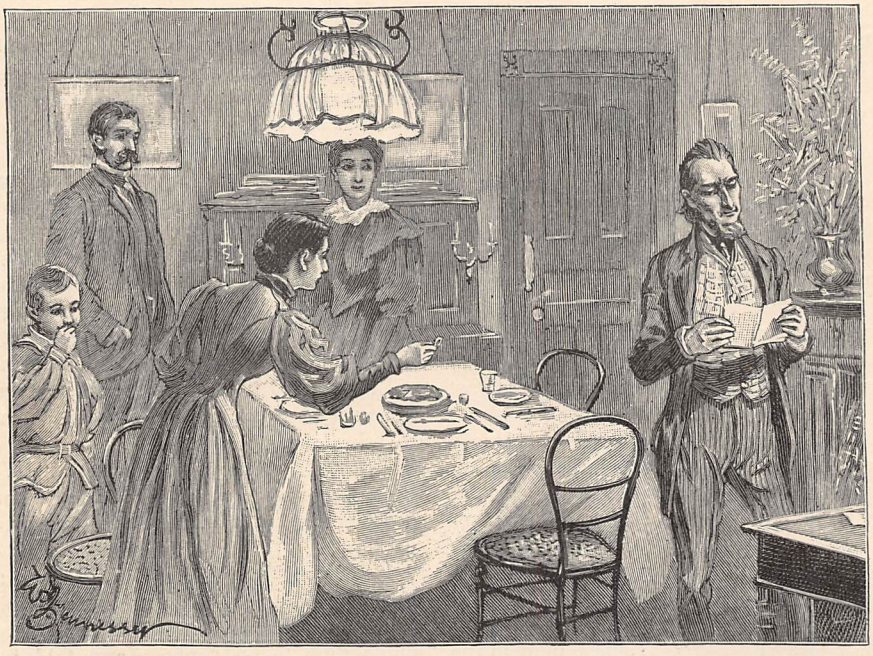
Miss Van Gulden did write to thank him; and, moreover, sent her own photo in exchange—a pretty picture, with an astonishing mass of rough hair, and a pair of very dark, thick eyebrows. She explained that she was staying with her dear friend, Rosie; and hoped he would write to her as often as Tommy wrote to his sister. "Then," she suggested, "you could enclose his letters, and that would save the dear child's pocket-money; he writes home so often, like a good little boy as he is."

In a postscript, she said she had a great fancy to have some pineapples out of his own garden; would he not send her some?

He had no pines in fruit; his were only just planted. So he had nothing for it but to search the settlement for half a dozen of the best that were to be had, and send them off north by express. He wrote a letter, too, expressing his admiration of the fair Clara's

He waited in great perturbation of spirit for the letter which should announce his fate, and, when it came, could hardly believe in his good fortune. Clara accepted him with rapture. There was only one drawback: she insisted that he should not come to see her for the present.

"I have two reasons," she wrote. "One is, that you may possibly be disappointed in me when we



"ROSIE PICKED UP THE RING AND HANDED IT TO HIM" (*p.* 549).

photograph in no lukewarm terms, and begging for a flower that she had worn.

In a few days' time he received a well-baked rose-bud, enthusiastic thanks for the pineapples, and a request for a box of oranges from his own grove. His grove was only two years old; but he paid for the pick of a neighbour's before the shipping began, and sent Miss Van Gulden a box of fruit fit for a princess.

She sent a lock of hair in exchange, and inquired about the winter strawberries, of which she had heard so much.

"She appears to be a whale at fruit," said Mose dolefully. "People seem to fancy these things are to be picked up for nothing in Florida."

"Oh," said Tommy, "she don't think about the price at all. You see she has so much money herself, she makes no account of a few dollars."

"Evidently not," said Mose.

But he sent the strawberries, and a great quantity of mistletoe for Christmas; and then, feeling that this sort of thing had gone on long enough, he wrote a formal proposal of marriage, which, if accepted, would make the outlay worth his while; and, if rejected, would do away with the necessity for further expense.

meet—I should know it at once if you were—and I want to preserve my dream of bliss undisturbed a little longer. The other reason, you will easily guess, is, that I do not wish poor little Tommy's visit to be spoilt. It is important that he should remain in Florida until April at least. If you were to come away now, you would have to send him to some horrid, uncomfortable hotel or boarding-house in the back woods, where Rosie tells me you live; and I am sure he would not be so happy anywhere as with his dear uncle. Remember, I have always been accustomed to have my own way, so I shall expect implicit obedience in this matter."

Of course, Mose was obliged to give in.

He ordered an engagement ring that cost a small fortune, according to his ideas, and sent flowers or fruit every week regularly to his intended. He bewailed, with fearful hypocrisy, the absence of jewellers' shops in the pine-woods; but Clara answered him prettily, that inexpensive gifts pleased her best, and Mose gnashed his teeth, thinking of the railway companies that were making their fortunes out of his weekly consignments. Inexpensive, indeed! However, the game was worth the candle, and he grumbled aloud no longer. At last the time came for the journey

north. Tommy was to be taken home, and Clara was to be there to meet him.

"One thing puzzles me," said Mose to his smart little nephew, as they stood together on the deck of the steamer. "How can your folk—if they are as poor as they pretend—afford to keep a rich young lady on a visit for the whole winter, a young lady like Miss Van Gulden, who considers the price of nothing, and must be accustomed to every luxury at home?"

Tommy opened his eyes wide in innocent astonishment.

"Why, of course," he said, "her Pa pays everlastingly. He knows we're poor, and that Clara likes to be with Rosie, so he lets her board with us whenever she has a mind to. There's nothing mean about *him*, I can tell you."

It was with a very dazed feeling, and his courage at a low ebb, that Mose found himself at his journey's end, surrounded by Mr. and Mrs. Andrews and Rosie—welcomed, confused, driven to distraction. He had not seen Rosie since her early childhood, and he was not much impressed with her now. She wore her hair painfully smooth, plastered in fact, and her eyebrows were light-coloured and ineffective; her complexion was sickly, and she had a trick of smiling broadly which did not become her style of features.

Miss Van Gulden was not there: no one spoke of her; and at last, in sheer desperation, Mose drew Rosie aside and inquired for his Clara with considerable awkwardness.

"She has gone away," said Rosie, becoming suddenly tragic in expression. "But she has left a note for you. Will you have it now, or wait until after supper? I greatly fear it contains bad news."

"Give it to me at once," said Mose; and Rosie pointed to the writing-table where a letter was lying addressed to him in the square, stiff handwriting that had become so familiar within the last few months.

He tore it open, and out of it tumbled Clara's dear, dear engagement ring. That precious thing lay unheeded on the ground as he read:—

"NO LONGER BELOVED ONE,—Alas! that I should say it! The day which was to have brought our happiness is one of doom to both! I can never meet you now, but I must at least be thankful that a chance revealed to me your true character before it was too late, for I could never have known a day's happiness as the wife of a miser. Only last night I discovered the horrid, the revolting fact that you, whom I fondly believed so generous, have been all this time accepting payment from my poor friends for little Tommy's *board and lodging*. The hideous words make me sick. Do not attempt excuses. There are none to be made. Nor try to follow me—it would be useless. Rosie has promised to keep my address secret, and I can trust her. I return your ring. Your other presents, having been of a perishable nature, I cannot return. They have vanished, like my trust in you, for ever. This is the last letter you will ever receive from her who once loved, and now loathes you,

"CLARA VAN GULDEN."

Rosie picked up the ring, and handed it to him. He put it into his pocket carefully, and took up his hat.

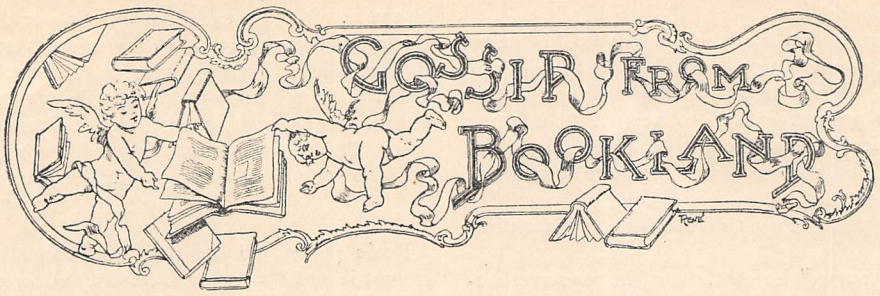
"You are not going?" exclaimed the family in chorus.

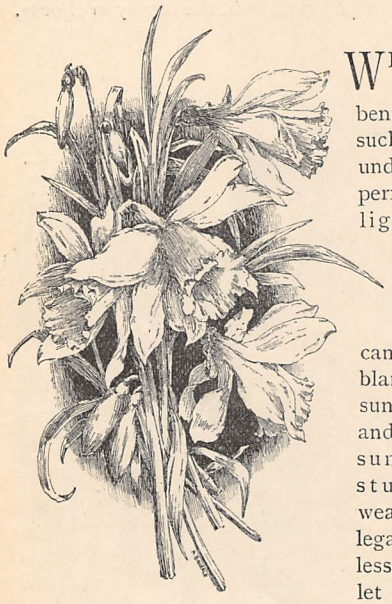
"SHE LOOKED EXACTLY LIKE THE PHOTOGRAPH OF CLARA."

But he was; and the next day saw him on his way back to Florida.

Rosie went to her room and washed the bandoline out of her hair, and the powder out of her eyebrows, and ceased grinning in the aforesaid unbecoming manner. When she appeared at the supper-table, her hair was in a tremendous fuzz, and she looked exactly like the photograph of Clara Van Gulden. She found her father and mother and Tommy in a state of semi-hysterical hilarity, and remarked placidly as she took her seat, "'They may laugh who win.' We had a good supply of fruit through the whole winter, anyhow."

M. PENROSE.





WHEN all our thoughts are bent on holidays, such reading as we undertake must, perforce, be of a light character, save perhaps in the case of those resolute spirits who can resist all the blandishments of sun and scenery and can pursue in summer those studies which weaker mortals relegate to the sunless months. So let me speak first of stories, and fortunately all the stories that I have before me this month are in single volumes. Here are three additions to Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Pseudonym Library," first and best of which is "The Hon. Stanbury," said to be by "Two," but popularly ascribed to a single writer. The tiny volume contains three stories, the first of which lends its title to the whole work, and all of which exhibit a striking power of pathos and strong character-drawing. "A Study in Colour" is really a series of chapters more or less closely connected, unfolding successive word pictures of lower-class Creole life in the British West Indies, and very clever pictures they are, too. "The Shen's Pigtail" goes to another untrodden path in search of material for fiction and sketches Anglo-Chinese life in a very realistic manner. Encouraged by the success of the anonymous "Pseudonym" series, Mr. Fisher Unwin has now commenced an "Autonym Library," the principle of which is to be the inclusion of representative works by popular authors, who shall sign their stories and avow the authorship. The first volume is already issued, and contains two stories by Mr. F. Marion Crawford, "The Upper Berth" (which serves as a title to the volume) and "By the Waters of Paradise." It is a novelty to find Mr. Crawford writing what, if it came from anyone else, would be called a ghost story.

The readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE have a peculiar interest in "Cassell's Sunshine Series" of complete novels, seeing that most of the stories which go to make up this collection of eminently portable and readable tales have already appeared in serial form in our own pages. We have had so many inquiries from readers for these stories in separate form that, I am sure, this series will be welcomed by those who are anxious to renew acquaintance with old friends. Among the stories included in the series are "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," "Lady Lorrimer's Scheme," "Womanlike," "A Man of the Name of John," "You'll Love me Yet," "A Step in the Dark," and "Witness my Hand," all of which are familiar to readers of the MAGAZINE.

A little book of interest to all housekeepers is Mr. C. H. Senn's "Side Dishes, for Breakfast, Luncheon, Dinner and Supper," published by Messrs. J. Haddon & Co. The work does not profess to be a complete cookery book, but it contains a number of useful and workable recipes for tasty and economical dishes, to which Mr. Senn's position as inspecting and consulting *chef-de-cuisine* at the National Training School of Cookery lends additional authority and interest.

Books of travel which deal with tracks more or less well beaten are not often so interesting as Mr. Clement Scott's "Pictures of the World," of which Messrs. Remington & Co. have just published a second edition. Mr. Scott set out to visit the World's Fair at Chicago, and made his way thither overland to Italy and thence *viâ* Egypt to India and Ceylon, later to China and Japan, and so to the "Golden Gate," and by rail from San Francisco to the great exhibition. In a journey like this, every stage of which has been responsible for an untold number of volumes in the past, it is only the individuality of the traveller which can put a fresh point of view before us. His chapters on Japan put quite a new complexion on matters Japanese, and he is forced to the conclusion that our women have not "anything to learn from their Japanese sisters in grace, refinement, or beauty." There is very little about the World's Fair in the book, but that is hardly a disadvantage at this distance of time from the closing of the great "show."

The seventh volume of the Jubilee edition of "Cassell's History of England" carries its illustrated record of events from the illness of the Prince of Wales to the British occupation of Egypt, so it is bringing its story very close to the present day. Its portraits and other illustrations are so well up-to-date that they, in many cases, actually explain current newspaper articles and paragraphs. Mr. Lecky's dictum that "The present of a country can only be understood in the light of its past" is most true when applied to the immediate past whose influence on current thought and policy is most potent. The teaching of history at school used always to stop at the Revolution of 1689, or the Battle of Waterloo, and there are few of us who would not be better for the reading of an impartial story of comparatively recent events, such as is here put before us.

In "The Art of Music" Dr. C. Hubert H. Parry has presented us with a series of the most interesting and original reflections, so simply and popularly expressed as to be of value to the most uninitiated and least technical of readers. See for instance this brief quotation from the chapter on "Incipient Harmony," which is charming even to a man without pretence of a shred of musical knowledge. Dr. Parry has been speaking of the extent to which the spirit of the Christian religion has ever been reflected in its music, and then he goes on: "In the early middle ages the warlike priest was not an unfamiliar object; but nevertheless the spirit of the religion and religious life was essentially devotional and contemplative; and it followed that all the music employed in Church ceremonies was vocal or choral, and almost totally devoid of any rhythmic quality or anything which represented gesticulatory expression. This state of things was eminently favourable to the development of certain artistic features which were a necessary preliminary to the ultimate building-up of the modern musical art. Dance music demands very little in the way of harmony. The world could go on dancing to the end of time without it; and whatever harmony is added to pure dance tunes, even in days of advanced art, is generally of the simplest and most obvious description. But vague melodic music, and vocal music which is sung by voices of different pitch seem to call imperatively for the help of harmony; and unless the instinctive craving for choral harmony had led men to overcome its initial difficulties the art could never have developed that particular kind of regularity in time which is independent of dance rhythm. It was the necessity of regulating the amount of time which should be allowed to particular notes when singers sang together which brought about the invention of the standards of relative duration of notes and the whole system of breves, semibreves, minims and crotchets; and also that of the time signatures, which do not necessarily imply rhythm, but supply the only means by which various performers can be kept together, and irregular distribution of long and short notes made orderly and coherent." Dr. Parry's work needs no commendation at our hands. It is evidence of the growing interest in knowledge of musical history and correct knowledge, which it cannot but foster. Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. are the publishers of this excellent work.—While I am speaking of a book on music, I must add a word or two upon an admirable little primer on the "Elements of Music," by Mr. T. H. Bertenshaw, B.Mus., of which the first part has just been published by Messrs. Longmans.

To the "Mermaid" series of the "Best Plays of the Old Dramatists," Mr. Fisher Unwin has just added a volume of the plays of Richard Steele, of whom, as his able editor, Mr. G. A. Aitken, says, we all think rather as an essayist than a dramatist, forgetting that the same wit and humour are to be found in the comedies as in the essays for the *Spectator* and *Tatler*. The "Mermaid" volumes are always readable for their own sake, and this one on Steele is not the least interesting of the set, by any means.

Another volume of Cassell's "Storehouse of General Information" carries its references from "India" to "Morrison," and illustrates them by numbers of engravings in the text of the work as well as by inserted maps and other plates printed in colours. The convenience of an encyclopædia which is at once comprehensive in its scope, and of such a bulk that it is easily handled is undeniable, and the "Storehouse" is not only concise but is accurate as well.

Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode have just issued a new edition of the late Dr. Neale's translation of "The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix," from which several of the finest and most popular hymns in the English language are taken. Comment on such well-known verse would be superfluous; but as the publishers have accompanied the lines by illustrations, I can only regret that they are not such as are likely to be generally regarded as adequately interpreting the beautiful ideas of the original. And I regret this the more, because in every other respect the publishers have spared nothing that would help to make this a fitting *édition de luxe* of a memorable work.

Book-Mark.

JUNE.

THE good taste and exquisite colouring of the materials, cottons, crépons, or silks now worn, seem to have reached perfection, every beautiful gradation of colour seen in peach and apricot, and the dainty tints of the rose having been truthfully copied ; the changing shot effects of pink, green, yellow, and blue apparently deciding the choice of the opal as the fashionable jewel this season.

Lace is in the ascendant, and no toilette is complete unless that grace-imparting fabric is represented thereon by frill, insertion, or bow. A curious innovation is seen in the introduction of tiny black chenille or jet dots that are sprinkled over flounce lace of Venise point. The appearance of black in chenille dot, or the thread-like horizontal stripe and black flowers in millinery, lends an additional brilliancy in contrast of effect to the lovely colourings of the material on which it appears.

Deep collars of lace with a vandyke edge, suggesting the Stuart period, entirely cover the upper portion of the bodice and rest on the full puff of the sleeve ; others are severely square in outline, yet none the less becoming. Ribbons are five to six inches broad, the plain colours in satin showing a narrow black edge ; small spotted patterns have a reverse in rich strong contrasting colours, and glacé ribbon in black and white check has a watered effect, while moiré ribbons are still worn both in colours and black.

Millinery is stylish and becoming, but also remarkable in design, squareness across the brow being the chief characteristic. The newest favourite is a huge cornflower in shades of blue, varying from the deepest tone to a pale faded blue verging on pink. These flowers are accompanied

BRIDESMAID'S HAT AND FICHU, FROM MESSRS. LIBERTY, REGENT STREET, W.
(*Photograph by Walery, Ltd., Regent Street, W.*)

BRIDE'S "FLOWER-MAIDEN."

by small bright green ivy, veined with white and highly polished. One of the newest bonnets in golden straw was ornamented with black moiré and an exact reproduction of watercress. The new millinery pink is charming and eminently becoming to a dark head of hair; the straw hood crowns in this colour are trimmed with black ox-eyed daisies with golden centres.

Bridesmaids.

A charming bridesmaid was arrayed in a Princess dress of pale lime green Liberty cashmere embroidered around the hem and waist girdle, the sleeves having large shoulder puffs. A picturesque fichu of fancy striped gauze in pale cream colour, bordered with frills, was gracefully folded round the shoulders and knotted in front. The hat, of cream-coloured straw, through which ran a strand of green, looked sweet with clusters of blush roses and natural foliage adorning the low crown and resting on the hair beneath the brim (*see* illustration); a shower bouquet of roses and red brown foliage completed the artistic effect.

Another toilette, as dainty and light as thistle-down, was arranged in printed cotton lisse, white with scattered sprays of blue speedwell, with frills of fine lace, half-concealing loops, and rosettes of soft green ribbon. The large hat of white crinoline straw, poised on a wreath of tiny rosebuds and speedwell, had a large bow of green ribbon placed at the back of the crown and erect sprays of roses at one side of the front. The gloves were white suède stitched with green. I may here mention that all the newest gloves are stitched with a contrasting colour: the three rib-stitchings up the back of the glove having a twisted cord effect in the two colours.

At a recent wedding I saw a pretty design in clover pink cashmere with deep square yoke of silk in the same colour, cut in vandykes over a frill of tinted lace; a draped silk collar and waist belt fastened at the back with rosettes; a black chip hat trimmed with moiré ribbon and drooping clusters of clover flowers.

A choice of dress for the bride's flower-maiden rests between muslin and lace, all white, or tinted muslin and saffron-hued lace, or a picture frock such as we have illustrated, made in either satin or cashmere, with embroidery, rosettes, and sash in silk. A pretty little netted caul of gold sewn to an embroidered band is worn on the head, the bouquet or basket of flowers exhibiting the bride's favourite flower. Should it be sweet-pea, the maid would be dressed in white, with green sash, and embroidery exactly matching the colour of the flower, or pale green velveteen, with sash and rosettes studding the sleeves in silk of that peculiar shade of Liberty pink. The little shoes and gloves should be white kid.

Brides' Gown.

Brilliant sunshine, the clash of bells, flower perfumed air, and music; a bride's dress of rich satin and Brussels lace, with superb flowers, are, one might almost say the conventional accompaniments to a fashionable wedding; but a far simpler type is portrayed in our illustration of a bride's dress in fine cashmere, with a graceful line of silk and pearl embroidery outlining the over-skirt, and the deep collar revers. Bows of narrow watered ribbon, centred with a small spray of myrtle blossom, are placed on bodice and skirt. The train is gathered into fulness to the bodice and has a silk frill or balayeuse underneath the edge. Silk lisse is drawn up round the neck, forming a vest, and is fastened with a spray of the bridal flower; a puff of the lisse crosses the front of the skirt. The sleeves are large and full, fitting into the

BRIDE'S DRESS.

wrist. A veil of tulle with a broad hem is secured with a spray of orange blossoms, and falls over the face to the bust, and the gloves and shoes are of white suède kid. This design allows of the gown being easily arranged as an evening or dinner gown, the

A "GOING-AWAY" COSTUME SKETCHED AT MESSRS. REDMAYNE, NEW BOND STREET, W.

lisse vest is removed and the length of train shortened, the pieces serving to make a flounce in the front of the skirt in lieu of that in lisse ; and pink pompon roses take the place of the myrtle in the bows.

Costumes.

The design we sketch above is an effective and favourite style for a bride's going-away costume. It is tailor-made in smooth-faced cloth of a pale stone-fawn colour, each seam of the skirt being strapped and the hem outlined in the same manner—the term "strapped" signifying a narrow piece of the cloth about half an inch wide covering the seam, stitched at each edge. The little sleeveless over-jacket of Zouave character is also in the cloth, setting in gracefully to the figure at the back, a collar and revers with round points giving style to the front. The Bolero or Zouave style of jacket is still in high favour, and is often decorated with handsome lace over dahlia-coloured satin revers. This one offers an exceedingly elegant finish to the beautiful blouse of mauve pink Bengaline, with its large gigot sleeves, and full front drawn into a bow and folded collar at the neck. The hood-shaped bonnet of rustic straw has an edge of tiny jet paillettes and a jet ornament in the centre of the front, with a garniture of mignonette and moiré ribbons.

Linen washing dresses are in excellent taste. Everybody should possess at least one : they look so refreshingly cool on a hot sunny day, and are now dyed in beautiful shades of blue, pink, and green, or the quieter colours of tan and holland. One of Liberty's is most fascinating in a soft shade of blue with a gleam of gold through it, and would make a delightful dress with plain cut, well-hung skirt, and Bolero jacket over a batiste blouse in an artistic shade of pale yellow, and a large shady hat. Or imagine a lovely shade of green shot with gold trimmed with saffron tinted guipure lace, the left side of the skirt slightly lifted, thus forming a few graceful folds across the front, a blouse bodice of fancy cotton crépon, and one of the new shoulder capes in the linen, bordered with lace. The shape of the cape might be described as an oblong piece of material with a circular hole cut in the centre, which in point of fact forms the line around the neck, and is draped with lace ; it opens in the centre of the front, the deeper ends falling over the sleeves in pleats, and set square across back and front—a simple but very stylish garment when rightly adjusted.

A most useful and necessary costume, and wearable at all times, is a tailor-made gown of waterproof, cheviot, or serge (*see* illustration on p. 555). Many of these show a small pattern or stripe, which is effectively arranged in the skirt by goring each seam, the centre of the back setting square at the hem. A simply designed bodice is essential, fitting the figure to perfection in every line with graceful revers and turned-down collar revealing a dainty shirt of fancy drill or cambric. The sleeves of these tailor-made gowns are but slightly full, and set beautifully. Being made in waterproof material and ventilated, for showery weather this costume leaves nothing to be desired. Tuscan straw hats trimmed with moiré ribbon, slightly curved at each side, supply a pretty finish to this style of costume.

Skirts.

In the newest shaped skirts all the seams are gored to the waist, the front and sides being made to fit as carefully as the bodice, and the back being gathered or pleated in three box pleats at the centre. These skirts would appear woven into form, so smoothly do the pieces combine at the seams ; and, by reason of the thin summer materials being lined throughout with mull or tinted muslin, no stitches appear at the top of the hem. Walking costumes are cut off the ground all round, *fête* dresses fully long in the front, and just resting a couple of inches on the ground at the back. Evening and dinner gowns show a slight train.

Plain skirts and elaborate bodices continue to be the order of the day, although many of the leading costume designers are introducing a more equal distribution of ornamentation. This is effected in some models by slightly draping the material, and thus revealing an underskirt of rich silk or velvet. In others the skirt opens the whole length at one side, is bordered with embroidery or lace, and shows a contrasting colour beneath; and a very favourite, and certainly pretty, style for black or dark coloured silks is a trimming of a deep flounce of black lace headed with narrow rows of jet or tiny velvet ribbon studded at intervals with small velvet rosettes.

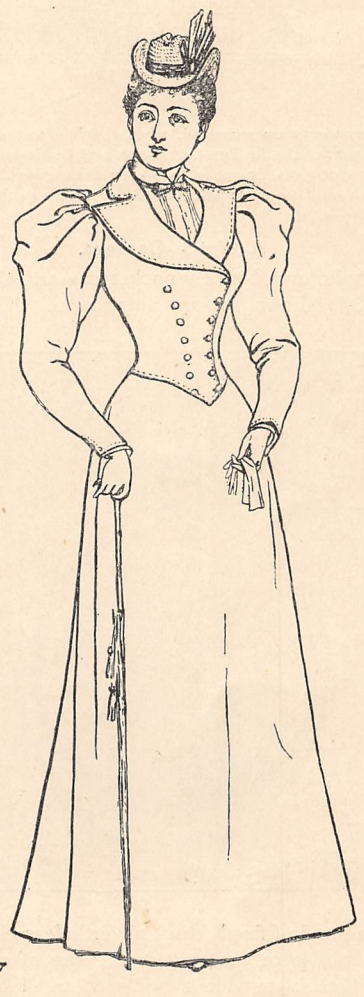
New Mantles.

Stylish mantles are made in moiré arabesque and jet or moiré and lace; full collar ruches are set into yokes bordered or entirely composed of jet and paillettes, with double shoulder capes cut on the round, setting gracefully full and finished in front in long stole ends and jet. The prescribed length of a fashionable cape is just to escape the elbow and reveal the waist line. A pretty cape was composed of two deep frills: one in grey cloth, with three rows of narrow watered ribbon in lines one inch apart, and the upper one of black net with the ribbon trimming repeated; a full ruche of net encircling the neck was fastened with a wide bow of watered ribbon. Another was arranged with a yoke of écru guipure in deep vandykes over a frill of moiré, beneath which was a deep frill of black lace over moiré. A pleating of the same lace stood up round the neck, and black velvet rosettes centred with jet studded the yoke.

An extremely elegant mantle for a slight figure was made in silk of a quiet tone of fawn brown, accordion-pleated and striped at intervals of seven or eight inches with black lace insertion; the cape was circular in character and sewn to a round yoke composed of alternate rows of very narrow gathered frills and puffings. These little frills were arranged as a ruche collar, and there were long broad ends of black lace to tie beneath the chin in wide bows. I could imagine this design looking lovely in accordion-pleated black net, the lace being relieved by a little jet. A becoming design, which could be utilised for rearranging a cape of velvet or silk of a season gone, has a velvet yoke, round shaped and cut into deep vandykes that droop over a frill of lace reaching half-way to the elbow, and are outlined with a narrow line of sparkling jet. Beneath the lace frill is one in Surah or silk cut on the round, but not necessarily in one piece. The one article that must be new is the ruche-collar of lace that encircles the neck. This may be fastened with bows of lace, either setting out squarely to right and left or hanging scarf-like ends to the knee. The addition of tiny rosettes of ribbon or velvet will also aid in bringing the cape "up to date," for they appear in place and out of place on all of to-day's designs.

Children's costumes will be a prominent feature in our next month's "Chat."

A. LL. GRIFFITHS.



COSTUME SKETCHED AT ULSTER HOUSE, CONDUIT STREET.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence each in the case of the bride's dress, and one shilling in the case of the flower-maid's costume. Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

The Gatherer
An Illustrated record of Invention Discovery & Science

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Watch-Camera.

The "photoret," a new pocket camera, shaped like a watch, is shown in our illustration. The lens is

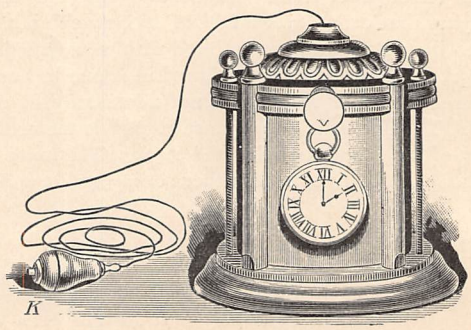
very small and of fixed focus, nevertheless the camera takes a miniature photograph the size of a postage-stamp, which is capable of being enlarged to four or five times its dimensions. The camera can be manipulated with one hand, the ring and stem at the top working the shutter and bringing the film into position for the next picture. It is a magazine camera with six plates in the charge, but thirty-six plates or six charges are supplied with it. The number of pictures taken is shown by a figure which comes into view; and a "time exposure" can be made by inserting a common pin in the hole marked "time stop," and pressing the watch-stem.

Diamonds from Coal Gas.

Several months ago we referred to the experiments of M. Moissan on making diamonds from sugar in the electric furnace, and we have now to record the manufacture of the gem from ordinary coal gas by heating it under the atmospheric pressure to a temperature between 2,000° and 3,000° C. This has been done by M. Gustave Rousseau, another French chemist. The gas was saturated with vapour of benzine and passed through a hollow block of lime in which a voltaic arc was maintained. After two hours both graphite and crystals of black diamond were found. Acetylene gives the same products with the same treatment, and M. Rousseau intends to try the heavy carburets got from coal tar and petroleum residue. As yet these artificial diamonds have been very small, and unsuitable for jewels. We may add that M. Moissan has improved his electric furnace by lining it with plates of carbon and magnesia one over the other, and enclosing in it a tube of carbon which is heated by the electric arc. By charging the tube with raw material he is now able to continuously reduce the metal chromium from its ores after the manner of a smelting furnace.

An Electric Watch-Stand.

The watch-stand which we illustrate is intended to show the time at any hour of the night, and contains a small battery of dry cells in the ornamental case. By pressing a button in the knob, K, connected by wires to the battery, the small incandescent lamp is lit and the watch face illuminated. The wires are twelve feet in length, and thus allow of the stand being as far away from the operator, who, in fact, may be lying in bed.



AN ELECTRIC WATCH-STAND.

Autoconduction.

M. D'Arsonval, a well-known electrician, has made a series of interesting experiments showing how the human body conducts electrical impulses of great intensity without pain, or indeed sensible discomfort,

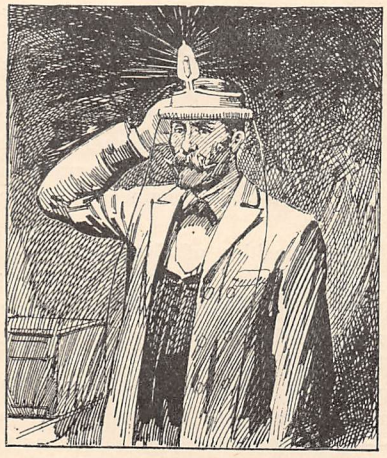


FIG. 1.

provided these are produced by alternating or see-saw currents of high frequency, that is to say, many thousands of oscillations a second. Such currents are produced by sending the current from an alternating current dynamo through a special induction coil or transformer, which transforms the dynamo current into one of, say, 15,000 volts of "pressure," and changing its direction, say, 10,000 times a second. When the latter current is sent through a coil of wire in Fig. 1, an electric incandescent lamp, connected as shown round the head of the experimenter, is lit up, the electrical influence passing through his head. Again, when such a current is passed through a coil of wire encircling the body of the experimenter as shown in Fig. 2, he is able to light an incandescent lamp by simply holding it in his hands by short pieces of wire joined to its terminals.

Milk and Liquid Oxygen.

A practical use for liquefied oxygen has been found in sterilising milk. The late Paul Bert, the well-known French *savant* and statesman who lost his life while on a political mission in Tonquin, was the first to show that oxygen prevents the souring of milk—that is to say, its fermentation—by destroying the germs or "vibrions," which produce it; and M. Villon has applied liquid oxygen to the purpose. Tubes of the liquefied gas are now actually on sale in France for mixing with milk in order to preserve it.

Cerium in Photography.

MM. Auguste and Louis Lumière, the well-known Parisian photographers, have made some interesting experiments with salts of cerium such as the sulphate and nitrate, in lieu of silver salts, for taking photographs. Paper steeped in aqueous solutions of these salts becomes sensitive to light, which reduces the ceric to a cerous salt and stains the paper, thus producing a picture the tint of which varies with the developer used. Thus phenol gives a grey picture, aniline a green, naphthylamine a blue, parasulfanic acid a red, and so on.

Flexible Glass.

According to a German scientific journal, a material called "flexible glass" is made by dissolving four to eight parts of gun-cotton in one part of ether or alcohol and adding to the solution two to four parts of a non-resinous oil, and four to ten parts of Canada balsam. The mixture is spread on a plate of glass, and dried in a current of air at a temperature of 50°. The residuum is a hard flexible transparent mass, resisting alike acids, alkalies, and salts. It is odourless, and its inflammability can be reduced by adding chloride of magnesium, while zinc white gives it an ivory tint.

Light and Germination.

Professor H. M. Ward, F.R.S., has submitted the spores of various bacteria or germs of disease to the action of the different rays of the spectrum of sunlight and of electric light, with the result that only the blue and ultra-blue rays are found to injure or destroy them. The infra-red, red, yellow, and green rays are apparently harmless. The injurious action begins at the blue end of the green rays, attains a maximum in the blue rays, but continues into the violet rays, and beyond them. Strange to say, the interposition of a thin sheet of

AUTOCONDUCTION.—FIG. 2.

glass between the prism giving the spectrum and the bacteria had the effect of diminishing the deadly character of the rays. It follows that a naked light shining directly on bacteria is a better germ-killer than one enclosed in glass; hence Professor Ward thinks that

A CORNER WARDROBE.

the rays of a naked electric arc lamp might be used for disinfecting hospitals and railway carriages.—While upon this subject we may mention that the Rev. G. Henslow has investigated the influence of coloured light on germination, and finds that seeds in general germinate regardless of the light, but that a variety of larkspur is positively injured by it. Ordinary daylight, as a rule, promotes germination better than coloured light, and plants grown under glass do not thrive so well as those in the open air.

A Corner Wardrobe.

Our illustration shows a new corner wardrobe just patented, and which is so portable that it could easily be taken away with anyone who was removing for a while into country or seaside quarters where accommodation for hanging clothes is apt to prove scanty. The sides of the wardrobe, in which are fixed the hooks, will fold up for packing purposes, if required. But on the other hand, when fixed, the wardrobe makes a very satisfactory piece of furniture, the principle of which will be readily understood from our drawing.

The Origin of Gold Nuggets.

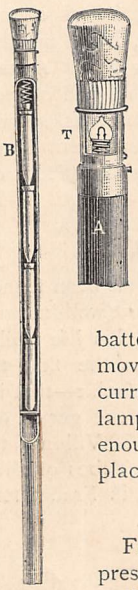
It is still a mystery how the nuggets of gold which are found in alluvial diggings have been formed. Many are of opinion that the gold has been deposited in nodules from a solution, layer upon layer. Professor A. Liversedge, a well-known geologist of New South Wales, has recently shown that, while gold can be artificially made into lumps in this way, natural nuggets in alluvial diggings have really been derived from gold-bearing rocks and rounded by attrition.

A Metal Reservoir.

M. Gérard, water engineer to the city of Bordeaux, has constructed a reservoir of metal and raised above the ground to a height sufficient to give the required pressure. The building is supported on iron columns standing on concrete foundations let into the soft soil. Girders supported by the pillars carry a floor of metal, on which two elliptical basins or water tanks are erected, and a dust-tight roof covers the whole. The reservoir, which is of great capacity, was made by the firm of Chaulon and Sons, engineers, Bordeaux.

Curiosities of Tree-Growth.

Some remarkable cases of natural grafting have been observed lately in America. One is that of a sugar maple which has coalesced with a white pine in a woodland of Wisconsin. The trunks keep apart for three and a half feet above the ground, where they unite into a single stem. It is supposed that friction in the wind or the nibbling of a deer has frayed the green bark when the trees were saplings and caused them to adhere. Other cases of white pines growing together have been reported, in one of them as many as four trunks uniting at a sufficient height above the ground to allow persons to walk under. A veritable "bow-knot" formed by the branches of a tree has also been described; and in the heart of two trunks—one of burr oak, the other of white wood, sawn up for lumber—the antlers of deer were found embedded. It is supposed that the animals had caught the tips of their horns in the green wood and broken them off. In the heart of another trunk of hickory wood a horse-shoe was found; but how it got there is quite a mystery.



AN ELECTRIC CANE.

An Electric Cane.

The walking-stick which we illustrate contains a small electric lamp in the handle, as will be seen through the glass at T. The lower part of the cane, A, encloses a series of Leclanché cells forming an electric battery, which is shown at B. By a slight movement of the head of the cane the current from the battery is sent into the lamp, and the cane yields a light strong enough to read by or show the way in a dark place.

A Home Conserver.

Fruits and vegetables can, we all know, be preserved by excluding the air from them as well as by sugar, or vinegar; but hitherto the former method has been almost exclusively in the hands of manufacturers. Our engraving shows a domestic utensil for conserving in this manner. The principle on which it

is based consists in driving out the air and killing the germs in the fruit or vegetable by heat, and keeping it in a hermetically sealed, that is to say, an air-tight, case. In the figure, A is a glass vessel into which the fruit or vegetable, after being washed is placed. The

A HOME CONSERVER.

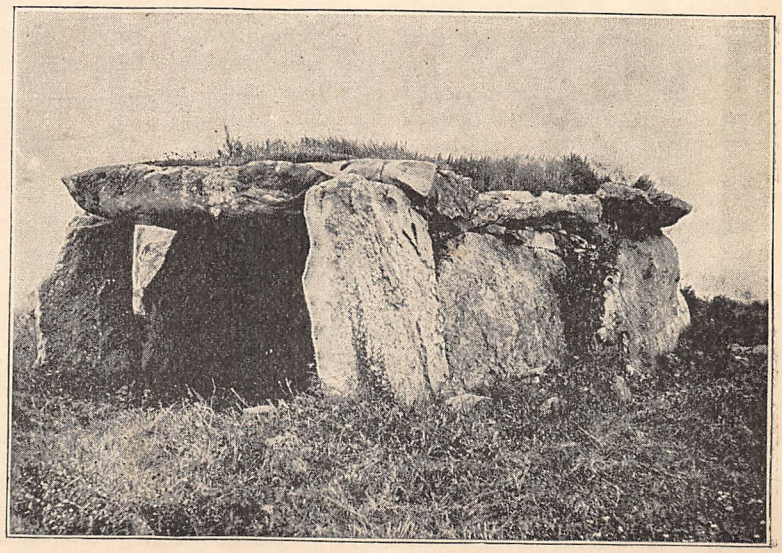
vessel is then closed and plunged into a copper basin or boiler, B, containing boiling water, for a specified time. The lid of the vessel is made so as to let the hot air and steam escape from within but admit no fresh air from without. The bath shown has a double bottom as well as a cover, and can warm seven vessels at once, some of which, as shown at C, are of porcelain instead of glass.

Sugar and Work.

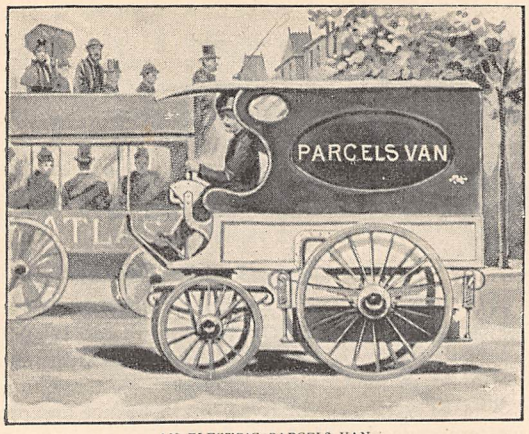
Dr. Vaughan Harley, in a paper recently read before a meeting of the Royal Society, adduced a number of facts showing that sugar in food is a producer of muscular energy. By means of an apparatus called the ergograph, he measured the work done in raising weights of 3 and 4 kilogrammes to a certain height with the middle finger of each hand. When the subject of the experiments had fasted for 24 hours, and drunk only water, sugar not only lengthened the time before he grew tired, but increased the work done by 61 to 76 per cent. Sugar added to meals was also found to promote the muscular activity of the subject. Thus 200 grammes (about 3,000 grains) added to a small meal increased the work done from 6 to 39 per cent. In the same way 250 grammes of sugar added to a large mixed meal improved the resistance of the subject to fatigue, and increased the amount of work done from 8 to 16 per cent. The same quantity of sugar added to the meals during a working day of 8 hours increased the work done from 22 to 36 per cent.

The Dolmens of France.

Dolmens, that is to say, rude artificial caves or cells made of large stones, several upright for the walls and one or two laid over all for the roof, are found not only in the United Kingdom, as for example "Kits Coty House," in Kent, but in France and other western countries of Europe. Our illustration represents one at Germes, Maine-et-Loire, France, which is a good specimen of this very primitive order of architecture. They are sometimes surrounded with stones, and from the skeletons found in them, along with implements and trinkets, it is tolerably certain that they are the first family vaults or mausoleums of our ancestors. French archæologists have recently studied these interesting memorials of the distant past, and M. Carrière, President of the Society for the Study of Natural Science, at Nîmes, has come to the conclusion that the first builders of these dolmens were ignorant of the use of metals, and belonged to what palæontologists call the "Neolithic Age," that is to say, the period during which men employed implements of polished stone. Weapons of copper and bronze, and even Roman articles, are however found in some, and prove that the dolmens were still made or at least used in the "Bronze Age," and perhaps later. Who the original builders were is not yet ascertained beyond a doubt; but they seem to have been a race of long-heads, that is to say, dolicho-



DOLMEN AT GERMES (MAINE-ET-LOIRE).
(From a photograph taken for the "Commission des Monuments Historiques," Paris.)



AN ELECTRIC PARCELS VAN.

cephals, because, so far as can be gathered from these relics in the south of France, the broad-heads or bracycephals do not make their appearance amongst them until the age of bronze. We may add that French archæologists have recently made a discovery which tends to throw light on the origin of the "standing stones," or megaliths which, like the dolmens, are common in this country and Western Europe, from Scandinavia to Spain, and are also found in North-Western Africa. Specimens of an old language carved on the stones have been found, and if it should be deciphered we may yet identify the builders of Stonehenge, Callernish, and Karnac with some existing race—who knows?—perhaps the mysterious Basques, whose language is a mystery to philologists. Hardly anyone believes now in the old theory that Stonehenge and other megalithic monuments were built by the Druids. They are really of enormous age, and date back to the earliest races of Western Europe and North Africa, whose blood nevertheless flows in our veins, let us call ourselves "Anglo-Saxons" or "Celts," or what we will. Such studies tend to unite the various races in fraternal feeling, by showing the community of blood which exists over vast areas, and only a narrow-mindedness, based on ignorance and prejudice would discountenance or check them.

An Electric Parcels Van.

Our woodcut shows a parcels van driven by electricity, which has been introduced into the metropolitan district. The current is supplied by accumulators in the bottom of the vehicle, and the electric motor is geared to the hind wheels. Switches, brakes, and steering gear for controlling the van are all within easy reach of the driver, who occupies the usual place in front. There are six degrees of speed all within the limits allowed for street and road travelling by machinery. The van is lighted by the current, and the motive power is equivalent to a pair of horses. The accumulators, which are of light construction, hold a charge for a journey of thirty miles, and the cost of charging and maintenance is given as 2d. per mile of run.

An Automatic Fishing-Net.

A net which automatically rises to the surface and thus encloses the school of fish to be caught, has been invented by M. Trouvé, a French electrician. The net is weighted along the lower edge and has a pneumatic tube along the upper, which can be inflated by an air-pump on the shore or fishing-boat. A lure in the shape of electric lamps submerged in the water, or a bait, is employed to draw the fish within the compass of the net, and the air-float is then filled, causing the net to rise to the surface and hem in the fish. The net is considered more humane than the ordinary ones, as it does not frighten them nor destroy their eggs. We may add here that at a recent meeting of the Physiological Society of Berlin, Dr. Bembo, of St. Petersburg, read a paper in which he advocated cutting the large blood-vessels of the neck as the most humane mode of slaughtering animals. When this is done unconsciousness supervenes in a few seconds, and the movements observed are due to cerebral anæmia. Moreover, as is well-known, the flesh of animals which have bled to death is most easily kept.

The Phonograph and Languages.

It is well known that the phonograph is now used by travellers in taking down and preserving strange languages, but probably most people are unaware that it is now used in American schools for teaching pronunciation and foreign languages. The instruments are adapted for a large number of pupils listening at once, and these can either study the pronunciations for themselves or under the direction of a teacher.

SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

AWARD.

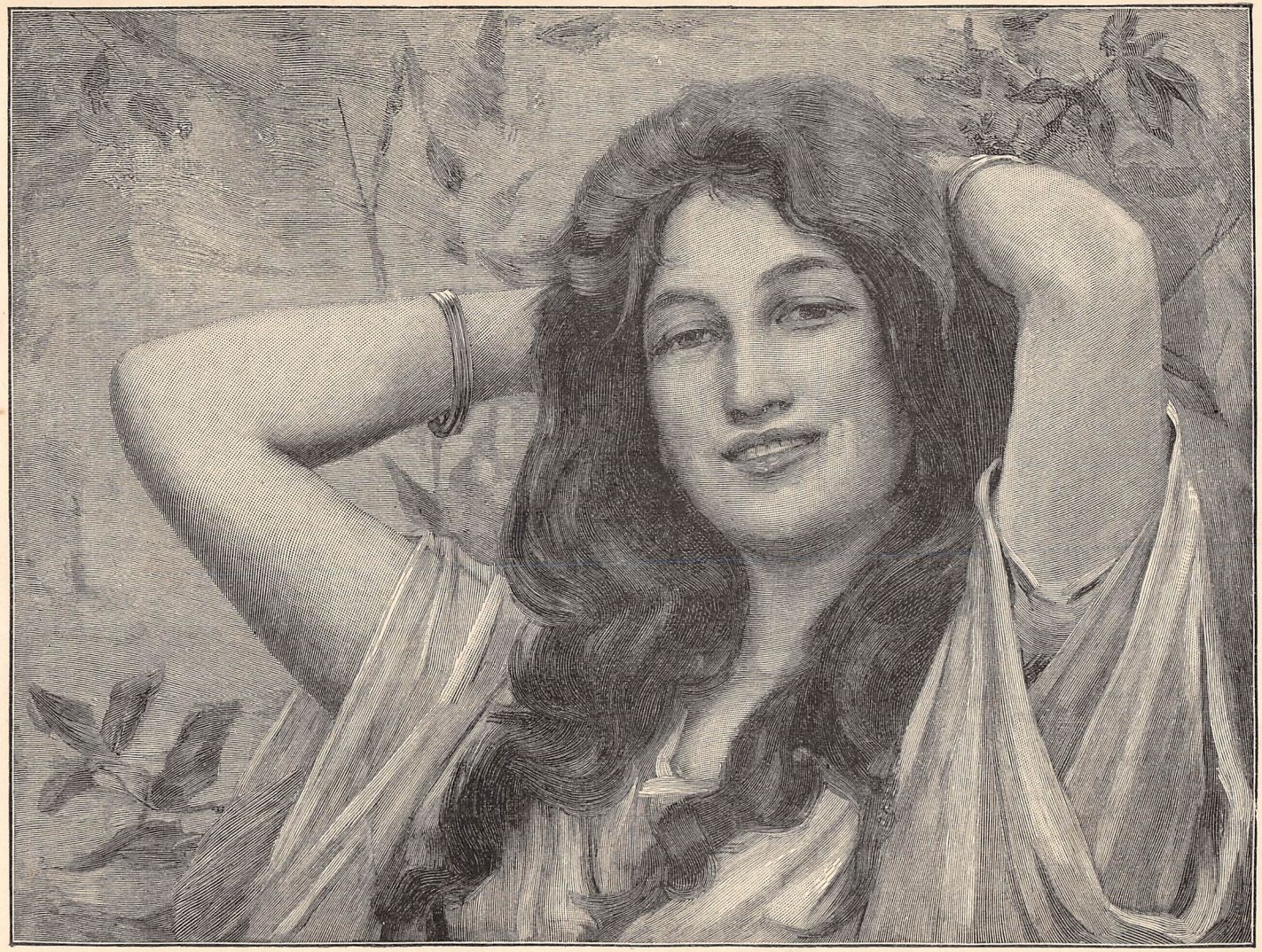
The FIRST PRIZE of £4 is awarded to
JOHN BAVINGTON JONES,
185, Snargate Street, Dover ;

The SECOND PRIZE of £3 to
MARGARET MACKINTOSH,
Creich F. C. Manse,
Cupar, Fife, N.B. ;

The THIRD PRIZE of £2 to
ALEXANDER MORRISON,
102, Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION is accorded to
Mrs. E. S. CURRY, Southwark, S.E. ;
B. E. DUFFETT, Redhill ;
C. THOMSON, Oxford.

We may remind our readers that the Six-Part Serial Story Competition, announced in our December number, closes on the 1st inst. ; and in the Gardening Competition, of which full particulars were given on page 160 of our January number, June 23rd is the latest date for receiving entries.

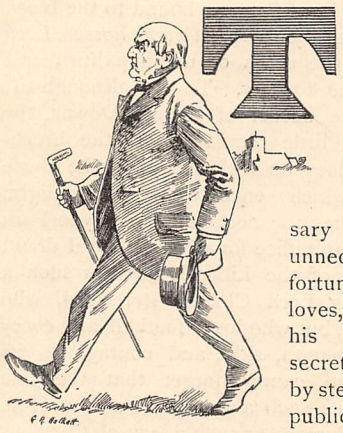


LORNA.

(*From a drawing by* F. M. Skipworth.)

THE PASTIMES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.



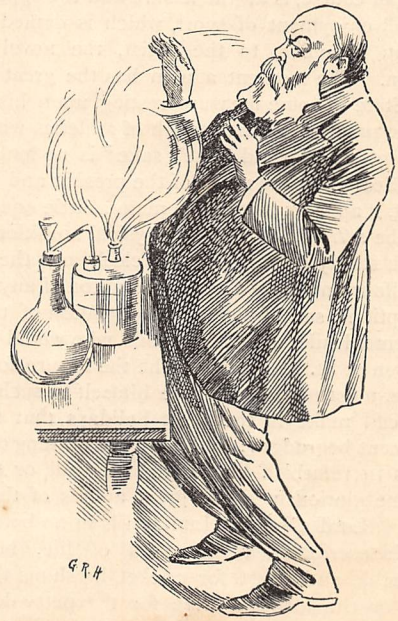
THE great man in the playing-fields has ever afforded a spectacle dear to gods and men, and to the society reporter who makes unnecessary paragraphs about unnecessary people. Unfortunately, the great man loves, as a rule, to take his physical exercise secretly, and somewhat by stealth ; but the newer publicity climbs upon the railings of his park, and his athletic weaknesses are ours paragraphically, whenever the subject is really worthy that oftentimes troublesome honour. In some instances, truly, there is scarce anything left to learn either of the sporting history or the present sporting practice of the greater lights among us.

Even Mr. Gladstone himself is not allowed to forget that at Eton his reputation was not only that begotten of a fine Greek prose and a consummate knowledge of Horace, but was also to be set down to some proficiency in rowing and sculling, the latter art having an especial fascination for him. To-day his recreation is so widely known that it does not any longer tempt even the facile draughtsman, to whom the felling of trees was a decade or two ago the very breath of humour ; his axes lie unmocked at Hawarden ; the first of living statesmen is thrown back upon the commonplaces of mere pedestrianism. And what a walker he is ! Those who have followed him across the park at Hawarden in one of those tramps in the crisp bracing air of morning tell me that the going to matins is a penance in comparison with which the rigours of the ascetics read but as recreations. Others who have tramped in New York with that masterly walker, Cardinal Gibbons, avow that a race between politician and ecclesiastic would be a sight of the century. Alas ! that the Pan-Anglican conference cannot help us to a speedy sight of it.

It is curious that while so much has been written from time to time of the ex-Premier's walking, so little has been said of Lord Salisbury's ability at the same exercise, or of the large part pedestrianism plays in his recreation. At Hatfield, when out of office, the Unionist Prime Minister divides his time almost equally between his laboratory and his walks. The great park affords him that seclusion he loves so well, and supplies him with that invigorating air which is the best antidote to the noxious fumes his laboratory engenders. At Dieppe, they will tell you that no tourist "doing it" can stride along the cliffs at such a lusty pace, or know the pleasures of a long march across the downs, as the master of the Châlet Cecil knows them. In fact, the appearance of loving ease which the Tory Premier assumes so often in the Lords is the veriest pretence—there are few more active men, *cæteris paribus*, in the Upper House, or, for the matter of that, amongst the whole of the politicians.

But I find that these personal deductions are leading me, as it were, into a catalogue-like exposition of the athletic merits of public men ; and any such list should be fitly headed by a glance at the accomplishments of the first of English sportsmen, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. He, perhaps, has a more ardent love for nearly every form of sport and pastime than any other man of his age. He was never a great cricketer, I have never heard that he played football ; yet he is often an interested spectator of both games, and there are those at Sandringham who will tell you with hushed voices of those occasions when he has chased a tennis-ball over the net, and has even played out a whole set with surprising perseverance. Years ago he had a loose but good seat on horseback ; and although he rarely rides to hounds now, there are few men who look better when mounted or who know more about horses. With a gun in his hand, he is unapproachable by the average shooting man ; his love for yachting and the *Britannia* is known in all kingdoms ; and he plays a game of billiards which, from the amateur's standard, is by no means mediocre.

From his earliest years Prince George has followed this excellent example, and while he seems often to



LORD SALISBURY.

prefer the tennis-court to the covert-side, there are yet few forms of athletics which have not taken some hold of him, or in which he would not excel by a moderate

MR. A. J. BALFOUR.

course of specialising. And this statement holds true of most of the princes, the son of Prince Christian having taken no mean place as a cricketer; while the three sons of the Duke of Teck are given to nearly all those games which are the athletic fashion of the moment.

Here, of course, is all the leisure and the opportunity for a full enjoyment of sport, which is denied to the politician in office, to the artist, the novelist, the musician. The moment a man has the great burden of the State in some measure resting upon his shoulders, the practice of that branch of athletics which has been kept up "for old sake's sake" is no longer possible. Searching the ranks of the present and the late Cabinet, it appears that in the main a little equestrianism is the *ultima thule* of its physical ambition. Nor are such sturdy disciples of the cleek and the bat as Mr. Balfour and Lord George Hamilton of any service as exceptions, save for the demonstration of the rule. The former leader of the Commons, who would hold his own even at St. Andrews had he the leisure for better practice, must perforce confine himself to such rounds as he can make in the short holidays that the new Parliament begrudges; and has done nothing of recent months to refurbish his undoubted skill, or to enrol his name gloriously in the great annals of the Royal golfers. Lord George Hamilton is in no better case. With indescribable recklessness of life, being an untameable enthusiast for cricket, he shuns the clean leg-hit or the forward drive for the petty details of mere shipbuilding; or, being out of office, wastes precious hours of the summer chasing these phantoms of speech, which are not really of any concern to any man, nor worth the loss of a single drive. Truly office, or lack of office, binds with chains of steel, so that the sportsman weeps, and is not consoled to see such a master of hounds as Lord Spencer bound to the block of Whitehall; or that other lover of great horses, Lord Rosebery, shuffling the cards of municipalities and haggling upon truce and treaty. To-day, although the Durdans is upon the border of Epsom Downs, the Premier enjoys but little recreation in the breeding of horses, nor does he find time to make those yachting cruises which once were his delight. Amongst his colleagues, the mere canter in Hyde Park must for the most part suffice for all exercise. I doubt if in the whole ranks of the Liberals there is such a sturdy sportsman as Lord Charles Beresford, who always hated cricket, but who loves football, and every sport which has strength, skill, and courage as its essentials. And one cannot forget that the late Administration boasts such a horseman as the Hon. George Nathaniel Curzon, or such a son of Corœbus as the last Attorney-General, a grand miler, yet in that respect *passé;* so that even if Sir William Harcourt were to meet him in a "hundred," there might be those who would not consider the result a certainty.

But enough of politicians. The chain of office clanks for them, as a whole, so incessantly that they must come to think the hasty canter from the Achilles statue to the Serpentine a veritable triumph of recreation. The novelist, the painter, the diplomatist, the divine—none of these are bound so unremittingly to the block: none has the ghost of Westminster drawing the curtains of his ill-used couch at every slumber, or haunting him in the "between-whiles" of labour. Study Sir John Millais throwing, not physic to the dogs, but flies to the salmon of Perth on many a day

LORD ROSEBERY.

when the heather is full of life, and the north wind blows keen over the hills and dales of bonny Scotland. Or track down Mr. Rider Haggard to his den in Norfolk, where the scarabæus and the hot-pot jostle each other in generous recklessness, and learn how little the hum of towns or the tramping of publishing squadrons affect him. For him the winter of discontent is made glorious by the invigorating pursuit of partridge and of pheasant, by the stirring gallop across the British veldt, by all those sports which are associated with the fine old English gentleman of tradition —the squire whose manorial rights do not follow the pursuit of bottle-making or the smart speculation in republican securities. Truly, the novelists and the painters would seem to be blessed substantially in recreation above all those to whom brains begrudge a livelihood. Here is Mr. Conan Doyle, in fair weather or in foul, skimming the roads about Norwood on a tricycle, unabashed, and with locks unharmed, because the mighty Sherlock is dead, but deep in thought of past glories whence come historical romance, the glories of white companies, or the paths of refugees. His own regard—which is more than a sneaking one—for boxers and the noble art he made public at no distant date in a daily paper ; but cricket has not lost its charm for him, nor any pastime which leads to physical exaltation, and that mental vigour which breeds conspiracies—and an unlimited number of guineas per thousand words.

The father of Sherlock Holmes is, perhaps, the very first amongst the literary athletes, in so far as athletics have for him to-day the charms they ever had. Others,

SIR JOHN MILLAIS.

however, marching in the same fictional companies, prefer less exacting pastimes. There is the veteran Mr. James Payn, to wit, going daily for exercise to the Reform Club in a "growler," a journey of three miles from Maida Vale, and one to which he owes, on his own confession, many a plot and many a "germ." Or Mr. Walter Besant, again ; how simple is his recreation,

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.

found in the quiet exploration of Hampstead or in the tramp from Frognal to the Savile Club, where the wits gather at lunch to discuss anything which is not literature. Mr. Blackmore, on the other hand, draws inspiration from a war on slugs, and in the hobby of market-gardening finds preserves for the nurturing of word-pictures—and potatoes. His demi-namesake, Mr. Black, is cast much in the same mould, but the nomadic life gripped him early in its clutches, sending him many a long cruise in his excellent yacht, and even amongst the Zingari as the master of a caravan, and a wanderer through the lanes and woodlands of our loveliest landscapes, there to commune with Nature, and to ensnare her in the net of three volumes, or the two-shilling edition which lures the wary passengers to the bookstalls of the termini. And no man can have greater perfection of solitude than this : the ideal dream of the novelist who lacks the energy of Dickens, and sees no ultimate joy in the round with the boxing-gloves as Mr. Tom Hughes saw it in his youth—and perhaps to this day.

These few and all-insufficient facts convince one that the playing-fields of genius would have to be large indeed if they could conveniently accommodate the armies marching to-day under the banners of the arts to the seats of fees and reputations and the strongholds of progress. And who could imagine a field whereon might march even half of those who are rightly entitled to place in such a catalogue as this? In what corner away from the madding crowd should we place Sir Arthur Sullivan, given to the love of river scenes, to the quiet of Weybridge in the summer and the music of the Riviera in the winter?

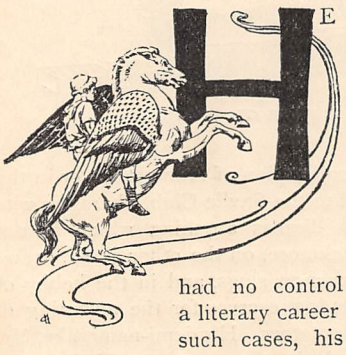
Where should we put Lord Dufferin and his safety bicycle, or his clay-pigeon trap; the Rev. H. R. Haweis in his red shirt, fighting for Garibaldi; Mr. Justice Chitty judging a 'Varsity crew; Dr. Welldon, of Harrow, remembering his football days, and thirsting for a "free kick"; Mr. Hamo Thorneycroft loving the spell of quiet reaches and river inns; Mr. Burnand sighing for the cliffs at Ramsgate; Mr. Andrew Lang anxious to cry "Well-hit!" or "Run it out!"; Mr. W. S. Penley playing his organ or feeding his fowls; Mr. George Grossmith anxious to ape the engine-driver, and running his toy-engine to the accompaniment of puffs; Mr. Edmund Yates dreaming of Pangbourne's reaches; Mr. Grenfell working lustily in his racing punt; Mr. Pinero hard put to it in a 'vantage set of lawn-tennis; and lastly, but not least, the liver brigade—judges, lawyers, and the well-briefed finding soothing relief in the dignified canter and the trot which goes not more merrily than the quickest case for Chancery?

A wonderful pageant, a strange *mêlée*, yet not more wonderful nor more strange than the diversity of pastime, which gives mind and strength for the burden of place, and is often doubly bound up with profit.

CECIL CHANTING.

BY ALBERT E. HOOPER, AUTHOR OF "UP THE MOONSTAIR," "IN THE FAR COUNTRY," ETC.

I.



HE was a Minor Poet, but he could not help it; for his was a greatness—a "minor" greatness—which had been thrust upon him.

Circumstances over which he had no control hedged him into a literary career; and, as is usual in such cases, his initiation into the gentle craft of letters had been marked by a costly sacrifice of copyrights. Small things—but his own—in prose and verse, thrown off rapidly under the pressure of want, had been parted with for a few necessary guineas; and amid his dreamings about The Great Work which haunts the mind of every literary beginner, he ceased to remember their existence.

They were recalled to his memory in a somewhat startling manner. On the strength of a larger cheque than usual, he had been taking a trip on the Continent, and he returned to his London lodging at the height of the publishing season. Various letters and parcels were awaiting him; but instead of opening any of them, he sat down to his lonely chop, with the latest number of a literary journal propped against the cruet-stand before him.

Lazily he glanced down the column of criticism, headed "Minor Verse." He was weary, and wanted something funny to jog his flagging spirits; and his experience of reviewers told him that he would surely find it here. It is strange, by the way, that the first trials of these songsters, who would keep England "a nest of singing birds," should provoke such laughter from the wise!

He was not disappointed. The merciless and witty "slating" of many a young rook, who had mistaken himself for a nightingale, added zest to his meal; and having finished eating, he was just on the point of tossing the paper aside when his eyes fell upon a single line of type, which struck a galvanic shock through his whole system, stopping the beating of his heart, and sending a cold shiver down his backbone.

"THE FOOT-HILLS OF PARNASSUS: A VOLUME OF VERSE. BY CECIL CHANTING."

Then his heart gave a great throb: the warm blood flowed on through his veins, and filled his head with a delightful dizziness; and he went on reading. "We do not remember to have noticed Mr. Chanting's name before," wrote the amiable reviewer, "and we presume that this little book of verse is his first effort. The title he has chosen would lead us to this conclusion; but we shall be surprised if he is long satisfied to remain upon the 'foot-hills'; indeed, we should not fear to risk our reputation for true prophecy by the confident assertion that before very long we shall hear his voice singing from the sacred mount itself"; and so on, and so on, for the space of half a column. He read it all, scarcely taking in its full significance; but his ears rang with the music of many detached phrases. Could it be possible that this wise and witty reviewer, fresh from the war-path, could be telling the world to take notice that he, Cecil Chanting, possessed "the true lyric lilt," that his thoughts were "highly conceived" and "chastely expressed," that he had written "many a verse whose subtle sweetness would linger long in the reader's memory"?

What could it all mean?

He sprang to his feet, seized the pile of letters that awaited his attention on the mantelpiece, and with trembling hands dealt them out upon the table one by one, till—ah! yes, there was one from the publisher of the magazine in which most of his verses had first seen the light.

He tore off the envelope, and discovered a letter

and a cheque—a really comfortable cheque in two figures.

The publisher begged to state that Mr. Chanting would have been consulted about the publication of his poems had he been in London. It was hoped that he would like the title which had been chosen for the volume; and seeing that it had been a successful venture, he was requested to accept fifty copies of the book and the accompanying cheque as a small honorarium. It was further intimated that the author would see by the press notices, which were sent with the books, that most of the reviewers, while highly praising the verses, had pointed out a certain lack of polish; and as a new edition must soon be issued, the publisher would be glad of Mr. Chanting's assistance in making it as perfect as possible.

The letter concluded with a hint about future books and liberal terms, which made the reader choke down a sudden sob; for, notwithstanding the fact that your true poet resigns the gold of the sovereign for the gold of the sunset, he cannot help feeling an emotion of gladness when he finds himself unexpectedly saved for ever from the gaping jaws of the Wolf.

Then came the unpacking of a bulky parcel and the discovery of the books.

Who shall describe the holy joy of the young author as he holds his first book in reverent hands? Perhaps it is the nearest approach to the feeling of motherhood which a man can know.

All that dainty binding, hand-made paper, and perfect typography could do had been done for "The Foot-hills of Parnassus"; and having gazed on its outward beauty for a moment, the author sat down to read his own work. Quickly his joy became dashed with pain; for, alas! in spite of the pride of authorship, and hopes for the future ringing in rhythmic cadences through his verses, he knew, far better than any reviewer could tell him, how much his work needed polish.

"And it shall have it!" he exclaimed.

He was as good as his word. He set about the delicate task without delay; and he found it so full of interest and delight, that he began to make new verses of the same quality as the last, and proceeded to polish these with equal care.

This is how it was that Cecil Chanting became a Minor Poet.

II.

POLISHING is a most delightful occupation; but it has its dangers. It is so satisfactory to round off awkward angles, to remove excrescences, and brighten dull patches, till only beauty and brilliancy remain. But the thing can be carried too far: if the diamond is too small, it may be ground to powder upon the lapidary's wheel. Well does the present writer remember a boy at school, the proud possessor of a small brass engine, who fell a victim to the craze for polishing. He was the envy of all his companions; for, although there were other engines in the school, his was the only one which could be made to go by steam along its own rails. One day the engineer took oil and sand-paper, and began to clean up his engine. His fate was sealed from that moment: he became enamoured of the mere act of polishing; henceforth he viewed his engine simply as something to polish, and continued to polish until he had polished a hole in its boiler.

Cecil Chanting, having earned the reputation of a Minor Poet by polishing his verses, set about the task of polishing himself.

Before the publication of "The Foot-hills of Parnassus," he had been a plain and hearty downright young fellow, lodging in the Borough, and a member of a rifle corps. During the day he wrote his verses or his stories at an ink-splashed kitchen-table, and in the evening he was not above taking his pleasure at an "Assault-at-Arms" or a friendly "Sing-song."

But the doings of a literary free lance are not suitable to a minor poet; for a minor poet has a reputation to keep up.

"THEN CAME THE DISCOVERY OF THE BOOKS."

"'TIP US YOUR PAW, CESSY, MY BOY'"
(*p.* 569).

Cecil Chanting removed to a set of elegant chambers in the Albany; and having left his kitchen-table and cocoanut-matting behind him in the Borough, he furnished in art shades, and did all his poetical polishing at a wonderful little cylinder desk of carved rosewood. As for amusement, he went into Society, under the protection of such lion-hunters as had faith in the potentiality of cubs.

I said that it was not Cecil Chanting's fault that he became a Minor Poet; and it is only fair to admit that it was not altogether his fault that he almost threw away his chances of ever becoming anything else. The chief fault lay at the door of his admirers—especially his feminine admirers. They presented him with tiny ormolu inkstands, capable of holding half a thimbleful of ink, with delicate pen-sticks of mother-of-pearl and ivory: with smoking-caps, slippers, and jackets of wondrous design: all as "small tokens of gratitude to one who has *felt* and can *sympathise* with the *deepest* yearnings of the human heart."

Wiser men than Cecil Chanting have lost their heads in this way; and it is scarcely to be wondered at that as he sat at his desk and let his little gold pen trip daintily over a sheet of extra-superfine cream-laid, the Minor Poet began to feel that he had found a mission in life, and the world could not very well get on without him.

The Great Work haunted his thoughts no longer; for he had come to the conclusion that his minor poems were the tiny jewels around which the great wheels of human affairs revolved.

What would have been the result of these things, if they had continued for any length of time, it is impossible to say, for the even course of Cecil Chanting's life received a sudden check.

One morning, while he was giving the finishing touches to a triolet which he was to read that evening to a select circle of admirers, he was disturbed by the sound of heavy steps ascending the stairs; and a moment later the door of his room was thrown unceremoniously open. Dashing his white hand impatiently across his brow, the poet raised his eyes from his work, and, with a pained expression, turned himself round in his revolving chair.

Standing on his threshold was a great bearded, sunburnt man, dressed in shabby corduroys, and wearing the felt hat and hide boots of a cowboy.

"Constellations and Gridirons!" roared the newcomer in astonishment. "Is this Baby Cecil?"

At the first sight of his strange visitor the Minor Poet had turned pale, but now a shiver of terrified conviction ran through his whole frame.

"Is it Jim?" he said, in a faint voice.

"Is it Jim? You bet it is, sonny!" shouted the other, slamming the door and striding across the room with extended hand. "Tip us your paw, Cessy, my boy, and say a word of welcome to brother Jim."

"You have taken me by surprise," said Cecil, resigning his white fingers to be crushed in his brother's grasp.

"Wal, I guess I'm not much given to send messengers in advance to say I'm comin'," returned Jim, dropping his huge bulk into a hammock-chair, which was covered with fine art-needlework. "But, say, Cessy, old man," he exclaimed, glancing round, "this don't look much like the penny-a-linin' you wrote to me about."

"No," answered Cecil; "this is something new, and—better. I sent you a cheque when my luck turned."

"Thanks, boy, thanks! It'll find its way to me, I dessay. So you've lighted on a pocket? or is it only a vein of the yellow dirt that may give out?"

"I think it's likely to last."

"Then let's have a sling or a cobbler to drink success to the claim. I'm dry."

Cecil produced a syphon and a couple of glasses, and handed his case of cigarettes to his brother. Jim took no notice of the cigarettes, but he eyed the syphon comically.

"A pleasant drink, but fanciful," he said. "You must lay in a stock of Old Jamaica, my boy, for I've come to stop."

Saying this, he pulled out a black pipe of huge capacity, filled it with tobacco from a canvas bag, and proceeded to blow a dense cloud of the rankest smelling smoke.

"Now I'm easy," he said, throwing himself back in the hammock-chair, and balancing the heels of his cowhide boots on the top of Cecil's writing-table. "What's that you were writing when I came in, Cessy? Give us a glimpse of the ore, my boy."

Cecil glanced at the muddy boots, and shuddered. But the invitation to read his poem was not to be resisted. He knew that it was almost as perfect as he could make it; and he hoped that its chastened beauty might have some good effect upon this uncultivated brother of his.

So he read the musical little triolet; and he read it well. As the carefully-chosen words, with their justly balanced rhythm and sweet-toned rhymes, fell upon his own ears, he felt that warm glow of satisfaction which is only possible to the cultivated senses of a true artist. He imagined the flutter of pleasure, the thrill of rapture, which would pass through his evening audience; and then he dropped the paper on to his desk, and looked at his brother.

Jim had taken his black pipe from between his lips, and he was gazing stupidly into vacancy, with eyes that were as expressionless as glass. When the sound of the Minor Poet's voice died away, he gave vent to a low and prolonged whistle, and gave judgment upon the triolet.

"*Sounds* like a nursery rhyme," he said. "But to my thinking, there ain't so much meanin' in it."

III.

WHEN his brother Jim announced that he had "come to stop," Cecil Chanting's feelings were not altogether of a pleasant nature; but he did not at first realise all that the announcement meant.

Jim had been roughing it in the Far West, and having made a comfortable port at last, he was inclined to take a prolonged rest. He called it "laying by for repairs," and he used Cecil's chambers as a dry dock. The artistic hammock-chair suited his huge frame, and the edge of the rosewood desk was just at a convenient height for his heels; with these, and his pipe and tobacco-bag, and a bottle of rum for the refreshment of his inner man, the weary traveller took his ease, and was pleased to be merry.

He made merry over the hardships of his past life, and he made merry over the ease of his present state of existence; he made merry over his brother's work and fame; but he outdid himself in merriment when he was introduced to his brother's friends and admirers.

Cecil could not dislike this good-humoured, loud-voiced brother of his, but he was not made happy by his companionship. Jim had an unpleasant and philistine habit of reducing everything to "dollars"; he exercised his homely wit upon all the visitors to Cecil's chambers, and found special delight in bringing Far West criticisms to bear upon their talk of art and literature. Added to these things, no persuasion or explanation on Cecil's part could make him susceptible to the charms of minor poems. Cecil was very patient with him, and read the choicest specimens of his art from "The Foot-hills of Parnassus" for his instruction; but at last he was compelled to give up the attempt in despair. It was like peppering the impervious hide of a rhinoceros with the cork pellets of a child's popgun. Jim acknowledged their value, as evidenced in their ready exchange for "dollars"; but his opinion of the people at the "dollar end of the bargain" was of the poorest.

Everybody pitied Cecil; but noboby disliked Jim. They called the brothers "Beauty and the Beast," and found much amusement in the strange companionship. Cecil and Jim lived together in the Albany chambers for a month. While the weary traveller took the air, the Minor Poet produced his tale of triolets, sonnets, and rondeaux; and while the Minor Poet took his evening rest, the weary traveller discoursed strangely and far-westernly of men and things.

There is every reason to believe that the arrangement would have continued for a much longer period.

But something happened which brought it to a sudden termination.

The Minor Poet had a Great Thought.

It came to him in the dead of night, and though he wrestled with it through all the slow hours of darkness, when daybreak came he had not subdued it to his will. But he rose with a light heart, for he believed that that day would see the birth of a minor poem which "the world would not willingly let die."

Entering his work-room, he was disgusted by the rank smell of Jim's tobacco, and he flung the windows wide open. Going to his writing-table, his sense of smell was further offended by Jim's black pipe, which lay, with the canvas tobacco bag, beside the little ormolu inkstand; and his eyes were scandalised by the sight of the half-emptied rum-bottle which stood near them.

Then the heart of the Minor Poet grew suddenly hot with wrath, and as it could not find expression in words, it began to hum in his ears. Feeling that he must do something decisive, he seized the disgraceful rum-bottle and tossed it out of the back window. The crash of the broken glass on the ground below calmed him a little, and he stayed the hand which was about to throw the pipe and tobacco-bag after the bottle; and having laid the offending articles on the window-ledge, he sat down at his table, and tried to reduce his Great Thought to rhythm.

Several hours later, Jim lounged into the room, and found the Minor Poet sitting before a sheet of blotted manuscript, with despair written upon his face and hands plunged wildly through his hair.

"Looks kind o' dang'rous," muttered the traveller; "but guess it don't amount to much more'n a splash or two o' red ink. Say, Cessy, my boy!" he cried, "where's the Jamaica? You haven't drunk it in mistake for the mornin's milk, I hope?"

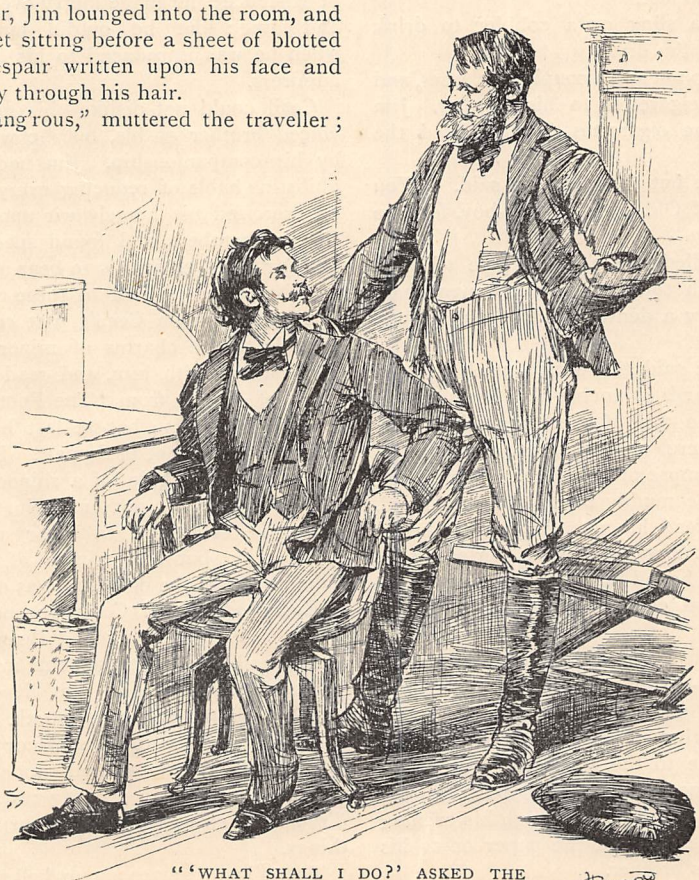
"I threw it out of the window," said the Minor Poet, slowly emerging from his despair.

"An' the pipe, an' the loadin', Cessy, where may they be, if I may be so bold as to ask?" inquired Jim.

"Outside on the ledge," returned Cecil; and then, seeing his brother make a stride towards the window, he sprang to his feet, and cried: "Don't bring them back, unless you want to be thrown out after the bottle."

Jim turned slowly, and saw that the limp and dandified Minor Poet had pulled himself together; and for the first time he noticed the muscular possibilities which had been Cecil's pride in his volunteer days. The traveller laughed in his beard, and flung himself in his usual attitude into the hammock-chair, in order that he might laugh long and restfully. But no sooner had his feet reached the mud mark on the rosewood desk than Cecil administered a violent push, and the great heels of the cowhides fell upon the floor with a shock which must have jarred the giant's backbone.

Jim stopped laughing, and, eyeing his brother gravely, he asked—



"'WHAT SHALL I DO?' ASKED THE MINOR POET MEEKLY" (*p.* 571).

"What's riz yer dander, lad? Say the word if I'm puttin' the nursery rhyming out o' tune, an' I'll vanish till it's over."

Cecil's anger disappeared before Jim's good-humour.

"See here, Jim," he cried, "cowhides and Jamaica don't agree with minor-poetising. I've got a Thought which I want to knock into shape this morning. Can't you take that unpleasant pipe of yours out for a walk?"

"Surely, lad, surely," returned Jim. "So you've got a Thought, have you? You've done plenty of rhyming since I've bin around, but this is the first Thought I've heard anything about. I reckon now that you wouldn't condescend to explain it to anybody less'n a poet?"

"Well, I don't suppose it's much in your line, Jim," said Cecil; "but I'll tell you about it, if you like."

And he did. He told Jim how it was that the Thought had occurred to him: how it had lain in his brain like a red-hot coal all night: how it had grown until now it seemed that his brain was all on fire, and he could think of nothing else. Finally, he turned to his sheet of manuscript, and read, with bitter scorn in his tones, his attempt to turn his Great Thought into a Sonnet.

And all the time Jim listened, with his eyes shut and his hands thrust deeply into his pockets.

"It's a complete failure, you see!" cried the disappointed Minor Poet.

"It is *so*," replied Jim; and then he opened his eyes, sat bolt upright, and struck the rosewood desk a heavy blow with his clenched fist. "Of course it's a failure, boy," he cried. "You can't make the Bunker's Hill Monument into a breast-pin!"

"What do you mean?" asked Cecil, sinking back in his chair before the violence of the explosion.

"What do I mean?" repeated Jim, in tones of thunder. "I mean that there's no sonnet ever built that could hold that Thought o' yours. I won't complain o' sonnets, as you seem kind o' soft towards 'em, Cessy; but I tell you, boy, that you're wastin' your time. You may build the tightest an' trimmest o' sonnets; but if you try an' put that Thought o' yours inside it, it'll blow it all to bits."

"What shall I do?" asked the Minor Poet meekly.

The man from the Far West rose and clapped his brother on the back.

"You'll just set yourself down and write a great Book, sonny," he said; "an' if you're half awake, you'll write it in Bible-an'-Bunyan English."

And with this parting piece of advice, Jim fetched his pipe and tobacco-bag from the window-ledge and marched out of the room.

* * * * *

When Jim returned in time for the evening meal, there was no sign of dinner. The dining-table was covered with great books—encyclopædias, dictionaries, Blue-books—and Cecil was sitting in his shirt-sleeves, taking notes upon a wide-open sheet of foolscap. A dozen closely-written sheets were lying scattered upon the floor around him.

"This looks like business," cried Jim approvingly. "What did I tell you, boy? There's enough material here to bust up a score o' sonnets, eh?"

"There ought to be much more," retorted the author savagely. "I've had at least a dozen callers here to-day."

"What?—little gels, with their albums, an' their mammas, an' their pretty ways?—I blush for you, Cessy! How can you talk so harshly o' the dainty butterflies? Don't they scatter colour from their wings upon your verses, eh, man?"

"Come out and dine with me, Jim," cried Cecil, putting on his coat. "I want to talk with you."

So they went; and over their chops Cecil confessed that he had made up his mind to run away from town, so that he could gain the quiet and leisure necessary for the development of his new work.

Then Jim made a confession. He told his brother that he had not come back to the old country without a few loose dollars at the bottom of his pocket: that he had a weakness for fruit-farming: that in his country rambles he had come across a little place in Kent—a snug little cottage upon a piece of fruit-growing land. He proposed that he and Cecil should buy the place: that Cecil should cultivate Great Thoughts in the cottage, while he, Jim, cultivated great pears and great plums on the land.

This is how it was that Cecil Chanting's Great Thought broke up the establishment in the Albany Chambers. The rosewood desk, the ormolu inkstand, and all the dainty paraphernalia of verse-making were carried away and placed in the most sunny window of the Kentish cottage; and whenever Cecil could spare time from his library-table, with its Blue-books and foolscap, he would engage in his old work for the sake of a little pleasant and scholarly recreation.

But each time a tiny volume of verse appears bearing his name, the world is taken by surprise. The world raises a thoughtful face from the perusal of his Great Work, rubs its eyes, jogs its memory, and exclaims—

"Ah, yes, to be sure! We had almost forgotten. Cecil Chanting is a Minor Poet too."

A TALK ABOUT THE PLEIADES.

BY SIR ROBERT STAWELL BALL, LL.D., F.R.S., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF THE HEAVENS."

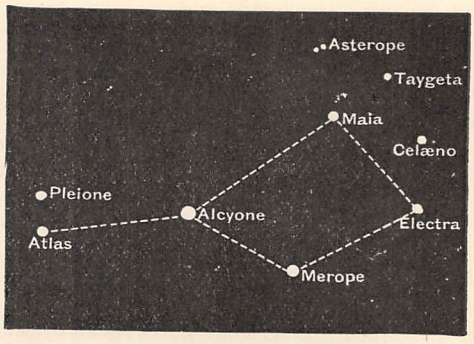
THERE is, perhaps, no spot in the heavens which has been from time immemorial the object of so much interest and attention as that which, lying in the constellation of the Bull, contains the stars known as the Pleiades. Poets and philosophers in all ages and among all nations seem to have gazed alike with curiosity and amazement on this exquisite cluster. The sweet influences of the Pleiades related to the poetic aspect of the group, while the time of its rising taught the farmer when to till his land.

The cluster, which was a matter of astonishment to those who, in the infancy of the human intellect, gazed on the beautiful group, is still a matter of astonishment, even in these days when we have been able in some degree to unravel its mysteries. It may indeed be said that with every advance in the resources of astronomy fresh material for wonder has been discovered in this wonderful little constellation.

In our first illustration we present a diagram of those stars in the Pleiades which have received special names. The most brilliant of the gems is Alcyone, which is rated by astronomers as of the third magnitude. Most people can readily detect five other stars; and of them, the brightest are known as Electra and Atlas. Maia is but little inferior to the two last-named in lustre. Next comes Merope, while Taygeta is the least luminous of those stars which are bright enough to be distinguished by special names.

There is a legend that though only six of the Pleiades are now ordinarily visible to the unaided eye, there was once a seventh which should be so classed. It has been conjectured that this lost Pleiad was really the star on the left, marked Pleione on the figure. It is true that this object is at present beyond the reach of most ordinary eyes, but it seems quite possible that it, like certain other stars, may once have been brighter than it is at present. There are indeed features in the character of Pleione which seem to indicate a tendency to variability, and this being so, it may well have been that in ancient days some accession of lustre may have made this particular star a visible or even a conspicuous object. The decline in the brightness of a member of a group so well-known as the Pleiades would naturally attract attention, and would tend to enhance the mystery with which the beautiful group has always been associated.

The Pleiades afford an excellent method of testing individual differences of acuteness of vision. Those who are gifted with unusually sharp eyes, and who exert their powers under favourable atmospheric circumstances, can generally see more than the six well-known stars. They can, indeed, not only add the now inconspicuous Pleione, but they can sometimes detect altogether as many as fourteen stars instead of the normal half-dozen. It is thus plain that the stars usually referred to as the Pleiades are only the more impressive objects in a cluster of stellar points. This presumption is at once verified when a telescope is employed. The smallest optical means discloses a stellar host which mounts up to hundreds. The greatest number has been obtained in a photographic plate of the group taken by Henry of Paris. An exposure of four hours produced a picture containing no fewer than



THE PLEIADES.
(*From "The Story of the Heavens."*)

2,326 stars. The most important of these are shown in the plate on page 574.

It is quite certain that the principal stars in the Pleiades form an associated cluster. It is, however, equally certain that among the many stars shown on the plate there must be many which have no true organic connection with the cluster properly so called, but which may happen casually to lie in the same line of vision. They are either directly in front of the cluster or directly behind it, and thus appear projected on the plate, and so become hardly distinguishable from the veritable stars of the group. So far as the appearance of the stars is concerned, there is no method for discriminating the intruders from the stars which legitimately form the Pleiades. We are, however, in the possession of a method by which we can in some degree sift out from the cluster the stars which do indeed appear to belong thereto, but which, nevertheless, have no real claim for the connection.

It has been found that the principal Pleiades are all animated by a common motion. It would seem as if the cluster were drifting through space by a movement in which all the members equally participated, both as to speed and as to direction. Here, then, is the required means of distinguishing the stars which do belong to the cluster from the stars whose connection therewith is only apparent.

Those stars which do not properly belong thereto are not animated by any proper motion. They consequently lag behind, and will, in the course of time, be gradually left out of the group. On the other hand, stars which happened to have proper motion exceeding that possessed in common by the stars legitimately belonging to the group would draw ahead, and thus gradually become dissociated from the apparent connection.

In the year 1841, the celebrated astronomer Bessel completed a series of most elaborate measurements, in which, after nine years of labour, he determined the apparent relative distances of fifty-two stars in the Pleiades. About twenty-five years later an admirable photograph of the stars in the group was obtained by Mr. Rutherford, who must ever be regarded as a pioneer in the art of accurate portraiture of the celestial objects by the help of photography. Such was the delicacy of this early photograph that the places of the stars were found susceptible of accurate measurement. Dr. Gould was thus able to ascertain that the places of the stars as recorded on the plate were sensibly the same as those which Bessel had found so many years previously. Another more recent set of measurements of the stars themselves have been executed with extreme care by Dr. Elkin at the Yale Observatory, in the United States. His observations are the more suitable for a comparison with those of Bessel for the reason that it was the same type of instrument, known to astronomers as the heliometer, which was employed on both occasions. It seems to follow from these investigations that all the stars which Bessel measured, with the exception of six, really belong to the same great cluster, which is thus shown to be swept onwards in a mighty voyage through the heavens.

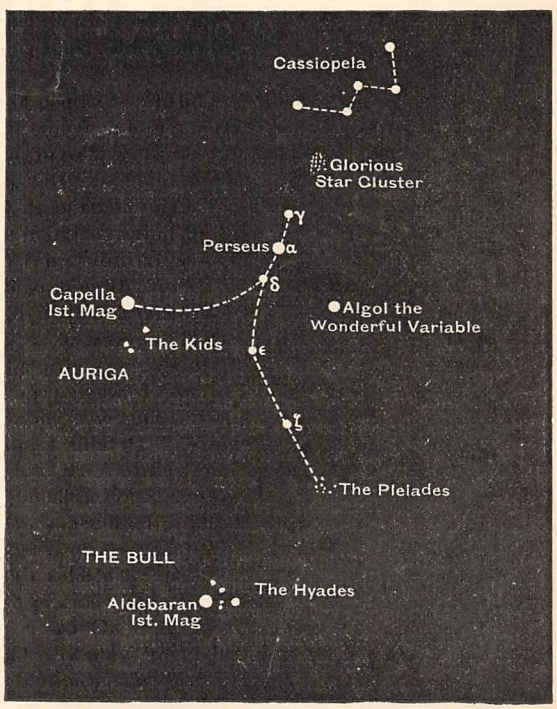
The six stars which do not participate in the movements which characterise the rest are apparently not to be regarded as permanent members of the Pleiades. They are, so to speak, stars which at present have accidentally happened to be in the same line of vision, and have thus been apparently projected into the group. The fact that these extraneous objects are devoid of measurable proper movement seems to make it highly probable that the six stars must be at a distance greatly more remote than the Pleiades. They are evidently destined to be left behind in the course of ages as the great cluster pursues its stately progress through the heavens.

It also appears from the same observations that in addition to the six stars just mentioned there are two others in the same celestial locality whose connection with the Pleiades proper must be regarded as purely casual or accidental. These other stars are discriminated by the fact that they are hurrying on in advance with a speed in excess of that belonging to the admitted members of the group. On account of their rapid motion, it seems quite likely that these two stars are really situated on our side of the Pleiades proper, just as the other six stars already mentioned seem to lie on the remote side.

The distance of Alcyone—or, indeed, of any other star in the Pleiades from the earth—has not been determined up to the present. It is, therefore, impossible for us to form an accurate notion as to the actual distances of the stars in the group, or as to the absolute lustre and several dimensions of the stars of which it is composed. It may, however, be regarded as quite certain that Alcyone itself, and several other stars of the same group, must be far larger and far brighter than our own sun. Indeed, estimates have been formed—and not without considerable probability in their favour—which seem to show that among the host of the stars in the Pleiades there must be at least sixty or seventy which surpass our own sun in splendour.

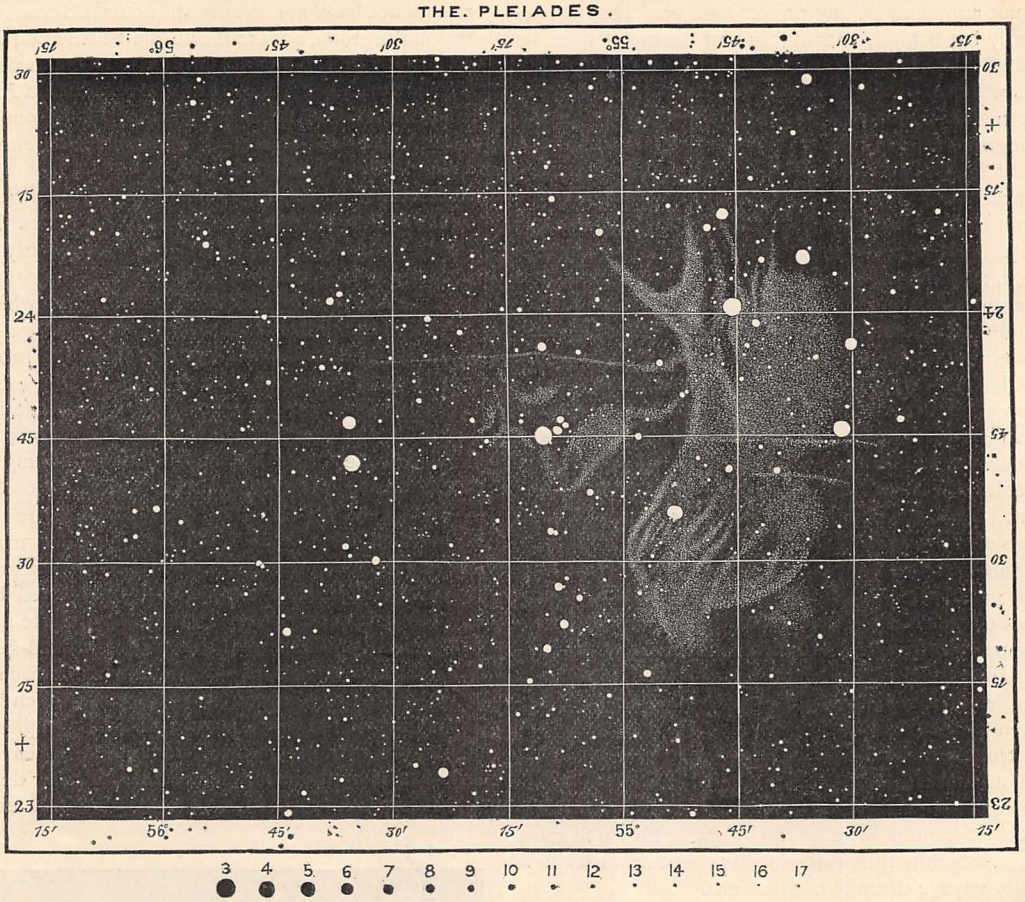
There is also another line of reasoning by which the belief that the group of the Pleiades constitute a single organised system has been rendered highly probable.

It is now, of course, well known that by means of the spectroscope we are provided with a method of detecting differences between individual stars which could not be otherwise appreciated. Stars which to the unaided eye resemble each other so closely that if their places were interchanged no mere casual observation could detect the transposition, may yet have a profoundly different character. Subtle varieties in stellar composition can be easily perceived by the help of the spectroscope. In fact, this delicate method of research provides us with a method of sub-dividing the stars into classes, the characteristic of each class being given by the spectrum of the stars which belong to it. Since the introduction of photographic processes, the discrimination between the different qualities of stars by the character of the light they dispense has received a notable impulse. We are now enabled



THE POSITION OF THE PLEIADES.
(From "The Story of the Heavens.")

THE PLEIADES.



(*Reproduced from a photograph by permission of MM. Henry, of Paris.*)

to photograph the spectra of stars, often in scores at a time, on a single plate, and the differences of their spectra—or it may be their resemblances—are full of instruction about matters celestial.

Astronomers are specially indebted to the labours of Professor Pickering, of Harvard College Observatory, for the development of our knowledge by this very refined method of investigation. In the course of his extensive labours he has obtained photographs of the spectra of the Pleiades. It is indeed a noteworthy circumstance that forty of the principal members of the group exhibit spectra of a particular character. The chief stars in the Pleiades were thus found to radiate exactly the same class of beams as are dispensed from the excessively white stars of which Sirius is generally taken as the type. This uniform character in luminosity is undoubtedly indicative of the common origin of the several members of the group. It would have been in the highest degree unlikely that forty stars selected at random from various constellations should all have exhibited spectra of the same type. We may, therefore, regard the evidence afforded by the photographs of their spectra as confirming that presumption of the allied nature of the stars in the Pleiades to which we were conducted by the fact that they are animated by a common proper motion.

One more circumstance remains to be detailed which has, in these latter days, given to the group of the Pleiades quite a new interest.

Among the telescopic sights which attract the attention of those astronomers who have the use of very powerful instruments, the nebulæ hold an important place. These curious objects look like wisps or patches of luminosity, sometimes covering a great area in the heavens. In many cases it has been shown that what were at first thought to be genuine nebulæ, or masses of glowing gas, have, by improved optical means, been shown to possess quite a different character. They have been demonstrated to be only clusters of stars so remote that the individual members would not be perceptible except with instruments of the first rank. When the so-called nebulæ have this character, the stars, though severally invisible, are yet enabled to produce a sort of glow, which the astronomers could perceive, and which has, indeed, often been described as a nebula.

It was, however, at last demonstrated that many of

the objects designated as nebulæ were indeed rightly so styled. It became certain that many of these bodies were not merely distant clusters of stars, but that they were veritable masses of glowing gas. For the study of these dim and mysterious objects the peculiar sensibility of the photographic method was eminently adapted. Light which was too faint to produce much impression on the eye might still possess sufficient intensity to affect a highly sensitive plate when it had received an exposure lasting for hours.

Certain astronomers who had carefully scrutinised the cluster of the Pleiades with very powerful telescopes in exceptionally pure skies thought that they occasionally detected indications of nebulous material among or around some of the stars. The luminosity was, however, so faint, and its appearance was felt to be so uncertain, that it could not be held to have been really ascertained. It was, indeed, sometimes thought that the nebula was actually variable in brightness, so that on certain occasions it could be perceived, but that at other times no trace of it could be observed. We now believe that there is no reason to attribute more variability to this object than to other objects of the same nebulous character. The nebula in the Pleiades is, however, so exceedingly faint that it is only under exceptional atmospheric circumstances that it can be glimpsed at all. As to the fact of its existence, that has been placed beyond a doubt by the marvellous photographs which have been obtained both by Mr. Roberts in this country and by the brothers Henry in Paris. It is evident from these beautiful pictures that the nebulæ surrounding the Pleiades is indeed no myth, as has been often supposed. The group of stars is truly bathed in a prodigious mass of glowing gas, almost wholly imperceptible to the eye, even though fortified with a powerful telescope, but distinctly visible on the photographic plate.

The reality of the phenomenon is proved from the fact that successive plates always show on development precisely the same luminous bands and cloudy masses. Even the nebula as portrayed by the reflectors of Mr. Roberts differs in no appreciable degree from the nebula indicated by the widely different refracting apparatus employed in Paris.

Our picture (p. 574) shows the nebula as obtained by the French astronomers ; and here we should mention that there are always characteristic difficulties in such representations. It arises from the circumstance that we desire to obtain in a simple picture with a long exposure views of bright stars as well as of faint stars, and of objects even fainter than stars. The plate would be completely exposed so far as the bright stars are concerned in the course of a few seconds. If, therefore, a long exposure be given—and a long exposure of hours is necessary for the faint objects—it must follow that the bright stars are over-exposed. The effect of this on the plate is very injurious to its appearance. The over-exposure of the bright stars has the effect of gradually enlarging these images until they become irregular patches of light, not the least like the telescopic appearance of a star.

It seems at present quite impossible to avoid this cause of disfigurement of plates. If we want to represent the Pleiades properly, we should require two photographs : one of a few seconds' exposure, which would show all the stars as they ought to be shown ; the other with an exposure of four hours, in which the nebula would be secured while the stars would have been destroyed beyond recognition.

Here, then, we see how modern research has added another feature of interest to the exquisite stellar group which has attracted attention for all time.

If anything had been wanted to complete the proof that the members of this group are physically associated, and that the stars composing it must have had a common origin, it is supplied by the fact that the nebulosity unites the whole cluster into what may almost be described as a continuous structure.

THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE.

A SWISS ADVENTURE.

By BESSIE E. DUFFETT.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"For looking up, aware I somehow grew,
'Spite of the dusk, the plain had given place
All round to mountains. . . . .
How thus they had surprised me—solve it—you
How to get from them was no clearer case."

R. BROWNING.

DR. MOORE-STEVENS and Angela followed in the wake of the procession straggling on over the grassy bridle-path in the direction of a larch-covered slope leading to the peak. His resolution had come upon him so suddenly that he felt almost startled at himself, and his thoughts were so absorbing that he entirely failed to notice the ominous cloud which had attracted his mother's attention so unfavourably.

That this girl, unknown to him but a few days back, should have crept so completely into his heart was bewilderment enough for a man who had hitherto counted himself invulnerable to love. More disturbing still was the question of speech or silence. What if he lost any chance which might be his by undue precipitation ?

Angela was a shy girl, and had, moreover, as her sister had said, very recently suffered enough in the

name of the blind god to sicken her of the very word love. Yet to keep silence was hard, impossible almost.

He glanced at the retreating figure of Dolly Parkhurst, who had caught up the Pelhams in disgust, and told himself that such an opportunity as this might not recur.

His companion broke the silence between them.

"Miss Parkhurst has gone on, hasn't she?"

"Yes; but we are not far behind. Do you want her?" he asked quickly.

"No—she has not had to help me; you have done all that," said the girl gratefully.

"You are very sure-footed—wonderfully so, I may say."

"I used to be," with a heavy sigh. "I went up Snowdon and Cader Idris the summer before last, and I was no more tired than the man who was with me."

"Your brother?"

"No. A Mr. Sedgwick, to whom I was engaged," she replied in a low voice.

"Is it in the past tense?" asked Eric quickly.

"Yes. It was broken off when the possibility of my sight not returning was contemplated," said Angela slowly. "It didn't seem fair to him."

She spoke deliberately, and without sign of strong feeling on the subject. Her sister-in-law's classification of her as a love-lorn maiden looked an exaggeration to him and his hopes rose. Or stay: was Angela one whose heart is hardened by disappointment and trouble—hardened, perhaps, past hope of softening?

"And all this is only six months ago?" he said, only half aloud, in a reflective tone.

She heard the words, and corrected him.

"Oh, a year and six months," she said, in some surprise; adding pathetically: "I suppose I ought to have got used to it all by now."

Eric was completely at a loss to understand why Frances should have misled him, but would not stop to debate the reason with himself. Something urged him to speak.

"And have you?" he asked eagerly.

Angela paused, and the blood rose to her pale cheeks and the tears to her eyes.

"I know you can't mean used to being blind," she said, with a choking sound in her voice. "But for the rest, though it was bitter enough to bear at the time, I hope you won't think me fickle if I tell you that I haven't grieved much of late. We were only engaged for a month or two, and now—he has married another girl!"

She tripped over a hillock, and he put his arm round her impulsively.

"Be careful!" he said, in his peremptory way. "We are getting into another copse with a very winding path. Give me your hand; let me help you"—"help you over this and every difficulty all our lives long!" he was on the point of saying, when Dolly playfully popped out through the thick undergrowth of stunted trees.

"Oh, here you are! I thought Miss Pelham would certainly want help now," she said briskly; "so I waited for you."

"So it seems," thought Eric furiously, controlling himself with a violent effort, but not sufficiently to speak amiably to her. "There is not room for three to walk abreast here," he observed curtly.

"The path is wider farther on, and oh! so full of tree-roots and tangled brushwood," she replied imperturbably.

She rattled on, leaving him to get what consolation he could from the touch of Angela's hand, which he held closely—how closely, he was not aware—in his own. Another minute, and the words which would have included so much would have been spoken, and he felt sure that he would not have suffered a repulse. He was not capable of analysing Frances' motive in making Angela's love-affair of more recent date than it actually was; but it was evident that for purposes of her own she had entirely exaggerated it, and that the trouble was already fading from the girl's mind.

That this state of things was in any way due to his own influence seemed too good to be true, but he could certainly flatter himself that she was content, and even happy, in his society.

"She can't see me!" he thought grimly, as he pressed her hand, and even fancied that he felt a responsive clasp.

Through the little wood, the sky had been hidden from them, but as they emerged its rapidly clouding aspect struck him at once. Overhead the fleecy masses, still snowy white, rolled slowly; but against the horizon and towards the west heavy grey banks were clustering, and moving more rapidly towards them.

The wind blew in fitful gusts up from the valley, and in the roads, winding like long white ribbons far below their feet, his experienced eyes noticed the dust rising in blinding clouds. Even the volatile Dolly remarked the weather to be less settled.

"We shall only just about do it," she observed complacently.

"We shall not do it at all," he returned. "You have little idea, Miss Parkhurst, with what speed these mountain storms overtake one. We must turn back at once;" and he halloed loudly to the advance guard.

The three were standing on a space of stony soil, clothed at intervals with tufts of stunted grass, moss, and rhododendrons, which stretched some few hundred yards, to where a clump of dwarf pines made an insignificant shelter. The peak of St. Beatus was not visible from this point, but the scanty herbage was proof enough of the altitude they had attained.

"We must turn!" he shouted.

The reply came clearly back from George Parkhurst—

"We can get home another way. Come on to us!"

Moore-Stevens shook his head, but they pushed on rapidly, making short work of the distance between themselves and the rest of the party who were waiting to consult him. George and himself were the only mountaineers of experience among the number, and they two were in conflict—Eric being strongly in favour of returning at once by the way they had come, while George pointed to a path leading straight down into the valley, which he averred was only half the distance,

and much easier, though it landed them at the other end of Zwischenlaken.

He had the advantage in knowing his ground, and the strongest argument in his favour was that the women were all—confessedly or in secret—very tired already.

Tempted by the charm of the scenery, the buoyant air, and the desire to show their pedestrian skill, they had been led on beyond their powers, and the prospect of having to walk as far again was an appalling one, especially as the gathering clouds warned them against resting. Eric could not help wishing that in the first instance, when the roads separated, he had insisted on taking the path which, if more difficult, was the one with which he was perfectly acquainted. He distrusted George's powers as a guide, and from old experience knew the misleading similarity of mountain paths.

Moreover, the one now suggested by him was on a south slope, and on that account almost certain to be rough and steep. Parkhurst, however, pooh-poohed the fears, which he called exaggerations, and strove to gain the confidence of his companions by an affectation of self-reliance. Mr. Moore-Stevens' well-known climbing capabilities made his opinion the more weighty, however, and when—though greatly against his will—he agreed to follow George's lead, there was a general breath of relief.

"We shall escape the rain now, I hope," said Mrs. Pelham to Fanny, as they went comfortably down the easy descent. "That was all I was afraid of. This gown of mine hasn't been to the laundress, and I don't feel at all certain of the washing properties of heliotrope crépon!"

"He is an awfully obstinate man, is that Mr. Moore-Stevens," said Fanny disparagingly; "and thinks, because he has been up Mont Blanc and a few more mountains, that he knows everything! If we had gone back the way we came we should have been overtaken, to a certainty."

For nearly half-a-mile, indeed, all went well. The clouds seemed to scatter, and the path wound down in a rapid manner, delightful to those eager to get home. Then at a turn the road suddenly narrowed, the turf was exchanged for stones and broken rocks of a disagreeably cutting description to the feet, while at every bend fresh paths branched off perplexingly from the main one.

"Rough! Just as I anticipated," muttered Eric, under his breath.

"Perhaps the path widens again," suggested Dolly, in the amiable desire of supporting her brother's wisdom: and again the party went stumbling on, until a shout caused them all to halt suddenly.

"Stop! Don't come on, for your lives! We must have taken a wrong turning. There's a precipice here," called out John Pelham's gruff tones, followed by his ponderous figure as he approached them with a decidedly alarmed expression on his countenance. "In another moment I might have been over. A most dangerous spot," he explained to his wife, who looked half inclined to grow hysterical on the strength of the danger they had escaped.

All the women's eyes widened, and their healthy sun-burned faces paled considerably. With a gesture of impatience, Eric went on alone to the place indicated. The mere apology for a path which they had been treading broke off suddenly at a stony abyss, unpleasantly steep. It was, of course, possible that a landslip had altered Parkhurst's calculations, but Eric thought it far more probable that among the many paths diverging from it he had taken the wrong one. He had scant sympathy for mistakes caused by a man over-estimating his powers, especially when others were involved by such conceit, and was far from inclined to spare his companion.

He drew George aside as he returned.

"I suppose you'll admit that you have played the

"'STOP! DON'T COME ON, FOR YOUR LIVES!'"

fool?" he said shortly. "We must turn back now, and these weary girls may thank you for an additional mile."

"Hang it! As if I had done it on purpose!" said the other angrily, and reddening darkly as he spoke.

"You shouldn't have been so cock-sure," rejoined Eric curtly.

Then he added aloud to the others—

"There is nothing for it but to return, I am afraid. Some of you will be very tired, but paths are apt to be deceptive on the mountains, and most of the way back is down-hill."

The women of the party once more pulled themselves together valiantly, and scrambled back uncomplainingly over the rough bit of path. They must have nearly reached the wider road when Eric felt a pricking sensation on his face, which he knew to be rain, and in another instant they were entirely enveloped in a thick grey mist. The surrounding heights were as completely blotted out as though they had never been in existence, and in fact hardly a step before them was discernible. There was an immediate slackening of speed and a chorus of consternation.

"Here is a pretty business! We all shall be drenched!"

Eric inwardly hoped that nothing more serious might result, but did not allow his fears to find voice. He advised, of course, a return to the copse whence their disastrous descent had commenced, and unstrapping the short foreign mackintosh cloak he carried, he coolly wrapped it about Angela, to whose feet it almost extended, disregarding with equal *sang-froid* the girl's protests and the inquisitive glances of the company.

For a short time they were all in danger, which they fortunately did not all realise. Scarcely a pace was visible either before them or to right and left, and they dared not move an inch without proving the ground before them with their alpenstocks. To add to their discomfort, the cold misty drizzle was developing into a pouring rain, which beat into their faces and blinded them unmercifully, while a strong icy wind blew up from the valley, and made their uncertain tread more perilous.

Eric's position was most difficult of all, as he groped cautiously with George Parkhurst at the head of the column. With his right hand he had to feel the ground before him, while with his left he gripped Angela with all his force. He saw—as the others did not—that they had completely lost their way, and that in the descent of the cloud they had missed the wide path back to the little wood, and taken one of its numerous ramifications, leading, it might be, to the same goal, or, on the other hand, either to the precipice they had just escaped or deeper into the hilly region round about them. If any of them got near the precipice in this fog, there could be no possible escape for them, he knew.

How long they stumbled on, tired, damp, and in terrified silence, none of them ever knew. It seemed like an hour, even to Eric, but was in all probability not more than a quarter of the time, before a tall object loomed through the mist close to them. He hoped it might be their longed-for harbour of refuge, but a single glance showed it to be merely a circle of stunted pines, enclosing some few bushes and tangled undergrowth. Scanty as the shelter was, it was better than nothing, and with a deep-drawn breath of relief, the party clustered together under the branches. Everyone was wet, with the exception of Angela and Mrs. Pelham, who had annexed her husband's waterproof, and it was plain that the best thing to be done would be to kindle a fire of the dry leaves and twigs underneath the bushes.

Fortunately, they had matches, and a flickering flame was not long in responding to their efforts; but the heat was not perceptible, and their united shivering—the combined result of wet, cold, and fright—was enough to shake the mountains, as the lively schoolboy observed. They had tea and enough methylated spirit to boil more than one kettle of water, had any of the precious fluid been attainable. But though the rain dripped leisurely down their necks from the trees above, poured steadily down outside their shelter, and though they could hear brooks and cascades on every side, they could get no water. The few *éclairs* and *babas* left from their afternoon tea only whetted appetites ready for the substantial supper which would soon be placed upon the hospitable board of the Hôtel d'Angleterre.

"'*Bonnes bouches à la reine!*' Oh, for a good big loaf!" groaned Archie Newtown. "I wonder whether they'll hunt for us."

"They are certain to do that, but they won't set out for an hour or two," rejoined Mr. Pelham cheerfully.

"But surely they'll find us some time to-night?" breathed Dolly anxiously.

No one answered her, but the eyes of all the party sought Eric's questioningly. He did not utter his own convictions: that their destination being known, guides would be despatched to Mount St. Beatus; but in vain, of course, since they were probably miles from that blessed spot! He answered evasively that, for the present, there was nothing to do but to remain where they were, and make the best of it. If the mist lifted, he and one of the other men would reconnoitre, and try and discover their whereabouts; for the time being, the grey pall around them forbade such exploits. There was some attempt at conversation, a valiant effort to get up a round game on the part of Archie, and then silence fell on the group for a while. It was a picturesque scene enough if anyone had had eyes to see it—the sputtering wood fire, the flushed faces and rumpled heads clustered round it, the blue smoke wreathing among the trees. Outside the circle, the grey clouds and mists were gradually deepening into the blackness of night. The silence was unbroken, save for the distant rushing of the swollen waterfalls and the sighing of the wind in the branches.

After an hour had gone by almost in silence, Eric roused himself from the sleepiness caused by the warmth of the fire, and rose to his feet.

"It will soon be pitch-dark," he said. "But it does

not rain much now, and the clouds are higher; there is little, if any, mist. Does anyone care to come with me and take a look round? or shall I go alone?"

The women united in protest.

"Oh, don't *you* leave us, Mr. Moore-Stevens!" came in a chorus highly complimentary to himself, but hardly so to his male companions.

Eric listened for Angela's voice, but did not hear it, and accordingly disregarded their prayers.

"I am the best one to go," he said obstinately; "and I think Newtown had better come along."

The boy was in public-school training, nimble, athletic, and supple of limb; John Pelham was clumsy, and would have dragged anyone over a precipice if he had fallen himself; George Parkhurst was in general disfavour; besides, someone must stay with the weaker vessels.

"If anything happens to you, we shall be lost indeed!" cried Dolly and Frances in a breath. "Remember, the others know nothing of mountaineering, compared with you."

"No one's knowledge is of any good; on such a night as this it is all guess-work. I should not be able to see my compass without striking matches every minute; and we have not many left," replied Eric composedly.

"I ought to go. I brought you all into this mess. It's my place to get you out," said George gruffly.

No one contradicted his self-blame, but his sisters uttered a shriek of consternation.

"You shall not go, George, if I have to hold you! You've been unlucky enough to-day. You will fall down a precipice and be killed."

"Don't you see it's our only chance?" said Eric shortly. "If we sit out here all night, you may all catch your deaths of cold."

"Rheumatic fever, pneumonia, and phthisis—any one might be the result of such exposure to Angela, at any rate," he thought, blaming himself bitterly for sanctioning the expedition.

In point of fact, Angela was organically not more delicate than the Parkhursts, but he had the true lover's faculty for tormenting himself on her account.

She was sitting with her back against a tree, alone, as the others had started to their feet to discuss the situation, and the downcast silent eyes and the loneliness of her attitude drew him towards her, to satisfy himself that she was neither very damp nor cold.

"Oh, I am the best off," she said softly; "while you, I am afraid, have been drenched."

"Not for the first time," he returned cheerily, "or the last. There is the night before us."

"Won't they find us?" apprehensively.

"Not unless somebody goes to meet them," he replied.

"I suppose we are not near Mount St. Beatus, then?" she hazarded.

"I am afraid not."

"Can't Mr. Parkhurst go?" was the next question.

"He has not proved himself the possessor of any 'bump of locality,' so far," replied Eric drily.

Angela's fingers worked nervously.

"Supposing I went——" Eric suggested again.

"Don't!" Angela interrupted eagerly.

"Why not?"

"You might come to some harm."

"And if I did, would you care?"

"Of course I should!" replied the girl promptly.

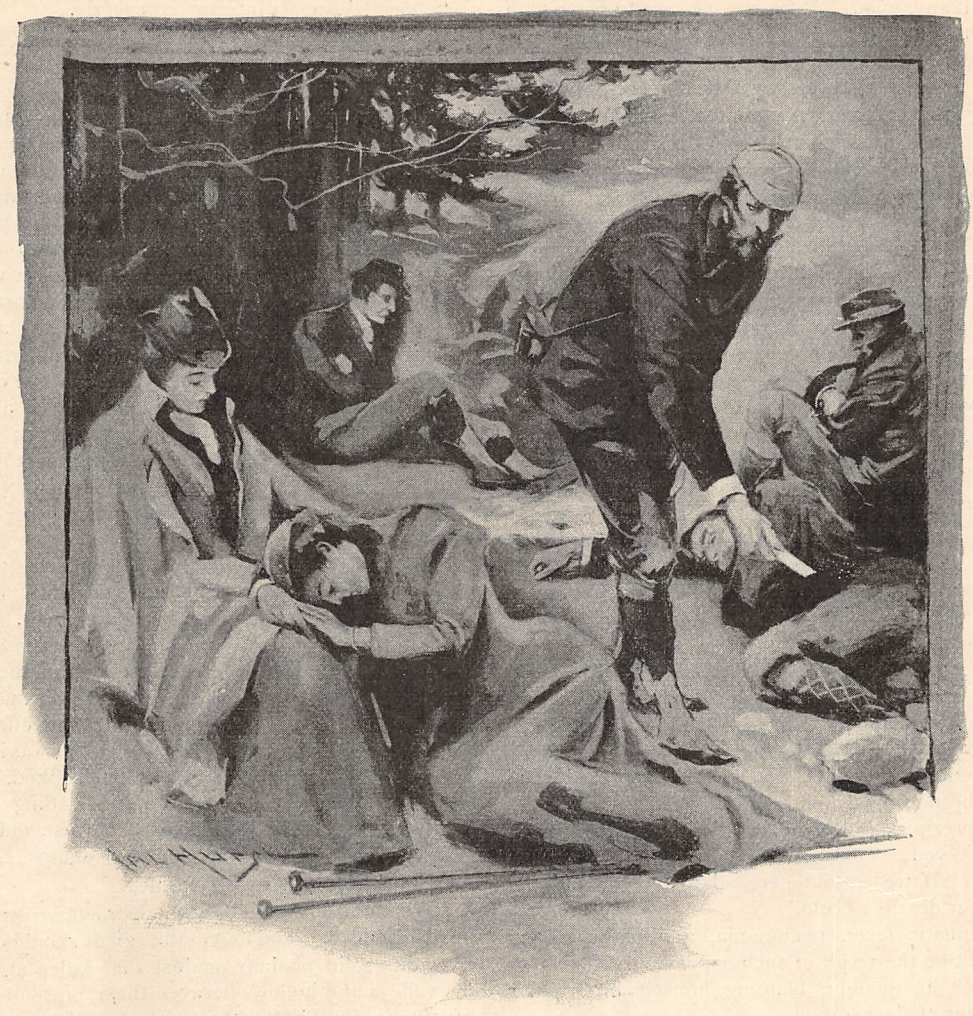
Eric did not realise that the frank response had nothing lover-like in it, and was abundantly content. He had been divided between impatience at the delay in prospect, a desire to save his companions from the night's exposure, and a disinclination to turn his back on Angela without gaining some acquaintance with the state of her feelings. He was too unaccustomed to popularity with girls not to be satisfied with a crumb of their appreciation; and he did not trouble himself to debate whether with her, as with many, the candour of friendship might not imply the lack of a lover's feeling. Before he had time for more than a very eloquent pressure of the hand, the others assailed him.

"Isn't that the moon rising over there?" they asked. "Perhaps if we waited, we could walk home in the moonlight?"

Though Eric knew the effect of moonbeams to be so completely misleading as to make the most familiar roads almost unrecognisable, he said nothing. It was futile to throw cold water upon all their proposals, and he knew by the phase of the moon that she would neither rise high nor remain visible for long that night, even if the lofty peaks around them did not effectually conceal the rays. A faint yellow glimmer was lightening a portion of the sky, and as they looked, a pale, misty, hazy section pierced the surrounding clouds, making them appear the darker by contrast, and giving the benighted party a momentary glimpse of the mountains towering on every side.

In that dim mysterious light, their *entourage* looked terrible indeed. The mountains' giant shoulders were ranged in solid phalanx against the leaden night sky, the valleys and hollows between them presenting inky cavernous depths, all the more fearful because half invisible. All through the dark hours which followed, moon and clouds seemed to be running races. At one moment, the moon would shine out clear and white; the next, was completely hidden by the scud, or seemed to have dipped behind the hills. At such times the blackness was "blackness of darkness," such as none of them had ever experienced, while the next instant the whole landscape would be lighted up as with the white ghostliness of an electric jet, the shadows cast by the hills resembling men of gigantic proportions striding towards them. They were all very tired and worn-out; but hunger and cold prevented sleep for some time. The men smoked themselves nearly out of tobacco, and thus soothed both cravings, as the women could not; but they had burnt all the inflammable material available, and their fire lay dead, a dreary mass of white ashes, in their midst. From time to time one or other of the girls would fall into a restless doze, with her head in another's lap, only to wake after a few minutes; and until nearly dawn no one really rested.

From habit, Eric was best fitted to snatch a few



"THIS HE PUT UNDER A STONE NEAR JOHN PELHAM'S FEET" (*p.* 581).

hours' sleep; but he woke before the first streaks of dawn, and while the night was paling into the greyness which heralded the day, he rose and stretched his stiff limbs. Everyone was asleep about him, and he stepped noiselessly from the shelter of the trees, and, taking out his field-glasses, scoured the landscape in every direction. Zwischenlaken was nowhere to be seen, neither could he distinguish the high conical peak of St. Beatus from the neighbouring heights. It was probably hidden behind one or other of them. No one knew better than himself that they might wander the whole day about the hills without meeting any guide or getting any nearer home. Some of the women might very probably be faint too, for want of food, and on his hands. His mother and the old canon would be consumed with anxiety unless the party made their appearance shortly.

Yet, apart from all this, Eric was happy—happy as in his hard-working, self-repressed life he had never been before. The girl he loved cared for him—this is quite enough to make heaven of more uncomfortable situations; and the thought that he would be able to cherish and take care of Angela, and to render her, too, as happy as her pathetic circumstances permitted, was delightful to the man who had always lived for others. Of anyone placing an obstacle in their way he did not dream. Why should he? He had no more idea that she was an heiress than she was aware of his being a highly successful surgeon, whose income was counted by thousands. To him, it was only too evident that the blind girl was an incubus in many ways to her step-relations. They would be only too glad to get her off their hands, poor child!

He put the glass again to his eyes; in the gradually clearing morning light distant objects were momentarily growing more distinct. What was that round the corner of yonder mountain slope, standing on what looked like a mere rocky ridge, with something

white rushing beside it? An inn? No, too small. Possibly a goat-herd's châlet, with a tiny cascade-like brook beside it? Yes, it might be that. If he could get there, he reflected, even if the others could not, he might be able to send for assistance, and also to bring them back some food. He determined to make the attempt, at all events, and, taking his pocket-book, wrote a line upon it to satisfy the minds of his comrades. This he put under a stone near John Pelham's feet, and giving one last glance at Angela sleeping the sleep of weariness in the most uncomfortable of attitudes, with Frances' head in her lap, he started off on his quest with a strong, sure-footed step.

Unfortunately, the first to wake, nearly two hours after, was John Pelham. He made short work of kicking over the stone at his feet, and the paper, thus set free, was wafted, together with Eric's message, literally over the hills and far away, before anyone had even observed its existence.

"Confound it! Moore-Stevens has made off."

"He must have 'bunked' in the night," said young Newtown. "And without me! What a beastly shame!"

"He was bent upon getting all the glory," sneered George, who owed Eric a grudge for his insults on the previous night.

The men's voices roused the women, and they started up, with many groans and complaints of stiffness.

"I hope he has not fallen over a precipice!" cried Dolly, in a voice of agony. "Oh! why will men be so foolhardy?"

"Well, I fail to see any reason why we should sit here and wait for him," said George sullenly. "It is clear now; we can find our way home; and it is nearly seven o'clock."

"I am too weak and faint for want of food," said Mrs. Pelham languidly. "I couldn't totter a hundred yards, I am sure."

"Well, my dear, no food will totter to you," observed her husband common-sensically.

"I am not going to stir from here until Mr. Moore-Stevens returns. He will expect us when he comes back, as he is sure to do, and won't know what to think if he does not see us," said Dolly, with a theatrical wave of the hands.

"But at least we might try and get some tea," suggested Fanny. "The sound of running water is quite close."

The three Parkhursts and Archie seized the kettles and started, leaving the Pelhams behind them.

"Frances, do you think anything has happened to him?" asked Angela, in a voice she tried to steady.

"Certainly not," broke in John promptly. "He is an old hand—a member of the Alpine Club. It is absurd to be alarmed on his account."

Frances eyed her sister-in-law's pale face and mobile lips with a frown. More quick-witted than her husband, she heard the anxiety in the girl's tone and guessed its import. A sudden malicious impulse took possession of her.

"Yet how nervous that girl Dolly Parkhurst is about him," she said, in her airy way. "Anyone can anticipate the third volume of that love story, eh, John?"

"He isn't what I should call an ardent lover, though, to be sure, he was with her all the way here," said John reflectively.

"Oh, it's a case!" echoed Frances. "He is a shy, reserved man, and doesn't care to be talked about in the hotel; that is the reason he does not pay her more marked attention."

"He must have been squeezing her hand last night!" said John jocosely: "for I am almost sure I saw him in the firelight with his hand on her sleeve."

Angela's face burned.

"Now, John, if you did just manage to see what you were not intended to, at least you needn't publish it upon the mountain-top," laughed Frances affectedly. "Perhaps you know, too, whether he has been accepted yet?"

A grey tweed dress came in sight, and Dolly appeared triumphant with the first kettle of water before Mr. Pelham had time to reply.

Angela was left in a state of bewildered wretchedness, which swallowed up all shame for its cause. The tacit understanding between herself and Mr. Moore-Stevens had been all the sweeter, perhaps, because so few words on the subject had passed between them.

A hurried or vehement declaration of passion would have been premature to the girl, who was only beginning to feel her confidence and trust in Eric ripening into something deeper still. For definite words—question, answer—she seemed hardly prepared, and such might have rubbed off the bloom of what she had called in her own mind their pleasant friendship.

The sharp pang of jealousy which darted through her at Frances' idle conclusions ought to have warned her that there was no such tepid feeling for him in her breast, and the thought that she had seen too high a motive in his kindness was a sore blow to her maidenly pride. And he—the man whom she had glorified into a *preux chevalier*, a gallant knight and champion for all who needed one—had proved himself a description of flirt, in whose eyes sweet words and caresses were fitting use to all womankind. It was a disappointing and even disgusting discovery to Angela.

She was a staunch little soul, as a rule, and Eric Moore-Stevens had taken a stronger hold on her than he could even have hoped; but blind people are lamentably compelled to rely on others' judgment, and, like the deaf, are apt to become equally credulous and suspicious. The fact, too, that poor Angela was at this moment physically weakened by hunger and fatigue did not qualify her to resist innuendo or strengthen her nerves against this unexpected blow.

The sun was rising in a glorious sky when Eric's tall figure re-appeared in their midst, carrying a pleasantly-suggestive basket.

"Oh! so you've made your tea," he said cheerily. "Well, I've brought you something to go with it, and

when you have eaten it we had better make our way back to a cottage I have unearthed, and get a few hours' real rest before going home."

He pulled out some hard, dark-looking bread, some cheese, and a can of goat's milk, which, sweetened by the best of all sauces, were pronounced nectar and ambrosia.

"We've wandered out of our way, as I imagined," he went on. "In fact, we are about as far from Zwischenlaken as we are from every other desirable destination! I have sent a boy to tell them at the hotel of our safety."

"You have thought of everything! What on earth should we have done without you?" said Dolly gushingly.

"Been lost, and finally become food for the eagles, or whatever birds of prey frequent these wilds, I expect!" said her sister tragically.

"I should certainly have died of inanition but for this bread," said Frances. "How far do you conjecture we are from Zwischenlaken?"

"Eight or ten miles by the shortest and roughest way, twelve by the easiest, they told me."

"Then yesterday we must have walked——"

"Equal to thirteen or fourteen level miles, I dare say," replied Eric, with a smile.

There was a curious chorus of mingled self-pity and congratulation.

"No wonder we are exhausted, and need rest."

"Yes; you will be heroines indeed by the time you reach home," said Eric, in his driest way. "I shouldn't be at all surprised if they come to meet us with a band of music."

"That's too much to swallow; but perhaps they'll put it in the local papers," hazarded Fanny.

"You will have a column of the *Zwischenlaken Zeitung* all to yourselves!" said Eric, little thinking that words spoken in jest are sometimes verified.

As they started for the châlet, Angela went towards Archie Newtown, and asked him to give her a hand.

"Mr. Moore-Stevens must be tired, and I don't want to bother him again," she said in a low voice.

Archie complied, with a gratified air.

"He said I was nimble," he observed complacently. "And I'm an inch at least taller than you."

"Now, Newtown, my dear fellow, don't take my business out of my hands," said Eric's voice behind them. "Miss Pelham is my charge."

"She didn't want to be a bother," said the bereaved youth sulkily.

"She knows she is none!" returned Eric in his most abrupt tone—fishing for compliments not being a pastime he ever cared to indulge others in.

"I would rather Archie——" began Angela, in a proud voice.

But Eric interrupted with a curt—

"However disagreeable it may be to you, Miss Pelham, I am afraid I shall have to help you down, as I am answerable for your safety. The path is none too smooth, and Archie will find quite enough to do in keeping his own footing."

He felt with a chilling sense of disappointment that something must have occurred during his absence to account for this change of manner in her. His instinctive antipathy to Frances made him wish to attribute any mischief-making to her. Yet, think as he might, he could not call to mind having given her or anyone else any cause for it.

He had so little knowledge of women, and was so devoid of experience in love affairs, that he had not the remotest idea "how great a matter a little fire kindleth." The course which presented itself as most agreeable to his straightforward tastes was to ask the girl point blank what ailed her. He felt he could stake his life on her truth, and could have believed himself fickle as readily as her. Yet women were acknowledged kittle-cattle; and Angela, after all, was a woman.

The matter had abundant leisure to ferment in his mind, since for a great part of the way no opportunity of speech presented itself. The party kept close together and close to him, and he was continually called upon to explain the various apparent deviations from their road.

The path, indeed, was in many places too rough for connected conversation. Water-courses, swollen by the night's rain, crossed and impeded their way in every direction. Over these he lifted Angela bodily and unquestioningly. The stepping-stones were wet and slippery, giving many a damp foot to the unwary; big boulders studded the road here and there, and bramble bushes caught the women's long-suffering gowns.

Angela's pride suffered tortures during the time. Never had her blindness seemed such a heavy cross as now, when she was obliged to submit to help she would have given worlds to reject with scorn. The humbling sense of dependence, added to what she had already endured, was almost more than she could bear in silence; and if Eric had given her the opportunity to show it, he would have seen that his angel was far from being the colourless individual who is represented by "a perfect temper."

It was not until the châlet was at last in sight, at a distance of only about a quarter of a mile, that the way smoothed itself out into a wide mossy path by the side of the mountain stream which ran past the cottage. With a united impulse the rest of the party redoubled their speed, and left Angela and Eric alone in the rear once more.

"Oh! aren't we nearly there yet?" she asked irritably, and speaking for the first time.

"Yes. But before we get there I mean to know what is the matter with you," he returned, with a determination which showed Angela the nature of the man with whom she had to deal.

She trembled and hesitated, but did not contradict the implied accusation.

"Well—what is it? You are not the same girl to me that you were yesterday. What has changed you? Come, I will know," he said, stopping and looking at her keenly.

Angela felt his glance, and was compelled to try to

answer. Yet, though she struggled for words, none would come.

The actual facts seemed to dry up on her very lips as she tried to put them into sound. Yet she was instinctively truthful, and felt, too, that nothing short of truth would satisfy the resolute inquirer beside her.

"Someone has been making mischief between us," he said firmly. "Is it Mrs. Pelham?"

"She did not mean to," said Angela, after a pause.

"I am not so sure," was his inward comment.

"What did she say, in any case?" he asked aloud.

"Oh! how can you force such things from me?" cried Angela at length, in distressful confusion. "It all arose from Miss Dolly Parkhurst—of course, she was concerned when she found you were gone, and——"

"There is no 'of course' in the matter. We are nothing to each other. She is not even a matter of indifference to me, for, in fact, I object to her more than I do to most young women, which is saying a good deal," said Eric bluntly.

There was a ring of absolute truth in his ungallant words; but John's observation burned within her, and forced the indignant ejaculation she would have suppressed at a cooler moment—

"And yet you were pressing her hand, and putting an arm round her last night!"

"It is a lie!" said Eric in his anger.

Then he bit his lip, remembering that he had a girl beside him, and apologised in the next breath.

"I beg your pardon, but you did not see me. Who told you?" he asked.

"John," said Angela meekly.

"I have only touched one girl in that way in my life," said Eric, dropping his voice and ignoring the reply, which in his excitement he did not hear.

"Angela, you know who that is."

"I beg your pardon. Forgive me, Mr. Moore-Stevens," she said humbly. "I—I——"

"Won't you say 'Eric'?" he asked impulsively. "Angela, you are the only girl I have ever cared for in my life. Be kind to me now. Promise to marry me!"

"Oh, you mustn't say such things, indeed!" cried Angela, in great distress. "Think—what could you do with a blind wife? What help or pleasure could I be to you? I may never be better you know, and I couldn't bear to fancy you had married me out of pity. Put me out of your head, for the sake of us both."

"I will not," said Eric, "unless you tell me you dislike me. *Do* you?" he asked, with an eagerness which made him almost fierce.

"No," said Angela falteringly.

"Do you love me?"

The girl flushed.

"I soon should," she said shyly.

The truthful reply was as sweet to Eric as a more demonstrative one, and it was hard on him that he could not accompany the words of complete content which broke from him with any more tangible proofs of affection. But they were still on the hillside, in full view of the others, and words had to do their best in expressing his feelings. And there was something very pathetic in their mutual confidences. With a stronger sense of her own infirmity than she had ever felt before Angela more than once begged her lover to give himself time for sober reflection. She reminded him of all the helplessness which her want of sight entailed, told him of his need of a wife clever with brain and hands, able to help him socially, always to be over-ruled and lovingly argued into silence. But in his way Eric was almost as self-depreciative. Not that he told her of the personal defects which had always been his thorn in the flesh. He had a strange, deep satisfaction, which would have been vanity in another man, in the thought that in Angela's ideas he might be even handsome.

Why undeceive her? It might be that she would never know the contrary. It might even be—but the thought was almost too absurd for him at his weakest point, and was immediately dismissed—that had she ever seen him she would never have cared for him.

But he owned to a quick temper, a readiness to take dislikes and prejudices to people without any adequate reason, to an impatient disposition. It was not news to Angela—much of this—for all his faults were on the surface, and were, many of them, the outcome of his truthful, generous disposition.

Quickly as the time passed to them both they were several minutes behind the others, and Frances and Dolly stood in the doorway of the little châlet which had been left at their service as the lovers came up to them. There was that in the faces of both which had not been there before, and the suspicions of the two watchers were immediately and uncomfortably aroused. Eric's satisfied countenance clouded instinctively as his gaze fell on the two whom he so disliked, and his tone to Angela was unconsciously peremptory.

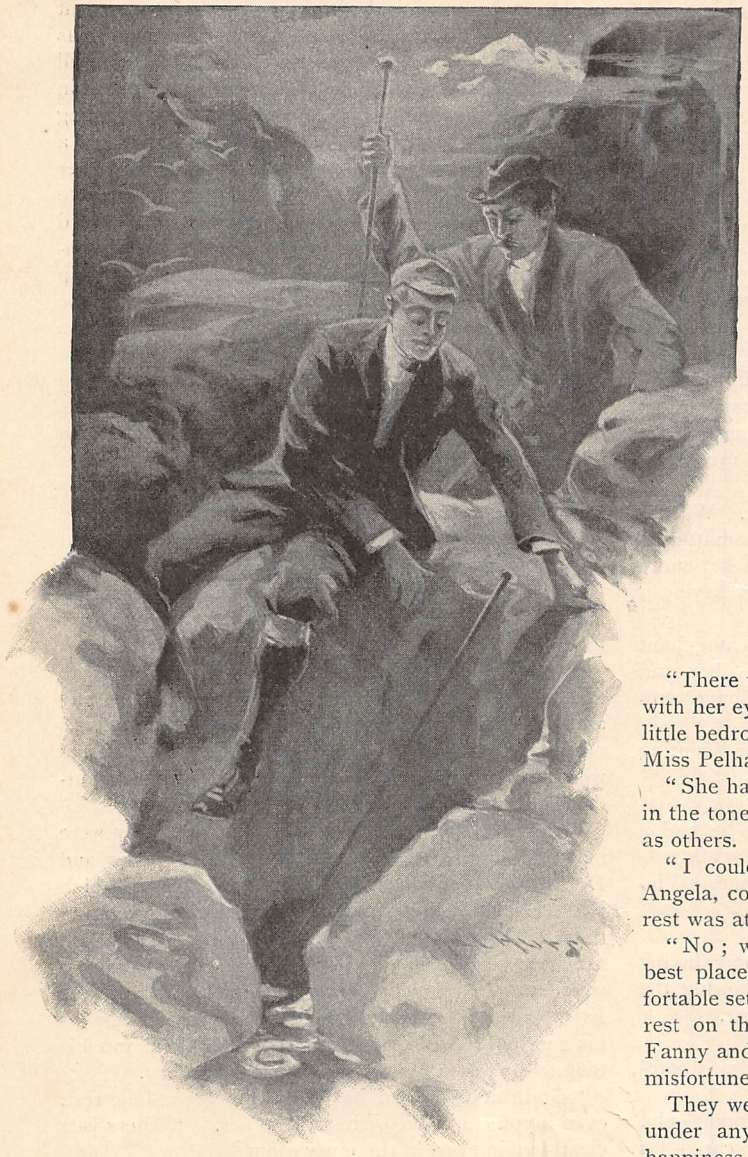
"Go in at once and lie down, and get a long rest, even if you can't sleep," he said to her. "There is a clean-looking bed in the inner room."

This tone was unloverlike in the highest degree, but conveyed an unconscious sense of possession to all the listeners.

"Aren't you going to take a nap yourself?" they asked him.

"Well, there's a shady spot on that slope. I shall lie there and get a smoke," he returned more amiably, pointing to a shadow cast by some bushes, where John Pelham was already lying with his cap over his eyes, half asleep.

The little châlet was built on a narrow pass—on the border of a precipice: it seemed to hang almost in mid-air. Below it yawned a dark, rocky abyss, nearly a thousand feet sheer down, while beyond rose peak after peak of mountain heights, the more distant ones snow-capped, on which the morning sun shone dazzlingly. Behind the cottage came first the green slopes along which they had come, and in the rear more mountains,



"IT BECAME OBVIOUS THAT NO MULE COULD CROSS THE BOULDERS OF THE WAY."

still higher than those in front, raised their rugged heads, while the brook, whose soapy-looking waters spoke its glacier origin, ran at the very door, and descended in a cascade into the chasm beneath.

Eric had but little sense of fatigue as he threw himself on the turf beside Mr. Pelham's portly form. He lay and watched the shadows creep over the hills, and the clouds move slowly over the clear blue in the happiest of moods. He had got what he wanted; there was nothing between him and his felicity, he thought, as he decided not to disturb the somewhat noisy slumbers of Angela's brother in order to acquaint him with the fact of their engagement.

He was too fully content to trouble himself to inquire into the whereabouts of George Parkhurst and Archie Newtown. Both were old enough to take care of themselves. He would have been more anxious if he had known that they had started for Zwischenlaken. George was partly impatient at Eric's ciceroneship and partly eager to retrieve the character he had lost as a mountaineer; and, persuading young Newtown that the women would never be capable of walking home, he suggested their walking on, and returning triumphant with mules or ponies for them to ride. Archie, who was equally anxious to win his spurs, willingly assented; and the plan, amiably devised, might have been accomplished, but that before the couple had gone half-way, it became obvious that no mule could cross the boulders of the way. By the time this discovery had been made, they were both too tired to think of retracing their steps, and were obliged to pursue the course, of which they were ashamed in their heart of hearts, of going on to Zwischenlaken and leaving the others in the lurch.

"There won't be room here for all of us," said Dolly with her eyebrows raised, as they went back into the little bedroom. "But, of course, he monopolised it for Miss Pelham."

"She has been his patient, you see," said Frances, in the tone of one striving to convince herself, as well as others.

"I could have a blanket on the floor," suggested Angela, colouring, but feeling too much exhausted now rest was at hand to give up the chance of securing it.

"No; we shall only 'catch it,' if you don't have the best place!" said Dolly irritably. "There's a comfortable settle-bench in the kitchen; suppose we try and rest on that, Mrs. Pelham, and give up the bed to Fanny and your sister"—for Fanny had added to their misfortunes by twisting her ankle over a stone.

They were all far too weary by this time not to sleep under any circumstances, and Angela, excited with happiness as she was, was one of the first to lose consciousness. As she lay in the drowsy state which precedes oblivion, some words, however, caught her ear from the two occupants of the next room, who had apparently struck up a sort of friendship. She was in altogether too dreamy a state to understand the import of all she heard, or, at the moment, to realise that it concerned herself. But, as is so often the rule with last impressions before going to sleep, every word was indelibly fixed on her memory to bring forth unfortunate results.

"I shouldn't wonder if he had not proposed," said Dolly, with a sniff.

"Oh, never, surely! And without asking permission!" cried Frances in the highly virtuous tone of a Mrs. Grundy.

"He is just the sort of determined man to take the law into his own hands, and she would be like wax in them," continued Dolly.

"Well, I shall set my face resolutely against it, for both their sakes," remarked Mrs. Pelham. "He would be doing in a moment of passion what he would regret all his life afterwards. He has no idea what it is to live with a girl so nearly helpless."

"Perhaps it's a medical experiment," sniggered Dolly. "I have heard of a man marrying a deaf woman. He was an aurist, and——"

And then a long tale of Munchausen truth, of the doings of this probably apocryphal pair followed, in tones too low and rapid for Angela to catch. She fell asleep in the midst, and dreamed a multitude of confusing dreams. Eric was beside her, and Frances and Dolly were trying to drag her away from him. He had a pair of forceps in his hand, and apparently had some design upon her eyes. He was very strong, as usual, and seemed to get the better of them all easily enough, for he approached her with the horrid-looking instruments and fixed them in her eyes! They seemed to burn in their sockets; there was a sudden shock, as though the whole place were coming down, and she was violently thrown on to the floor, bed and all.

It was like a hideous nightmare. There was a heavy weight on her chest, which she struggled to move and could not. There was a difficulty of breathing, as though there was a scarcity of air. She strove to cry for help, but her voice seemed smothered, though muffled screams, as she fancied, sounded all about her.

It was as though she were in a partially darkened room, for she imagined light on her eyelids! Was it all some awful dream only? Or were they really doing something to her eyes, after all, and was this the awaking after the anæsthetic? Angela had had previous experience of chloroform, and the effects had been unspeakably terrible. Yet, were they not on the hillside, where operations would have been impossible?

Nevertheless—and it was no illusion—the clumsy outline of the wooden bed-post began to take form before her eyes. The next minute she saw——.

END OF CHAPTER THE SECOND.

NEW PAID OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN.

BY ELIZABETH L. BANKS.

THERE are hundreds—even thousands—of girls and women to whom the earning of money is a necessity, yet who, from the fact of their having been brought up to no particular employment, feel themselves utterly incapable of turning their hands to anything that shall result in money-getting. Belonging to that class known as "gentlewomen," and having lived homely lives, which seem to have unfitted them for taking an active part in the bread-and-butter struggle, the all-important question to them is not, "What shall we do?" but, "What *can* we do?" In their fearfulness of coming into contact with the rough outside world, they themselves are apt to answer, "Nothing!" while they settle down to starve or be dependent on relatives. I do not know of anything more pathetically touching than the sight of a woman gently reared suddenly thrown out on the world with a living to make, and no practical way of making it. That she is not fitted for any particular calling is not her fault, but the fault of those who have had her in charge since childhood. They have allowed her to grow to womanhood with no end in view except that of "marrying her off." If she fails to be "married off," and is without an inheritance, or, once married, becomes a widow, whose sole legacy is a number of children, her plight is a pitiable one indeed. To be sure, there are enough trades and professions in which women may embark: almost as many as for men in these progressive times; but there are women who cannot type-write, book-keep, practise medicine, or take a part in the thousand other professions that are open to certain women of certain talents. Even if they learned these things, their bashful, shrinking dispositions would lead them only to make sad failures. They have a smattering of French, a small knowledge of music, a slight taste for embroidery, but they are unable to turn these superficial accomplishments into money. That a woman should grow to be twenty, twenty-five, and thirty years old without having been taught some one thing that would fit her for taking care of herself, if necessary, is a disgrace to our modern civilisation, and one that will be speedily blotted out. The coming generation of girls will all know how to do something, and do it well; but the question now is, What can be done for those who are already grown and in that state which the court describes as "without visible means of support"?

Perhaps if these very women who continually assure us that they are eminently qualified to do nothing would set to work to get better acquainted with themselves, they would discover that, after all, there are numberless quiet genteel occupations in which they could engage that would be neither very difficult nor distasteful to them. Let them run over in their minds a list of all the things they like to do, trivial and unimportant as they may appear, and meditate upon the possibility of turning these trifles to account.

A few years ago, a New York girl, brought up in luxury, found herself motherless, fatherless, and without means.

"What can you do?" asked a friend to whom she had confided her penniless state.

"Nothing!" was her answer.

"Well, what do you like; or what did you like most in your old life?"

"Horses and dogs. The only real work I ever did was to comb and brush the dogs and take them for exercise." Then suddenly a thought occurred to her, "Why, I wonder if I couldn't hire out as an attendant on dogs?" she exclaimed.

A week afterwards, the same girl, stylishly dressed, and looking as happy and prosperous as possible, was to be seen several times daily in Central Park, always accompanied by two, three, or four dogs. She had gone the round of her friends and acquaintances who had canine pets, and offered to groom and exercise them for a dollar a-week each. As early as eight o'clock in the morning she visited her first customer, washed the faces and paws of the animals, brushed and combed them, prepared their breakfasts, and then, with poodle, pug, and greyhound arrayed in bracelets, collars, and ribbons, took them to the park for their morning constitutional. In families where there was more than one pet placed in her care the charge was somewhat lowered. The young lady had a strong silver bracelet on to which she fastened the several chains of the dogs as she led them to the park. Arrived there, if the park policeman was not looking, or if his good-nature made him short-sighted, the animals were allowed a romp over the common. In an hour they were taken home, while their attendant went to other houses for more dogs. It is said that there are now over a hundred young women in New York who make a very snug income in this way. For girls who are fond of animals the occupation is an agreeable one, and is in every way much pleasanter than being a nursery governess. Neither aprons, caps, nor any other "badges" are imposed upon them, and when seen in the parks their appearance is that of well-dressed girls out for a walk with their pets. They are not in any degree looked upon as menials, and many of them move in good society.

In London I should think this plan might be carried out with great advantage. Household pets are numerous, and the majority of English girls are fond of them. Many a lady would be only too glad to pay out a few shillings a week for the sake of knowing that her beloved Fido was in reliable hands when taking his morning walk. In this business there is a chance for the "horsey girl" as well as the quiet girl to earn money and be happy; and the fact that in London dogs are recognised as having certain rights in the streets and parks that must be respected makes the task much easier of accomplishment than in New York, where the irritating sign of "No Dogs Allowed," is continually meeting one's eye.

Another occupation, started two or three years ago by an American woman, is that of "breaking in" new boots. Every woman—and every man too, for that matter—knows the discomfort of first putting on new boots. Even if they are not so small that they pinch the feet, the stiff unbending feeling is most disagreeable. A few hours' wear daily for a week would put an end to the trouble, but it is that first week that we all dread. So the woman referred to, understanding this bugbear, sent about to well-to-do ladies the announcement that she and her two daughters were ready to break in boots at the rate of twenty-five cents a pair. In her notice she gave the sizes of the boots usually worn by herself and daughters, so that only those of a similar size and shape were sent to be broken in. In a short time she was not only taking in a goodly sum of money, but her family became noted for always going clad in the finest of new foot-gear. To be sure, this method of earning a living has its uncomfortable features, in that the boot-breaker may have feelings as well as the owner; but those who have gone into the business (the widow has naturally had a number of imitators) assert that one may become so accustomed to wearing new boots as not to mind it.

An English woman of title is making a good income from table decorating. Her love for the beautiful in nature and art is put to use in the laying of tables for luncheons and dinners, and with a few flowers and ribbons she is able to perform wonders. All her friends know of her talent, and do not hesitate to employ her in preference to a florist. Her work is now in such demand that she has engaged an assistant to help her in the less elaborate decorations. This is an employment that might well be taken up by a large number of ladies. The remuneration is at the rate of from two to four shillings an hour.

I do not know whether scientific dusting is at all in vogue in London, but in most of the American cities, where fewer servants are employed, the work of dusting the drawing, dining and best bed-rooms is often done by an outside help, who, from her knowledge of the value of handsome furniture and *bric-à-brac*, performs her duties with more care than can be expected from ignorant servants. What housewife has not had the experience of lifting from the mantel a vase or statuette, and having the top or head come off in her hand in a most miraculous way? Mary Ann, questioned as to the cause of the dismemberment, sometimes denies, or often boldly confesses to having knocked it, while she declares that: "It don't matter, mum. I put it on again and it's only a little thing!" Tell her that the "little thing" cost all the way from five to a hundred pounds, and she will look at her mistress in amazed doubt, which plainly says: "I don't believe it!"

Such ornaments placed in charge of a person of refinement and education rarely meet with these mishaps. It would pay the majority of mistresses to expend a few shillings in this way on "turning-out" days and at house-cleaning time. That it is the housemaid's business to attend to the washing and dusting of *bric-à-brac* we shall all agree, but it is certain that she will never do it properly until she has a different home or school training from that given her at present. The care of nice furniture and ornaments is something that many gentlewomen understand intuitively, and I would recommend that this branch of female industry be given over to them. The work is neither difficult

nor unpleasant, and delicately moulded hands are particularly adapted to it.

The subject of tasteful window draping is one that English women might consider with great advantage. The ordinary servant seems utterly incapable of arranging the front windows in an attractive manner, and the result is that London houses are noted the world over for their ugly windows. The blinds are frequently awry, the lace curtains hang unevenly, and the heavy draperies are as often upside down as right side up. All this is the work of servants, who, although they may be able to scrub or sweep, have assuredly no talents in the direction of making home beautiful. The draping done by the professional upholsterers of London is not much improvement on that of the servants. In America this part of the house work is frequently done by the lady of the house herself, who does not scorn to mount a step-ladder in order to perform the feat. I am sure that many gentlewomen might find window draping a profitable means of livelihood. It is more than probable that many of the decorating establishments would be only too glad to engage women for this work when once convinced of their superiority over men. The matter of climbing a step-ladder becomes an unimportant one now that the patent spring steps are coming into use. The old-fashioned steps are always in danger of shutting up suddenly and sprawling the occupant on the floor, and, of course, must be done away with.

"Lady cooks," with a knowledge of all the mysteries of the culinary art, are becoming popular, and there is no reason why the profession should not be followed by genteel, or even delicate, women who are specially gifted in dainty cookery. The position of a cook-general would not be an agreeable one, but in a family where a kitchen or scullery maid does the harder and rougher work, the duties of the cook are not at all unpleasant. On account of the peculiar qualifications required to make a good cook, we may expect that ere long many women of gentility will be thus employed. Far be it from me to say that all women are natural cooks. Many could not learn the art, however hard they tried; but, on the other hand, there are numbers well fitted for it, and their skill in preparing tempting sweets and savouries will be readily turned into golden sovereigns. This work would not necessitate that the person so engaged should live with the family that employed her. She could go to her duties in the morning, and return after dinner was served, arranging that she should have one holiday each week.

The washing and putting away of valuable china and plate is another department of domestic work suitable for gentlewomen. The washing and mending of fine laces which the owners are unwilling to trust to the rough handling of the laundries makes still another branch of quiet industry; and house decorating, such as the painting of door panels and the placing of dadoes, is a business in which not a few women would excel.

Some have very successfully taken up the business of shopping for country people, who, on account of residing at some distance from large towns, find it impossible or impracticable to make their own purchases. The person thus engaged must needs be a woman of taste, and well-versed in the art of "bargain-hunting." I believe that ten per cent. is the usual amount of commission agreed upon.

My attention has recently been called to another employment for women by the receipt of a neatly engraved circular from an enterprising Englishwoman, who announces that she will inspect and choose suitable apartments for intending visitors to London. Throughout the year, and especially during the season, there are thousands of foreign visitors in the metropolis who would gladly pay the required fee of five per cent. on the first month's terms for the sake of knowing that on their arrival in London they would be shown to comfortable and suitable apartments, without the trouble of searching for them. A thorough acquaintance with the different neighbourhoods, the healthfulness of the various localities, and a quick observance of the advantages and disadvantages connected with boarding houses and apartments, would be essential qualifications in one who essayed to successfully undertake this sort of work.

Inspecting a fashionable dress-making establishment one day last week, my attention was attracted to a young French girl who occasionally threw out suggestions in regard to a lady's gown which the modiste was fitting. "Madame is too short for that," remarked the girl, when the lady suggested a certain style of hip drapery. It was discarded, and a skirt of an entirely different order was pinned together. "Ah, that is better; and Madame looks much taller," the girl observed, as she critically examined this last effect.

Shortly afterwards, a young lady, very tall and thin, entered the fitting-room, and began to discuss a striped piece of goods from which she was about to order a dress, when the French girl said: "If Mademoiselle will excuse me, she is too tall and slight for stripes;" and picking up a sample book, she quickly turned to a bit of plaid material, which she suggested was just the thing for the young lady. On inquiring why this girl was in the fitting-room, I was told that she was a "suggester." The dressmaker informed me that she was unable to so much as stitch a straight seam or manipulate the scissors in fitting a dress; in fact, could do nothing in the way of the simplest kind of needlework, but that her little head was full of valuable ideas concerning fashions. She could tell at a glance the style of dress most becoming to the different customers; she knew just what must be done to hide Nature's defects or to show off her special gifts. When a new customer visited the shop, the girl made a careful study of her figure, and then proceeded to select a becoming costume for her. It occurred to me that here was another occupation for which some women are especially adapted: that is, the furnishing of ideas for other people to use. Ideas mean money, and originality is something that always commands a high price. There are women in

the world whose minds are brimful of ideas, whose brains are continually conceiving plans which their hands are unable to carry out. "Why don't you write about so and so, or invent such and such a thing?" is a question such women are continually asking. They have ideas for stories, plots for novels, subjects for journalistic "write-ups," conceptions for new fashions, new inventions. And they are not all idle dreamers. Their thoughts have a commercial value, and there is a market for them if they will take the trouble to find it. In the literary world originality is much needed, and wide-awake editors are usually willing to pay well for ideas that are brought to them. The gift for writing is one that many people possess, but the gift of originality does not always go with it. It is the same in nearly every line of work; and I would suggest that the woman with ideas take the "children of her brain" to people who can dress them up and give them to the world. The milliner, the dressmaker, the inventor, the musician, and the editor can make use of them, and will divide the profits.

I have spoken of only such of the quiet occupations for women as have occurred to me. A consideration of them will perhaps turn the attention of the thoughtful to many other methods of using neglected talents. Those that I have described are not such as would suit the emancipated working woman, who demands the world for her workshop. Small doubt that with journalism, farming, civil engineering, stock-broking, medicine, the law, and hundreds of other professions, she will fight her way through, and put man—her supposed adversary—to flight. But to the uncombative, retiring, modest, home-loving woman, with a "row to hoe," and no visible hoe at hand for the purpose, I would earnestly recommend a trial of some of these vocations, or others of the same order. All the morning papers are open to advertisements for this kind of work, some of which may perhaps meet a hitherto unexpressed "long-felt want."

COMING KINGS AND QUEENS.—II.

VERY rarely does it happen that a child is born a king; but as Alphonso XII., King of Spain, died November 29th, 1885, and his son was not born till the 17th May, 1886, the babe was proclaimed king, under the title of Alphonso XIII., on the very day of his birth, his mother, Queen Christine, being declared his guardian and Queen Regent of Spain during his minority. He was a very delicate child—which was not to be wondered at, as his father, the late king, had been in bad health for some years, and died of consumption. A peasant woman from the Asturias was his wet nurse; and during his babyhood it was quite one of the sights of Madrid to see her in her national costume driving about in a carriage with her infant charge. The little fellow, like most other royalties, was baptised by a long string of names—Leon and Ferdinand being traditional in Spain—and very early discovered himself to be a most important personage. His mother, Queen Christine, has nursed him devotedly through many childish ailments, the last of which was scarlet fever of a mild kind, and, as is occasionally the case, the boy has appeared stronger than before, ever since he got over it. His baby dignity was pretty in his earlier years, but he is now becoming rather petulant and self-willed; and the Queen Regent is likely to have many anxious days and nights before she sees him fitted to take his place on the throne of what was once so grand and prosperous, and is still so important, a nation.

She was the Austrian Archduchess Marie Christine Henriette, daughter of the Archduke Charles Ferdinand and of his wife the Archduchess Elizabeth, who was daughter of the Archduke Joseph, Palatine of Hungary, and widow of Ferdinand of Austria-Este-Modena. The home of her childhood was Gross-Seelowitz, and her parents were devoted to their children. The Archduchess Elizabeth frequently visits her daughter at Madrid, and as she is a very sensible and strong-minded woman, she is a fit and reliable counsellor to the young widowed queen. Alphonso XII. had no children by his first wife, who died very young, and was sincerely lamented by him. He was married to the Archduchess Marie Christine at Madrid in 1879, and their first-born was a girl, the little Infanta Maria de las Mercedes, Princess of the Asturias. It was a touch of Nature that went to all hearts when the child was named after Donna Mercedes, the love of her royal father's youth. She is a very intelligent girl, now nearly fourteen, with a marked likeness to her mother. When her brother was born she was quite able to understand that she was no longer heiress to the throne of Spain, and is said to have taken it sweetly. It was not a very enviable position, for Spain has had a great deal of feminine rule in the person of Queen Isabella, in whose favour the Salic law was abolished in 1830, though she had to leave the country in 1868, in consequence of a revolution

QUEEN CHRISTINE AND HER CHILDREN.
(Photograph by Fernando Debas, Madrid.)

H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL.
(Photograph by Fonseca & Co., Oporto.)

THE KING OF SPAIN.
(Photograph by Fernando Debas, Madrid.)

H.R.H. PRINCE MANUEL OF PORTUGAL.
(Photograph by Fonseca & Co., Oporto.)

PRINCE ANTOINE DE MONTPENSIER.
(Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.)

THE INFANTA EULALIE OF SPAIN.
(Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.)

that placed her son Alphonso XII. on the throne. Another little girl was born on November 12th, 1882, and the three children lead very simple and natural lives. It is commonly considered that the little king would be much stronger if he could live altogether in mountain air; but Spanish loyalty is a plant that requires constant cherishing by the presence of its sovereign, so His Majesty lives chiefly in Madrid, where indeed his royal mother's presence is required in her capacity of Regent. She is quite one of the most remarkable women of our century, calm, reasonable, and large-minded, and always ready to recognise and sympathise with any enlightened and popular movement among the people of her adoption. When the cholera raged in Madrid she visited the hospitals, and she is always personally brave and full of resource.

The late King of Spain, Alphonso XII. had three sisters: the Infanta Isabella, who was married at seventeen to Prince Gaetan of Bourbon and the two Sicilies, and left a widow at the age of twenty, since when she has lived in Madrid; the Infanta Marie della Paz, supposed to be her father's favourite, and somewhat of an *intrigante*, is married to a Bavarian Prince; and the Infanta Marie Eulalie, who was married in 1886 to Prince Antoine of Bourbon Orléans, son of the Duke de Montpensier. When the United States celebrated the ter-centenary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus by the wonderful Chicago Exhibition, it was universally felt that the royal family of Spain ought to be represented, in memory of the fact that

To Castille and Leon
A new world gave Colon.

Clearly, the Infanta Marie Eulalie was the only suitable person to go; but as she and her husband live quietly at Madrid, on the best of terms with Queen Christine, it was felt that their visit to America should not be official. They left their two little boys, Prince Alphonso, who is eight years old, and Prince Louis Fernando, two years younger, at home in the care of their relatives, and went. The Infanta Eulalie is a very bright and sprightly princess, and enjoyed herself thoroughly. She was much admired and lavishly entertained, and her three weeks' stay in the States was pleasant, and quite long enough to retain the glamour of popularity.

The royal house of Portugal is closely allied with our own, since its style and title is that of Braganza-Saxe Coburg-Gotha, for the uncle of our queen's husband, Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg, married Princess Antoinette de Kohary, and their son, Prince Ferdinand, was wedded to Marie II. da Gloria, Queen of Portugal, in 1836. The present king is the son of King Louis, their son, and his mother was the sister of King Humbert of Italy, and long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the two or three best-dressed women in Europe. The Queen of Portugal, Amélie, the eldest daughter of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, is of English birth, for she was born at Twickenham in September, 1865. She was married at the age of twenty-one, in 1886, to Prince Charles of Portugal, who succeeded his father on the throne in 1889. They have two little sons, whose small features and fine texture of skin make them look slightly delicate, though they really are healthy children, with robust constitutions. The Crown Prince is named Louis Philippe, and is Duke of Braganza and also Duke of Saxony, and was born in 1887. His younger brother is Prince Manuel, Duke of Beja and of Saxony, and he is nearly five years old.

MRS. TUXTER'S TROUBLES.

BY G. B. BURGIN, AUTHOR OF "HIS LORDSHIP," ETC.

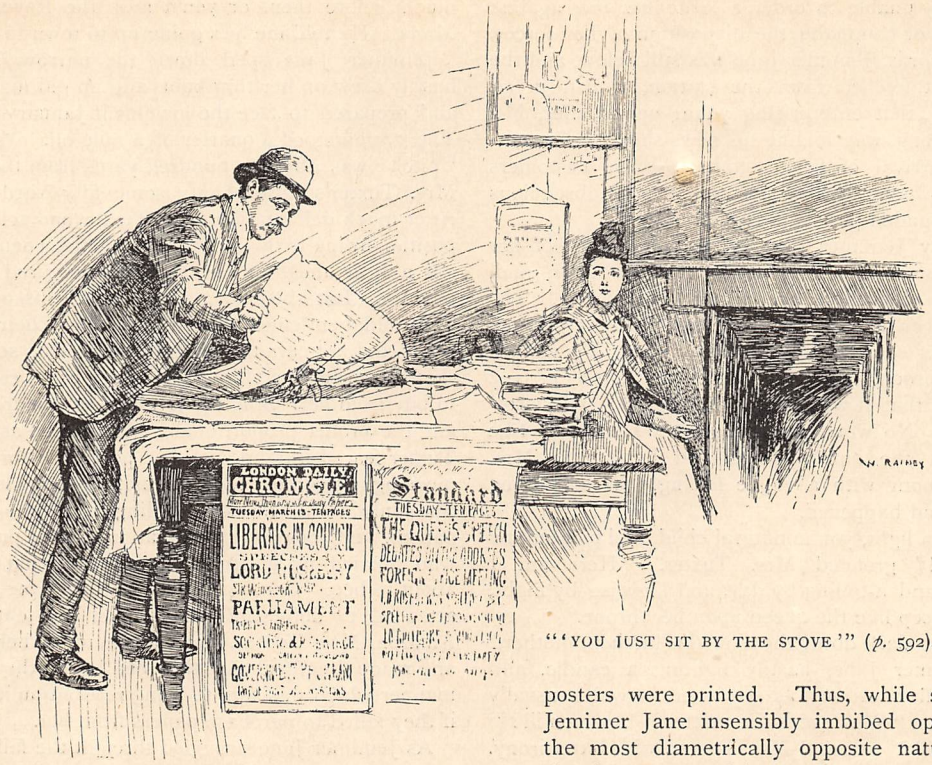
CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"JUST when I'd made up my mind to chivvy him out of the business, too, whatever Mr. Manx might say!" declared Mrs. Tuxter, as she flung her night-cap on the floor with impotent fury.

That veteran Macchiavelli in petticoats, Mrs. Thomas Tuxter, was incapacitated from attending her daily battle-field by a sharp twinge in the shoulder, which caused her to roll helplessly over in bed and groan at her small latticed window-pane, through which the dim January light slowly filtered until it penetrated the mass of opaque shadow wherein Mrs. Tuxter lay.

No prying eye but "Jemimer Jane's" was allowed to peer into the chaste recess dedicated to Mrs. Tuxter—and sleep. When Mrs. Tuxter retired for the night, Jemimer Jane dutifully escorted her parent to the threshold of this august apartment, and then withdrew to a cubicle partitioned off from the rest of the kitchen—a cubicle which was shared by intrusive and sable-hued cockroaches, starved out from the adjoining cottage.

Jemimer Jane had a mortal terror of these insects: they seemed to her to be destitute of all moral fibre; and she carefully guarded against their intrusive propensities by putting each leg of her small bedstead in an earthenware saucer of water, thereby hoping to prevent the cockroaches from climbing up the bed-clothes. Sometimes this plan succeeded; at other times the invading army swarmed over their companions and scorned to be denied.



"'YOU JUST SIT BY THE STOVE'" (*p.* 592).

Then Jemimer Jane would tearfully shrink beneath the clothes, and half-suffocate herself in a vain attempt to evade the serried battalions of her foes. Overhead —even through the bed-clothes—she could hear the resonant snoring of that majestic female, her mother, and longed for the time when, the proud possessor of a four-poster and an upper room, she could also bid defiance to every midnight foe.

Early this particular morning on which Mrs. Tuxter dashed her nightcap to the floor, Jemimer Jane lay awake, idly speculating when her mother would return from Finsey Station with the customary bundle of morning papers; for that enterprising female, Mrs. Tuxter, had bearded fortune and defied the workhouse by embarking in the somewhat precarious calling of a newsvendor to the myriad clerks and professional men who went to the City every morn, and laboured there until dewy eve warned them that it was time to return to their wives and families. Jemimer Jane had been carefully coached by her mother in some of the sacred mysteries appertaining to the selling of papers, but was not allowed to take the initiative in any way. She was very fond of posters and placards, not for the sake of their contents, but mainly because, when deftly sewn together, they made a most excellent coverlet for keeping out the effects of cold weather. She preferred Conservative journals, as a rule, because the paper was thicker and warmer. As a matter of fact, however, the warmer the politics the thinner the placards. Seen from a distance, her coverlet had somewhat the appearance of a crazy quilt, owing to the artistic effects produced by the different coloured inks in which the posters were printed. Thus, while she slept, Jemimer Jane insensibly imbibed opinions of the most diametrically opposite nature, until they became fused in one homogeneous whole, and rendered her that rare being, an impartial woman, able to look upon all conflicting political parties as so many ants pulling straws hither and thither, under the belief that they were doing great things.

Jemimer Jane had never formulated these ideas. With her blue pensive eyes, fair hair, and delicate features, she was too pretty to need the stern aid of logic, too insignificant to be able to obtain an audience, even if she were logical. But this particular morning she was suddenly called upon to assume the office of headship, to think for herself, to carry on a campaign in the enemy's country: in short, to assume the reins of office, and to temporarily depose that august female, her mamma. Napoleon himself, so history informs us, once lost an important battle through temporary indisposition, which obscured his judgment, and allowed the enemy to steal a march upon his forces. Mrs. Tuxter was in a similar position this eventful January morning. She had matured her plans for the overcoming of an enemy, had retired to bed the previous night full of ginger cordial and an ardent longing for the fray; and now, in the dim dawn, she lay groaning and tumbling about on her uneasy couch, utterly unable to escape from the grim fiend which gripped her shoulder with fierce claws, and sent little darting pains all down her majestic back. Nothing else but a conscienceless thing like Rheumatism would have dared to take so great a liberty with Mrs. Tuxter's vertebræ.

Suddenly Mrs. Tuxter realised the situation as the dim light slowly became a trifle less faint, and a few falling snowflakes softly fluttered against the window and noiselessly disappeared. She was chained to her

bed, utterly unable to order a *reconnaissance* against the enemy or command the disposition of her forces. In other words, Jemimer Jane was still below, and the papers not fetched from the station, whilst, in all probability, that enterprising young newsvendor, Mr. Richard Fagg, was folding his news-sheets and awaiting the arrival of her customers—those customers whose patronage she had solicited in such obsequious yet well-rounded periods a few days ago.

Presently Jemimer Jane became conscious of her mother's stick thumping loudly on the floor, and, regardless of cockroaches, sprang out of bed. The veteran clock on the kitchen dresser solemnly struck fourteen as she did so. Jemimer Jane, by various inductive processes peculiar to herself, thereby arrived at the fact that it was a quarter to eight. A quarter to eight! No wonder her mother was angry. She rushed up the narrow steps, and burst into Mrs. Tuxter's room with a vague feeling that something dreadful had happened.

"Bring a light, you unnatural child, and pick up my night-cap!" groaned Mrs. Tuxter. "Here am I a-moiling and a-toiling by day, and likewise by night, and you sleep like the queen upon her throne."

"It is so dark down there in the kitchen, mother," said Jemimer Jane, hastily lighting a candle, and waiving all questions as to where royalty usually slumbered. "Whatever's the matter? Are you ill?"

"Am I ill?" retorted Mrs. Tuxter, with bitter irony. "Oh no, not by no manner of means. Ill! I look ill, don't I? I should be lying here in state if I was well, shouldn't I, with the business all a-going to rack and ruin every passing momink? Ill! Oh, don't ask me if I'm ill! I'm a sick woman to-day, Jemimer Jane Tuxter, all through a-gallivantin' and a-prancin' up and down the road after young Fagg's customers."

Jemimer Jane's pretty face flushed with apprehension. She turned her sweet blue eyes affectionately on the old woman.

"Can't I do anything, mother? Shall I run up to the station and get the papers, or make you your tea and buttered toast?"

Mrs. Tuxter raised herself on one arm with a groan.

"Buttered toast!" she said, in tones of withering scorn. "When the connection I've laboured so to bring about is a-dropping to bits, is this a time to talk of toast, dry or buttered? You run up to the station as fast as your legs will carry you, and get the papers like lightning. Don't wait to fold 'em, but if anyone growls, just say, pleasant-like: 'Mother's very sorry, sir, but she's been took bad with the rheumatics, and 'opes for a continuance of future favours.' Now, don't stand staring there; be off!"

"But about you, mother?" said Jemimer Jane, anxiously surveying the old tyrant. "Shall I go for a doctor?"

"A doctor! You'd better go for an undertaker: they're one and the same thing. Catch me a-paying for a doctor," said Mrs. Tuxter wrathfully. "Put the embrocating bottle by the bedside, and if I feel like embrocating myself, I can embrocate. I'll wait for my breakfast till ten o'clock; but don't you come away much before then, or you'll miss the Reverend Mr. Manx. He told me he's going up to town to-day."

Jemimer Jane sped down the narrow staircase, hastily drew on her thin boots and an old mackintosh, and prepared to face the inclement January morning. The station stood a quarter of a mile off. Mr. Fagg's "pitch" was about a hundred yards from the station, Mrs. Tuxter's little shanty some fifty yards nearer. After much deliberation, Mrs. Tuxter had selected her position owing to the fact that her active enemy always got a little ahead of her, and thus secured the first pennies. But she had also made the discovery that stout old gentlemen, unless they had their pennies ready, did not care to unbutton their coats so far from the station, and therefore passed Fagg paperless in order to buy from her. Still, the rivalry was wondrous keen, and the profits proportionate. Hence the astute Mrs. Tuxter feared to relinquish her post even for a single morning. Jemimer Jane was not a good saleswoman. She only stood meekly holding a bundle of limp papers, and looked tearfully at intending purchasers, who hurried by under the impression that she was about to beg. Consequently, Jemimer Jane generally attended to domestic duties whilst that enterprising Amazon, Mrs. Tuxter, bore down upon her victims, and made them feel that they had begun the day in a manner which was sure to bring retribution in its train if they failed to purchase papers from her.

As Jemimer Jane struggled through the falling snow to the station, she brushed up against Mr. Richard Fagg, who had also overslept himself. That young gentleman stopped short in amazement, gave vent to a shrill whistle, and surveyed her curiously.

"Running the business to-day?" he asked. "Old 'un off on the rampage?"

"I don't know what you mean," Jemimer Jane replied with *hauteur*, as she attempted to drag her heavy parcel into a waiting-room.

Fagg followed her.

"Look here, honour bright now: ain't she comin'?"

"No; mother's ill."

"And you're goin' to take her place?"

"Yes," said Jemimer Jane, half crying at the futility of so unbusiness-like a substitute. "I'm going to take mother's place. She's very bad with rheumatism."

Good-looking young Mr. Fagg reflected.

"I thought that dodgin' up and down the road after my customers 'ud do for her some day," he said. "I ain't vindictive though, and I ain't got nothin' against you—not a scrap."

He roughly hauled up her papers, and carried them into the waiting-room.

"Now," he said, "d'ye know how to fold 'em?"

"No," helplessly replied Jemimer Jane.

He went back to fetch his own heavy bundle, and brought it in.

"Look here," he said: "you just sit by the stove, and I'll fold your *Chronicles* to go on with. All these first-trainers takes *Chronicles*; it's the nine 'spress swells as wants *Telegrafs* and *News's*."

Jemimer Jane could only sit with blurred eyes

surveying the muscular young fellow as he ran his thumb over a mass of papers, preparatory to folding them. Sometimes she could see the top of his head, but it was generally obscured behind a mass of whirling sheets. Before she had recovered from her surprise, she found herself selling *Chronicles* right and left. By nine o'clock all her papers were gone, and Mr. Fagg had not even commenced to get rid of his own.

Jemimer Jane began to think.

"You fold, and I'll sell for you," she said, with a decision which surprised herself.

money, there was a slight cough behind her, and the Rev. Joseph Manx gave the girl an approving tap on the shoulder.

"That's right, my young friends, that's right. Co-operation is the secret of success," he said cheerily, as he stamped his feet to keep them warm. "Where is your estimable mother this morning, Jemima?"

"Ill in bed, sir," said Jemimer shyly; "but she sent her dooty, and 'opes for a continuance of future favours."

"She means well, but is illogical," said the good

"'THEN IT'S A GO?' ASKED YOUNG MR. FAGG" (*p.* 595).

Fagg looked pleased, but shook his head.

"You run 'ome, Miss Jemimer, and get the old 'un her breakfast, or you'll never 'ear the last of it."

He was speaking in gasps as he folded, and twisted, and twirled his own stock.

Jemimer Jane paused a moment to consider. Then she made up her mind.

"Mother must wait," she said decisively, and darted out with a bundle of Mr. Fagg's papers.

Mr. Fagg followed her pretty figure with admiring eyes.

"It's a shame to let a girl like that sell papers in such thin things," he muttered. "I've heered about the old 'un and her buttered toast on Sunday mornings. B'lieve she's shammin': that's what she's doin'—shammin' cos I ran her off her legs t'other morning!"

Jemimer Jane came back for a fresh supply of papers. At a quarter to ten, just as she was handing Fagg his

clergyman absently. "I do hope she has discovered that there is room for Fagg and yourselves too. It has been pointed out to me, my child, that it is scarcely seemly for a woman of your mother's years to use such vituperative terms to her young rival. The spectacle, I am told, of her ambling down the road to forestall him with a customer is not pleasant, and gives rise to general hilarity. But she means well, doubtless. A worthy woman—a very worthy woman, though somewhat set upon having her own way. I will look in this afternoon on my return from town, and see her. You had better go down to Mrs. Manx, and get some soup and breakfast."

He went over the bridge, and left Jemimer Jane paralysed with fright.

"If mother knew I'd spoken to you, she'd never forgive me," she said breathlessly to Fagg.

That good-natured youth only grinned.

"Don't you say nothin', and I'll get Mr. Manx to go and see old Sykes instead," he said. "He's got to be at the school-house, and won't have time to come to your place. Won't the old lady be mighty glad you've sold out! You just keep quiet, and I'll tackle *her*."

Jemimer Jane shyly put out her hand. Fagg took it awkwardly.

"Mind you, when the old 'un's on the war-path again, we're friends out of business hours. She's doin' her best to tomahawk me, but I don't mind."

"Yes," said Jemimer Jane, and sped away, frightened at the sound of her own voice, to prepare the matutinal toast of the suffering Mrs. Tuxter, who greeted her with a volubility which would have amazed the Rev. J. Manx could he have heard that good lady, for Jemimer Jane literally watered the tea with tears, and, as a punishment for getting up late, was not allowed to have any sugar in it.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

MRS. TUXTER was confined to her bed for more than a fortnight. During that period her language was not characterised by that refinement which is popularly supposed to distinguish the caste of Vere de Vere. Indeed, when a celebrated American poet once wrote the line "painful and frequent and free," he must have had an internal premonition of Mrs. Tuxter's linguistic requirements. And that worthy lady also suffered mentally as well as physically. She could not understand how Jemimer Jane contrived to carry on the business so successfully without her. She it was who had erected the fair fabric of trade: she it was who had stood in the gates and won the people's hearts: and yet, now that she was laid up, Jemimer Jane, who had done nothing at all hitherto, appeared to be able to carry on the business without the slightest effort, and returned every day with the multitudinous "coppers" which she had coaxed from the pockets of Mrs. Tuxter's *clientèle*.

"How did you do it?" inquired Mrs. Tuxter one day, when Jemimer Jane announced that she had completely sold out her stock-in-trade. "I wonder it it's because you're so like me? You're a slight, skinny thing, but people must have seen the likeness. Anybody asked after me?"

"No, mother," said Jemimer Jane quietly—"no one except——"

She stopped confusedly.

"'Cept who?" demanded Mrs. Tuxter.

She was now able to come down and complain of having to wait for her breakfast.

"Mr. Fagg," said Jemimer Jane shyly.

Mrs. Tuxter snorted like a leviathan.

"You can tell *him*, then, I'm not dead yet," she said; "and, what's more, I ain't a-going to die. Fagg, indeed! Like his impidence to ask after me when he made me run up and down that road like a female ostrich. Fagg, indeed! I'd like to fag him! What I can't make out is why he doesn't get all our customers."

"I have a lot of his customers!" said Jemimer Jane indignantly. Then she sighed. "He asks after you every day."

"So much the better," said Mrs. Tuxter complacently, "though for the life of me I can't tell how you manage to get his people away from him. That'll bring his proud spirit low and hold his nose to the grindstone of affliction. I'll teach him to start an opposition business, and defrord the widow and the orphan—especially the widow. I'll have the rest of his customers before I've been back a week. There's not going to be a funeral, with me in it, whatever Fagg may hope for."

"I didn't think you so unforgiving," said Jemimer Jane sadly. "And, mother, he didn't start in opposition. We've done our best to take away his business. Mr. Manx says he's a very good young man indeed, and very kind to his mother."

"Oh! he's got a mother, has he?" inquired Mrs. Tuxter, in surprised tones, as if she rather expected that young Mr. Fagg was a primordial atomic globule, or something for which evolution was responsible. But Jemimer Jane had sped out towards the station without waiting to continue the discussion.

When Jemimer Jane reached the station, old Mrs. Tuxter would have been very much astonished had she seen her hated foe untying the Tuxter bundle of papers. Jemimer Jane tried to stop him.

"You mustn't," she said, in tones of deep distress. "You mustn't. Mother ain't a bit grateful, and never will be."

Young Mr. Fagg dropped the papers for one brief moment.

"We'll talk about that afterwards," he said. "I ain't a-doin' this to please your *mother!*" and he went on folding with the rapidity of a lightning express.

When the papers were all sold, Jemimer Jane came back to the third-class waiting-room, and found Fagg there with two steaming cups of coffee and a plate of bread and butter.

"I must go home to mother," said Jemimer Jane, in distressed tones.

"Ain't she well enough to get her own breakfast yet?" demanded Fagg.

"Yes, but——"

"Well, there's no reason why she shouldn't do it for once," said Fagg. "I s'pose she's comin' back soon?"

"She hopes to next week," said Jemimer Jane; "but the doctor says if she does she'll only be ill again, and that she's not fit for that kind of life at all. She ought never to have gone in for it."

She paused sorrowfully to think what would happen if Mrs. Tuxter became ill again. Fagg helped her out.

"Have some more coffee?"

Jemimer Jane shook her head.

"Is this a time to be drinking coffee?" she said, with unconscious plagiarism, "when mother and me will soon be next door to the workhouse?"

Young Mr. Fagg poked the waiting-room fire nervously. He had no right to do it, but the porter in charge was an old friend of his, and he felt that he could take liberties.

"'THAT WONDERFUL WOMAN COULD STOP QUIETLY AT HOME'" (*p.* 596).

"If you was to read the papers, Miss Tuxter," he said, "you'd find how all these American millionaires owns railroads, and when one railroad gets in the way of another railroad, they goes shares."

"Yes," said Jemimer Jane, not quite realising what was coming.

"Well," said Fagg, "d'you think you could see your way, Jemimer Jane"—Jemimer Jane breathed more naturally now that he ceased to addresss her by the formal title of "Miss Tuxter"—"to an amalgamation of our united boards?—that's what they calls it in America."

"Boards!" echoed Jemimer Jane, looking vaguely round. "Oh, you mean the things to stick the posters on! What good would that do?"

"No, I don't. I mean, turn the two businesses into one. You've been doing better lately, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Jemimer Jane, well knowing that he had doubled her returns.

"Well, if you'd only let me keep company with you, Jemimer Jane (I'll be twenty in March), the thing's done. You sell and I'll fold."

Jemimer Jane blushed. Though she was very pretty, no one had ever before breathed words of love into her ear. Her heart gave a leap and a bound. She knew that a man who had been so kind to her in distress would probably make a good husband. But mercenary considerations did not influence Jemimer Jane. She had been so accustomed to consider herself a mere cipher, that the notion that any man (even a very young man) could want her for a wife was preposterously funny. Funny? No; on second thoughts it did not seem to be so funny, as young Mr. Fagg looked anxiously down on her for an answer.

"But there's mother," she said faintly; "and I'm only nineteen."

"Then it's a go?" asked young Mr. Fagg. "But mind you, Miss Tuxter"—Jemimer felt intensely miserable at being addressed in such solemn tones again—"you're not to be borne down by any little help I've been able to give you lately. If you can't like me (I know I'm rather a rum 'un), you just say so, and I'll keep to my end of the road after I've done your papers for you, and not bother you any more. But I'd like you to say 'Yes,' if you could manage it. There's Wombwell's Menagerie coming, and I've been looking forward to taking you, if you would do me proud to such an extent."

Jemimer Jane shyly extended her hand without looking at him.

"It ain't the menagerie," she said softly. "I'd like to go anywheres—with *you*."

That evening, as Mrs. Tuxter ate sweetbread for supper and supported her flagging spirits with a small bottle of stout (Jemimer Jane, though still growing, only had the bread and butter and water of affliction for supper), someone knocked at the door, and in walked young Mr. Fagg with his best clothes on. He made a ceremonious bow to the old lady and put his hat on the table.

"I've taken the liberty of calling to bring you a few oysters, Mrs. Tuxter," he said—"juicy 'uns—and to inquire after your valuable health. Ah, mum! you don't know what people have said about you since you've been ill."

It was a very good thing that Mrs. Tuxter was not aware of what people had said about her, for the remarks had not been wholly flattering. Mollified by the oysters and flattery combined, Mrs. Tuxter could only re-cast her previous impressions of Mr. Fagg and consider him a most agreeable young man, particularly when he requested her to go on with her supper, and not mind him any more than "if he was a stone."

When Mrs. Tuxter had finished her supper, she drew her chair up to the fireplace, and graciously asked Mr. Fagg to enlighten her as to the object of his visit.

"Well, you see, Mrs. Tuxter," replied the unabashed Mr. Fagg, as Jemimer Jane fled to the wash-house, "Mr. Manx has been down to see me this afternoon, to tell me the doctor told him it was a shame you should have to give up so fine a business on account of your health."

"Very kind of him," grimly said Mrs. Tuxter; "but I ain't a-going to give it up for nobody, health or no health."

"That's what I said," returned Mr. Fagg admiringly. "I said to him, 'You don't know Mrs. Tuxter, not by a long sight, if you think she's ever goin' to give up anythin' she's set her mind on.' 'Well,' he says, 'Ferguson the doctor tells me she'll be sacrificed to the inclemency of the elephants'—I don't know what he means, mum, but that's what he said—'inclemency of the elephants, if she carries on the business. She's a-damaging of you tremendously, Fagg, she's such an active woman, a-skimmin' up and down the road like a seagull; but she's overdone it,' he says. 'You never know where a woman like that'll stop. Why don't you go up and see her, and try to get her to take you into partnership afore she kills herself and ruins your trade? If you and the young lady could only make a match of it, then that wonderful woman——'"

"Did he say that?" inquired Mrs. Tuxter, much flattered.

"'That wonderful woman could stop quietly at home and draw her third of the profits just as reg'lar as if you was a savings bank.'"

"A half, you mean," said Mrs. Tuxter firmly. "I wouldn't demean myself by taking less'n half."

"No, mum, there'd be Jemimer Jane. One-third for her, one-third for you, one-third for me. And Mr. Manx is going to get up a subscription to build us a nice stall just outside of the station, for you to come and sit in on fine days, and give a masterful eye to the business generally. You just say 'Yes,' Mrs. Tuxter, and he'll set about it to-morrow. Mother sends her respeks, and she'll take the liberty of callin' on you to-morrow with a bottle of oppodeldoc, if you're agreeable."

"But Jemimer Jane?" inquired Mrs. Tuxter.

"I'll leave her to you, mum," said the diplomatic Fagg. "If you could only make up your mind to take me for a son-in-law some day, when we've turned the business into a limited company, I've no doubt you can coax Miss Jemimer into it."

"Tell your mother I'm most agreeable to see her," said Mrs. Tuxter, with lofty condescension.

She was delighted at the turn events had taken, but diplomatically concealed her delight.

When Mr. Fagg took his departure, Jemimer Jane, her pink cheeks aglow with shy happiness, slipped out from the back-door, and accompanied him a little way down the road.

"You've done it?" she asked, looking at her hero with childlike, trusting eyes. "You dared to speak to mother about it?"

Her belief in Fagg was wonderful as she nestled closely up to him with rapt adoration.

"Yes," said Mr. Fagg; "I was a bit upset, but I got through it all right. I don't mind telling you in confidence, Jemimer, she's a majestic female and 'most took my breath away. When I'm the head of the family, she'll have to let you alone, or it'll be her turn to get upset."

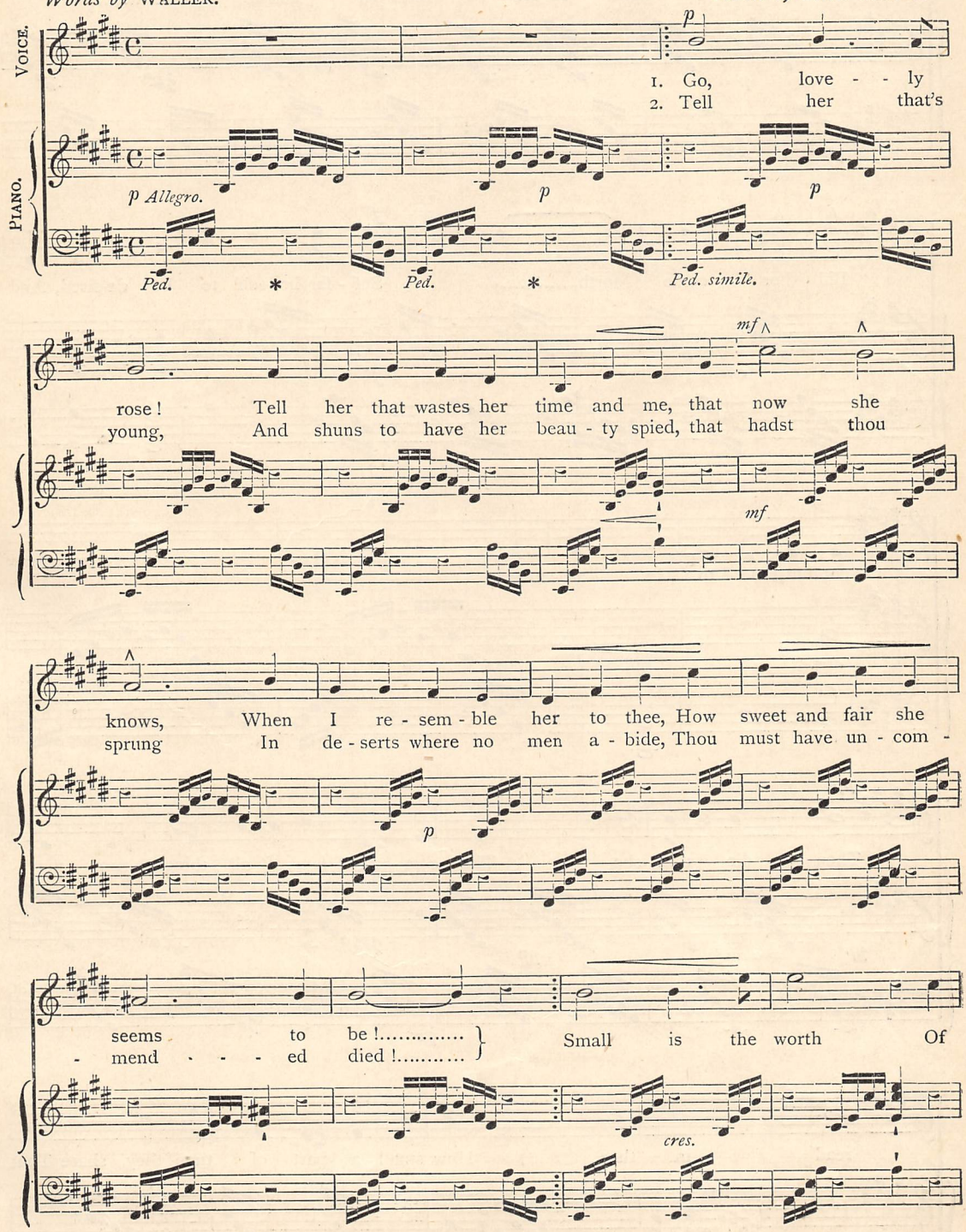
"You're not afraid?" queried Jemimer Jane, with widely-opened eyes.

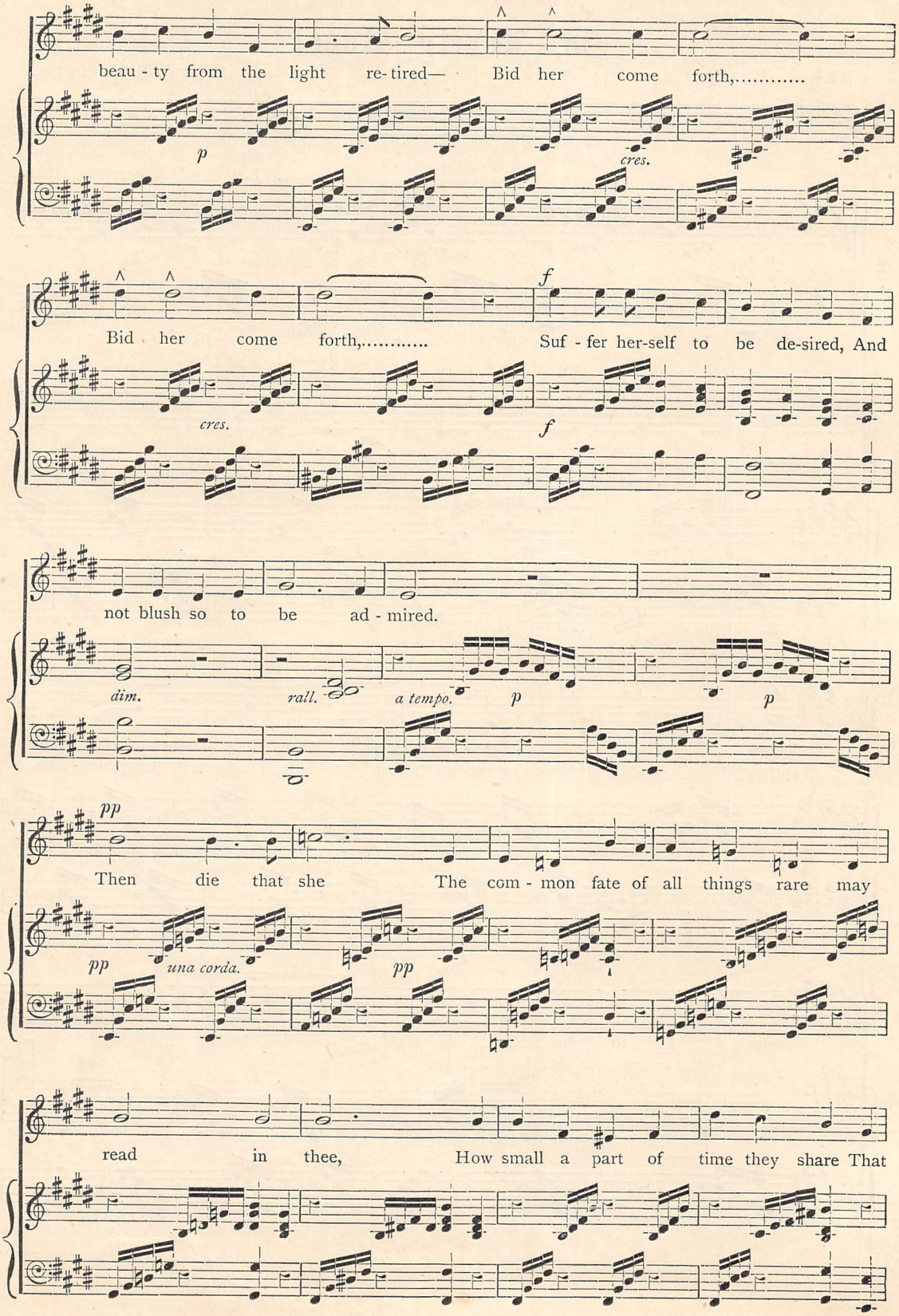
"Afraid! I ain't no more afraid of her when my blood's up than if she was a whole menagerie in herself," said Mr. Fagg proudly. "Now, you run back, Jemimer Jane, and get to bed. I've been saving up to buy you a new shawl. Mother wants you to go with her to choose it to-morrow."

A new shawl! Was there ever such a hero—such a great, good, masterful fellow since the world began?

Go, Lovely Rose!

Words by WALLER. *Music by* S. H. HAMER.

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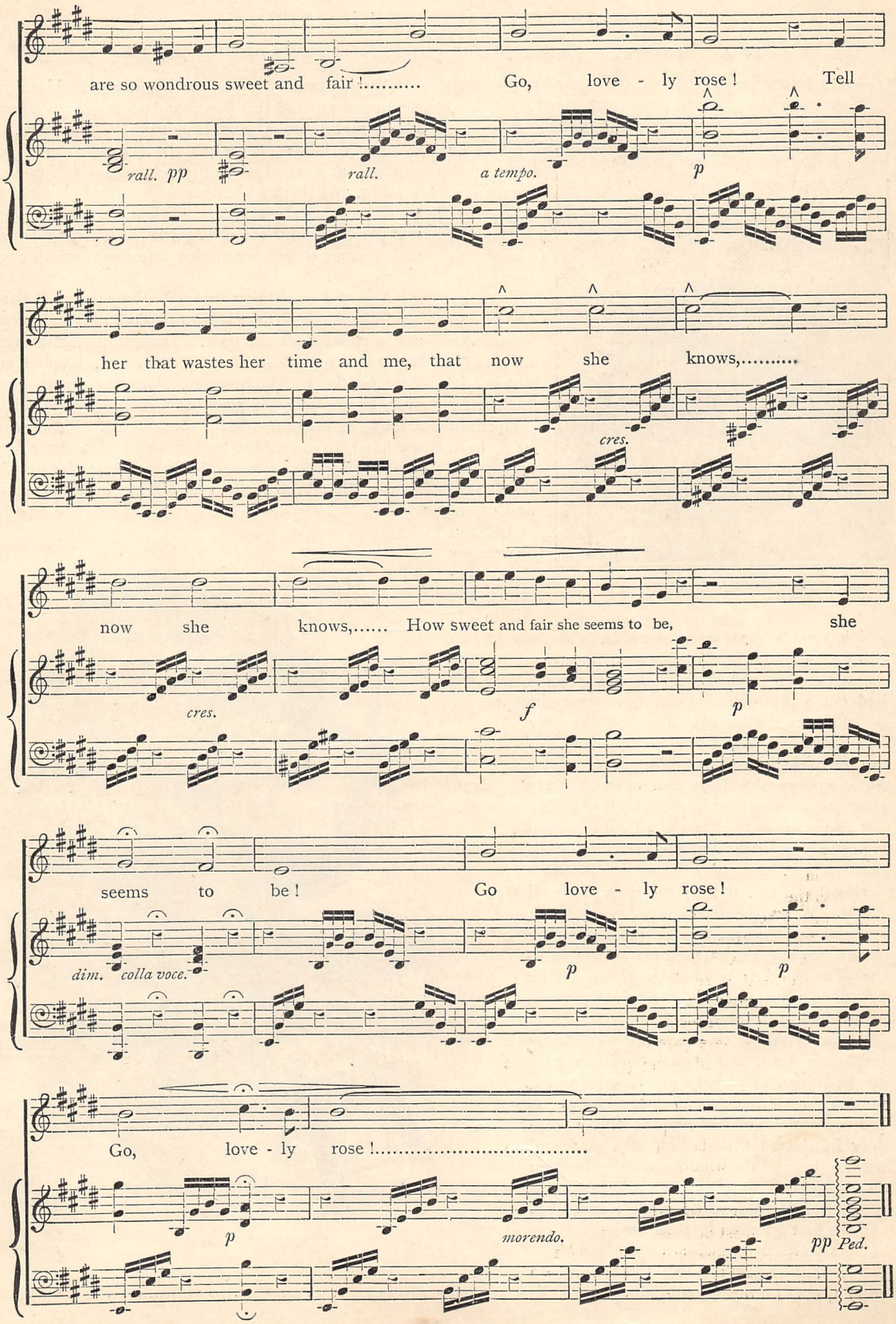
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PEOPLE WHO FACE DEATH: FIREMEN.

BY A. E. BONSER, AUTHOR OF "THE QUEER PASSENGER'S STORY," ETC. ETC.

I.—THE STORY OF A FIRE IN OLD STREET, AS TOLD BY ENGINEER JOHN FORWOOD DANE, OF THE FIRE-STATION, WHITECROSS STREET.

ENGINEER J. F. DANE.

"IT was on the 10th January, 1891, that I had a summons from the District Office to attend at a fire in Old Street, St. Luke's. I jumped out of bed, and was dressed and downstairs, and so were my men, before the signal, which sounds for twenty seconds, had ceased. In another minute the horses were harnessed to the manual engine, and we were off at a gallop. The fire had got a pretty good hold, as you may imagine, for we could see the big glare from it in the sky half a mile off. This, I should tell you, was at three o'clock in the morning; the streets were slippery with frost, and it was bitterly cold and snowing fast.

"The scene of the fire was a fried fish shop opposite to the police-station; the shop itself was on fire, the flames coming half-way across the street, and all the back was well alight. When the alarm was first raised a carrier's van happened to be passing, so the driver stopped and backed his vehicle on to the place, and it reached about up to the first-floor window. By this means several people had been rescued.

"When I got there a fire-escape was against the house front, and some policemen were on the ladder, helping to get a man and a woman out of the second-floor window. A couple of firemen had got through a trap-door in the roof, and handed a man and woman through the window to the policemen on the escape.

"This, as I said, was just as I came up, and the first question I asked was—

"'Is there anyone else in the house?'

"'Yes,' they said; 'a child is believed to be in a room on the second-floor.'

"By this time the fire was beginning to blaze out the upper part of the front, and so it was not very likely that there was anyone alive in the place. I directed a ladder to be placed against a first-floor window, and another ladder against a second-floor window, and there was a man with a hose on each, to try to keep off the flames. Then a first-floor ladder was placed against the window of the burning house, and I ran up and scrambled into the room through the window.

"At first I was almost driven back by the smoke and heat, but managed to get down on my hands and knees, and crawled along the floor. Though the flames were bursting through the door of the room, I could see little for the blinding smoke. Groping about, however, I came at last upon what looked like a parcel in a lounging-chair in one of the corners. Putting out my hand, I touched the legs of the child, and they felt like melting wax, which will give you some idea of the heat! The little creature had flung herself down in

"I CARRIED IT IN MY ARMS TO THE WINDOW" (*p.* 601).

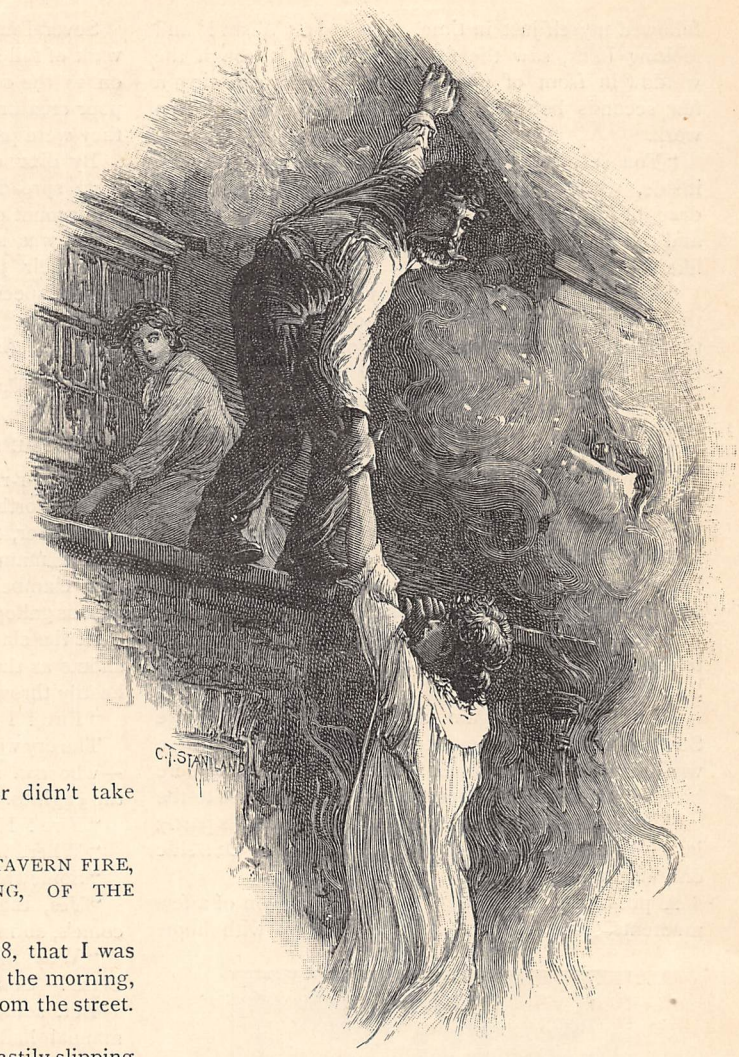
her fright, and had thrown the shawl over her face to shut out the sight of the fire.

"Wrapping the body more closely, I carried it in my arms to the window, and getting out, called for a shell. However, as I came down the ladder I had a sort of feeling that the child was still alive. So I nipped across to the police-station, and laid her down on the hearth before the fire. I bathed her poor little legs with oil, sponged the black from her mouth, and forced some warm milk between her teeth. And I'm blest if by-and-by she didn't come round!

"You see, the wrap she had thrown over her face had got wetted with the water and had evidently *acted as a sort of respirator.*

"Well, I took her across to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and there she stayed eight weeks, and after that I sent her myself to the seaside for another four; for, you see, she was what you might call a 'nobody's child.' She was all right when she came back.

"The story has occupied a long time in the telling, but the whole affair didn't take five minutes."



"SEIZING HER BY THE ARMS MANAGED TO DRAG HER UP."

2.—THE STORY OF THE "BAY TREE" TAVERN FIRE, AS TOLD BY SERGEANT STRONG, OF THE CITY POLICE FORCE.

"IT was on the 12th day of May, 1888, that I was suddenly awakened, about two o'clock in the morning, by a policeman's rattle and loud shouts from the street. I said to my wife—

"'Good heavens! that's a fire!' and hastily slipping into my clothes, I ran to the window, threw it open and looked out.

"The policeman below was banging at the doors and shouting—

"'Fire! fire!'

"I called to him—

"'Where is it?'

"'The "Bay Tree" Tavern,' he said.

"Now, the 'Bay Tree' fronted St. Swithin's Lane, and at the time I was caretaker of a house at the back, just below, looking on Sherborne Lane, and occupied the top rooms.

"I climbed on to the roof, which overlooked the 'Bay Tree,' and then I heard the most piercing screams, and saw the flames and smoke shooting up into the sky.

"The lower part of the house was used as a tavern; the rooms above were occupied by a billiard-table maker, who, with his widowed mother and servant, lived on a part of the premises divided off from the rest. Their entrance was by a private staircase communicating with a narrow passage that separated the 'Bay Tree' from the next house southward. The top rooms on the King William Street side were occupied by three women who were employed at the tavern, and their bedroom windows opened on to the top front wall, a narrow space about nine inches—it may be—wide.

"I jumped across the passage, made my way over the roof and dropped down to the coping. There I found one of the three women and a servant in their night-clothes—for they had had no time to put anything on; and the servant, I think it was, from sheer fright had dropped down the front, and was hanging by her hands over St. Swithin s Lane.

"I called to her to hold on, and, seizing her by the arms, managed to drag her up,* and helped her across the parapet I mentioned—which at this end was partly covered over—and on to the flat roof of the next house; then I helped the other one across, and

*Fancy doing so on a ledge only nine inches wide, and with little or nothing to hold to!

followed myself just in time. I heard a 'Wisht!' and looking back, saw the flames streaming through the window in front of which we had been standing a few seconds before! I can tell you it was sharp work.

"You see, the 'Bay Tree' had a hollow way up inside, with a domed top, which made a splendid draught for the flames. It was like a shaft full of fire, and the place was so old that the dry wood burned like tinder.

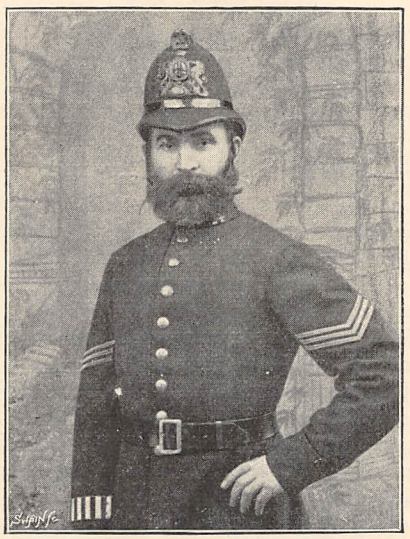
"You may think that I had my hands full conveying the women over the roofs to a place of safety, so at the time I saw nothing of what was going on in the street below, but I knew that the widow and her son made their escape by the private staircase without much trouble."

Thus far the sergeant.

Meanwhile, on the King William Street side of the "Bay Tree," there remained two women on the parapet whose peril momentarily increased. The engines had arrived, however, and the sight of the brass helmets below inspired them with fresh hope. A fire-escape was brought into the lane, but it was too short; it was the old-fashioned lever sort (not the modern telescope), and it had to be taken into King William Street to be lengthened.

It was run in again and backed into George Street, a small alley opposite the "Bay Tree"; there was no room otherwise, as St. Swithin's Lane is here but ten paces wide. Then it was slanted across to the corner of the life assurance building, which stands partly in the lane, but fronts King William Street. One side only of the fire-escape was thus supported.

A possible rescue had become a question of a few moments. The women—now buoyed up with hope,



SERGEANT STRONG.

now despairing—stood in their white garments on that narrow ledge, their figures weirdly illuminated by the background of leaping flames. In front it was at least forty feet sheer perpendicular to the flags below.

Several firemen ran up the ladder, which swayed for want of full support, and the foremost man, climbing on to the coping, handed first one and then the other poor creature to his comrade on the escape, by whom they were passed down to the street.

By dint of great exertion the fire was prevented from spreading—a danger greatly to be apprehended, on account of the confined space and the fact that the house was situated in the very heart of the big city. For their gallant conduct eight of the firemen received special commendation and an illuminated memorial. Sergeant Strong, too, was rewarded for his bravery. As to the tavern, it was completely burned out, but the origin of the disaster remains to this day a mystery.

3.—THE STORY OF WILLIAM GODFREY JACOBS.

Cr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! sounded the alarm gong at the Wandsworth Fire Brigade Station on the 12th of September, 1889.

The manual engine was at once horsed, the five men clambered to their places, and they were off at a furious gallop through the deserted streets.

At the clatter of their progress, and their warning shouts as they dashed round the corners, windows were hastily thrown up and heads looked out.

"Fire! Fire!"

The cry was taken up and soon the mob that gathers—who can say how or whence?—came tearing after the engines.

"Fire! Fire!"

"Where is it—do you know?"

"Somewheres along Bell Lane."

"Yes, that's it. Bell Lane; Burroughs and Welcome's, so my mate 'ere says!"

"Why, that's the chemical factory. Won't it just blaze! Come on. Fire! Fire!"

But, some time before the hurrying footsteps, the manual had arrived at the place, and without a moment's delay got to work, being quickly followed by the Battersea steam fire engine.

The crowd, correct in its information as to locality, was right also in its prognostications of a big blaze. Gazers afar off could mark the rapid progress of the fire by the reflection in the sky as the smoke pall above it trembled and quivered with lurid light, whilst lookers-on—as close by as the cordon of police permitted—could hear the sharp crackling of the flames and their ever-increasing roar. The building was a large one of three storeys, full of highly combustible material, and it was the top floor that was blazing.

From the standpipe a branch hose was carried upstairs by two men—Jacobs and Ashby—to the seat of the fire, where they began to play upon it. The streams of water hissed and sputtered where they fell, raising an immense volume of steam; but whether the men were gaining on the fire or the fire was gaining on the building was as yet doubtful.

Suddenly a fearful explosion was heard, and, to the horror of the spectators, roof, rafters, and miscellaneous *débris* were hurled into the air! The falling shower of sparks lighted up the entire front of the factory in all

"JACOBS HELPING FROM BEHIND TO PUSH HIM THROUGH."

its details ; the firemen in their brass helmets, the faces of the waiting crowd.

There was a portentous pause, as if the awful forces were resting from the work of destruction, only, however, to break out again with renewed energy. During that brief respite it was discovered that from the staircase—their only means of escape—the two men were completely cut off by the flames. But though nothing could be seen of them, they might not have perished. Oh ! if there be yet time ! "Help ! help !"

Quick as thought four lengths of scaling-ladders were fastened together, but on trial it was found that they were not nearly long enough. After a hurried search hither and thither, two builder's ladders were obtained, they were tightly lashed together, and the firemen—assisted by the willing crowd—raised them at the end of the building. *They were too short by some five feet !*

The windows of the room in which the two poor fellows were imprisoned swung in massive iron frames, and at this moment, just when the excitement had reached fever pitch—Ashby was seen through bursts of smoke making desperate efforts to struggle through the swing sash, and Jacobs helping from behind to push him through.

Without a moment's hesitation a fireman named Francis rushed up the ladders, and balancing himself on the top, at the imminent risk of falling, reached over and upward, and managed to catch his struggling comrade by the legs. Then—partly guiding, partly pulling—he got him with great difficulty on to the trembling ladder, and brought him down from the giddy height—half fainting, cruelly burned, grimy with smoke, but still living.

"Hurrah ! hurrah ! We'll yet save them both."

Again all eyes were directed to the third floor, and the cheers were succeeded by a thrill of horror, for Jacobs, after frantic attempts to break the heavy iron window-frame with his axe, was seen to fall backwards.

Once more the daring Francis ascended the ladders amidst breathless excitement. The peril had greatly increased, but still he persisted, and by a desperate effort reached the window. He called his comrade's name. Alas ! the only answer was the roar of the exultant flames, for, overcome by the suffocating smoke and heat, William Godfrey Jacobs had gone down into the burning fiery furnace ! He had saved his comrade's life at the cost of his own, and afterwards among the ruins of the completely demolished building his charred remains were discovered, the axe beside him.

FIREMAN W. G. JACOBS.

What shall we say to deeds of heroism such as these ? We may, at least, be very sure that these brave souls who have faced death in their efforts to save life, and in the noble discharge of their duty, will hear the words of commendation from the Great Exemplar of sacrifice—

"Well done, good and faithful servant ; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

THE CLEARING OF THE MIST.

By FRANCES HASWELL.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

A DISCOVERY.

"WELL, Emily, how about the picnic? Bring out your note-book. Whom did Mabel walk with? Whom did she talk to?"

"Chiefly to Mr. Somers."

"Who is this Mr. Somers? I hope and trust you had the sense to find out all about him?"

"I didn't cross-examine him exactly, but I'll tell you all I know. We travelled with him, to begin with, as you know, and you also know that Mabel walked across the sands with him and back again. She seems distinctly interested in him; I think I may say as much as that."

"Go on; go on."

"He lives in Royston—fact number one."

"Does he follow anything, or does he just live? as old Nanny used to put it."

"Oh, I suppose he follows something, but I don't know what. As for looks, he's neither tall nor short, neither stout nor alarmingly thin."

"What colour are his hair and eyes?"

"I never know the colour of anybody's eyes, not even my own. As for his hair, I presume it's brown. Every Englishman's hair's brown, unless you have any reason to think the contrary."

"What does he talk about?"

"Nothing—or, rather, anything. Just what everyone you don't know talks about: weather, grass, sea—all that class of thing—commonplaces. One never can get beyond commonplaces in general society; and therefore general society is usually stupid."

"But there are people who have the gift of making commonplaces sound interesting," suggested Violet.

"Yes, I know; just as your friends the Blencowes have the gift of making interesting subjects dull. Mr. Somers has neither gift. He's just exactly like other people—nothing particularly exciting about him, or exceptionally stupid either. I can't tell how to describe him. There's nothing to describe. He has no appearance of taking any special interest in anything. He's just—a man. I don't know what else to say."

"All that sounds poor, and not much in *our* line," said Violet contemplatively, "but it's quite good enough for Mabel. Now, Emily, if you'd had such an opportunity of discoursing with Professor Nicholson!"

Professor Nicholson lectured weekly on Browning's "Sordello," and other obscure poems, and Emily had to undergo a good deal of family teasing on the score of her undisguised admiration for the queer-looking, little, middle-aged man. She could not help colouring now, absurd as the thing was.

"Ah!" said she, laughing the matter off, "I shall never get such a chance as that. I like to talk to clever people, but unluckily clever people don't care to talk to me. We shall meet Mr. Somers at Hatton Hill on Saturday, and I'll try to take some more accurate observations about him."

Saturday afternoon came, and the two girls set out in lightest summer attire for Hatton Hill, Emily carrying an umbrella, however, by way of precaution; everybody laughed at her, but she said there was thunder in the air, and stuck to the umbrella. Mabel utterly declined to trouble herself with so needless an encumbrance.

"It won't be much of a party, I dare say," said Mabel, as they walked at the rate of two miles an hour along the dusty turnpike; "but it's better than nothing."

"What a queer girl you are! I never knew anyone like you. I should find life awfully colourless if I took interest in no more subjects than you do. If only you liked reading! What *do* you care for?"

"I like seeing people; I like talking to people."

"You don't seem to."

"It's not often I get the chance."

"I'm sure we've tried to entertain you. We've had people into tea every two or three days—I've been so anxious you shouldn't feel dull. There are the Beavises, and the Morgans, and the Cottons: don't you care for *any* of them? Why don't you answer? Dear Mabel, I really do want you to be happy with us."

Emily's intonations had become quite pathetic.

"Did it really never strike you that it would be a change to talk to a man now and then?"

"Well"—Emily hesitated—"there's Mr. Cotton—and the Beavises' father——"

"Middle-aged married men!"

"I don't see what difference that makes, unless we wanted to marry them."

"Really, Emily, you are too innocent for this world."

"No, I am not. I understand what you mean perfectly, only it seems to me nonsense. If you want to talk about things, it's all one whether you talk to a man or a woman, except that the men of my acquaintance happen to be particularly dull. Really I don't know one of them who is even as conversable as Mr. Somers. And none of us girls intend to marry; in fact, I should hate to marry unless I loved anyone about a thousand times as well as I should ever be likely to like any extraneous person."

"How can you expect to like people if you never meet them?"

"'DID IT REALLY NEVER STRIKE YOU THAT IT WOULD BE A CHANGE TO TALK TO A MAN NOW AND THEN?'" (*p.* 604).

"We don't expect—as I've just told you."

"And therefore other girls oughtn't to expect, either?"

"Mabel," said the girl, with some solemnity, "do you really mean that you yourself—oh! I beg your pardon," added she, colouring. "I had no right to ask such a question."

"What were you going to ask?"

"Of course I wouldn't have you answer if you had rather not, but did you really mean that you had seen somebody——" and again Emily stopped short, in some embarrassment.

"Perhaps I have."

"Oh, Mabel! How awfully interesting! Is it—I mean—oh! I beg your pardon——"

"Why do you beg my pardon so often?"

"Oh, because I don't want to pry; you mustn't think me inquisitive——" and she stopped short.

"We shall be late," said Mabel.

"I do hope," said Emily earnestly, "you'll have a nice time, Mabel. I was so sorry you didn't enjoy Northwick. I enjoyed it thoroughly myself. I do so love the sea; only I've hardly liked to remember it since, because I suspect you think I behaved badly. Now, be quite frank. I love frankness. You need never be afraid of vexing me by saying what you really think. *Did* you think me unkind? did you think I treated you ill?"

"Let bygones be bygones, Emily. You're all so good and kind to me that I couldn't bear to find fault."

"Ah! but that makes me sure you have something to find fault with. I do wish you would say straight out what you mean, because if I knew I should take care not to do the same thing again."

"It doesn't matter in the least—now. It's all a thing of the past."

"No; but tell me. Do just speak. Where was I wrong? what did I do that I ought not to have done? Ought I to have stayed with you, or sent Mr. Somers straight back to you as soon as he overtook me?"

"What do I care about Mr. Somers? Only, if you will have it, I don't think it's exactly nice for any girl to try to——"

She stopped.

"Go on. You can't break off there. To try to—what?"

"Oh, I don't know. To engross the attention of the one man in the party."

Emily did not reply. Here was indeed the key to Mabel's whole conduct. Emily felt entirely guiltless of the particular charge brought against her; that charge was, in fact, so groundless, so absurd, so unreasonable, that it was plain there must be something else at the back of it. It was plain that Mabel *had* been smitten by a sudden passion for this very ordinary Grenville Somers. Emily ran over several points in her mind.

How did she know, after all, that the thing was so sudden? Mabel had often visited the Anstruthers; in fact, Violet had wondered where the attraction in that quarter lay; and Grenville was a friend of the Anstruthers.

"Trifles light as air" are, to the match-making as to the jealous mind, "confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ." And there were so many trifles pointing the same way.

Her rapid thoughts sped on to practical measures. Could she not do something to help a friend in

such a strait? Perhaps she might: she would do her best; she would be on the alert this very afternoon to "take occasion by the hand." Grenville Somers assumed a fresh grace and importance in her eyes. If she had any conversation with him, she would talk of Mabel; she would praise Mabel; she would try to find out what he thought of Mabel.

They were rather late; the garden of the old inn was gay already with summer dresses; it was full of movement, and laughter, and the jingling of tea-cups. On grass-plat and gravel walk, on paved path and under rose-trees, little tables were dotted thickly, for the party had expanded beyond its original limits, and Emily was glad to recognise two or three girls of her acquaintance—or would have been glad, had she not been so much engrossed in her new discovery and her benevolent schemes. Alas! Mr. Somers was not visible.

At one small table, which was still unoccupied, Mrs. Lowell placed Mabel and Emily. The latter had her back to the garden gate; her friend sat opposite, silent and pre-occupied—so Emily fancied—unconscious of the fact that she herself to a neutral onlooker would have appeared much more so. She kept her eyes fixed on Mabel's face.

"Shall I be able to read her thoughts there if, after all, *he* does turn up?" wondered she.

All around the taciturn pair the talk and laughter went on, and still Emily kept watch. The minutes went by. Then she perceived Mabel raise her eyes with an unmistakable show of interest to the gate. Emily could not turn round, but she seemed to see Grenville with the back of her head, and was not in the least taken by surprise when, a few seconds later, someone came up behind her, and a voice she knew said—

"Have you room for me?"

"'HAVE YOU ROOM FOR ME?'"

She jumped up and welcomed him with something like effusion.

"Plenty of room. We two are late comers like yourself; so we have to sit all alone by ourselves. We are delighted to have a companion in our solitude."

There must be no constraint; if Mabel felt unable to improvise small talk, she, Emily, would throw herself into the gap. So she talked away on every topic she could think of, and (so, at least, it appeared to her) was more amusing, more vivacious, than ever before in her life. She left no awkward space for Mabel to seem shy and stupid in.

Then after tea, when the whole party ascended the hill to see and pronounce upon the famous sea-view, she so contrived matters that Mr. Somers and Mabel should be left to walk together alone, while she joined herself to the Beavis girls, just throwing a careless and occasional glance at the couple.

"How I long to know the exact stage affairs have reached!" thought she again and again. "I do wonder how they are getting on: whether they find much to say to each other. Probably Mabel, poor girl, is too conscious, too bashful, to make the best of herself. I dare say, if the truth were known, she

can only speak in monosyllables, and that's not the kind of thing he enjoys, I feel sure. I fancy he likes fun. If it were possible to give her a hint—but it wouldn't be possible, and under the circumstances she couldn't make herself lively if she tried. Nor is liveliness her *forte*. Besides, I'm so dreadfully ignorant about these things myself. I feel so completely at sea——"

Here Patty Beavis interposed an inopportune remark. Emily replied somewhat briefly, and went back to her interesting private train of thought.

"If the charm works at all, how fast does it work? Do lovers need hours, days, or weeks to reach an understanding? Do people generally fall in love at a given moment, or do they slide gradually into it? I wonder what it feels like? I should like to ask mother a question or two; but in the first place, she would never tell me anything definite, and in the next place, it would set her wondering what was my reason for wanting to know. Well, I must just rely on myself. How lovely that water is! I believe it's a great point for lovers to look at fine scenery together. Those heavy clouds look ominous, though."

For masses of black vapour were beginning to tower up in the background, in front of which cloud-wall the water still glowed golden "before the sovereign sun."

Emily was dull company that afternoon to the two Beavises; they wondered what was the matter with her. Having admired the amber sea-levels for about five minutes, they suggested walking on another half-mile to a certain wooded gorge that cleft Hatton Hill in a highly picturesque manner, and in so doing they chanced to come face to face with the couple in whom Emily took so kind an interest. There was no avoiding the *rencontre*, for the lovers walked straight up to the three Royston girls. It was not Emily's fault.

She could not help giving Mabel one scrutinising critical glance; did she look like one to inspire a romantic passion?

Tall she was, and slight; there was certainly something stylish and elegant about her. The brown hair had a gleam in it which Emily did not remember to have seen there before: a gleam which gave it the effect of being powdered with gold: it was probably due to the way the sun's rays were just then falling; and she had more colour than usual. Her costume was striking; too striking, indeed, for Emily's more sober taste; she reflected, however, that there was no counting on the style of dress men would admire—or, for that matter, the style of looks either; they never admired the same things or the same people as women did; that was well known.

Emily did not quite know whether to be glad or sorry when Mr. Somers and Mabel fell into line with herself and her friends. It seemed a thousand pities such a promising *tête-à-tête* should be interrupted, yet she could not help longing for an opportunity of measuring the progress that had been made towards the desired goal.

Now, not only did Mr. Somers happen to be walking next to herself, but by some chance they two gradually—and not so very gradually, either—got in advance of the other three. Emily found it hard at all times to fit her naturally rapid pace to Mabel's slow one.

She hoped she was not offending poor Mabel; she hoped Mabel was not secretly reproaching her with appropriating the one man of the party. But how could she throw away this chance of sounding Mr. Somers, discovering the direction of his thoughts on the all-important subject, perhaps putting in some remark to Mabel's advantage? Very likely she could plead Mabel's cause more efficiently than Mabel herself; one has heard of such things being done.

So, as soon as the other members of the party were well out of earshot, she began—

"Isn't it a lovely evening? I hope you and my friend Miss Townsend have been enjoying your walk?"

"Yes; thanks."

This was all very well, so far as it went. It was not Grenville's *rôle* to "gush."

"I'm rather anxious about Miss Townsend. I want her to enjoy herself when she can. I'm always so sorry for her."

"Is there any special reason why she should be specially pitied?"

"Oh yes, indeed; many reasons. If I may, I should like to tell you something of her history; but perhaps you know it already?"

"My acquaintance with her has been too short to discover a great deal. I'm sorry. Is she a person with a history?"

"Everybody has a history, I suppose."

"Yes; but most of our histories would be found rather dull by the world at large."

"Don't you know," said Emily eagerly, "haven't you often read that every life contains enough tragedy and comedy to make at least one good book?"

"Is that your own experience? Have you picked up materials for a three-volume novel yet?"

"I? N-no," said Emily hesitating. "But then, perhaps that's because I haven't got *Insight*—spelt with a capital *I*, you know. And besides, I'm not dead yet."

"That's true. And while there's life there's hope. You may live long enough to crowd in a shipwreck, a house on fire, a ghost, and a murder."

"Those aren't exactly the sensations I should choose, if my own tastes were consulted."

"What sensations would you have? How do you like being cut off by the tide, for instance?"

"That was a very modest little sensation. I think one might aspire higher than that."

"As how?"

"I've often built castles in the air. Everybody does that kind of thing, I suppose. I've invented several different styles of architecture at different times."

"And what's the present one?"

"I haven't got a castle in hand just now for myself; but I have one for somebody else."

"I wonder whether that *somebody* is anyone I know?"

"You do know her."

"It must be Miss Townsend."

"That looks well," Emily said to herself. "That looks as if at least she filled a prominent place in his thoughts."

"Right!" she cried gaily, "it *is* Miss Townsend. And I want something interesting to happen to her."

"Something sensational?"

"'OH, DEAR!' SAID EMILY; 'WHATEVER HAS BECOME OF THE OTHERS?'"

"Well—I don't know about sensational. Something good. Wasn't I going to tell you a bit of her history?"

"So you were. We'll have it now, if you please."

"It's quite plain the subject interests him," thought Emily the match-maker, and went on to tell how Mabel had neither father nor mother, and very few relations—how, in fact, she was almost alone in the world. "And then, she's very poor. I don't quite know how poor; of course one doesn't like to ask questions, but she drops hints—I mean she keeps saying little things by mere accident that show how the wind lies. She never stamps her letters, just leaves them for us to stamp—isn't it pathetic? Oh, there are lots of small indications, poor girl! She has had other troubles too, I know. And now she deserves a little sunshine in her life. She's always pitched in such a minor key, if you understand."

"Perhaps some distant relation will die and leave her a fortune."

"That sort of thing only happens in fourth-rate novels. Besides, money can't cure solitude—or melancholy."

"I'm not so sure of that."

The speakers had reached the extreme verge of the hill-top, where a gate led down into a woodland walk. Emily turned round to look for her friends; they were nowhere to be seen.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

A THUNDER-STORM.

"OH, dear!" said Emily, conscience-stricken, "whatever has become of the others? We ought not to have walked so quickly. I might have thought ——It was very wrong of me."

"Why?" inquired the young man coolly, leaning against the railings, and smiling at the remorseful face before him.

"Because it seems so inconsiderate. Let's go back and find them."

"Too late, Miss Holroyd. We want to talk about Miss Townsend, besides, and we can't discuss people at our ease in public. We're only two minutes from the arbutus alley—I know this part of the world, you see—and there we can go into the subject thoroughly."

This suggestion reconciled duty and pleasure. The wood looked so delicious, and it was so satisfactory to find Mr. Somers showing a lively interest in discussing Mabel. Emily's spirits rose. She started no further

objection, and they sauntered down a broad grass walk that, shaded by great arbutuses, overlooked the abrupt chasm filled with wood.

"Now let me hear all your plots and plans for Miss Townsend," said Grenville; and—was it fancy? or did he really seem to take delight in pronouncing that name? "It appears she is not to have a fortune left her," he continued, "so what is her good luck to be? Produce your castle in the air."

"You speak as if legacies pretty much exhausted the possibilities of life," said Emily laughing. "There are so many other things that might happen; she might marry, for instance."

"Does she wish to be married, then?" inquired the young man gravely.

"I don't know."

Emily coloured slightly.

"She doesn't make a confidant of me—it's not likely she would. Only I think she's one of those people who would be happier married than single."

"Then let us hope that what the newspapers call an eligible *parti* will soon come forward."

"Don't use such a horrid expression," cried Emily indignantly. "Can't you understand what I mean? I'm not thinking of the thing in a mercenary way; it's not that I want her to marry a rich man because she happens to be poor; of course, no woman with a shred of heart would look at the subject so. But I *should* like her to marry someone she loved very much."

And in pronouncing the last words she took care not to meet Grenville's eye.

"Under these circumstances, I wonder what steps you would propose to take?"

The girl turned round and glanced at her companion dubiously.

"What's the matter?" said he.

"Oh, the old complaint. You're making fun of me, and I don't like to be made fun of when I'm in earnest."

But even while she spoke Emily reminded herself that people often jested most lightly when they felt most deeply—that laughter was sometimes a convenient cloak for emotion of a very different kind. She could understand, she could make allowances even for that vulgar speech about the eligible *parti;* so it was with her most gracious air that she accepted Grenville's apology when he said—

"I beg your pardon—I do indeed. I couldn't help smiling at the turn our conversation was taking; really and truly it was irresistible."

Doubtless he felt a little embarrassed, as was natural; yet that did not prevent his wishing to go on with the conversation, for he added—

"But I'm very much interested, all the same. May I ask you just one more question? What kind of man would your friend be inclined to look favourably on? Are her tastes like yours? Is she fastidious—as fastidious as yourself?"

Yes, he was very conscious; he could no longer trust himself to call Mabel by her name; henceforth she was to be *Emily's friend.*

"I don't believe she'd be fastidious," said Emily earnestly—"I mean I'm sure she wouldn't care about his being clever, or well-read, or cultured, or anything of that sort. She doesn't appreciate such things."

"She's not poetical, then—any more than myself?"

"Not a bit," said Emily, with emphasis.

"You seem to have chosen your friend by the rule of contraries."

"I didn't *choose* her exactly. But one wouldn't like everybody to be alike; that would be monotonous. She has her *rôle* and I have mine."

"And your *rôle* is fastidiousness, it appears?"

"Yes. At least, I should be fastidious in such a case as that."

"You speak emphatically."

"Because I feel emphatically. Nothing astonishes me so much as the miserable creatures some women are willing to marry. It doesn't seem to matter how horrid a man is, or how stupid, or how vulgar, or how every way dull: he can always get someone to marry him. You can't be surprised that so many marriages turn out badly!"

"But wouldn't it be rather hard on the dull men if *nobody* liked them?"

"No; because the dulness is mostly their own fault. They are content to be dull; they won't take the smallest pains to be anything else."

"How do you know that? I assure you they do sometimes try; they try, and fail."

"Oh, no. Dull people are entirely satisfied with themselves; that's one symptom of the complaint."

"Pray be merciful; they may be pitiable rather than guilty."

"If they have any misgivings, any compunctions, they succeed admirably in disguising them."

"But if one of these unfortunate dull men *were* to be visited with compunctions, how would you advise him to go about the work of amendment?"

"To begin with, he might get books and read, and he might talk about what he read, and not talk about the weather; that at least would be a relief."

"And what next?"

"It's so difficult to prescribe without understanding the special details of each case. I ought to know the dull man, because then I could carefully adjust my advice to his peculiar line of dulness."

"I'll be the dull man then, and you can adapt it to my case."

Emily laughed.

"Do you honestly consider yourself one of the dull? I don't believe you do."

"I have fearful pangs of conscience on the subject—there's a kind of comfort in having them though, for they prove that I haven't the worst symptom of the complaint—self-satisfaction."

"But you know you object to good advice."

"Not when I ask for it of my own accord."

"My advice is the finely ripened fruit of great experience; is it fair to expect me to make a present of it to the first-comer, free, gratis, for nothing?"

"What price will you take for it then?"

"Let me see. I can't think of anything on the spur of the moment.—Oh! Will you promise to do me a favour some time when I ask you?"

"All right. So now for the advice."

"First, read books. Read Tennyson, and Browning, and Mrs. Browning, and the grand old ballads."

"That little beginning will take me a year or two. And Browning needs to be read some dozen times, doesn't he, before you understand him?"

"Oh, but that's a mistake," said Emily, eagerly: "a mere excuse, invented by people who don't want the trouble of reading him at all. They say life's not long enough for Browning, yet they find plenty of time to read the columns of births, deaths, and marriages in the papers, and stupid articles about fashions and horse-racing, and immense long-winded trials of people who steal jewellery."

"You should have been an elocutionist. You can put such a grand accent of contempt into your voice."

"Well, people *are* so absurd. But if you find any difficulty, I advise you to attend Professor Nicholson's literature lectures on Monday afternoons; you have no idea how charming they are. I look forward to them from Monday to Monday."

"Professor Nicholson would be beyond me, I'm afraid, I being so dull."

"Not a bit of it," said Emily, anxious for her companion's intellectual good, and forgetting for the moment that to Mabel Townsend an intimate acquaintance with Browning would be no recommendation. "The professor is so clever; he makes all the rough places smooth for us. Then he sets us subjects for papers—short essays, you know—on such points as the character of Caponsacchi in 'The Ring and the Book.' I do the essays every week, and when the papers are classified mine's generally placed first. Perhaps it sounds rather boastful to say that, but I should like you to know that—well—that I have rather more mind than you might suppose from just hearing me talk. My conversation's nothing, I know; I talk too fast, and don't wait long enough to pick and choose the best words. But writing's quite another thing."

"You are one of Professor Nicholson's admirers, then?"

"Yes, indeed. My sisters tease me about him unmercifully. He's not exactly handsome, I allow; in fact, some people might think him queer-looking; but what do looks matter compared with a person's mind?"

"Do you know him personally?"

"No; it's the very irony of fate. To think that I who have lived in Royston so many years should never have had a single chance of meeting him in society, while Mabel Townsend has seen him at a party, and didn't value the privilege at all. I've heard, too, that his wife didn't appreciate him (only she's dead); she was nothing but a regular household drudge, with no desire to be anything else."

"She felt it her duty to make her home comfortable, and all that sort of nonsense, I suppose?"

"Do you think a woman can't make home happy and take an interest at the same time in her husband's pursuits? I should have thought *that* was one way of making home happy."

"But aren't we forgetting the one important point? I mean the advice you undertook to give the unfortunate dull man?"

"Where were we? Oh! he was to read, and understand what he reads."

"And is that all?"

"No, far from it; but it will take him weeks or months to put so much as that into practice."

"Suppose, then, we take it for granted he has completed the studies you recommend—is that assuming too much?"

Emily gave him rather an arch look.

"You'll have to alter a great deal from what you were at school, if you master all those books under three months."

"You forget how painful it is to be stupid and despised."

"Well, as to that, it's not by any means everybody who feels as I do. You have so many companions in misfortune; so many people don't care for reading. There's Miss Townsend, for instance; I never see her take up any book except the lightest of novels. You remember what she said about books the other day at Northwick? *She* wouldn't like people any the better for literary tastes; she has no sense of humour either. Some people *are* like that. I've no doubt *she* believes in making homes happy without mind, with Japanese fans, and Liberty sashes, and rich cakes, and a great deal of tea."

Emily had found a delightful opportunity of killing two birds with one stone; had had a fling at her friend's weaknesses, and had doubtless recommended her at the same time to the good opinion of the masculine mind; she believed men liked women to be childish and vapid.

"Evidently Miss Townsend is a charming woman!"

"Yes, I really think she has very good points. Everybody has their own different way, of course. She takes ever so much pains with her dress; she spent this whole morning altering her gown, and she's extremely clever in modifying hats. Then there's her hair—it's a lovely bright colour, don't you think?—and good, regular features, and a very pretty nose. I'm rather a student of noses; I believe in reading people's characters in their faces; do you?"

And so conversation once more drifted away from Mabel. Emily had one or two favourite theories about physiognomy, which led to a discussion of thought-reading, and it was so pleasant to have got hold of a new unwearied listener that she forgot the passage of time, till her companion suddenly stopped short, as they paced the arbutus alley for the sixth time, and said—

"It seems to me it's growing rather dark; and what was that noise? wasn't it a mutter of thunder?"

"I didn't hear it, but I should think it extremely probable. Oh!" (as they emerged from the shade of the largest arbutuses into a more open space), "how black the sky is! Let's hurry back as fast as we can."

"Where are you going to hurry to? You're as safe here as anywhere else. You have an umbrella; besides, those big trees are equal to any house-roof."

"But there's Mabel! she can't be left to her own resources. I do wish we had never come down here. Out on the open down we couldn't possibly have been taken by surprise like this. And I've talked a lot of nonsense; I always do talk too much. I do believe I've monopolised the whole conversation."

As they hurried along the down they met the chill breath of the coming tempest, and the lightning flickered on the black clouds that hung over the sea. Happily the first drops did not fall till just as they reached the steep descent to the tea-garden; they made a grand rush for it, and entered the house breathlessly triumphant.

The small parlour was crowded, though many of the guests had taken alarm when the heavens first began to be overcast, and had vanished. By this time the rain was pouring down, as the saying is, in bucketsful. Emily was ashamed to approach Mabel, who was, besides, at the further end of the room; she directed several uneasy glances towards her friend, while she avoided meeting her eye; for of course Mabel could not divine that if Emily had been once more guilty of "appropriating" Mr. Somers, the fault had been committed in order to plead her, Mabel's, cause.

At last somebody at the window proclaimed that a line of light was visible on the horizon; the line grew brighter and broader, and Grenville Somers, who had gone to the door to look out, returned with news that the rain was over.

"You had better hurry home at once," added he. "Shall I extricate your friend from behind that table?"

But by this time there was a general movement; two or three carriages made their appearance, and in less than five minutes the little inn was empty. Emily

"'I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO' THOUGHT SHE" (*p.* 612).

tried to join Mabel, but Mabel seemed engrossed with some acquaintance or other, and, as the Beavis girls had fled long ago, there was no one left for Emily to walk with except Mr. Somers. It was very unfortunate, but it was really not her fault this time.

"If there's no alternative," she said to herself, "I may just as well make the best of it, and talk, and enjoy myself as I can."

They had not gone far before the rain began again.

Then came a sudden inspiration.

"Look here, Mr. Somers," said she hurriedly, "you remember your promise? You said you'd do me a favour when I asked you. I ask you now. Miss Townsend has no umbrella. Take mine—here it is—go after her with it. See her home; it's not much out of the road, is it? the people she's walking with now don't go the same way at all. I'll just run back to the tea-place, and wait for the end of the shower. Now, don't hesitate; do be quick—*please!*"

"Very good. Then I'll come back for you with the umbrella."

Whether or no Miss Holroyd heard the last sentence he could not be sure; she had set off running, and was soon under shelter.

By the window in the little inn parlour she sat down; outside, the water was coming steadily down, not in a spurt, but as if it meant to go on all night. She took off her hat to see whether it looked much the worse for such wetting as it had got.

"I don't exactly know what I'm going to do," thought she. "Mrs. Wetherell's umbrellas are lent already, and if I go home without one, I shall be dreadfully bedraggled. Why couldn't Mabel have brought an umbrella for herself? I warned her what would happen. And she knew—or might have known—that if the worst came to the worst, she would have mine. Oh, that was a master-stroke of genius, sending Mr. Somers after her with the umbrella—so innocent, so unpremeditated!"

An hour passed away; the sky did not clear.

"Surely," thought Emily, "mother would send a cab for me, or do something, as soon as Mabel got home. What can they all be thinking of?"

She paced up and down the room; then she found a yellow-backed novel and tried to read; but just as she had succeeded in forgetting herself in the adventures of a certain hero and heroine who grew very tired of each other, shut up in a country house in wet weather, the door opened—and there stood Mr. Somers.

"What does this mean?" said Emily, gazing in some perplexity at the wet figure before her.

"Why, what should it mean? Did I not promise to come back for you?"

"Not that I know of."

"That's a matter of detail. Here's your umbrella. We'll start at once, shall we?"

If truth must be told, the feeling uppermost in Emily's mind at the moment was—

"Why couldn't he have brought my waterproof cloak when he was about it?"

Not for worlds, however, would she have been ungracious enough to let him perceive the presence of such an ungrateful thought. So she bundled up her pretty light gown as best she might, and they set forth.

"I'm so sorry you took the trouble to come. It was awfully kind—but you'll get cold."

"Not I. This is not the first time I've been wet through, nor the hundredth, either."

"I hope Miss Townsend got home dry?"

"I won't go so far as to use the word *dry*, but at any rate she got home considerably less wet than she would have done without your umbrella."

"And you had plenty of conversation as you went along, I hope, to beguile the wet weary way?"

Emily was a little afraid she was going too far in asking so pointed a question, but she tried to divest it of undue importance by a light and airy manner.

"Miss Townsend was pleased to tell me some passages of her past history; as for myself, I thought my proper course was to be silent and sympathetic. I pride myself on being a good listener."

That sounded interesting, save that there was that in Grenville's manner which constantly puzzled Emily; she was never sure whether he spoke in jest or earnest.

"I was right, wasn't I," she said, "when I told you her life had been a sad one? Did she tell you about her father's death at sea?"

"Yes."

"And her mother's last illness?"

"Yes."

"And about the breaking-up of their beautiful home?"

"Yes; and then how she went to live with the uncle in Devonshire."

"Where she was so shamefully treated. It was too cruel, wasn't it? You seem to know everything. I suppose she told you about the cousin who went out to India?"

"Cousin Charles?"

"Yes. I've always imagined there was some mystery about Cousin Charles; she has dropped several dark hints on the subject."

"I am more favoured than you, then, for she told me exactly what Cousin Charles said when he proposed to her."

"Oh!"

Emily was somewhat taken aback.

"I did not imagine it was anything of *that* kind."

"And," continued Grenville, "how she burst into tears, and told him she should always regard him as a brother, and how just at that moment a door opened, and an angry mother put her head into the room——"

"How can you talk lightly of such things? It must be dreadful pain to love anybody and not have your love returned."

"Do you really think I ought to be miserable about Cousin Charles? I would if I could; but, you see, his pain has got rather remote by the time it reaches me. I can't take up these agonies at third-hand."

"No; it was unreasonable to expect it of you," said Emily, reflecting that a man could hardly be supposed to regret the refusal of a rival.

"SHE BUNDLED UP HER PRETTY LIGHT GOWN AS BEST SHE MIGHT" (*p.* 612).

"And let us hope," continued Grenville, "that by this time Cousin Charles has forgotten all about it."

"If he really loved her he will never forget. I hate to hear people talk like that."

"Shall I tell you the whole tale as 'twas told to me? It will harrow up your feelings delightfully."

"Did Mabel expect you to go straight away and retail her secrets to the next person you met?" said Emily coldly.

She could not make this man out; she had never liked him so little as at this moment, for she objected to any doubt or ambiguity in her opinions of people.

"Miss Townsend didn't bind me down to silence."

"Of course not. She never dreamed, when she trusted you with her most sacred secrets—— What are you laughing at?"

"Because I can't help it. Please forgive me."

"Indeed?" said Emily, struggling to keep her temper. "I've heard of hysterical girls who couldn't stop laughing, but I didn't know men were ever seized with uncontrollable merriment over nothing at all. It must be inconvenient sometimes."

"How do you know it is nothing at all?"

"It's worse than nothing at all. It's something no one ought to laugh at—something tragic."

"You are really most unfair. You refuse to let me defend myself."

"No, I don't. I shall be very glad to hear you defend yourself, if you can."

"But seeing that I can only do it by telling you the whole story—I beg your pardon, the tragedy—from beginning to end, which you call a breach of confidence, I must just follow the example of some great statesman—I forget his name—who told the House of Commons he had ample arguments to justify his policy, but as unfortunately he had mislaid them, they must just take them on trust: which they did. Will you?"

Here was a severe temptation for Emily's sense of honour. She had never before heard any kind of love story in detail; all her knowledge on the subject came from fiction; and this story was evidently amusing as well as pathetic. Nevertheless, honour carried the day, and it was with a sense of lofty virtue that she said—

"No; I can't listen to what was never intended for me."

"But if you won't hear my case, you won't go on condemning me? That would be unfair."

"I must hold my judgment in suspense, I suppose."

"For how long?"

"That I can't say."

"Why did you cross-examine me so closely about my walk with Miss Townsend, and about what she said to me? It was rather mean of you to ask questions, and then blow me up for answering them."

"How was I to know you hadn't discernment to tell you where to stop?"

"You should never have tempted me on to such slippery ice."

"If we never try people, how are we to find out what they are made of?" said the girl mischievously.

"I shall have to mind what I'm about, I see, if you make testing people your mission in life."

Emily's mood changed. She had been wrathful, and now began to fear her wrath had gone too far; she was apt to be hasty in her speech, and equally hasty in her repentance.

"Please forgive me; I went too far. I'm sorry I said that about you."

"You've said several things about me. Which of them are you sorry for?"

"Whichever of them are false. I'm most sorry for having called you mean, after you were so kind about the umbrella. And all this time the water's running off your hat, and your clothes are getting spoiled, and all out of kindness to me."

"Stop a moment, though. I'd rather you spoke your mind than stored up all my evil deeds silently against me."

"Don't you see how I felt? Miss Townsend likes you, I'm sure" (Emily took pains to pronounce the words carelessly, as if they did not signify much), "and I couldn't bear to hear you make fun of what must have been such deadly earnest to her."

"I'm afraid I can make no reply to that remark without rousing your ire again; and that I really can't face. Let's talk of other things — poetry, for instance."

Emily stood still, spite of the rain, and looked at him.

"You're making fun of me!"

"What right have you to suppose such a thing?"

"I thought it might be your mission in life to laugh at people."

"Do you know, I begin to think you and I have attained to a very lofty stage of friendship?"

"How so?" said Emily, laughing. "Appearances are quite the other way."

"Because we feel it a duty to treat each other to such wholesome home-truths. The real candid friend, you know, is a rare and desirable person. You like candour, I believe?"

"One ought to like it."

"One gets hardened to it, at all events. I feel so well hardened now that if you have any more sharp sayings in reserve, you might as well fire them off at once."

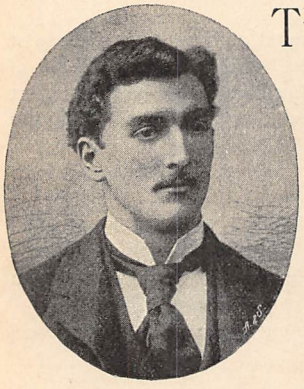
"I shan't be foolish enough to fire them off just when you're so thoroughly well hardened. I'll wait for a softer moment."

"When you can hope to give me wholesome pain, I presume?"

"Exactly. Reproofs are like mustard plasters: they do no good until they smart."

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

CRICKET AT THE UNIVERSITIES.



MR. C. B. FRY, WADHAM COLLEGE, CAPTAIN OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY CRICKET CLUB, 1894.

(*From a photograph by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.*)

THE cricket seasons at Oxford and Cambridge are frequently of a somewhat peculiar character, owing to the summer terms at the Universities being so early in the year. First-class cricket in May is often victimised by the weather. Slow wickets follow in rapid succession, and Freshmen who during the season before have made their centuries on the hard grounds which most schools possess in June and July, find themselves completely at a loss when they have to play professional bowling on sticky wickets. The summer of 1893, of course, was an exception to the general run of English summers, and cricketers had a better chance of distinguishing themselves at the Universities than generally falls to their share. But we may take it for an established fact that, as a rule, aspirants for places in the University elevens have a good deal to put up with in the way of soft wickets and bad weather.

The Universities begin their cricket with trial matches for the Seniors and Freshmen. The Freshmen's match is the more interesting of the two, because the form of most of the Seniors is well known. At Oxford the "Fresher" has better opportunities of distinguishing himself than at Cambridge, for the Dark Blue captain follows up the ordinary game by a match between the 'Varsity Eleven and sixteen of the first year men. The latter match

P. H. LATHAM, PEMBROKE COLLEGE, CAPTAIN OF THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CRICKET CLUB, 1894.

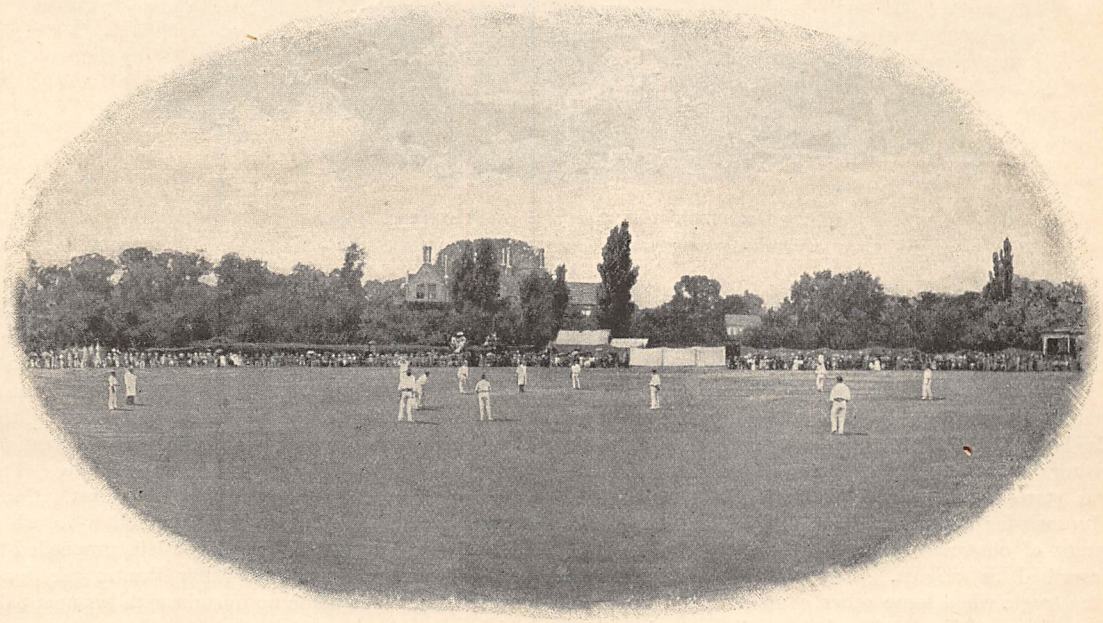
(*Photograph by Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.*)

is dispensed with by the Cantabs; but, on the other hand, inter-college matches are taken more notice of at Cambridge than at Oxford, and the games between the famous Trinity and Jesus Elevens are always looked upon as trials for the 'Varsity team.

As may naturally be supposed, both Universities have excellent grounds, yet The Parks at Oxford, although an exceedingly picturesque spot, has its disadvantages as a 'Varsity cricket ground. For instance, the 'Varsity cannot charge admission to any match played there, and thus the Oxonians are placed at a pecuniary disadvantage when compared with the Cantabs, who have the right to charge an entrance-fee to their ground. One result of this difference is that

After term is over, both University teams go "on tour." Cambridge often play Sussex and Surrey, while Oxford also play Sussex, but have Lancashire as their other opponents. Both teams play M.C.C. at Lords during the week before the all-important 'Varsity match.

The first Inter-'Varsity match in which a player takes part is a most trying ordeal, and in connection with this we cannot but remember the case of T. C. O'Brien. The famous Middlesex batsman is said to have made a sporting bet with some friends that he would make a "century" against Cambridge. So far, however, was he from winning his bet, that when the match was over his share of the Oxford total amounted to 0 and



OXFORD UNIVERSITY *v.* AUSTRALIANS, 1893.
(*From an instantaneous photograph by Messrs. H. W. Taunt & Co., Oxford.*)

the professionals engaged by Cambridge are better men than those who bowl in The Parks.

We do not often hear of men who have failed to get their "Blues" distinguishing themselves afterwards in first-class cricket. Of the few names which we can recall, perhaps those of W. O. Moberley and the late F. M. Lucas are the most noted.

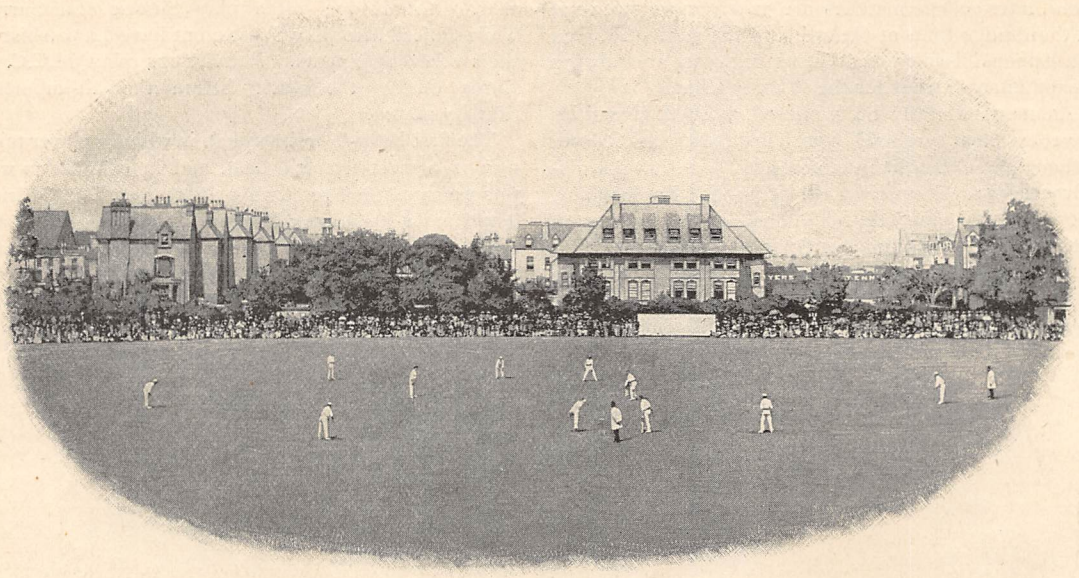
Of late years the Cantabs have had stronger Elevens than their opponents. S. M. J. Woods, G. M'Gregor, and F. S. Jackson have in turn captained the Light Blues, and captained them well, and the individual merits of these cricketers have done much to ensure the success of their respective teams.

The clubs—*e.g.*, The Hawks and The Crusaders—which play matches against the colleges do a lot towards promoting good cricket in Cambridge; and it is a pity that some Oxford clubs, like The Authentics or Harlequins, do not arrange their fixtures upon somewhat similar lines.

0—the detested "pair of spectacles" instead of a "century"!

It may not be well-known that when E. A. Nepean first bowled the slow twisters for which he has since become famous, his performance was looked upon as a farce, and all the fielders laughed heartily. In those days Nepean was only looked upon as a batsman. Since then, W. G. and E. M. Grace have fallen victims in one over to his bowling!

An amusing incident, in which R. H. Moss, the Oxford fast bowler, was the chief participator, happened some three or four seasons ago in The Parks. Moss was generally a great hitter, but for a time he ceased to take any delight in hitting, and became what cricketers call a "pronounced poker." In one match the fielders, taking advantage of this tame style of play, had come in close to the batsman, when he suddenly let out, and made one of the biggest hits ever seen in The Parks. The fielders then retired to respectable



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY *v.* AUSTRALIANS, 1893.
(*From an instantaneous photograph by Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.*)

distances, for they had discovered that Moss was a man with whom it was impossible to trifle with safety to themselves.

A good story comes from Cambridge, where, after a match between the 'Varsity and the Gentlemen of England, the Light Blue captain entertained the visitors at dinner. After dinner an impromptu dance was started, and when W. G. Grace chose W. L. Murdoch for a partner, those present had an opportunity of observing a sight which might almost be described as august. But the spectacle became even tragic when some other couple tripped up these champions of England and Australia, and deposited them side by side in the fireplace. The mighty had indeed fallen with a resounding fall!

An incident in the 'Varsity match of last year, which at the time aroused a good deal of comment, is worthy of mention. Oxford, in their first innings with nine wickets down, found themselves rather over eighty runs behind their antagonists. When T. S. B. Wilson, the last Oxford batsman, came in, he walked across to W. H. Brain, who was batting at the other end, and was understood to tell him to get out, so that the follow-on might not be saved. L. H. Gay, the Cambridge wicket-keeper, overheard this conversation, and repeated it to C. M. Wells, who was bowling. The result of this was a ridiculous piece of cricket. Cambridge intended Oxford to save the follow-on, while Oxford were bent on getting out. Wells proceeded to bowl a wide, which Brain, after frantic exertions, covered, but Wells made no mistake with his next ball, which was a shocking wide, and went to the boundary. Thus the follow-on was saved and the tactics of the Oxonians were frustrated. It seemed, however, a pity that such a farce should take place in a match between the Universities, yet one good result was derived from it, for the whole follow-on question has since been discussed.

A PARTY OF TWO.

BY ONE OF THEM.

I SAID: "Let those who will pack themselves into railway-carriages, and whirl about the country at sixty miles an hour; let daring honeymooners brave the pains and perils of the English Channel in a hot and throbbing steamer; let the resigned paterfamilias accompany his wife and children to the fashionable 'health resort,' there to be roasted on the blazing beach; let the sprightly bachelor crouch crab-like on his 'safety,' and flash, heedless of the beauties of Nature, up hill and down dale, kept continually at

'eyes front' on the look out for the 'spill,' which, like death, is sure to come sooner or later; in short, let everybody do what he likes: but as for us, scorning all the clumsy aids of an over-blown civilisation, we will Walk!"

"Shan't we wear out a lot of boots?" said Dulcie.

That's the worst of Dulcie: she is so prosaic and practical. I mean, she is always like that when I'm inclined to be poetical. Of course, there are times when it's impossible to get a moment's reasonable conversation with her—chiefly on pay-day, when I'm busy parcelling out my modest "screw," and anxious to impress her with the necessity of retrenchment, she indulges in the wildest dreams of the time when I shall be "taken into partnership." I am not blaming Dulcie. I have no doubt that her motives are excellent: I believe she entertains sound views on the subject of balancing, as applied to matrimony; and is always on the look-out to save me from kicking the beam or bumping the counter; but the thing itself is irritating. She never will warm up to my poetry; no, not any more than she will laugh at my jokes.

It is needless to say that I utterly ignored her sordid reference to boot leather. I also refused to have my wings clipped. If a City man is not poetical when he sights his summer holiday just a week ahead of him, he is a hopeless groveller.

"Nature," I resumed, leaning back in my easy-chair, hooking my thumbs into the armholes of my waistcoat, and playing a solemn tune on my breast with my disengaged fingers—"Nature has embroidered her regal robe; the 'Pageant of Summer' is prepared, and all men are invited to be present at the 'bridal of the earth and sky.' Is it fitting that they should rush shrieking through her silent solitudes with the thunder of iron wheels, defiling her pure face with the smoke of steam-engines? Is it enough that they sit in the sun, eating buns on the beach? My idea is that we should walk, and wend our way through leafy lanes, beside the fruitful fields and silver streams, listening to the carolling chorus of beautiful birds and—and—and restless rooks. What are you laughing at, Dulcie? I was not aware that I had made a joke."

"SHE ONLY HID HER FACE IN AN ABSURD BIT OF NEEDLE-WORK."

Dulcie did not answer; she only hid her face in an absurd bit of needle-work, and shook all over, till I felt quite cross. I sat up straight, folded my wings severely, and pulled out pencil and note-book.

"The fact is, my dear, I'm rather short of cash," I said; "and I think that if we decide on a walking tour, we can do our holiday cheap. Look here; I've been figuring it out. Two weeks, for beds, breakfasts, and suppers——"

"Oh, Fred dear, it will be charming!" cried Dulcie, clasping her hands in ecstasy, and gazing into my face with shining eyes. "Have you thought how sweet it will be to walk side by side in the moonlight, hand in hand if we like, for nobody will be there to see us? 'Far from the madding crowd,' and the sneers of cynics, we may remember the dear days that are gone."

And so on, and so on. That's Dulcie all over. She can talk poetry by the yard when she chooses; but I didn't encourage her. I told her that there was a

time for everything; I said something clever and unkind about "moonshine," and begged her to give me her serious attention for a moment, if possible. Then carefully eliminating myself from the whole affair, I asked her, with icy politeness, what *she* would like to do with *her* holiday. She said she didn't care what became of her; but perhaps the steamer was best, because it might be wrecked, and then she would be at the bottom of the sea, among the seaweed and the shrimps; and—and wouldn't worry me any more again.

Then I felt uncomfortable and tried to hum, but couldn't; and Dulcie worked so fast, that her swift-glancing needle became positively dazzling. Then something else began to glitter on her work, and I saw that she was crying great, round, shining tears; and I went and sat beside her, laid my hand shyly on hers, and asked her what was the matter. Then she called herself "silly," and I called myself "a beast." Then we both contradicted each other. Then we kissed and . . . .

Then we made friends.

Then, last of all, we decided that we would go for a walking tour.

On a misty summer morning, a man and woman tramped out of a suburb of London town, and made for the open country. They were not professional tramps, for they walked side by side, and it was the man who carried their luggage—what there was of it—in a knapsack strapped to his shoulders. They both wore broad-brimmed straw hats and strong walking shoes; their clothes were made of light tweed, cut in a loose Norfolk-jacket style; turned-down collars of grey flannel took the place of the regulation bands of stiff linen; and each of them grasped a stout oak stick.

Before starting on our walking tour we had sent on a small portmanteau of necessaries to await us at a little country town, which we should reach in a week's time; and we had made up our mind that between this and then we must depend upon the knapsack, the making and packing of which were the work of Dulcie's clever fingers.

"WE BOTH THOUGHT DEEPLY."

"I hate London!" I said, as I ungratefully shook off the dust of the City which fed me. Then my poetical instincts were too much for me again, and I began to talk like the Introduction to Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales."

Dulcie did not throw cold water on me this time. She gave a sigh of relief, and gazing sentimentally at the dusty hedges and brickfields surrounding us, she said—

"Yes; it's nice to get into the country."

The mists of early morning quickly passed away, and the blazing heat of the sun asserted itself. There was no breeze; and if there had been, as yet there was no foliage for it to rustle into a suggestion of coolness; and the white dust lay thickly on the road or curled up like smoke around our footsteps.

We panted and coughed, slackened our pace, and looked at one another with an injured expression of countenance. Somehow or other, we had not expected this. Of course, we had been fervently hoping that the sun would smile upon our walking tour; and now that he was doing it with the broadest good-humour, we felt that we were being ill-treated. That is the difference between the sun smiling in imagination and smiling in earnest from a sky of undimmed blue. The one is cheerful, pleasant, and bright, showing up the beauties of the landscape, and sparkling in cascades of diamonds upon the purling streams; the other is fierce and scorching, playing upon head and back, melting brain and spinal marrow, and making people sick and stupid.

"Fred, I can't bear this much longer. Can't we find a shady place, and rest for a little while?" said Dulcie.

I searched the surrounding country for the "shady place." Behind us lay London, a sullen monster, blowing black smoke from its million nostrils, and stretching out blood-red tentacles of suburban terraces; far away on either side stretched fields and hedges of a sagey hue; immediately around us, and straight ahead, lay the brickfields, dry and parched as the Great Sahara.

"There's a gasometer," I said doubtfully. "That's our only chance of shade for the next mile, at least."

Accordingly to the gasometer we wended our weary way, and found that its shady side commanded a fine view of the brickfields. I said that there was no breeze. There wasn't while we walked and needed it; but no sooner had we taken our seats in the narrow strip of shade afforded by the gasometer than a steady wind sprang up, and blew the acrid smoke of the burning bricks straight in our faces.

Under these depressing circumstances we celebrated our first meal. We wanted to drink, but the knapsack contained nothing fluid, except a little brandy for medicinal purposes, and a stagnant pool was the only water procurable. Neither of these proving sufficiently inviting, we decided to go thirsty; and we opened our little packet of ham-sandwiches, and dined in silence. But we both thought deeply as we munched

our salt repast ; and the subject of our thoughts was the Vanity of Human Wishes.

Rested, if not refreshed, and feeling that we could not breathe the smoke of the brickfields any longer, we resumed our journey. Our brows were knit and our lips firmly set, for we were both trying very hard not to grumble. I had made up my mind that I would bear more before I began to use unpleasant language ; and Dulcie did not want to cry. But I knew she was thinking what a fool I was to have suggested a walking tour. I felt quite certain of this because I myself was thinking how silly *she* was to fall in with such an idiotic plan. But I record it to our credit that we said nothing—as yet. We tramped steadily and sullenly onwards, out of the sunshine and into the shadow of a solid bank of purple clouds which had been brought up by the wind.

Hark ! what was that?

A low rumble, as if a hundred empty beer-barrels were being rolled down the slope of the sky. The breeze died away as suddenly as it had risen, and for a moment all was still. Then, Flash ! Bang ! a blaze of blue, a roar as of heavy guns, followed by a rattling volley of musketry, and a Miltonic battle was in full blast overhead. We quickened our pace, but it was of no use : the great drops of the thunder-shower began to fall, flattening out as big as pennies in the dust at our feet ; and in five minutes we were both wet to the skin.

This was another thing we had not expected. We knew the country wanted rain, and we were quite aware that the roads would be very uncomfortable for walking if the dust wasn't laid. But our imaginations had led us to suppose that a special arrangement would be made for nightly showers to fall while we slept, so that each morning we might step out to meet Nature fresh from her bath, with the diamond drops still sparkling in her hair. It was a bitter thing to learn that Nature was, after all, a most unmethodical person, who liked to take her shower-bath at odd times, as she fancied it. And as for us, it seemed that we were only regarded as sponges : of no use until thoroughly soaked.

When we had been reduced to a state of pulpy misery, we came in sight of a little wayside public-house—one of those narrow strips of whitewashed buildings which are half covered with a brilliant announcement of Somebody's Bitter Beer—and here we took refuge. The landlady did what she could for us with the coarse fare at her disposal ; and we sat in a stuffy-smelling little parlour, clothed in hideous unaccustomed garments, talking to one another in low tones, as if somebody was dead in the house.

The thunder-storm quickly rolled away out of ear-shot, but the rain continued in a steady downpour, and we were obliged to make up our minds to stay where we were. The afternoon and evening spent in that little public-house were not pleasant. The bar and tap-room were filled at an early hour with men from the brickfields—rough men, who used "language" about the weather, and drank much beer, and sang unmelodious songs whose chief charm consisted in long choruses, many times repeated by the whole company.

"CLOTHED IN HIDEOUS UNACCUSTOMED GARMENTS."

I tried to keep Dulcie amused by reading aloud the legends inscribed upon the framed and glazed memorial cards which hung on the parlour walls ; and when she got tired of these, I fell back upon choice extracts from the only book in the room—Hervey's "Meditations Among the Tombs." But, as the dear old writers of yesterday's fiction used to say, "let us draw the veil" over our misery. At length the last Ballad of Beer was sung and, heartily thankful that night had ended the first day of our walking tour, we went to bed and to sleep, still within sight of the lights of London.

Next morning the sun was shining brightly again : all dismal thoughts of returning were banished from our minds ; and having once more donned our walking suits, we swallowed a hasty breakfast and went forward. A strong wind had dried up the worst of the rain ; but the dust was all gone, and the air was cool, and we began to laugh at the misfortunes of yesterday. A few hours' trudge brought us into the real country : the country of tangled hedgerows,

flowery banks, and singing birds; and then with every step we took our hearts beat higher, and the blood danced more swiftly through our veins. One by one the artificial restraints and prejudices of civilisation relaxed their hold upon us, and our emancipated spirits began to revel in the mere joy of living. By the time the sun sank Dulcie had forgotten all about those proprieties which are expected of the "young lady": she was actually singing the ballad of "The Nut-brown Maid" as she walked by my side down the lane which led to the little village where we meant to put up for the night.

No vulgar beer-house this time, but a tiny rose-covered inn afforded us a lodging; and we did not know whether the lavender-scented guest-chamber or the odorous fried ham and eggs in the parlour appealed to us in the stronger language. Of course we decided to try both, and we supped and slept in high content; and on the morrow went on our way.

This is not a diary, so I must bridle my desire to record our daily doings. Every day had its special feature. When Dulcie and I talk over our tour, we remind each other of its varied delights, and say: "Don't you remember it was on the first Tuesday we met the caravan going to the Newborough Fair, and saw the thirsty giant drink a quart of beer standing on his head?" and "Oh, Fred! I shall never forget that terrible Friday evening when you went up the hill to see if you could see any houses, and I sat and waited on the fallen tree, and the drunken tinker came and frightened me so till you came back and knocked him down; and that frightened me worse than ever, because I thought you had killed him, and would be tried for murder"; and "I say, Dulcie, didn't we cut and run from that old black bull? By the bye, old girl, I wouldn't have you tell that story to the fellows for the world; I should never hear the last of it at the office." That's how we ramble on about our wonderful walking tour by the hour together; but I should have to fill a small book if I told half of the adventures that befell us, and then I should have to leave out most of the strange and beautiful sights we saw. Why, the sunsets alone of that fortnight painted upon our memories a fourteen-page picture-book, such as no money could buy, and no lapse of time can stale.

Certainly our first day was the worst, but we had plenty of ups and downs afterwards. I think our phenomenal hunger and thirst led us into more scrapes than anything else. Some of these scrapes were funny, and some weren't.

I remember that one day we knocked at the door of a cottage, and modestly asked for a drink of water.

"Come in, ma'am! Come in, sir!" said the tidy woman who opened the door. "It be main hot, sure-*ly*! an', maybe, you'd like to sit down?"

She dusted a couple of Windsor chairs with her apron: and, encouraged by her hospitality, I asked if she could give us anything to eat. She was instantly overwhelmed with distress, for the last loaf of her baking had been eaten that morning, and the new bread was still in the oven; but she had plenty of milk. When she had left the room to fetch it, Dulcie nudged me furtively, and pointing to a little cupboard in the corner, whispered that it looked as if it had things to eat in it.

"THAT FRIGHTENED ME WORSE THAN EVER."

Now, in cities we don't open cupboards in strange houses; but in the country, when we are out on a walking tour, we do—sometimes. At least, I did. I blush to record that I stole on tiptoe across the red-tiled floor, opened that cupboard gingerly, shut it again as swiftly as if it had contained a full-grown boa-constrictor, fled back to my seat, and whispered in Dulcie's ear the magic word "*Cake!*"

A hungry light sprang up in my wife's eyes, and I knew that it only reflected my own sentiments; but before we had time to be tempted to lower depths of demoralisation the woman came back with a jug of milk.

"I MEEKLY COUNTED OUT FIVE MORE SHILLINGS."

"Oh, thank you so much!" said Dulcie sweetly, while I blushed like a beetroot. "You are so kind; and—and we are *so* hungry! If you only had a little piece of cheese, or—or—cake——"

"Well, ma'am," said the woman, "I have got a bit of cake, but not such as the likes o' you'd care to eat."

We eagerly assured her that cake of any sort was the fare we craved before anything else; and after a little more hesitation the coveted food was brought from its hiding-place, and we made a hearty meal.

But then a second difficulty confronted us. It was easy to see that the woman was respectable, with a capital R, and to offer her money for her cake and milk would seem to cast a slur upon her hospitality. Just as I was consulting Dulcie as to the advisability of slipping a shilling behind a picture-frame—to be found "after many days"—the inner door was pushed open, and a small tow-headed urchin crept in and edged his way to his mother's skirt, to which he clung like a limpet to its native rock. Here was the way out of my difficulty.

"Ha, my little man!" I cried in a cheery, grandfatherly fashion; "see what you can buy with this."

I dropped the shilling into his hand. I might as well have dropped a penny into the slot of an automatic model. No sooner did the coin touch his palm than the cottage began to work. First, there was a creaking sound, such as all well-conducted models make; then the door swung back, and five more tow-headed urchins of assorted sizes lurched in the room, and, with much scraping of hob-nailed boots, ranged themselves before me, pulling their forelocks and bobbing curtseys.

I glanced at their mother, and saw that her eyes were full of admiration and expectancy. For herself, this respectable woman would have scorned to accept a penny; but motherly affection was quite another matter: and instinct told me that in this instance motherly affection meant nothing short of strict equality. I meekly counted out five more shillings, keeping an apprehensive eye fixed on the inner door; and then we hastily bade the family good-bye, and proceeded on our way.

On the whole, we managed to keep down expenses very well; but to this day, in our Walking Tour Account, one item stands out in bold black letters: "*Cake and Milk*, 6*s*.," to which is added the remark: "*Rather tall!*"

On a sultry summer's evening a man and woman tramped into a suburb of London town. Their garments were torn, and frayed, and weather-stained; their shoes were burst at the seams and white with dust; and their faces were as brown and shiny as well-polished saddle-leather. Yet they could not have been professional tramps, for they laughed and talked merrily together. The professional tramp is never

merry unless he is drunk; and he has never been known to talk to his wife—he only swears at her.

Our walking tour was over, and Dulcie and I were at home again.

"I shall go out and buy a rump steak," I said with some decision, directly we had seen that all was right and had resumed the costumes of civilisation.

"Yes, do, there's a dear!" said Dulcie. "And, Fred dear——"

"Well?"

"You must buy a bigger one than you used to."

"I will."

I did; and Dulcie and I played at Jack Sprat. And I beg that the fastidious reader will not be too hasty in condemning this as a vulgar and unnecessary detail. It is the moral of my story.

Did I say that our walking tour was over? Nay, then I talked but as the fool who knoweth not the pleasures of memory and the imagination! Before our feet had been soiled by the dust of the high road, we had rejoiced in the "good time coming"; while we tramped side by side through the green garden of Merrie England, we tasted to the full the bitter-sweet of reality; but now the best of all had come.

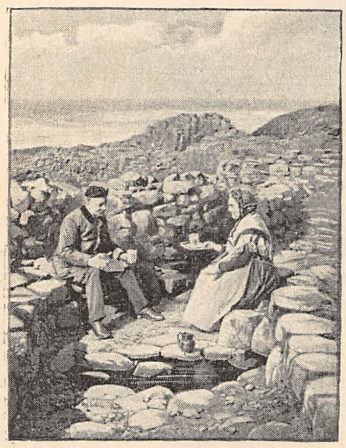
We remember our walking tour; we talk it over together, we tell our friends about it; and, forgetting everything that was unpleasant, we magnify all its joys, and exaggerate about it, telling lies which are always true, because they idealise the real thing, and tell of a walking tour as it should be.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

SEE ANTRIM: A SKETCH OF A LITTLE HOLIDAY IN IRELAND.

BY HENRY FRITH.

(*Illustrated from photographs by R. Welch, Belfast.*)



THE GIANT'S WELL, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

"GOOD-BYE; hope you'll come back safe."

"Don't get shot, old fellow. Can I do anything in case of accidents?"

"What on earth are you going to do *there?*"

These were some of the cheering remarks which greeted the writer when he announced his impending departure with some relatives for Ireland. The speakers affected much sympathy and offered many good wishes, but the "vacant chaff" did not impose upon us, and we quitted Euston Square for Stranraer and Larne in excellent spirits in August last.

There is nothing novel in the journey, though the change at Carlisle is irksome, and a through train would be appreciated. However, we found a well-appointed steamer awaiting us, and after an unaccountable delay were permitted to go on board.

Of course the condition of the sea was of great interest to the ladies, but the *Princess May*, one of a well-conducted line (of steamers), made nothing of the passage, and reached Larne in a couple of hours. There we rested for the night, and next morning—a Friday—commenced our tour of the north coast.

There are two ways of doing everything, and in this instance we had the usual choice. We could either leave Larne by the "kyar," and drive up the coast to the Giant's Causeway, or take the train to Portrush, and work back to Larne again by road. We chose the latter alternative.

Behold us, then, landed at Portrush, in the somewhat châlet-like railway station, surmounted by an elegant clock-tower, which was a few days later struck by lightning. We purposed to obtain lodgings, and with that view—and little other prospect, for the rain was descending in torrents—we sallied forth.

"Lodgings? Bless you, sir, I have none to let!"

In this sentence hung our fate. If the Ulster men are divided upon political questions, the unanimity of the Ulster women as regarded domestic arrangements was complete.

"Not a room to let until the fifteenth of the month."

It would appear that lodgings must be let and relet by the middle and end of the month. At any rate, the same answer met us, draggled and wet as we were, at every door. Politeness was general. We were not particular, either, but we could not secure apartments even in some hotels, and we returned to the station damp and somewhat disheartened.

But in every party there is one person who seizes the situation, and holds it. So on this occasion. An hotel was stormed. Yes, there were rooms, as it happened—in an hour the house would have been full! We sat down at once, sent for the luggage, lunched—dined, rather—and then, the afternoon having cleared, wandered about to watch the homeless seeking rest, and to see the surroundings of the "Queen of Ulster."

At the risk of being considered disloyal, we cannot quite recognise the title of Portrush to queenly state. The town is prettily situated, but primitive. The cliffs

and sands are pleasing and extensive, and the views from the road to Dunluce, and from the headland beyond the town, whence the Donegal mountains and bold promontories are picturesquely displayed. There is little to amuse (but much to interest) the traveller, unless he is a devotee to golf, and is fond of scenery of a more or less Cornish order.

There are cliff walks and scrambles, some caves in the "white rocks," and sands for strollers. But the only amusement is Golf. The variously-attired devotees of this popular game are much in evidence, and, of course, care nothing for scenery, excursions, or any such uninteresting pastimes.

But we explored the coast, and even had an idea of imperilling our limbs at Dunluce Castle. This ancient sea-beaten stronghold stands upright upon the sea-shore, dark and forbidding, merged in the cliff at a little distance from the spectator, but bold and frowning upon him as he stands upon the slope of the greensward over against it, within the precincts of the castle.

A narrow, unprotected path over an arch forms the only entrance to the castle. From this somewhat dizzy height an unfortunate cow had just fallen as we arrived, and "gave us pause." The poor creature was already in the hands of "fleshers." As we continued to gaze down, the longing to cross the arch became fainter.

The independence and dreadnought air with which we had arrived, bent upon crossing, gradually oozed away. We were not afraid—oh dear, no! Only very prudent. After all, there was not much to see. What is the use of risking life and limb just to say we have crossed? And so on.

Thus we persuaded ourselves, and as we hesitated we were "lost." A pair of goats in vain tried to encourage us by strolling across the narrowly-bridged chasm, and pausing in the centre of the unguarded path—about eighteen inches wide and some hundred feet high. We saw only the dismembered cow, and shuddered, envying the goats, which complacently looked down from their superior standpoint at the hesitating bipeds.

"I wouldn't mind if I had four legs," remarked one of the party, as she stood at the edge of the chasm; while the writer, nearly half-way across, stood wondering whether he should cross or return. He returned, and thus relinquished the inspection of the castle, the legendary Sweeper's Chamber, the moss-grown apartments, and the cavern in one rash moment—and has repented ever since! It is a grand old pile; and if ever fortune brings us thither again, the crossing of the bridge shall be made.

From Portrush to the Giant's Causeway electricity and steam convey the tourist along a fine road, embracing ever-changing views of cliffs and sea. The curious "Heads" and "Faces" in the worn rocks will be sought and seen on the way.

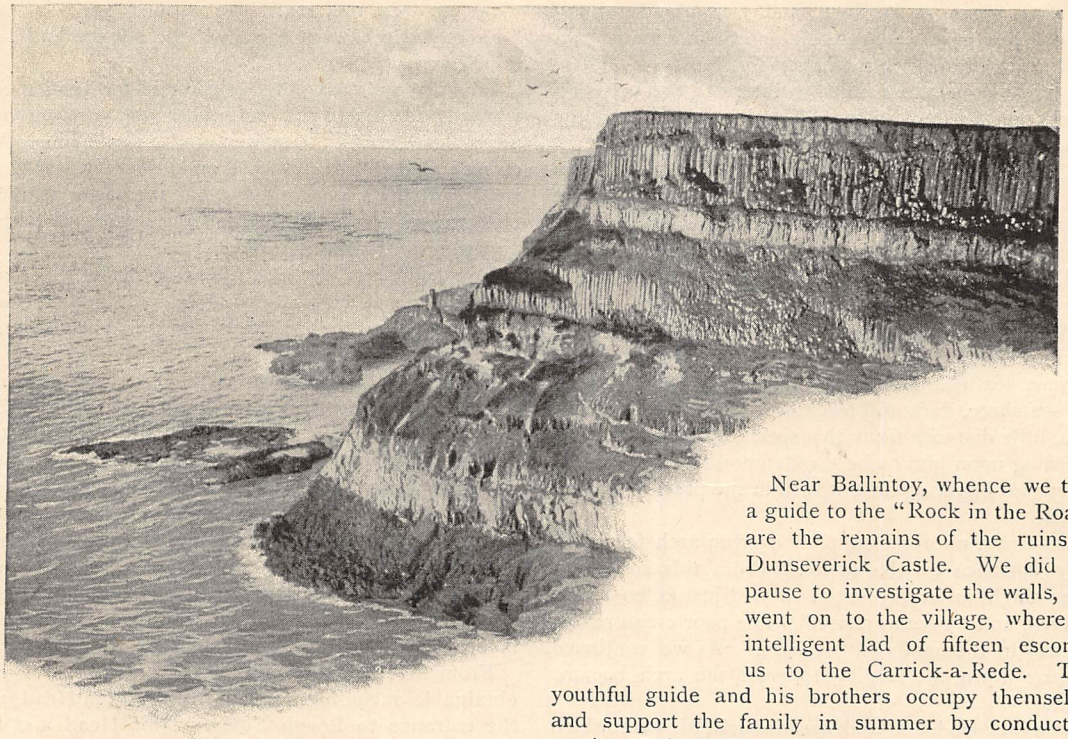
Passing by Bushmills, celebrated for salmon and whisky, we reach the terminus, and are strongly advised to go to the newer of the two hotels. We didn't! The "Causeway" and the "Royal" are rivals. Readers must choose, but the latter is much cheaper, and was more frequented than the other, apparently, while we stayed.

The politeness we met with from Mrs. Kane and her sons must be acknowledged gratefully. Their good-nature and unobtrusive kindness will be pleasantly remembered by us all.

Of course, the Causeway is the Lion of the North, and is at first disappointing. So many have described and illustrated the place that there is absolutely nothing left unsaid or undepicted. Pictures and photographs give one the idea of a much more extensive and more lofty series of columns, but the wonderful natural arrangement, the marvellous surroundings, fully repay the tourist, and after a few days' sojourn, when he has visited the caverns and inspected the coast from a boat, he will confess that the time has been well spent.

From the high bold cliffs a most extensive view is obtainable, including Portrush, Innishowen Head, and the entrance to Lough Foyle. Fair Head and the Scotch coast are also discernible. So we walked and explored the caves by water and by land—the latter a curious experience, inasmuch as we had to be

ENTRANCE CAUSEWAY, DUNLUCE CASTLE.



PLEASKIN HEAD, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

lifted in from a side-chasm in the dark, as the storm threatened us. . .

The swell thundered and echoed within the cavern, and we speculated upon our fate if a gigantic roller should come in, blocking the entrance with its massive form, and rushing upon us standing at the upper end.

But no big roller appeared. The tide was low. The thunder had ceased, the lightning had passed away to sea, and Neptune had gone below to rest, leaving the waters heaving and panting in long lazy breathings as the day declined.

So we came and saw the "lions," drank of the Giant's Well, sat in the Wishing Chair, purchased crystals, and would have played the "Giant's Organ" had it been accessible. We laid in a stock of ozone and fresh air before we quitted our hotel in a private "kyar," under young Kane's cheerful guidance, for Ballycastle.

The road to Ballycastle, thirteen miles, passes near "Carrick-a-Rede," the famous "Rock in the Road" of the salmon, which are caught here in large numbers. To cross the apparently frail rope bridge to the island is the test of the tourist's nerves. A slim, swaying structure, with one rope as a "handrail," is stretched over the "boiling abyss." It is not difficult to cross to the island if care be diligently exercised, but the return, being at a greater slope, the feat is increased. People have been known to cross once, but the back-track has proved too great a strain, and they had to be rescued by a boat.

Near Ballintoy, whence we take a guide to the "Rock in the Road," are the remains of the ruins of Dunseverick Castle. We did not pause to investigate the walls, but went on to the village, where an intelligent lad of fifteen escorted us to the Carrick-a-Rede. This youthful guide and his brothers occupy themselves and support the family in summer by conducting tourists to the bridge.

In the winter months our little guide "lets himself" to the farmers. He is a pleasant, well-spoken, and intelligent boy, and no doubt reaps a sufficient harvest.

Re-mounting our car, after a steep scramble up from the cliff, we continued our way over a sloping, winding road to Ballycastle. The approach is beautiful—the mountains, the valleys, and the sea being equally impressive in their several degrees of beauty. From the steep hill above the seaside portion of the town there is a delightful view of the coast and the country inland, and it was with some regret that we descended to alight at the Marine Hotel, where rooms were to be in readiness.

These were apartments in a private house; and if one does not mind sleeping in a lodging-house drawing-room, and turning a marble-topped cheffonier into a toilette-table and washing-stand, there is no reason why one should not be comfortable, even if the gasalier hang over your bed, and threaten to fall at what time the nurse rises in the night to soothe the upstairs infant!

This infant was a feature of the entertainment. Its "food" had not arrived, and the hotel maiden had thoughtfully supplied sour milk to the nurse. Consequent restlessness of infant, while the long-suffering mother was compelled to go out at four a.m. to seek food! No one but a man was visible, and he was seeking admission to the sleeping hotel. Burglar! wretch!

"No, my lady; I'm the sweep; and sorra one can I make hear me! Milk, is it? Well, then, just go down

to Jenny Cole ; she has a son with a broken leg, an' is sittin' up. She'll give ye some."

So she did—gave it willingly—and the child became more restful. Such is an incident of Ballycastle hotel life. If young Cole had not broken his leg the infant would have "starved," and the lodgers would have been greatly annoyed. So there is a fair side to every ill.

Ballycastle is, in our estimation, preferable to Portrush. There are some charming walks in the vicinity, and the excursion to Fair Head, a most extensive and wild promontory, commanding a grand view, will repay the pedestrian or the lazier car-occupant. We twice wandered to the head of the coast-road, across the golf links, and along the rough road and path by the quarries.

On the first occasion, just as we had reached the upper hill-path, rolling thunder and massive clouds warned us to seek shelter. But little protection could be found. Under the lee of a wall, part of a ruined cottage, we huddled, and weathered the storm, which was pretty severe while it passed overhead. By the time it had enveloped Rathlin Island we felt more disposed to return to Ballycastle than to continue the expedition.

Besides, the evening was still threatening ; so we went back unsatisfied.

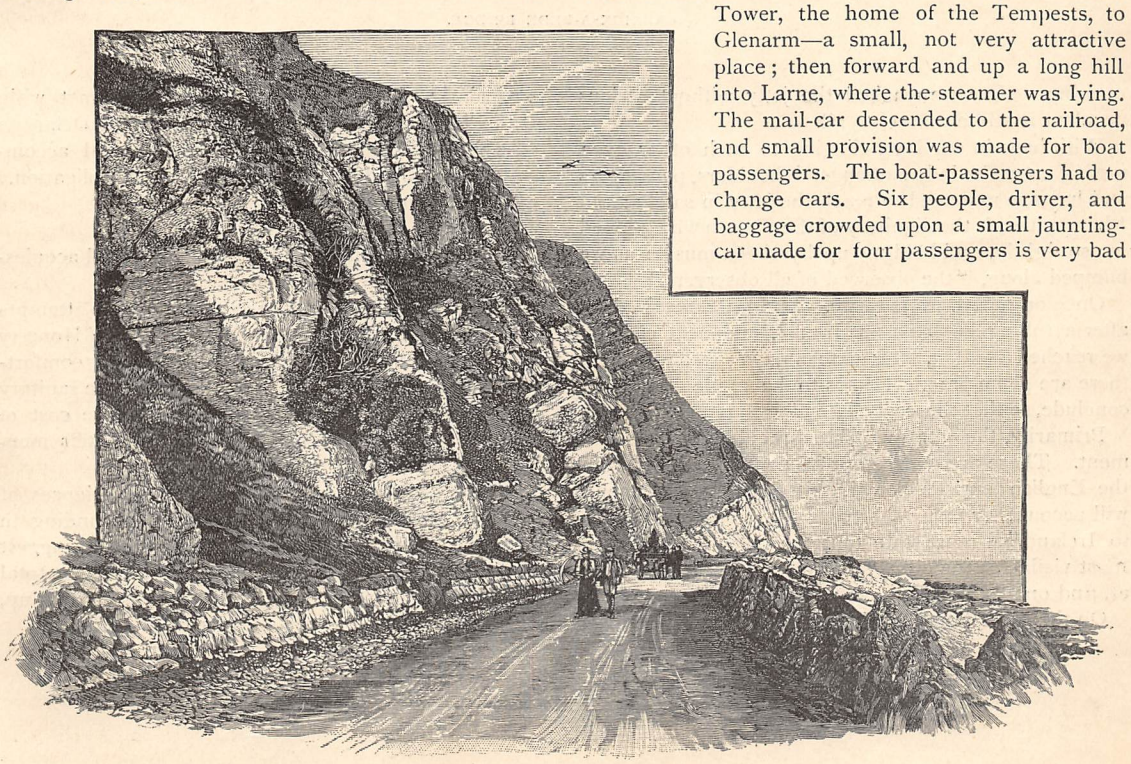
However, next day we gained the Head by the same route, and trudged across its weird and extensive wastes. The mountain tarns embedded in the wild bog-land, the stillness and solitude of the place, are extremely striking. Anyone in want of a situation—for a novel—or requiring grim and gruesome surroundings, should pass an hour or two upon the slopes of the wild and rugged headland called Fair.

The sea rolls in grandly upon Ballycastle beach, and dashes in over the black rocks ; the hills rise pleasantly close by, and the fields are ripe to harvest of wheat and flax. But we leave these attractions, and drive to Cushendall across a wild, almost uninhabited district, chiefly moorland, heather-covered in all directions. The heather was lovely in its hues in the whole district traversed.

When we reached Cushendall we were confirmed in our opinion that we had chosen the proper direction for our route. This little town is beautifully placed in a valley by the sea. Trees grow and flourish at the water's edge. Beautiful valleys — one spanned by a remarkable viaduct — penetrate inland, and the charming Glenariff, a wooded river-gorge, lively with waterfalls, and clothed in fern and foliage, is easily accessible.

Our kindly host of the hotel (Delargy) gave us a delightful drive to Cushenden in his own particular car one morning, and we thus had special opportunities to see the neighbourhood. In every direction beautiful views and kindly inhabitants, sea, woodland, glen, and mountain meet us pleasantly. Here at Cushendall was buried "Ossian the Bard" ; and there are many places worthy of a visit in the vicinity.

But time will not permit us to tarry, and space is limited now. Off again upon the mail-car to Larne, we go along a fine and well-engineered coast-road close to the sea all the way to Larne ; past Garron Tower, the home of the Tempests, to Glenarm—a small, not very attractive place ; then forward and up a long hill into Larne, where the steamer was lying. The mail-car descended to the railroad, and small provision was made for boat passengers. The boat-passengers had to change cars. Six people, driver, and baggage crowded upon a small jaunting-car made for four passengers is very bad



GARRON POINT.

CARRICK-A-REDE BRIDGE.

catering. How we reached the jetty without serious accident is still a marvel to all.

With bags in our laps, clinging to each other, even resting upon the lady passengers' shoulders, passengers and luggage managed to reach the jetty in safety; and I hereby thank the dignitary of the Church who gripped me so tightly, and held me up by sheer muscle as we bumped along, "the observed of all observers."

Once on board, we felt safe. Stranraer received us after a rolling but pleasant transit, and next evening we reached London, after sixteen days' absence. But there are some practical notes to be made before we conclude, so that those who intend to run may first read.

Primarily, the hotels we visited require some amendment. There are many improvements desirable from the English tourist's view, but no doubt "the season" will account for many shortcomings. Yet in "justice to Ireland," I must state that the defects noted were most visible at the only "first-class" house we stayed at, and one "under English management," too!

On the other hand, at Kane's and Delargy's Hotels particularly, liberality and cheapness are met with. At the "Royal" (Giant's Causeway) and at Delargy's "Cushendall," kindness, civility, and liberal accommodation are evident without any sense of obligation.

"Oh, it's no trouble at all!"

"Anything you like, sir!"

"Ye shall have it!" and such-like cheerful acquiescence was usual.

Politeness and good-nature everywhere. No attempts at extortion, no "hanging round" for "tips." Honesty and kindliness, and the desire to make one comfortable, are present in the hotels we visited. The sanitary arrangements are satisfactory. The average cost of living "by private arrangement" at the hotels mentioned was seven shillings a-day each.

In conclusion, we may sum up our experiences of the trip thus: it was cheap, pleasant, abounding in fine scenery, novel, and healthy; but we would suggest going earlier in the season than August. The total cost is ten pounds per head, if the tourists can put up, as we did, with and at the cheaper class of hotels.

MUSICIANS.—I.

HEADS OF THE PROFESSIONS.

DR. A. C. MACKENZIE.

THE name of the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music has a fine Celtic ring about it which there is no mistaking. The "Mac"—as in the case of the Principal's predecessor, Sir George Macfarren—has been known to give rise to erroneous ideas of nationality, but there can be no doubt about Alexander Campbell Mackenzie. As a matter of fact, Dr. Mackenzie can boast of a long lineage of Scottish ancestry—of ancestry, moreover, whose life history rather tends to show that the composer's career has been a complete working out of a very obvious destiny. His great-grandfather was a leading member of the Forfarshire Militia band; his grandfather played the violin, and taught music in Aberdeen; and his father was one of the best-known Edinburgh musicians of his day. What more natural, then, than that the composer should "evolve" in the fourth generation?

But Dr. Mackenzie had a long way to travel, and over many thorny paths, before he found his true vocation. Born in Edinburgh in 1847, he was packed off to Germany at the tender age of ten, and at Sonderhausen, under Ulrich Stein, he learned to play the violin so well that in three years he was a member of the ducal orchestra. There was plenty of experience of a rough kind to be got here, but Dr. Mackenzie desired to become a finished violinist, and so, in 1862, he came to London, and placed himself under Sainton at the institution which he now directs. In the end he became an excellent player on the stringed instrument, and when he returned to Edinburgh to settle down as a professional, it was at first mainly as a violinist that his townsmen knew him. As a soloist and an orchestral player, he travelled about a good deal, and he has many interesting reminiscences of that early time. On one occasion, when playing at a concert, he observed a stout gentleman in the front seat who appeared to appreciate his efforts in quite an unusual way. The concert over, Dr. Mackenzie was told that someone desired to be introduced to him, and behold the hero of the front seat, who proceeded to shower compliments on the player. The latter was about to make a suitable reply, when he was cut short with the remark: "But mind you, you'll never be half as good a man as your father."

It was about this time that Dr. Mackenzie "discovered" Chopin's biographer, Professor Niecks, now the holder of the Music Chair in Edinburgh University. He brought the professor over from Düsseldorf, but so little was his brother impressed with the importation, that he could only compare him to a "stickit minister." Niecks and Mackenzie were frequently engaged to play together. One evening they,

with some other musicians, landed at a little country town, where they were to accompany *The Messiah*. The appearance of the orchestral instruments in their curiously-shaped cases greatly puzzled the countrymen who had gathered about the station. "What's all this, Sandy?" inquired one rustic. "Man, do ye no ken?" was the reply; "it's the Meesia come; they're goin' to play the nicht." As a Church musician Dr. Mackenzie had other and very different experiences. "Training the choir, quarrelling with the minister, and generally managing to get the better of him," is the way he speaks of his work at St. George's, Edinburgh, where, however—as, indeed, in the capital generally—he is very kindly remembered and very proudly thought of.

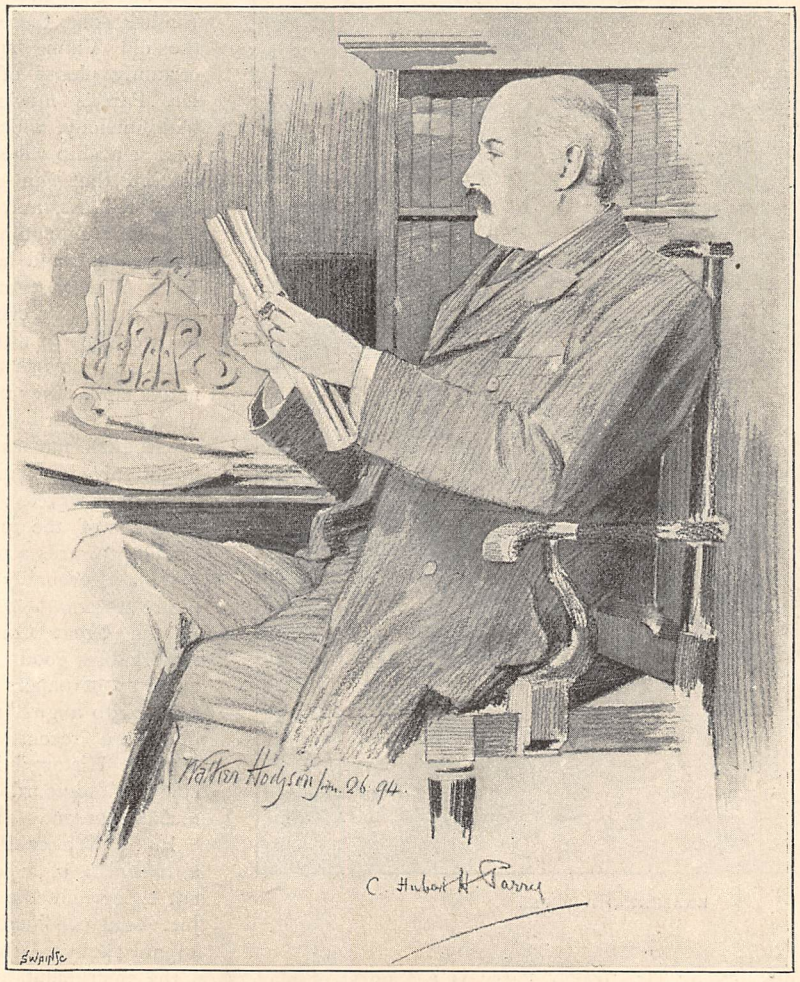
Of Dr. Mackenzie's record as a composer we have no space to speak. Thirteen years ago he left a large teaching connection in Edinburgh to seek health in Florence, and Florence gave him both health and fame; for it was while thus resting that he blossomed forth as a composer. His works are already numerous enough to require a little catalogue to themselves; and if they are not all of equal merit, they have been at least sufficient to remove the old taunt of Scotland's musical barrenness. The late Von Bülow used to say that composition was the most expensive amusement he knew. Either Dr. Mackenzie does not find it so, or—which is more likely—he is content to regard this, the highest exercise of his art, as purely a labour of love.

But the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music is not the sole musical glory of his country, although he was certainly the first to break the unmusical record. In Mr. Hamish MacCunn we have a musician who is essentially national, where Dr. Mackenzie is essentially cosmopolitan. The younger composer has proclaimed his total lack of sympathy with what is known as "absolute" music; and his interest in "far-away personages" and "foreign subjects" may be guessed from the fact that he declares he *might* write an opera on, say, *Dido and Æneas*, but only if he tried "terribly hard." He has not tried to do anything of the kind; but in selecting a style of composition, has taken what lay, as it were, at his hand—what he knew best about, and what touched him most nearly. For Mr. MacCunn is a Scotsman in all the essentials of birth, training, and sentiment. He is a Greenock boy, and has been steeped in music since 1868, when he first shook his tiny fists under the parental roof. His father is an active business man, who has always given up his leisure to the Divine art; and the son has testified of both parents that their instruction and encouragement have formed an all-important factor in his musical development.

Of the details of that development there is not much to say. In 1883 Mr. MacCunn, having already been well "coached" locally, secured a Scholarship at the Royal College of Music, and went off to London for his finishing lessons. In one year he had learned all they could teach him at the Royal College, and very

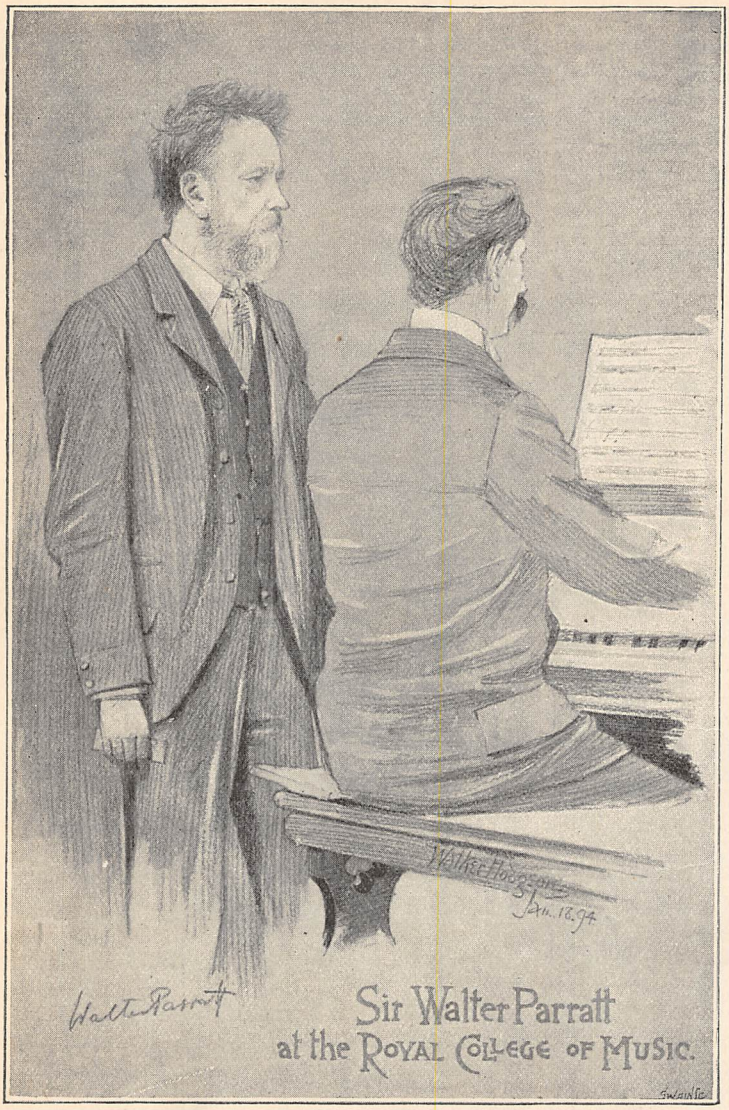
MR. HAMISH MACCUNN.

soon after he had left the institution his countrymen were rejoicing over the possession of a second notable composer. Having had no Continental training, Mr. MacCunn's mind naturally inclined towards Scottish subjects. "The more I look," he says, "into the large and interesting tradition of ballad music and ballad literature that has been bequeathed to us, the more I feel that here there is plenty of material for the work of more than one life." And so Mr. MacCunn has practically stuck to that material. Scottish tunes and Scottish rhythms have become his second nature; so much so, that critics have actually mistaken his melodies for some of the old national airs of his country! He likes to have something to write about, so that his music may represent emotions aroused by some definite idea or ideas. He has no delight in fugal composition, nor has he any patience with the meaningless floridities of the Italian School. In vocal music he lays great stress upon declamation, and he always treats his chorus in masses by preference. Mr. MacCunn believes in hard work; but he also believes in play and in good living. He likes billiards as much as Paderewski himself. Art is not, in his opinion, compatible with miserable surroundings. "I live well," he says, "because I feel that any form of unnecessary hardship would probably impair my activity." Mr. MacCunn is married to a daughter of the late John Pettie, the artist; and he is one of the youngest appointed professors of composition at the R.A.M.



DR. HUBERT PARRY.

It seems just the right thing to follow on with a notice of Dr. Hubert Parry, for Mr. MacCunn bears eloquent testimony to the sound instruction he received from that eminent musician at the Royal College; and Dr. Parry is, besides, understood to be very proud of his young disciple. There are—or, at any rate, there have been—so many musical Parrys, that the ordinary reader is apt to get confused as to their identity, more especially as there are two distinct Parrys, both doctors of music, both composers, and both professors. How to label them accurately is a problem. In writing, at any rate, there may be a



EXAMINING A PUPIL.

ready means of distinction: Dr. Joseph Parry is a Welshman, who works in Wales; Dr. Hubert Parry is an Englishman, who works in London. Born at Gloucester in 1848, Charles Hubert Hastings Parry has, apart from the history of his compositions, had a comparatively uneventful career. In due course he went to Eton and to Oxford, where he graduated Mus.B. in 1867 and B.A. in 1870. It is said that he rather astonished Sir Frederick Ouseley by passing the Mus.B. examination while still literally an "Eton boy."

Going from Oxford to Stuttgart, he studied composition with H. H. Pierson there, and then returned to London to finish his training under Sir George Macfarren and Mr. Dannreuther. Since that time he has been busy composing, writing, and teaching, and in all three branches has been equally successful. In the first-named department he has taken his place as a master; and in such works as *Judith*, *Prometheus*, *St. Cecilia*, and *De Profundis*, not to mention symphonies and other instrumental compositions, he has distinctly enriched our English art. Someone has said that in all genuine English song there is a breath of the old Viking spirit. There is certainly plenty of that spirit in Dr. Parry's music. Strong diatonic melody, which rides on its bass as a ship rides on the water; rhythm that can change without being restless, and continue without being monotonous; sentiment that is sane and healthy, with no touch of extravagance or affectation—these, as a critic has well put it, are the qualities which Dr. Parry's music has drawn from its native land. Nor must Dr. Parry's work as a contributor to our stores of English musical literature be forgotten. Musicians, as a rule, make poor writers; but Dr. Parry's practice of the pen is steadily tending towards a perfection which we shall probably see in some future *magnum opus*. His "Studies of the Great Composers" is a remarkably good volume to be made up of papers originally contributed to a girls' magazine, while his more recent "Summary of Musical History" is likely to become a standard work for the musical student.

In Sir Walter Parratt we have a musician of a somewhat different type from the men we have just been considering. He is an organist above all things—one of the finest of players on the instrument, and an authority on all matters pertaining to it. Indeed, Sir Walter has one unique qualification as a player: he can go through an organ fugue from memory or at first sight, and at the same time play a game of chess! When he was organist at Magdalen College, Oxford, he and Prince Leopold spent many an evening together over music and chess; and so expert a chessman did the musician become, that he could play several games at once blindfold. As an organist Sir Walter has had a long and varied experience. When he was born at Huddersfield, in 1841, his father was organist of the parish church there—a post which he held for fifty years. In fact, he played the organ on fifty consecutive Christmas Days, and his son Henry, who succeeded him, has now played twenty-six Christmas Days—father and son thus officiating in the same

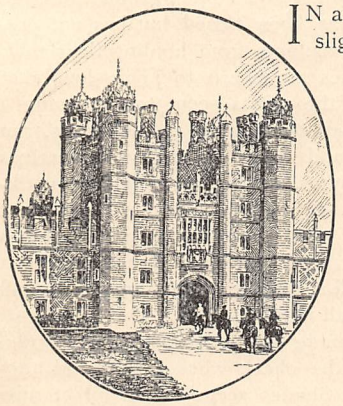
church for three-quarters of a century. Walter Parratt naturally received his first instruction from his father; but the latter was wont to complain that his son found the study of music so easy that he could not be induced to spend time enough on it in a serious manner. But there was one thing the son would gladly do: there was an organ factory in Huddersfield, and if Walter Parratt was not to be found there, looking keenly into the construction of organs, it might be taken for granted that Walter Parratt's time was not his own.

At the early age of eleven he was appointed organist of Armitage Bridge Parish Church, but the instrument had only one manual; and so we find the young musician, after a few months, at Charlotte Street Chapel, Pimlico, London. In 1854 he went back to Huddersfield as organist of St. Paul's, and it was then that people saw in him the "coming man." For one thing, he had a wonderful memory, and an equally wonderful gift of playing at first sight. One Sunday morning a candidate for a place in his choir came to sing on trial, but forgot to bring for the use of the organist a copy of the solo he meant to sing. The omission only occurred to him during the first lesson, and as he could not himself sing without the music, he handed his copy to Mr. Parratt and asked him if he could accompany it. Mr. Parratt replied that he had never seen or heard the piece before, but would try what he could do. During the second lesson he played the composition over on the keys of the organ without wind, and handed the copy back to the singer. When the solo came on, he played the accompaniment without an error, and turning round to the vocalist, told him where he had sung a wrong note!

While at Huddersfield Mr. Parratt, though then only nineteen, came very near to being selected as organist both for the Town Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the Town Hall, Leeds. In 1861, however, he was appointed organist to Lord Dudley's church, Whitely Court, and there he remained till 1868, when he went to the parish church at Wigan. In 1872 he was made organist and choirmaster at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he took his Mus.B. degree; and when Sir George Elvey retired, he was chosen as his successor at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where he remains. Sir Walter is the leading professor of the organ at the Royal College of Music, and does some hard days' teaching there every week. As a player he specially excels in Bach, whom he interprets in an almost insurpassable manner. Like Dr. Parry, he is a writer; but as yet his efforts in that direction have been confined almost solely to the musical journals and kindred publications.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

ROYAL GHOSTS IN HAMPTON COURT PALACE.



THE GREAT GATEWAY IN WOLSEY'S TIME.

IN attempting to give a slight sketch of my experience of ghostly visitants in Hampton Court Palace, I must first assure my readers that personally I have never actually seen a ghost there. Neither have I any wish to do so, as I am told the sensation it produces is a very unpleasant one, and impossible to describe. One feels completely paralysed for the time, and the sudden shock seems to haunt one night and day.

The apartment in which I now write is situated near to the Haunted Gallery, and I have distinctly heard the loud screams at dead of night, which are supposed to be uttered by the shade of Queen Catherine Howard, whose restless spirit still haunts the Long Gallery, on the right-hand side of the Queen's Great Staircase. This gallery is kept locked, and is not shown to the public generally, but only to the favoured few, and by special permission. The story goes that, after the disclosures made to Henry VIII. of the alleged unfaithfulness of the queen, he was one day at service in the royal closet in the chapel. Catherine Howard, who had been confined to her room, escaped and ran along the (now called) Haunted Gallery, having determined to make one last frantic effort to appeal to the king for mercy and pardon.

She had just reached the door of the royal pew when she was rudely seized by the guards, and in spite of her piercing shrieks she was carried back to her own rooms, while the king continued his devotions apparently quite unmoved.

This terrible scene is said to have been enacted over and over again in the Haunted Gallery.

A tall figure, dressed all in white, has been seen going towards the royal pew, and on approaching the door has rushed back again hastily, her garments all disordered, and a look of utter misery and despair on her face, as she utters a succession of unearthly shrieks, till she passes through the doorway which leads to the Queen's Staircase. These shrieks are constantly heard to this day, especially when there is no moon, and at the autumnal season of the year, when these Royal Shades seem to be particularly restless. They never

appear to do any actual harm beyond alarming the occupants of the Apartments, and visitors are constantly known to leave very abruptly when on a visit to the Palace. They make all sorts of transparent excuses, receive telegrams suddenly, which call for their "immediate presence" elsewhere, and leave promptly! We hear subsequently, by a side wind, that "So-and-So couldn't stand it any longer, as he or she heard such extraordinary noises: footsteps followed them, someone rapped at their doors repeatedly, but on opening it there was nothing to be seen," and so on.

One night I retired as usual about eleven o'clock, a lady staying in my Apartment having assisted me to bolt and lock the front doors very carefully (there are double doors to it). In the morning one of my servants came to my room very early in a state of alarm, and awoke me, saying: "If you please, ma'am, did you forget to shut and lock the front door last night? as, when I came down just now, I found them both wide open!"

This was not at all pleasant intelligence for one's waking moments, and I have never been able to account for it in any way. Outside these front doors is a curious old oak staircase, and my servants have to go up it to get to their own rooms. It is opposite to one of the "Queen's Gates," which has a very fine arch, beautifully carved, and with wide oak doors. Through this arch and doors Queen Catherine of Arragon is said to "walk" at certain times of the year. They lead to what were her own apartments in the olden days, and she used to come out and go down to the Great Hall, to dine with her royal husband, Henry VIII.

One night I was aroused by the sudden entrance of my cook and parlourmaid into my room, while I was fast asleep. They rushed in screaming.

"Oh! ma'am," cried the cook, "*are* you quite safe? We smelt fire somewhere, and came down to see where it was; but, oh! *what* we have seen to-night! As we was a-comin' down them oak stairs we see a tall lady, dressed all in black, with a long train, with a shining light on her face, come through the Queen's Gate, but the door never opened when she came out nor shut after her. She had a taper in her 'and, and seemed to glide downstairs, and then we couldn't see her nowhere."

The next day this old cook came to me and said: "If you please, mum, I must leave you this wery day. I came to oblige you, mum, and left a pore lady in town, who I was nussing, very bad with haricot [varicose] veins, but I can't stay no longer in such a place as this, where the partition of Anne Bullion [Boleyn] walks, and where the ghosts are so harbacious (!), and it worrits me dreadful to think of it. My only comfort is, mum, that them ghosts is all royal ones."

Other servants complain of hearing footsteps, and of someone walking about their room, and one called out to the other, "*Do* be quiet and go to bed at once, and leave off disturbing me so."

One night I awoke suddenly by feeling a figure standing by my bedside, and my pillow was sharply pulled away from under my head. Then something seemed to lean over the bed, as if gazing at me, and to press the spring mattress. It was perfectly dark, and for some time I was so frightened that I could not move to light a candle. I felt conscious of a presence in the room, but saw nothing actually.

Doors here are constantly found open, when carefully shut and locked, and I have seen visitors turn pale at the sight of a door gently closing by itself before one's eyes, when the apartment was all shut up, and not a breath of wind anywhere.

One evening I was alone, sitting in the drawing-room, waiting for a young girl who was staying with me, and who had gone out into the gardens, which are closed to the public at night, with one of the maids to take a moonlight stroll—everyone else having retired. Suddenly I heard a loud knocking at the front door, the handle rattled, the key was turned, and the door violently shaken. I went very quickly and opened the door, thinking that my friend had returned and was in a hurry to get in again. To my astonishment, there was not a soul to be seen, nor any sound of retreating footsteps, which reverberate so clearly on these old oak stairs. There was positively *no one there!* It was a cold, frosty night, in the depth of winter, and my readers may judge for themselves if anyone would care, or be likely, to patrol an old oak staircase, up which the wind blows and whistles keenly and is very dimly lit, for the purpose of playing practical jokes, as has been suggested in many quarters is the case.

In one particular room curious noises are constantly heard. A winding staircase leads from it to the court below, leading to an underground passage to the river; this has been closed, but has not prevented the ghostly visitants from holding their midnight revels. Glasses are heard to jingle loudly at dead of night; and the spirits seem to be having a regular romp. They tap loudly at the doors, run about the room, and seem to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Two ladies, standing near this room talking, about half-past eleven one night, saw a bright light flash through, and at the same time heard a loud crash. They were much alarmed, and next morning we made all sorts of investigations to try and account for it; but all in vain.

Complaints are made that something comes and touches people on the cheek when asleep, and altogether these Royal Shades seem to be full of mischief, but perfectly harmless.

In the gardens also "The Grey Lady" is said to promenade at night. An attendant on his usual rounds sat down for a moment to wait for the midnight inspector to pass him, when he suddenly found a cold hand laid on his face, and looking up saw a tall, pale woman, dressed all in grey, standing before him. He sprang up at once, and she vanished away before his eyes; but the shock caused by the apparition was so great that he became intensely nervous, and was absolutely afraid to remain in the gardens at night, and, consequently, had to resign his post.

To many of us these harmless shadows of long-departed days only lend a deeper interest, and throw more of a romance over this beautiful and historical old palace, and one gets quite accustomed to all these ghostly vagaries.

Before I close this sketch, I must not omit to mention the curious and gigantic Cardinal Spiders which are peculiar to this palace, and are supposed to be inhabited by the spirit of Cardinal Wolsey! They are more like land-crabs than spiders, and their bite is very poisonous. They are frequently to be found, and inhabit the old crumbling walls and odd nooks and corners. When they walk about the rooms they make quite a loud clattering, and cause much alarm to strangers who come to stay in this Palace Beautiful at "Happy Hampton."

A few nights ago these Royal Ghosts again made their appearance. The oldest inhabitants of this palace tell me that these scenes are quite a revival of the ancient times, as nothing has of late been seen of these Royal Shades. A young girl sleeping (by choice) in the "Blue" or "Haunted Room" relates that about 1.15 a.m. she was awakened by a loud noise in the adjoining room. The folding-doors between the two were violently shaken, the handles rattled, and she distinctly heard the sound of footsteps moving, and it seemed as if chairs were dancing a jig, while glasses jingled loudly. She was too much alarmed to move, and lay still in terror. There was no moon, but the room seemed filled with a pale blue ghostly light. Then a figure appeared to glide up and down past her bed, gently rustling, in a white dress; suddenly it stopped by her bed and leaned over her, she felt an icy cold breath on her cheek, which might be best described as a blast of cold wind from a lonely churchyard. Gradually the noises ceased, the blue light faded, and she was left trembling with fright, in utter darkness, as before.

THE OWL.

CHILD'S SUMMER HAT, FROM MESSRS. SWEARS & WELLS, REGENT STREET, W.
(Photograph by Walery, Ltd., Regent Street, W.)

SUMMER sunshine and the rippling laughter of children are a pleasing accompaniment to the interesting topic of fashions in the Liliputian world, and it is surprising to note the many distinctive features peculiarly their own these fashions possess, in opposition to the styles that obtained some few years since, when the little people appeared in miniature copies of the dress donned by their elders.

Old pictures and rare prints have been ransacked to supply designs appropriate to the dainty charm of childhood, and many a plain but interestingly clever girl has pleased the eye in her becoming frock of artistic colour and quaint form.

Commencing with the subject of children's millinery there is much that is fascinating in the designs, the delicate laces and embroideries whereof they are composed imparting a dainty charm, whilst the colourings chosen enhance the freshness that is indispensable in connection with a well-dressed child.

Portrayed is a beautiful hat for a child of five summers; it is entirely composed of wide apricot-coloured ribbon that has a narrow edge and pin-spot dots of white upon its surface. This is cleverly draped to form the crown, and finely kilted with lace beneath it. It is arranged as a brim of irregular outline, and two natural quills are fixed in the knot at the left side, with a pretty effect. This design affords an excellent criterion of the style of hat that good taste decrees shall lead in the summer and early autumn fashions.

Another design has a large full crown of cream-white silk, with undulating brim of burnt Panama straw lined with lace. A pretty note of colour is introduced in the bunch of heather tied with narrow ribbon, that rests on the brim in front and at one side of the back. Leghorn straw is always in favour,

OUTDOOR COSTUME, FOR CHILD OF THREE YEARS.

and appears in the form of large "picture" hats trimmed with bows and rosettes of satin ribbon and white ostrich tips, or as a sailor's hat with fan-shaped bows of lace centred with bunches of tiny pink daisies.

A novel and charming way of arranging these little flowers was shown on a large round hat with soft full crown of silk and wide shady brim of lace through which were threaded the long stalks of the daisies, the flowers forming an irregular fringe, with an upright cluster of ribbons and daisies at one side. A small crown of Panama had a broad brim of finely kilted lace sprinkled with rose petals, a rosette of ribbon and erect roses placed at one side, from which depended two ribbon streamers fastened with a half-blown rose ; this was a new and lovely design for children of eight years. Sun bonnets and sun hats are pretty arrangements of fine cambric and embroideries, the crowns of the bonnets are chiefly close hood-shaped, and the hats have the wide brim either of three narrow or one deep frill of embroidery shading the face. White or Panama straw, yellow tinted lace, and clover pink or the yellow of the "crocus cup," are the prevailing colours in headgear for the little folk, whilst their elder sisters wear brightly tinted and fancy straws trimmed profusely with flowers or ribbons. These we will consider in connection with each design as we proceed.

Coats and Pelisses.

The prevailing fashion in the outdoor garments for little children of three or five years is invariably that with the coat fulness sewn in box-pleats or gathers to a yoke piece, the sleeves in one or two full puffs to the wrist, and triple round capes or deep square cape-collars, outlined with vandyke lace or bordered with insertion. We illustrate a very pretty example made in white Bengaline, the fulness hanging straight from the small yoke and the deep hem accentuated by a line of handsome feather-stitching. The pretty cape frill is made with a round yoke trimmed with lace in deep vandykes, the frill fulness showing in a charming manner between each point, the turned-down collar of silk is ornamented with a line of feather-stitch, and the fully-gathered sleeves are finished at the wrist with a cuff of silk and lace, while the coat is lined throughout with pink sarcenet. This design need not of necessity be made in silk, but would look exceedingly pretty in pale blue cashmere with white ondine silk collar and frill. A deep frill of kilted silk, with an outline of embroidered lisse, encircles the hat and full silk crown, and a handsome aigrette of ostrich tips fastened with a bow is placed at one side of the front under the brim.

A style exactly suitable to a slight child of five years was made in rich ivory-white silk, trimmed with insertions of Venise lace. To the small square yoke was sewn the coat in two box-pleats back and front, having three rows of the lace inserted above the hem at intervals of three inches ; over the yoke was a square Dutch collar of silk, also trimmed with insertion half an inch from the edge, the double frill at the top of the sleeve being treated in the same way, the full sleeve extending to the wrist was gathered into a wristlet of lace. With this coat was worn a quaint Dutch hood of silk and rows of insertion fitting close to the head, the silk of buttercup hue with which it and the coat were lined gleamed through the lace with charming effect. White piqué unlined, and muslin insertion with a coloured ribbon threaded through it, made to this design would be both effective and economical.

Washing materials are essential for useful garments for children, white piqué being chief favourite and brown holland taking second place when trimmed with narrow white braids. A pretty style for a child of four years opened out V-shape with revers outlined with braid, over a vest of white lawn drawn with several drawing threads at the neck, three rows of waved braid put on in vandykes trimming the hem. Coloured linens are also in high favour for washing frocks and coats, and are trimmed with embroidered cambric ; these white embroideries, either as insertions or frills, are extensively used, and in many instances the capes and upper sleeves are entirely composed of such. White book muslins and mulle are used for pinafores, with tiny yokes of embroidery and neck frills edged with infinitesimal Valenciennes lace. Washing Zephyrs are always useful and dainty-looking, and when cut square and bordered with a frill, over a white chemisette smocked at the neck and wrists, are extremely pretty.

HOOD AND FROCK FOR CHILD OF EIGHT YEARS.

For a child of eight we illustrate a pretty design for a summer frock in white woollen crépon and muslin insertion, through which is drawn a narrow cerise coloured ribbon, finishing in rosettes. The full bodice fastening at the back is drawn into a line of embroidery at the waist, and crossed at intervals with straps of the embroidery, a similar line

forming the collar. Epaulette frills are sewn into the arm-hole, and extend to the waist back and front in points. The skirt is trimmed with three tucks, and embroidered with the cerise ribbon repeated. For weddings, fêtes, or dressy occasions a pretty hood is worn made in silk and lace with cerise ribbon rosettes, and black shoes and stockings. One of Messrs. Swears

BLOUSE IN SILK AND LACE.

and Wells' designs of a frock for a child of eight quite charmed me; the colour was a delicate shade of lime green, the material was a soft rich serge, the only trimming narrow lines of white braid skilfully arranged in a shell-like design of festoons at the hem of the skirt and around the V-shaped opening of the bodice, which was drawn in fulness to a belt and continued beneath in a pretty basque outlined with three rows of braid. White was cleverly designed to fill in the neck, forming thus a becoming vest. Sleeves with fulness at the top fitted tightly below the elbow. A dainty Leghorn hat with ribbons of lime green and white tips completed a design that would add a charm to the delicate beauty of childhood. Another frock, equally effective, but for an older child, was in woollen crépon in the combined tints of pink and lilac, a deep frill of fine lace encircled the neck and fell over the frills and puff of the upper sleeve. Ribbons shot with two colours started from a bow in the centre of the back, at the waist, to either shoulder where they formed bows, and thence to the rosettes at the waist in front, finishing to the hem of the skirt in two broad ends, quite in a novel way.

Blouse.

I must not omit to mention the silks now so much worn for blouses, one of oriental brilliancy of colouring and design, the other a crimped crêpe texture that possesses the great advantage of being uncreasable. These silk blouses are made in fulness from neck to waist with draped neck-bands and waist-belts fastened with a pretty rosette, large fully-pleated sleeves, and the graceful addition of guipure lace revers; such a one we have illustrated. Accordion-pleated chiffon, in shades of blue, maize, cyclamen-pink, or pale green, is well worn, and being sold by the yard ready pleated, greatly facilitates making one of the new blouses with long loop puffed sleeves reaching below the elbow, and worn under a Bolero jacket of silk or velvet.

Dresses for Young Ladies.

Slowly but surely draperies are winning their way in our selections for dressy frocks for the younger members of the family—this is evinced in an elegant design for a young lady of some sixteen summers. It is made in a soft tone of terra-cotta crépon with V-shaped yoke of lace outlined with a band of bronze green velvet, two long pieces of the material are gathered into this band, and the waist is girdled in a novel manner with velvet ribbons, which crossed to either side below the waist, looping up the drapery with tiny pamirs, and, fastening at the back, formed a bow and two long ends. An under petticoat or front of crépon was thus revealed. The sleeves were set in ample fulness from shoulder to elbow, and tight to the wrist. With

YOUNG LADY'S SUMMER COSTUME.

this costume was worn a beautiful hat of fancy straw, having two minute *rouleaux* of velvet sewn outside the brim, which curved slightly at the side, and an artistic bow of shot gold and heather coloured silk was slipped through a curved loop of the straw in a charming way.

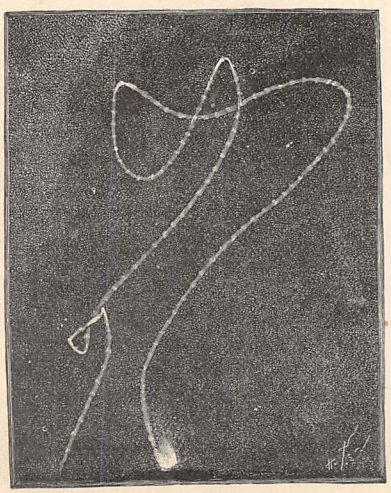
There are many pale-tinted muslins freely scattered with white spots now fashionable, and deliciously cool-looking and becoming they are for young ladies, whether made with the skirts slightly draped on each side of the front or with the plain severity qualified by a flounce edged with narrow Valenciennes, put on with a vandyke heading. Pretty full bodices are arranged with fichu frills describing a deep point back and front, the V being filled in with ribbon fastened on the shoulders with rosettes, a broad sash ribbon encircling the waist and tied at the back in bows and very long ends; the sunshades to correspond are also made in rows of muslin and lace, and hats with rough straw crowns and broad brims of lisse or lace are profusely decorated with flowers and ribbon; in fact, no head gear or costume would merit the assertion of being new, unless ribbon appeared in rosette, bow, or sash, upon it. I have designed a dress (*see* illustration on p. 635) to show a present style of arranging the ribbon on the bodice, in this instance it is black satin profusely dotted with tiny jet sequins or paillettes. The material of the dress is pale blue canvas, ornamented with a yoke, collar, and cuffs of the much-worn guipure lace. The skirt is perfectly plain, setting out at the hem. A tight-fitting bodice lining has the fronts draped and trimmed with the ribbon forming braces and finished with rosettes of bows, accentuating the waist-line and ending in a sash at the back. A large puff to the elbow and thence tight to the wrist is a marked feature of the designs for sleeves, which continue large for fête and out-door wear, but are greatly diminished on full evening dress. It is a style that has much to recommend it on the score of becomingness when not carried to excess. The charming hat of old gold straw has a full ruche of pleated white chiffon, the minute hem showing a line of black silk, black marguerites with yellow centres and green foliage being grouped in an erect spray at the left side of the flat crown.

A. LL. GRIFFITHS.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling each. Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

Bead Lightning.



Chain, bead, or chaplet lightning is a rare phenomenon and very little is known about it. The observer sees a dotted line of light without branches like forked lightning, but curving gently and sometimes appearing to form figures like the letter S or the figure 8. Happily a flash was photographed for the first time by Mr. W. N. Jennings, Philadelphia, at 2 a.m. on June 10th, 1890, but not brought into public notice until the Chicago Exhibition, where it was shown in the pavilion of the United States Weather Bureau. Our illustration reproduces this photograph, which bears out Planté's description, "a chaplet of bright beads strung on a narrow luminous thread." The flash first rose from the horizon, and afterwards returned to the ground, where a small flash, like an explosion, could be seen. Signs of a gyratory motion can be detected at the lower knot of the figure, when the photograph is enlarged; and on the whole, it would seem either that the flash is the apparent path of one or more electric balls —that is to say, globe lightnings—or a file of these balls partially formed along a luminous path of induction, but not detached from one another. Further and exact observation is necessary before we can pronounce definitely on this little understood phenomenon.

A Railway Bicycle.

Our engraving shows the bicycle now employed by the Russian gendarmes in travelling along the State railways to watch for any obstructions or signs of danger to the train of his Imperial Majesty the Czar. It chiefly differs from road cycles in that the wheelman can give all his energies to the propulsion, as no steering gear is needed, and therefore in addition to the pedals for his feet, there are two levers which he works with his hands.

A Hinged Mast.

In navigating the Manchester Ship Canal and other waters crossed by bridges, the top-masts of vessels are an impediment, and hence a species of hinged top-mast which can be lowered, like the funnel of a steamboat, when passing under bridges has been introduced. The mechanism is very simple, and the device is preferable to the older telescopic masts now in use.

The Purest Air on Earth.

When the atmosphere becomes foul with smoke and dust, it purifies itself by forming clouds, which break into rain. The dust-particles are the nuclei on which the water vapours condense into mists and clouds. We should, therefore, expect that populous and manufacturing towns are the great centres of befoulment, while mountains and seas, with their mists and rains, are the great purifying areas. Mr. John Aitken, F.R.S., has found this to be the case by actual observation of the dust-particles in the air of different localities. The purest air on earth is probably to be found in the middle of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. In the Atlantic, at all events, Mr. Aitken has found the lowest number of dust-particles —only 71 in a cubic centimetre, the centimetre being one-fifth of an inch. In the Highlands of Scotland, a mountainous country surrounded by seas, his figure is 141, in the Alps it is 381, and in the Mediterranean 891 particles per cubic centimetre. When it is remembered that in a large town the number of particles in a cubic centimetre is measured by hundreds of thousands and millions, the purity of sea and mountain air is better comprehended.

A New Wind Motor.

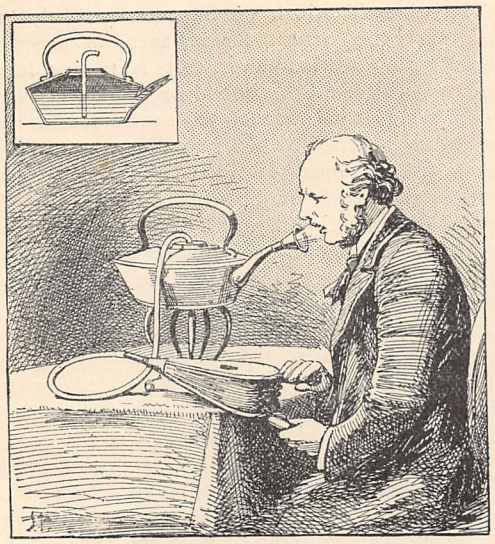
The windmill which we illustrate is likely to be useful in many ways: for instance, in generating electricity from wind-power. It is twenty feet in diameter, and of the horizontal or turbine class; the sails, having a total area of 300 square feet, are concave screens carried by five radiating arms. A semicircular shield, operated by the vane on the turret, controls the action of the wind on the sails. The central shaft, which is turned by the sails, is prolonged downwards to the engine or dynamo house, as shown. With a wind going sixteen miles an hour, the motor develops four horse-power.

Household Novelties.

The "Unicus" Tea-infuser is a perforated cap which, when filled with tea-leaves, slides on to a tea-spoon and may then be used to prepare a single excellent cup of tea without the trouble of a tea-pot or any risk of "over-stewing," and its consequent tannin. For holiday use or upon a journey the Unicus would prove invaluable.—An "Anti-dust" Brush has just been patented, the use of which does away with any necessity for sprinkling floors with water, tea-leaves, sawdust, or any other medium for preventing the rising of dust during the sweeping of uncarpeted floors. The brush itself is circular in shape, and is surmounted by a metal reservoir in which is carried a disinfecting fluid, "Stourolene" by name. In the ordinary way the brush is used rigid, but if the dust begins to rise, the pressing of a peg in the handle allows the brush to revolve and at the same time charges it with the fluid.—A literary man, who has unjustly suffered sundry pricks and wounds from adjusting the ordinary curtain hooks, to help his wife, has turned his hurt

A NEW WIND MOTOR.

to profit (we hope), by inventing what he calls the "Stand-up" Curtain hook. This is constructed on the principle of a balance, and having two upward-turned points, will not only hold a curtain with singular firmness and evenness, but will secure the pleats. A curtain-hook which cannot come undone is indeed a



A HOME-MADE INHALER.

novelty, and worthy the attention of every housewife.—A new placque-holder, called the "Perfect," which has just been patented, is at once strong and easily fitted to the china to be supported. At the back of a brass centre-plate are three slots through which run flat strips of brass, with hooks at one end to grip the edge of the plate or bowl. If the other end of the strip be then bent back, a secure and unalterable hold is given, and suspension by means of a ring in the centre-plate is easy and safe.—A flexible spatula has just been introduced which commends itself to all who are in attendance on the sick, in hospitals or at home, as it may be used for spreading ointments, etc.—A Family Blacking-box that has just been introduced by a Welsh firm deserves a place in every household. Across the centre of the box, which is made of japanned metal, is mounted a polished wood roller that of necessity revolves in the blacking as the brush is passed over it. The result is that the blacking is distributed evenly over the surface of the bristles, and as there is no longer any need to dip one end of the brush in the blacking the bristles are not filled up and the life of the brush is thus prolonged.—An Improved Pie-cup, "the Rosebud," has just been patented, in which is a number of small holes just below the crown upon which the pastry rests. These holes communicate with the funnel which projects above the upper crust of the pie. By the use of this cup, the inventor claims that juice or gravy is retained in the pie, and that meat pies are made much more digestible.

A Home-Made Inhaler.

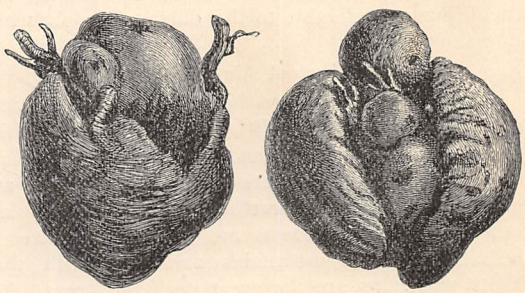
Inhalations of aromatic vapours such as those from terebinthine, eucalyptol, and pinol are recommended for most affections of the larynx and bronchial tubes, and hence it may be useful to show how an inhaler can be made from a teapot or kettle and a pair of bellows. The mouth of the teapot should be closed by a bung, through which an indiarubber tube is passed into the liquid to be vaporised (as shown by our illustration, particularly in the small section in one corner of it). The other end of this tube is joined to the nozzle of an ordinary domestic bellows; and a funnel or mouthpiece is added to the spout of the teapot. On working the bellows the medicinal liquid in the teapot is agitated, and the fumes are blown from the spout into the mouth of the patient, who inhales them at his pleasure. To make the process as effective as possible, the liquid should first be heated by placing the teapot or kettle beside or on the fire.

Electrified Balloons.

Several balloons have caught fire in a mysterious manner, and the ignition has now been traced to electricity developed on the silk of the envelope, either by the friction of the air or the cordage. The electricity charges the metal of the safety-valve, and when this is worked a spark is produced which ignites the gas and sets the balloon in flames. The obvious remedy is to construct the valve in such a way that it will not yield a spark.

Keeping Potatoes.

Potatoes become unfit for cooking when they germinate, and in order to keep them the buds should be removed; but this is a troublesome process, and as M. Schribaux has recently shown, it suffices to steep them for ten or twelve hours in water acidulated with one or two per cent. of commercial sulphuric acid (marking sixty-six degrees on Baumé's areometer); larger proportions of acid being used for kinds with a thick skin. The acid kills the buds without penetrating



the skin of the potato. One or two varieties of potato would appear not so well adapted for this treatment, since in them there are sometimes sprouts inside the tuber, as appears from the accompanying illustration; but the freak is believed to be accidental.

A Useful Glass.

A new glass, which will stand sudden changes of temperature, has been made by two German chemists,

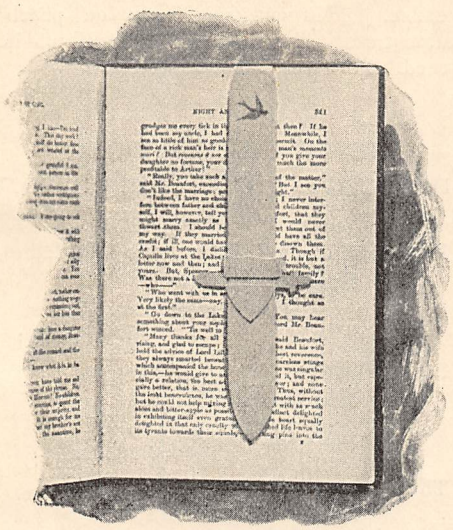
Herren Winkelman and Schott, of Jena. Vessels of this glass can be exposed directly to the flame of a Bunsen burner, thus saving both gas and time, now lost by having to interpose a sheet of wire-gauze. In addition to being serviceable in the laboratory, the new glass may come into use for domestic purposes.

A Pointing Book-Marker.

The book-marker which we illustrate herewith is made of stiff material such as celluloid and has a sliding pointer, which can be moved up and down so as to indicate the line on any page at which the reader left off reading. In this way the time usually lost in finding the right place is saved.

Unrecognised Languages.

Young people are prone to form languages for their own use; and of 150 specimens of the kind published by the "Am Ur-quell," a German folk-lore journal, a large proportion are those of boys and girls; while others were collected from thieves, peasants, and

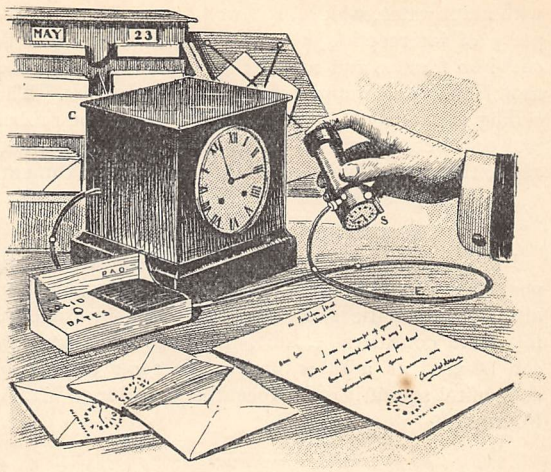


A POINTING BOOK-MARKER.

secret societies. For example, there is "Medical Greek," used by medical students; "Dog Latin," or the speech of a baby learning to talk; "Crane language," used in Denmark; "Sa-la language," used in China; "Robber language"; "B-language"; "Language of the Cat's Elbow," and so on. Many of them are the ordinary language of the neighbourhood, modified by the insertion of syllables, a plan which schoolboys often follow. A case in point is the "Gibberish, or Hog Latin, of American children": for instance, "Willus yoovus govus withus meevus?" for "Will you go with me?" Others again are formed by replacing the letters of a word by others, as in the "Tut language" of Texas, and the "Guitar language" of Hungary.

A Time and Date Stamp.

The device which is shown in our engraving is intended to record the time and date of receiving or



A TIME AND DATE STAMP.

despatching letters, telegrams, and so on. It is very simple in its action, and consists of a small clock, C, the works of which move an hour- and a minute-hand on the face of the stamp, S, which is figured like that of a clock. The motion is communicated from the clock to the stamp by means of two flexible spirals, E, as shown, and the face of the stamp, when inked on a pad in the ordinary way, leaves an impression of itself on the paper. The date is given by movable type-plates changed from day to day.

The Bird that Flies Longest.

Mr. J. Lancaster, an American naturalist who has spent five years on the west coast of Florida studying the birds there, has come to the conclusion that, of all the feathered tenants of the air, the "frigate-bird" can fly the longest without resting. He has seen one flying for a whole week night and day without repose. The frigate-bird can feed, collect materials for its nest, and even sleep on the wing. Apparently its wings can be controlled automatically, or by reflex action, without the power of its will, and it probably adapts itself to take advantage of the upward or bearing force of the wind, which Professor Langley has shown to support kites and birds in soaring and proposes to employ in his flying-machine. The spread of the frigate-bird's wing is great, and it can fly at a speed of ninety-six miles an hour, without seeming to flap its wings much. In fact, Professor Langley and others interested in flying-machines might study the movements of the bird with profit by means of Marey's instantaneous photographs. The albatross, that "king of the high seas," as Mr. Lancaster calls it, is larger than the frigate-bird; but, if it follows a vessel for four or five days, it has to rest on a rock or on the ship itself.

A Cool House.

Dr. W. Vander Hayden, of Yokohama, has erected a novel house designed for hot climates. The walls are translucent and built of hollow glass bricks filled

with alum water, which, as is well-known, has the property of intercepting heat rays. The bricks rest in cast-iron frames, and are packed with felt; while the roof is flat and supported on cast-iron pillars. The ceiling is made of glass panes with strips of rubber between them; over it is a thick layer of ashes, and above that a wooden framework covered with cement.

"Spectacles for Double Vision."

In the paragraph under this heading, which appeared in our May number, we omitted to state that, although prismatic spectacles have been in existence for some considerable time, the discovery that they can be used as a substitute for tenotomy in cases of congenital squint is quite recent, and is due to Mr. A. Fournet.

THE GARDEN IN JULY.

THE Carnation and Picotee are the two chief flowers of this month, and they are approaching fullest beauty. Put a neat stick to each flower stalk that seems in need of support, and give liberal waterings when the weather is dry. Flowers that burst very much should be kept in bounds by an indiarubber ring or a thin piece of raffia round the calyx. Carnations of this type are not desirable, and raisers of new varieties are successfully fighting against this great fault. Towards the end of the month layer the shoots. First make a basin round the plant, then spread in the bottom some finely-sifted soil, and with a sharp knife make an upward cut through a joint. Bend the layer down into the prepared soil and peg firmly. The leaves about the part cut through should be trimmed off. It is better to layer rather early, as then the rooted plants can be got into their winter quarters before frosts occur. Propagate the homely pink by pipings, which are really half-ripened cuttings. Dibbled into sandy soil in the open, or, better, in pots, they will soon root. Annual flowers last longer in beauty if decaying blooms are picked off to prevent formation of seed, which is extremely weakening to the plants. Put a strong stake to hollyhock spikes if in an exposed position, and when giving water to roses, bedders, or any other plants, always well soak the soil, as driblets do more harm than good. They encourage surface roots, which the sun quickly dries up. Window plants soon get dry at this season, and dust accumulates on the leafage. Once or even twice a day they must be looked at, and every week at least the leaves sponged with tepid water. As regards the greenhouse, syringe either in the early morning or in the evening, never when the sun shines upon the plants. Plant out Celery. Sow Runner Beans again for a late crop, if possible. Thin out fruit finally on peach and nectarine trees. The trees will suffer if too heavily burdened. Poor fruit is not wanted.

BORDER CARNATIONS.
(From a photograph by E. J. Golding.)

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DETECTIVE STORY COMPETITION.

AWARD.

The First Prize of FIVE GUINEAS is awarded to
Mrs. TANQUERAY,
Pondsbridge Vicarage,
Huntingdon;

The Second Prize of FOUR GUINEAS to
Miss H. E. D. MILLS,
8, Florence Terrace,
Falmouth;

The Third Prize of THREE GUINEAS to
Miss B. E. DUFFETT,
Mead Vale,
Redhill.

HONOURABLE MENTION is accorded to
JAMES CARTER EDWARDS,
Stockwell, S.W.

All unsuccessful Competitors who wish for the return of their MSS. should apply for them within one month from the date of the publication of the award (see Rule 7). Stamped addressed wrapper or envelope must be sent in every case.

SIX-PART STORY COMPETITION.

The manuscripts in this Competition are under consideration, and the Award will, it is hoped, be made in an early number.

We hope to publish the result of our Amateur Gardening Competition next month.

THE END OF THE VOYAGE.

(*From a drawing by* PERCY TARRANT.)

AT THE SIGN OF THE "GOLDEN PILLS": PAWNBROKING MYSTERIES.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED BARNARD.

HOW few of those who talk glibly of "my uncle" and "popping" things "up the spout" understand the significance of their slang. In olden days pawnbrokers used to send the goods left with them to the store-room by means of a hook. "Uncle" is simply a pun on the Latin word *uncus*. Hooks were superseded by spouts or pipes, which are in use to this day. Another explanation of the word "uncle," as applied to a pawnbroker, is that he was generally resorted to by spendthrifts, who, in old stories or plays, always had a rich avaricious uncle. However this may be—and where etymologists differ, who shall decide?—I determined to pawn my watch for the sake of enlightening readers of this MAGAZINE. Hundreds had done so before, but that did not re-assure me. I waited until evening set in, and under cover of darkness, slunk into the shop of one of the best-known pawnbrokers in London.

It is told of the proprietor of these premises that he was one night awakened by a furious knocking at his front door. At last he put his head out of window.

"What is the time?" bawled the disturber, who had dined not wisely but too well.

"Why do you ask me?" replied the angry pawnbroker. "How dare you make such a noise?"

"Oh, come, I say!" his tormentor retorted; "didn't I leave my watch with you this afternoon?"

I hurried into a large room divided by a long counter. On the outside of this counter were ranged a number of little sentry-boxes, or cubby-houses, so built that none of the occupants could see his neighbours. I entered one of these, and its door slammed-to behind me. A shop assistant came at once to attend to me. He was evidently a Hebrew. I detached my watch—a gold one—from its chain, and asked—

"What will you give me on this?"

"What do you want?" he said, much to my dissatisfaction; for this was my first experience of pawning, and I felt most unaccountably foolish, considering that poverty is no crime.

"I don't know," I replied. "I would rather you say. What are you prepared to give?"

The shopman had no mercy on my "greenness," and merely said—

"I don't know how much you are wanting. I can't tell that."

"Three pounds?" I ventured.

"Yes; you can have three pounds, or four, if you like."

"Then I'll have four pounds, please."

By this time the man had carefully examined the watch. He recorded its number as shown on the dial, and, producing an oblong card perforated in the middle, demanded a penny for the ticket.

"What name, sir?" he asked; adding, "And what address shall I say?" as if he expected any bogus address to be given him. Having gained the information, he wrote it on the two halves of the card, and gave me one. On it was printed—

No. 365. JOHN SMITH & Co.,
East-West Street, S.W.
FEB. 29, 1894.

Gold K. Watch,
No. 0000.
£4—0—0.

Mr. V. Hardup,
Hampstead Heath, N.W.

The back was covered with the conditions of the transaction, which, for the benefit of the uninitiated, I transcribe—

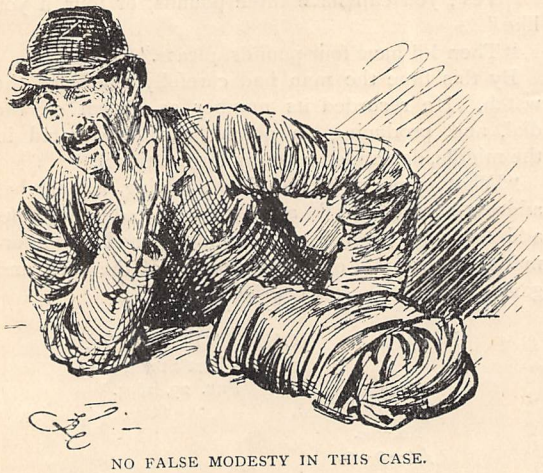
35 & 36 Vict., ch. 93.

FOR LOAN OF ABOVE FORTY SHILLINGS, NOT BEING BY "SPECIAL CONTRACT."

THE PAWNBROKER IS ENTITLED TO CHARGE FOR THIS TICKET —ONE PENNY. For PROFIT on each Two Shillings and Sixpence or part of Two Shillings and Sixpence lent on this Pledge, for every calendar month or part of a calendar month, ONE HALFPENNY.

QUITE A REGULAR CUSTOMER.

If this Pledge is not redeemed within twelve calendar months and seven days from the day of pledging, it may be sold by auction by the Pawnbroker; but it may be redeemed at any time before the day of sale. Within three years after sale the Pawner may inspect the account of



NO FALSE MODESTY IN THIS CASE.

the sale in the Pawnbroker's books on payment of ONE PENNY, and receive any surplus produced by the sale. But deficit on sale of one pledge may be set off by the Pawnbroker against surplus on another. If the Pledge is destroyed or damaged by fire, the Pawnbroker will be bound to pay the value of the Pledge, after deducting the amount of the loan and profit; such value to be the amount of the loan and profit, and twenty-five per cent. on the amount of the loan.

If this ticket is lost or mislaid, the Pawner should at once apply to the Pawnbroker for a Form of Declaration to be made before a Magistrate, or the Pawnbroker will be bound to deliver the Pledge to any person who produces this ticket to him and claims to redeem the same.

Very few people know that they can claim the surplus on the sale; and subsequent inquiries that I made show that scarcely one in a hundred avails himself of the privilege. In a few days' time I redeemed my watch, and paid one shilling and fourpence interest. The pawnbroker vouchsafed the information that I could at any time have a larger sum —three or four pounds more—on the watch, which he obligingly wound up and set right for me. Had he been my bank clerk, he could not have been more polite.

So ended my personal experience of pawning; but feeling an interest in the subject, I made extensive inquiries in the very poor parts of the metropolis. The smaller pawnbrokers' shops are like ordinary shops, and you have to do your business in view of the world and his wife.

A medical friend of mine once wanted to pawn his microscope, which was of no use to him, and he thoughtlessly went to his "uncle" on a Monday. The shop was crowded with women pawning their husbands' Sunday clothes, and they greeted the student with cries of "Look at 'e!" which so disconcerted him that he ran out of the place.

In the poor districts the articles pawned are seldom of much value. If less than £2 is obtained on the goods, the pawn-ticket costs only a halfpenny; but the interest per month is five, instead of four, pence in the pound. If the article is pawned for over ten shillings and is unredeemed, it must be sold by auction; if for under that sum, it becomes eventually the absolute property of the pawnbroker.

Should the loan be for over £10, the Act does not apply. A "special contract" is then made, and the borrower generally undertakes to either redeem the valuables before three months have passed, or, in default, to let the pawnbroker there and then keep them.

But what is to be done if the pawn-ticket is lost? The customer must go at once to the pawnbroker, who will promise not to deliver the pledge to anyone for two days, and will sell a form for the declaration, which has to be made before a magistrate. The form, which I will fill in as though I had lost the ticket for my watch, is as follows—

MIDDLESEX (To Wit).

DECLARATION WHERE PAWN-TICKET WAS LOST, ETC.

TAKE NOTICE if this declaration is false, the person making it is punishable as for perjury. Unless this printed form is taken before a Magistrate and declared to and signed and delivered back to the Pawnbroker not later than the —— day of ———, the article mentioned in it will be delivered to any person producing the pawn-ticket.

COPY OF ENTRIES ON PAWN-TICKET.

Pawned with
John Smith & Co.,
East-West Street, S.W.,
A Gold Watch, No. 0000,
this 29th day of
February, 1894, by
V. Hardup, of
Hampstead Heath,
N.W., for the sum of
£4.

I, *Very Hardup*, of *Hampstead Heath*, *N.W.*, in pursuance of the Pawnbrokers' Act, 1872, do solemnly and sincerely Declare that *I* pledged at the shop of John Smith & Co., East-West Street, S.W., the article as described in the margin, being *my* property, and received a pawn-ticket for the same, which has since been *lost* by *me*, and that the pawn-ticket has not been sold or transferred to any person by *me* or to *my* knowledge or belief.

Very Hardup { Signature of Declarant.

And I, *William Brown*, of *Wimbledon Common*, in pursuance of the same Act, do solemnly and sincerely Declare that I know the person now making the foregoing declaration to be *V. Hardup*, of *Hampstead Heath*,

William Brown { Signature of Witness to identity of Declarant.

Declared before me, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, this — day of ——— 1894. } *Thomas Lucy.*

"CAN'T YOU GIVE MORE ON THAT?"

A MERMAID UP THE SPOUT.

When this form is presented to the pawnbroker, he supplies a duplicate ticket, and the careless loser engages to make a declaration of the fact on another form (which the broker sells), and indemnifies the pawnbroker for all claims made in respect of the property pledged. Considerable profit is made on the sale of tickets, declaration and affirmation forms, etc.

Pawnbrokers do not send more than they can help to auctions, for such sales are proverbially unsatisfactory; and they stand to lose on the transaction. They generally enter into an agreement with some dealer to take all their goods at so much per cent. more than they have advanced; and it may be taken for granted that pawnbrokers seldom advance more than a quarter or a third of the real value of the articles left with them.

A large number of the labouring classes are in the habit of patronising the pawnshops every week. The wife, for example, pawns her husband's Sunday coat for five shillings. On the following Saturday she redeems the property. The pawnbroker receives his five shillings back, plus three-halfpence interest; having already received a halfpenny for the ticket, which costs him practically nothing. The weekly pawners are not so much drunken, dissolute people as respectable but thriftless folk. All the wages are spent by them as soon as received. The wife remembers that she must buy something else, and so the coat is "popped" up the spout.

An amusing story is told of a northern country town where strikes had caused much depression. The pawnbroker's shop was burnt out on Saturday; and it was noticed that very few of the labouring men, who were regular attendants at Divine service, worshipped in public on the following day; while the local preacher, generally dressed in irreproachable broad-cloth, mounted his pulpit in his week-day working clothes. The inference is obvious.

The stories of poor people paying in interest a hundredfold more than the value of the goods pawned are somewhat exaggerated. Let us imagine that A pawns her husband's coat fifty-two times in the course of the year at five shillings a time. She will pay for the use of the borrowed money during the twelve months six shillings and sixpence, and two shillings and twopence for the pawn-tickets—eight shillings and eightpence in all: or not half the value of the coat. The pawnbroker, on the other hand, has to have five shillings ready every week, to purchase printed pawn-tickets, etc.; to pay rent and wages to assistants to keep accounts, and to preserve the articles pawned in good condition. If small loans such as these were all his revenue, the pawnbroker could not become a very rich man, unless he had an enormous business. But "uncle's" resources are not so easily exhausted.

I have already pointed out that pawners seldom take the surplus on the sales of their pledges. Pawn-

brokers also enjoy ordinary traders' profits on the goods they sell to the public, and this brings me to the "weekly payment system." Supposing that I want to buy a chain hanging beneath the "gilded pills." It is marked £2. I have not that money at my disposal, but pay the pawnbroker a five shillings deposit. I get a receipt, and on the form is printed: "Payments must be made weekly, or the deposits forfeited at the expiration of four weeks." I pay a second sum of five shillings in the following week, but then am unable to raise any more money. The pawnbroker eventually pockets the ten shillings which I have already paid him, and I have not the slightest claim on the chain that took my fancy.

Pawnbrokers, as one veteran said to me, are unlucky, inasmuch that they only come before the general public in connection with police-court cases. Their ordinary business, from its very nature, is conducted in secret. But every now and again they appear as receivers of stolen goods, although innocently. Only inexperienced pilferers take the property which they have stolen to pawnshops; and as often as not the broker detains them while he communicates with the police on the sly. It is not the pawnbroker's province to inquire as to how would-be pledgers have obtained the articles on which they wish to raise money; nor is it possible for him to find out. No doubt the ease with which money can be obtained by pawning tempts servant-girls and other foolish persons to be dishonest; but the use that "my uncle" is to thousands of honest folk in dire straits more than counterbalances the opportunity he unwittingly gives for evil-doing. And the followers of the Lombard trade are, if one may generalise, as honest as any other tradespeople. A Parliamentary return recently issued shows that in Ireland during ten years there were only two prosecutions, and one of these failed, for offences connected with the sale of forfeited pledges.

One final word is necessary as to the three balls. These balls are in reality the golden pills that were the sign of the Medici family. AREMEL.

THE SEARCH IN THE SAWDUST.

BY LUCY FARMER, AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF CARDEW MANOR," ETC. ETC.

THE RESEARCHES OF MARY AMBUSH.—I.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

A VALUABLE CONSIGNMENT.

IT does not greatly matter how I became a lady-detective. Perhaps I did not get on with my parents at home, perhaps I "had a disappointment," as the phrase is. But the fact remains: I, an educated, somewhat timid girl was compelled by Circumstances to earn my living, and Circumstances threw me into a certain path. It is and always was my rule to pursue the track in which I found myself, so I continued in the way wherein Fate had placed me. My employers were satisfied with my acuteness, or "snap," as one of them termed my intelligence, and by degrees I was intrusted with several important cases.

I am not going to make mischief, nor shall I name living personages, in these experiences, but the facts will be plain enough to those whose memories are as good as mine, although *no one* ever knew the true motives; no one has ever even guessed the real reasons which underlay the acts of those I hunted down. With this brief preface let me proceed.

At the time of which I am about to write I lived with my faithful companions—Ellen Mayne, my servant, and "Lion," my collie-dog. Our lodgings were upon the edge of Wandsworth Common, then a more open and less cultivated County-Councilled space than now. I had chosen that locality because it is easy of access; the air is good, and rents were then not dear.

I occupied a small, semi-detached villa, one of a type now common, and passed as a teacher of music whose engagements compelled her to be frequently from home.

My next-door but less adjacent neighbour—my semi-"attached" neighbour, as I called her—was a stout, pleasant-looking woman with one daughter, a young and rather pretty girl with a not very refined face, but quiet and steady. She had a determined mouth, and looked as if she could be trusted to take care of herself; but from one or two little indications I judged that she would be as wax in the hands of anyone whom she really loved. She had dark and rather bold-looking eyes.

The father of this young lady was often absent, and sometimes the family were away for some weeks at a time. They invariably left home in the evening and returned very early in the morning. They kept one servant, and their chief visitor was a young gentleman (I may so call him)—a clerk, apparently. He was not very intimate with the family, for he frequently called when they were absent, and seemed greatly disappointed when he was denied admittance.

One evening, just after my return from my employers' office, I was surprised by a visit from my semi-attached neighbour, Mrs. Ellis. She bustled into my little parlour, almost filling up the doorway with her portly person, clad in shiny, rustling black silk, and wearing a cap with hanging strings which flew like pennants behind her.

I was rather astonished at her entrance, because I did not encourage visitors. "Lion" rose and advanced slowly to investigate the lady in a neutral manner, which exactly reflected my own feelings.

"Good-evenin'," said my stout friend. "Hope I'm not intrudin', but I've come to ask a favour, miss."

"Won't you sit down?" I replied, rising, and indicating a seat facing the window to which my back was turned. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, it isn't much, you know, after all, but as I said to Jemima, 'Miss, next door, she'll know how to be careful of it,' so I come to you. Your servant said you was out; but I knew you wasn't!"

"Ellen could scarcely have said so," I replied. "You misunderstood her, Mrs. Ellis."

"She did, then; she said you 'wasn't at home,' and if so, you must be out. But I just came in friendly-like."

"So I perceive," was my answer. "Well, what can I do for you? Please do not waste time."

"I want you to keep a box for me while we're away, that's all. I wouldn't trust it to everybody, and our Maria is going off too. There's some things we want took care of. Will you take 'em?"

"Valuables?" I asked.

"Yes, pretty well for that. Things of mine which my Tom puts his savin's in, you understand?"

"Bonds, I suppose. Securities?"

"No fear!" was the blunt reply. "Not him! It's jewels, and a couple of di'mond stars—things we can't carry about—and a note or two, with some spoons and forks—silver, you know; and——"

"Gently, please; my house is not a depository, Mrs. Ellis."

"No, I can see that," she replied, laughing. "No stables about it, neither. But what makes you think of horses and us? It is queer, now; but—it's——"

"My good woman, I do not connect you with horses at all! I said depository."

"Oh! I thought you meant repository, and was jeerin' at us! No offence—none's taken if none's meant. Well, then, I'll bring them in to-night."

"But really, madam, I do not think that I can undertake the charge of such valuables. It is a great responsibility; and if I am called away——"

"Ah! I'd be sorry. But no fear; you're not ill, and you won't die yet. I'll risk it!"

There was no baffling the woman save by a direct refusal, and she evidently expected me to jump at her offer as if her confidence were an honour—as perhaps it was.

"I am afraid——" I began again.

"Then you needn't be if I'm not. I'll bring them in, and many thanks into the bargain, to-night. I'm much obliged, miss, and I'll not forget the repository. Good-evenin'. You might just give your maid a hint, and tell her about Sapphira some day. It'll be a warnin'."

With this farewell speech my cool visitor thrust herself through the door into the hall, and let herself out without any assistance from me or from Ellen.

"Lion" watched her from the chair at the window, his fore-paws planted on the top rail, as he stood upon the seat. He made no remark, so I addressed him.

"What do you think of her, Lion? Is she to be trusted? What made her come here and introduce herself so suddenly? Eh, Lion?"

The collie made no reply. He watched, and waved his feathery tail in silence. He evidently had not made up his mind.

So, leaving him to his thoughts, I went upstairs to ascertain where I could best put away Mrs. Ellis's jewellery. Perhaps after all, it would prove to be false. It was not very probable that she had many diamonds or much silver plate—unless——.

My heart bounded, and sank again! Were these jewels stolen property? Did she seek to hide these things in my house, to conceal the spoils of successive successful burglaries or robberies? On what mysterious business did her often-absent husband absent himself? Why was he so melancholy and reserved at home?

Suspicion suddenly took possession of me. Was it the "irony of fate," of which so many writers speak, which had brought this woman to confide in me?—in *me* of all women, whose business lay in detecting just such secrets as Mrs. Ellis wished to conceal.

I no longer hesitated. Casting off the mantle of indifference in which I had received my visitor I made preparations for receiving her warmly, and for housing her goods. My bedroom would suit admirably as a place of concealment. A small cupboard near the window would be the very place. Scarcely anyone would notice it behind the curtain. There the valuables should all be kept safely until I had discovered the owners.

My bedroom was at the top of the house, a very retired apartment. It looked on to a small lane and out upon a high wall of a garden belonging to the extensive grounds—now abandoned to the speculative builder—of an old mansion. Close to the window, across my roof, were stretched the humming telegraph-wires to the post-office, and I wished sometimes that I could read the messages which passed overhead so closely, tightly stretched outside our villa parapets, and accessible—had we dared to "tap" it—by our trap-doors in the roof.

I remained at the window a while, then leaned out, and perceived Miss Ellis walking slowly with the clerk in the lane below. Their arrangements were no business of mine, so I withdrew and closed the window, having made up my mind to keep a very keen look-out in future upon my semi-attached neighbours next door.

After my supper had been cleared away Mrs. Ellis again presented herself, but somewhat more ceremoniously.

"Here's the things," she said, when Ellen had closed the door. "I've carried them in under my cloak so as no one should see them. There they are. We'll just cast up the list!"

While she was speaking, this peculiar neighbour of mine had placed upon my table a japanned box, and was dragging a parcel from a capacious pocket in her petticoat with many pantings and much difficulty.

"Ah! There they are!" she exclaimed, with a sigh of relief as she mopped her red face. "Them's the silver things. In the box is the jewel'ry. Just look and see it's all right."

"I hope it *is* all right, Mrs. Ellis," I said firmly. "These are absolutely your own property?"

"Why, what do you take me for?" exclaimed Mrs. Ellis, with a mixture of surprise and indignation. "Do you think I stole them? Well, you've a pretty cheek, I must say, to tell an honest woman she's a thief. If that's your idea, back goes the things. Well I never! Here, never mind. I'll leave 'em hid somewhere. Thieves indeed! What do you call yourself, miss?"

There was no mistaking the genuineness of her indignation. My employment had supplemented my natural "bent" towards character, and I was assured that the woman was truthful and honest.

"I am sorry you are offended," I replied; "you must excuse me, but I do not want to keep the articles, and it appeared strange to me that you should address a stranger in the matter. Leave them if you please, Mrs. Ellis. I will keep them safely until your return, if you really wish it."

"Well, thank you," she replied, as she re-deposited the plate upon the table. She had honestly been endeavouring to replace the parcel in her pocket, but it refused to enter. "But don't do it unless you like," she added after a pause.

"I'll keep them. Let us check the list," I said resignedly.

We did so. There were a dozen spoons and a dozen forks, a butter knife, and four gold-plated small spoons, in the parcel, each article wrapped in silver-paper, the silver spoons and forks, in half-dozens, together. In the japanned box were some extremely valuable rings, some foreign decorations, a couple of diamond stars, a gold watch and chain, with initials; and earrings, a necklace, two bracelets, studs, and smaller articles—all of value.

"This is a tremendous responsibility," I said. "Some of these are your husband's?"

"Yes, them orders are his, so's the watch. The stars is mine and will be Jimmy's—my girl's—you know, and so on. Where'll you hide them?"

"In my bedroom. I'll lock them up and you shall keep the key."

"That's fair. I'll help you carry them up. No, I don't want to see you hide them; I can trust your face. It's honest, but knowin' too. Come along."

We concealed the valuables, Mrs. Ellis assisting, and when they were securely locked up we quitted the bedroom together, and I handed her the key.

"Now, Mrs. Ellis, there's the key; but I tell you frankly I won't be responsible for your property. I will do my best to keep it safe; but if the house is robbed——."

"Rubbish!" she said brusquely. "Who'd rob *you?* You don't look worth a five-pound note to a burglar; and there's the dog. No one will rob you unless it's—Sapphira, below."

"Mrs. Ellis!" I exclaimed warningly.

"And she isn't aware of the things being here," continued the woman calmly. "No, I ain't afraid. If I wasn't pretty sure, I'd never have put the things here. I'm beholden to you, miss. Good-night. Many thanks to you."

I bade her good-bye. She walked as rapidly as she could to the next gate, and waved her hand as she went up to the door. Then I returned to the parlour and resumed my reading, which her entrance had interrupted.

At my usual hour I went to bed and took care to examine the exterior of the cupboard near the window. When I had extinguished my gas-burner I, as my habit is, pulled up one blind so that I may awake in good time. My thoughts flow best in the mornings, and I like to be up early.

Ere I retired I peeped from the window. There were lights in the Ellis's house, which, though next door to me, was round the corner, the front door facing in the same direction as mine; but the sitting-rooms looked at right angles to the door, upon another road. The entrance was from this other road up a path parallel to my road. Therefore I had an excellent view of the Ellis bedrooms to my right, as my villa was the last in the row, and theirs the first in the other road.

The Ellis family were, perhaps, busy packing, and the light gleamed upon the telegraph-wires from the attic rooms close by which they passed, singing their dirge to the night.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

ROBBED!

I MUST confess that notwithstanding—or perhaps because of my training in the pursuit of crime, I passed a wakeful night. The jewels lay heavy upon my mind, like a nightmare, and I was unable to cast off the sensation of oppression they caused. The telegraph wires hummed more loudly than usual, and my fancy interpreted the sound into the murmur of voices, until I began to fear that my brain would become excited.

Devoutly I wished that Mrs. Ellis had never come to me at all. There were others in the row to whom she could have confided her precious property. Then again, her insinuation against my maid rather troubled me. Ellen had been with me three years, and was in some degree in my confidence, but not so much as to admit of any betrayal of my movements, or of my secrets. What if she were dishonest?

Then the property itself. In what way had the vulgar Mrs. Ellis and her thin, melancholy-looking spouse, or the rather coarse-featured, bold-looking Jemima, become possessed of such things? They

must have been stolen! And it so, I was the recipient and guardian of stolen property.

This was the "Irony of Fate" with a vengeance! I, a practised detective, suddenly transformed into a "fence," a receiver of stolen goods. I was not bound to incriminate myself, but if Mrs. Ellis had fathomed my secret she could not have devised a more cynical mode of retaliation.

Stung by these thoughts I lay restless in the darkness, my eyes wide open, staring at the window to my right, listening to the humming of the wires, and wishing for the morning when I could call and insist upon Mrs. Ellis re-taking possession of her valuables.

Was I awake or dreaming? My blind, as I have said, had been pulled up, and I was lying now looking to the right-hand window which was opposite the Ellis's house, at the side of my house. All the lights were out, nothing but the cold gleam of stars illuminated the dark night, and yet a floating figure suddenly, and left the indistinct outline of the Ellis's house perceptible as before.

I leaped out of bed and ran, in terror, to the window. Looking out from behind the muslin curtains which shrouded the panes I could perceive the houses, the small gardens, the wooden palings which separated, but did not divide them. Two contemplative cats were visible, seated face to face in armed neutrality upon the wall at the end. No light of lamp, no other form of life but the two cats; and yet I was positive that I had seen a form approach my window in the sloping roof.

Sleep was impossible. I pulled down the blind and lighted the gas, intending to lie awake until daybreak; but, as is frequently the case, Somnus proved as coquettish as a member of my own sex. Sought, he fled; ignored, he returned; and when I awoke from a dreamless slumber, into which I had unconsciously fallen, the sun was shining upon the blind from an unclouded sky.

"I WAS RATHER ASTONISHED AT HER ENTRANCE, BECAUSE I DID NOT ENCOURAGE VISITORS" (*p.* 647).

seemed suspended in space between me and the dim sky.

I was fascinated. My brain reeled. Conscious of the reality of the surroundings, yet dubious of the fact, unable to realise the truth of the situation, I lay as in a trance, while the filmy appearance disappeared

One feels brave in daylight, and as I dressed I smiled at my stupidity. When my toilette was completed I opened the windows and endeavoured to reconcile my dream, as I began to consider it, with reality. Then finally I came to the conclusion that something or somebody had cast a shadow upon my

window, and that I had—if awake—seen this shadow dimly through the muslin.

But in any case Mrs. Ellis must have her property back, and after breakfast I sallied forth to interview her on my way to London. Her daughter opened the door in response to my ring.

"Mother's gone," she said. "Went off last night. Can I do anything?"

"No; yes, stay! Your mother left some valuables in my possession."

"Oh, did she? I don't know anything about *them!*"

"Did she not tell you? She has the key with her, I suppose?"

"I suppose so."

"What a nuisance!" I exclaimed. "I do not wish to retain the articles."

"Are they in your way? Heavy things?"

"No, valuables; small articles. I thought you knew."

"Oh, I guessed they'd be sent somewhere: the japanned box, you mean? I know. You'd best keep them; we can't. Anything else?"

"No, no; I suppose I *must* keep them. Good-morning."

"Good-day," replied the girl as she closed the door, apparently glad to be relieved of my presence. Somehow, I did not quite trust her.

My employers detained me for some time, and we discussed many cases. I was entrusted with a bit of business, and had to go down to Aldershot to see the wife of an officer commanding a regiment there—a curious case this. Most of the day was consumed in this business, for I found Mrs. Ravens very pleasant and kind. She treated me as a lady, and in fact we became friendly, and, of course, I was perfectly "presentable."

The result of my trip was satisfactory so far, but I missed my return train from the camp, and did not reach London until very much later than I had anticipated. Darkness had set in before the train reached Clapham Junction, and thence I had to walk some distance to my little villa.

But I was not afraid. No one had ever molested me; besides, I carried a revolver—a small one, but serviceable—in case of emergency. I was rather knocked up, and felt faint as I approached my house, but managed to enter in safety and to eat some supper, after which I went to bed.

"Has anyone called, Ellen?" I inquired, as I took up my hat and cloak.

"No, miss, not a soul; not while I was in."

"Did you go out to see your sister, then?"

"Yes, miss. Not for long."

"I do not like the house left empty. You should not have gone without permission. However, all seems right; only, next time you want an afternoon, tell me first."

"I thought you'd be back, miss. I was out only from four till half-past five, and I asked cook next door to keep an eye on the place for me."

"Well, never mind now; only remember in future, Ellen. Good-night."

She extinguished the gas and retired. I once more ascended to my bedroom, and to my surprise found a pane of glass broken in the window to the right—the spectre window, as I mentally named it.

My first impulse was to scream, but I called Ellen instead and showed her the broken pane. She was certain it was not broken at dusk, when she pulled down the blinds.

"Light a candle," I said, "and leave the room." I suspected her.

She was going in an offended manner, when I stopped her. Some finger marks had made my heart beat.

"Where's the key of that cupboard, Ellen, do you know?" I asked tentatively.

"No, miss. I missed it yesterday when I closed up."

"Have you any key that will open it? See, there are finger-marks upon the paint. No, leave them untouched, please; I will have them photographed. Where's your key?"

"I haven't any keys, miss. What do you think I've been about?"

"Bring me the chisel and hammer."

She brought them. With a few smart blows I broke open the cupboard lock, and as Ellen stood by with the candle, I was enabled to peer into the recesses of the small cupboard in the window panel.

It was empty, as I feared.

"Ellen," I said quietly, "you have robbed me! No use to deny it. You were aware of the valuables which I had placed in this recess. Confess! Tell me what you have done with the plate and jewels."

"Plate! Jewels! I'll declare most solemn I know nothing about them!" she cried. "Is it me you suspect? I swear, miss, I never touched the cupboard, and didn't know of the plate! Don't ruin me, miss!"

Then in terror she sank upon her knees, crying bitterly, while I gaped alternately at her distress and upon my ransacked cabinet—dumbly.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

A GLEAM OF LIGHT.

"Go downstairs," I said shortly. "Leave me to think over this. You need not be afraid, unless you are guilty."

"I'm as innocent as the babe unborn," replied the girl, as she gathered herself up from the floor and quitted the room, her handkerchief to her eyes.

Placing the candle upon the toilette-table, I sank, wearied and harassed, into an arm-chair. The situation was most unpleasant. Here was I, a professional detective, robbed in my own house, and without a single thread of evidence regarding the thief. Ellen had been unaware of the deposition of the jewels: in fact, no one but Mrs. Ellis and myself had been aware of the transaction between us. Besides, the key was in Mrs. Ellis's possession; and unless Ellen

had an accomplice—which fact, if established, indicated the possession of a duplicate key—the cupboard could not have been so quickly and certainly ransacked.

Many a time had my wits been exercised on behalf of others, but now my intelligence, such as it was, must be exerted on my own behalf. Perhaps my sagacious employers could give me a clue, but I knew they would laugh at me for being so taken in; and I determined not to mention the robbery to them, unless compelled to do so.

My mind was made up, and when I rose next morning it was with the determination to discover the culprit at any risk. My first step was to Mrs. Ellis's house. It was locked up—empty. Jemima had followed her mother—check the first.

I had no idea in what business or profession Mr. Ellis moved. He was so reserved and silent that he might have been a "mute," for all I knew. People are apt to blame the police for not detecting a criminal, but such people have no idea of the difficulties of the search.

My next step was to the baker who supplied the Ellis family and myself. After some conversation, I succeeded in extracting a crumb of comfort from him: viz., the address and the Servants' Agency at which Ellis's servant had put her name down. To this shop I hurried, and succeeded in communicating with the girl. I hoped she would call the next evening. Then I went about my other business.

On the following evening the girl called, and at my desire, was ushered into my little sitting-room. She was quiet and respectful, but independent in her manner. After a few preliminaries, I said:

"Can you tell me where I can find Mrs. Ellis?"

"I can, and I can't," replied the girl.

"You mean you can, and you will not?" I said.

"No, I don't, miss. I mean I can tell you whereabouts they are; but I can't tell you exactly. They're travellin'."

"Travelling!" I exclaimed. "Gone abroad? How unfortunate!"

"They're not abroad," said the girl; "but I don't think they'd thank me for tellin' you."

"But *I* will thank you, and reward you into the bargain," I said. "I particularly want to see Mrs. Ellis. Where is her husband, by the bye?"

"With her and Jemima, of course."

"Oh! They are upon a pleasure trip—a holiday, I suppose?"

"*I* wouldn't call it just a holiday, myself," replied the girl. "Suppose I tell you, what'll you give me for my trouble?"

"A sovereign. Now tell me their address, please."

She made no reply immediately, but after searching in her pocket, drew out a small hand-bill, which she held towards me.

"That's the line," she said. "You can follow it up; and they won't thank me for tellin', neither."

I took the paper, and read the beginning of the following announcement, surmounted by the Royal Arms.

BEHOLD!

BELDOIN'S ROYAL CIRCUS!

PATRONISED BY THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR!

South-Western Tour in the Provinces—
New Attractions, New Company, New Tricks,
and all the old Favourites, including the
celebrated Clown of European Celebrity, the Great

LITTLE ELLENO!

Tour commences on August 14th 189—.

MADLLE. ANTONIA ELLENO

in her Unrivalled Equestrian Acts.

Come! Come!! Come!!! Look out for Beldoin!
Popular Prices. Best of Everything.
Thirty-six Horses, Ten Camels, Five Elephants,
Hundreds of Assistants.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

"Oh!" I remarked, after a pause. "The Ellis family are connected with the circus, I perceive. What is Mr. Ellis? The ring-master, I suppose?"

"Not he!" replied my informant. "He's the 'Great Little Elleno,' the Merry Andrew."

"Ellis, the clown! That dismal fellow a clown!"

"He's the Merry Andrew. Mrs. E——, she's one of the money-takers, and the girl is the rider—Miss Antonia. There you have 'em!"

"Thank you," I said mechanically, as I searched for my purse. My thoughts were busy. A sudden inspiration seized me, and I started to my feet.

"What's the matter, miss? Anything wrong?" asked the girl, as I paid her the promised reward. "I expect you'll find the circus at Croydon to-morrow. Good-night, miss; and thank you."

When Ellen appeared with my bedroom candle, she inquired anxiously whether I had any clue to the robbery, assuring me at the same time of her perfect innocence.

"Are you certain that the things was ever in the cupboard, miss?" she asked, when I had mentioned the circus. "Some o' them people are legerdemanists, and deceives a many."

"No, Ellen; I think the things were stolen. I cannot divine the reason, but I must see Mrs. Ellis to-morrow, if possible. Come upstairs."

We went up to my bedroom together, and examined the cupboard carefully. The finger-marks were *still* visible upon the paint. They were not heavy fingers, not thick impressions, such as a burglar's hand would leave, but slender tips, and feminine finger-tips. *A woman had stolen the jewels!*

"The robbery has been committed by a female: that is evident," I said. "You can see that yourself. Now place your fingers here, Ellen—so. The imprints almost suit. Bring me that magnifying-glass, please."

Ellen gave me the lens, and I examined the marks and her fingers in turn.

"No. I am satisfied of your innocence, Ellen. The skin is not marked in the same manner as your fingers. Whoever stole the jewels and plate had a different skin from yours."

"I'm as innocent as yourself, miss. I never touched the things. I wouldn't think of such a thing; and after all this time, too!"

"No, Ellen; I believe you. We *must* find the thief, though."

"Shall I fetch the police, miss?—not but what you're a'most as 'cute.'"

"No, fetch the photographer in the morning; and now let us lock up the house and go to bed."

Sleep refused to come to me. My brain was puzzling out the problem of the robbery. How could anyone not in the house, and not possessed of a key, have secured the plunder? Had I walked in my sleep, found a key which would open the cupboard, and hidden the jewels?

This idea made my heart beat fast. I had heard of such incidents; but if I *had* stolen the jewels, where had I hidden them? It would be impossible for me to reproduce them, unless, supposing my suggestion to be correct, I were watched and followed. My anxiety concerning the articles might have induced me to hide them in a more secret place; but how had I opened the cupboard?

Again I examined the dirty marks. The finger-prints might have been mine as far as size was concerned, but the skin impressions were somewhat different. I was sure that I had never dirtied my fingers so much as the spots implied. How could I have got my hands so black?

There is wisdom in counsel, and I thought that I would next day consult my employers, or one of them. Having arrived at this sage conclusion, I opened the window and gazed out into the night. All was quiet, save for the gentle droning of the wires which were stretched just above my head—three strong wires.

Curiosity tempted me to stand upon the sill and to clutch the wires, half expecting an electric shock. But no such salute met me, and I remained standing outside, looking down upon the gardens and back premises, the latter being separated from me by the extent of the former.

No thief could have climbed up, and, unless someone had penetrated from the "attached" house upon the other side with a key, robbery was impossible. This deepened the mystery. I had unfolded many well-concealed plots, but this business defied me.

I stood for a while upon the window-sill, contemplating the night, the twinkling stars, the few lights in the windows of the opposite houses, while above the distant murmur of traffic and the hum of the wires rose the sharp shrill whistle of a locomotive, followed by a clock striking eleven in sonorous tones.

After a last glance round, I faced about, changing hands upon the supporting wires, and steadying myself, leaped back into my room. As I was proceeding to undress, the state of my hands arrested my attention: they were positively black!

Hurrying with a candle to the window, I again examined the panel and the cupboard. Fresh black marks were visible—marks of my own fingers! There was no mistake this time. The fingers by which I had steadied myself had left their impressions plainly upon the paint. So the thief had entered the room by the window also.

This discovery rather

"IN TERROR SHE SANK UPON HER KNEES" (*p.* 650).

alarmed me. Who could have entered the room? There was in my mind no idea of such a possibility. To descend upon my sloping roof and swing inwards to the casement would require the agility of a Blondin; and then even Blondin must have got out by the same means—a much more difficult proceeding.

I went to bed puzzled more than ever, and lay staring upon the window-panes, as if they could give me the clue. I remembered the illusion I had experienced, and wondered if anyone *had* reached the window in some manner to me unknown.

Another day, and a fresh trouble. A note from Mrs. Ellis, enclosing the key, and requesting the return of the decorations, as Mr. Ellis wished to wear them the next evening at a "gala meeting." (She did not mention the circus.) It was a meeting at which the mayor and county magnates were to be present.

This missive drove me into a corner. I felt compelled to go and see Mrs. Ellis. The explanation would be a very awkward one, but it was imperative that I should face it.

"Will you want the photographer, miss?" asked my housemaid, as I was preparing to go out that afternoon.

"Yes, Ellen. Ask him to come and photograph the marks. Let me show you."

I explained my meaning, and sent the girl out. Meantime, I completed my toilette, and packed a small bag, as I thought I might be compelled to stay out all night from home. Then I took a farewell survey of the room, and detected *two marks upon the window-sill*: broad marks—not very distinct—as if the palms of the hands or soles of the feet had been impressed upon the whitened stone. My own slipper marks, of course!

When Ellen returned I left her and "Lion" in charge, with strict injunctions for their conduct, and made my way to Croydon in search of Beldoin's Royal Circus and the world-renowned clown, "The Great Little Elleno."

The crisis was approaching—or, as I preferred to put it—I was approaching a crisis.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

A TRAGIC REVELATION.

To my disappointment, the circus was not in Croydon, as posters informed me indirectly. The show had quitted their camping-ground—as is the manner of such shows—in the early morning, about four a.m. What a dreadful life, I thought, is that of those men and women!—travelling during the early hours of each morning, after an insufficient rest, at the conclusion of a dangerous performance, amid all the noise, bustle, and confusion of the removal of the wide-spreading marquee and the various animals—more or less tame.

The "posters" informed me that the company would perform at a village on the road to Reigate that evening, so I was compelled to await the infrequent train. In consequence of this delay, the afternoon had faded into evening ere I discovered the circus caravans halted upon a waste piece of ground which was partly bordered by inhabited houses. The occupants of these respectable-looking dwellings were surveying the preparations for the entertainment with anything but friendly eyes, their comments being audible at times, and generally condemnatory.

After some inquiry, and as many disappointments, I perceived that any interview just then with "Mother Ellis," as the men called her, was out of the question. The marquee was being erected, the horses were picketed, the camels were standing as melancholy-looking as usual beside the elephants, which swayed their trunks, and contentedly ate the miscellaneous offerings of the half-frightened lads and lassies.

To penetrate amid the flapping folds of the rising marquee was a task beyond my strength, and I returned to the inn, ordered tea, bespoke a bedroom, and made up my mind to interview "Mother Ellis" during the performance. How should I explain the loss of her property? was the question which agitated my mind. I had some hope of finding a clue even then. Wherever I went I endeavoured to keep my eyes open, and to note every incident, for one can never be certain in what way trifling occurrences may prove of assistance in such an employment as mine.

My circumspection was rewarded, and my heart thumped—as it has a habit of doing when I am surprised—at the appearance of the clerk whom I believed was engaged to Miss Jemima. His appearance was astonishing in two senses—his presence and his dress were equally startling, and the latter most. The rather slouching, ill-dressed, untidy clerk had disappeared in favour of the well-clothed, somewhat "flashy," and swaggering young man, who wore his garments loosely and with a lurch in his gait. What a transformation! What had caused this sudden change in his circumstances and ready-made clothes?

Was it possible that his altered appearance was in any degree attributable to the robbery?

This idea clung to me. Could I catch a glimpse of his finger-tips? His hands did not seem to be large in gloves.

If he would only sit down in the room. I was having my tea in the public room at the time, and I espied him in the hall.

After speaking to the young woman at the office window, he approached, and ordered "a brandy and soda." Then, after a good long stare at me, he seated himself, and I watched him. He removed his gloves, and now was the time to scrutinise his fingers.

I rose and passed him, my eyes upon his thin bony hands. But all thoughts of his finger-tips left me when I recognised upon his third finger on the right hand a ring exactly resembling one of the diamond rings which Mr. Ellis had deposited in the cupboard.

The colour mounted to my face as I half stopped, then walked slowly out. The clerk was evidently impressed by my peculiar behaviour. His eyes followed me, and when I turned to observe him again a friendly smile lighted up his face. Impudent wretch!

How had he become possessed of the ring? *His*

hands had never marked the cupboard: that was evident. How could I ascertain? It would be easy enough to make his acquaintance but any cross-examination would alarm him, and the clue would then be entirely lost. I could only wait and watch.

He was approaching. I felt that I must accost him, forward as he would deem me for so doing. He was evidently an admirer of my sex generally, and so a man easily befooled. Turning to meet him, I spoke :—

"I beg your pardon, but I think you can give me some information. Can you tell me if Mrs. Ellis, of the circus, is lodging here?"

"Old Mother Ellis! Do you know her? Why do you ask me, miss?" he said suspiciously.

"Because I have seen you at her house near Wandsworth Common. I am a neighbour of hers, and have come to see her on a little matter of business."

"Ah!" he replied, stroking his moustache, and staring at me the while in an appraising manner. "You don't want her daughter, do you?"

"No: certainly not," I replied.

"You're quite sure, eh?" he persisted suspiciously.

"Quite sure. Can you tell me where Mrs. Ellis is?"

"As it happens, I can. She isn't here. You won't see her. She's gone home again."

"Gone home! Why?"

"Can't say. You know her husband and her daughter?"

"I have seen him, and have spoken to her."

"Sorry I can't help you, miss," he said. "You don't want the girl, then? I must be off. Good-evening. I have an appointment."

There was something in his manner which made me suspect him. Although satisfied that he had not committed the robbery, I fancied that he was rather alarmed at my appearance and questions. Why had Mrs. Ellis returned home so suddenly? To obtain the jewels, doubtless, for that gala performance next evening at Reigate. This struck me as curious; but on consideration, the persistent inquiry of the clerk with reference to Jemima gave me another clue.

Jemima had had the jewels! The clerk had recognised me, and had taken alarm, given me false information, and had gone to warn his affianced. So I argued to myself.

The whole thing was clear to me then. I was rather pleased with myself, but I was as far as ever from ascertaining the means employed to get possession of the things. My impulse was to attend the performance. I went, and, as I half suspected, found Mrs. Ellis at the receipt of custom.

She was greatly surprised when she recognised me, thanked me for coming to see her, and gave me a free pass to the best seats. I tried to explain; she couldn't stop business to talk, she declared. Would I come after the performance to No. 4 in Bean Street, have a chat, and hand over the things?

She evidently imagined that I had come to restore them personally. I was unable to undeceive her, as people were already pressing in; so, armed with my complimentary ticket, I passed into the tent. In ten minutes the clerk came in and sat down, without recognising me, exactly in front of me, in the row next the ring. He had evidently come to see Miss Jemima perform.

Some ordinary scenes in the circle were the first items in the programme, to which I paid little attention. I wished to have some explanation with the clerk, frighten him, and obtain the property, without prosecuting the thief, if possible, for the sake of the poor clown and his wife. I was afraid that Miss Jemima was not easy to manage.

I had not been long seated when an individual came and took the place beside me. I glanced at him; he was a policeman in uniform. I attached no importance to the incident. The man was simply a spectator, but the result of his appearance was disastrous.

I experienced a curious and indescribable sensation while the attendants were engaged in fixing up a wire across the circle. Upon this frail bridge some performer was to trip backwards and forwards high up, balancing himself, or herself, without any pole or other assistance. A small net hung suspended above the arena, and the audience—a pretty large one by this time—sat hushed in expectation.

The curious feeling to which I have referred increased, and I positively began to dread the appearance of the performer, who suddenly sprang into the arena—a girl, slim and muscular. She bowed to every quarter of the circle, and tripped lightly to the side opposite to me, whence she intended to start upon her perilous performance.

You might almost have heard a pin drop into the sawdust as the girl came down the wire, which slanted in my direction. At the end of it sat the clerk in his new ready-made clothes, encouraging the performer. The wire looked frail, but the girl was bold. Everyone stared. I was afraid to breathe, and sat dumb, gazing at the wire-walker—*Jemima Ellis!*

Yes, 'twas she, no doubt. As I gazed, her fixed stare gave place to a look of terror. She caught sight of me and of the policeman seated behind her lover. She swerved. A cry rose from some nervous spectators. The girl seemed frightened. She gasped, trembled, stopped, and with a wild shriek fell sideways—headlong into the small suspended net, which gave way, and she came down with a sickening thud, which turned one faint to hear.

The clerk rose and leaped into the circle in a moment. The clown, her father, who had been nervously watching the performance, was already by the girl's side. The policeman and several other men leaped down; women screamed and some fainted; many of the spectators hurried out, and all was confusion.

Thinking of poor Mrs. Ellis, I made my way to the entrance, while the poor child was carried behind the scenes an inert mass. There were some few stains on the sawdust, but it quickly concealed any traces of the accident.

"I knew it," groaned Mrs. Ellis: "I knew it. It's come, then. Come with me, miss. You may be of use, perhaps."

I followed the poor woman to the chilly, draughty dressing tent, where the poor girl had been laid in her tawdry finery. Her face was deadly pale and streaked with blood. She was insensible of the pain of a broken limb and many bruises. Poor girl! all her boldness had departed. She was only a very common-place little thing, whose days, alas! were numbered.

"Frank—water," she murmured. "Frank?" But her lover did not come. My heart stood still. Had he deserted her?

"He will come," I murmured. "I will find him. Rest; be easy. The doctor will be here soon."

"Clear out, all of you, except the women," cried the poor "Elleno," whose painted face and gaudy dress seemed so sadly out of place. "Clear off! Here's the doctor."

"Frank," murmured the girl—"Frank, dear. Tell them I did it for you. I saw them behind you. Run; save yourself!"

She extended her hand; I clasped it in mine. Ah! those slender fingers. They had left their marks upon the paint. Those white-shod feet had crossed the short space upon the singing, humming telegraph-wires; and by means of the stolen key the girl had purloined the jewels for her cowardly lover.

I read all the story in the disjointed sentences of the dying girl. Before the doctor came I went in search of Frank, followed him to the hotel and to the railway. At the station I overtook him, crouching in the dismal waiting-room. He knew me at once.

"Jemima is dying," I whispered, "and is calling for you. Go back, you miserable wretch! Give up your plunder, and I will spare you. Do not let her know your meanness. Let her die believing you what you are not—*a man!*"

He shrank and blubbered, like the coward he was, and in his agony of repentance gave me the clue to the property that remained, and tore off the ring he was wearing.

"I didn't take the things," he began. "You can't arrest me——"

"'FRANK—WATER' SHE MURMURED."

"Silence, you mean hound! I *can* have you arrested, and I *will* if you do not at once return to Jemima Ellis."

He went. I returned to the hotel, utterly prostrate. Next day I made inquiries. The circus was closed; Jemima was still alive. Frank was there. Armed with his authority and keys, I succeeded in recovering at his lodgings nearly all the property. The money had been spent or changed; but the jewels, presents, and silver which he had induced the girl to steal from her step-mother (for this was Mrs. Ellis's relationship to Jemima) I obtained.

Poor Jemima! She appeared entirely under Frank's influence. She confessed the crime to me before her death: how she tried the wire one night, stole the key from her step-mother for a while, and ransacked the cupboard to enable Master Frank to pay his debts. He had tempted her, but she never blamed him for urging her to a crime for which, conscience-stricken, she suffered death in consequence of fears for his safety. The accident of "the policeman" seating himself with a complimentary ticket next to me brought about the catastrophe.

Poor Jemima! She lived for a while, but died in the cottage hospital in Frank's arms, trusting in him, woman-like, to the last; though her faith in him must have been terribly shaken. But she never blamed him for one moment, though he had killed her.

The poor clown and his wife remained with the girl to the end. I visited her many times, and I hope soothed her last days. After the funeral, Ellis and his spouse retired into the country, far from the Ring, its associations, and its fame, which had brought him many valuable tokens of appreciation.

Frank turned over a new leaf, and lived, repentant, to repay all the money he had appropriated. All Mrs. Ellis's property was recovered, and the poor lady gave me the necklace which Jemima had worn when crossing the wire that fatal night. After a search, it was found in the sawdust where she had fallen when she virtually crossed the dreaded Rubicon upon the wire, and passed into the Shadow of Death.

ANIMALS AS BARGAIN-MAKERS.

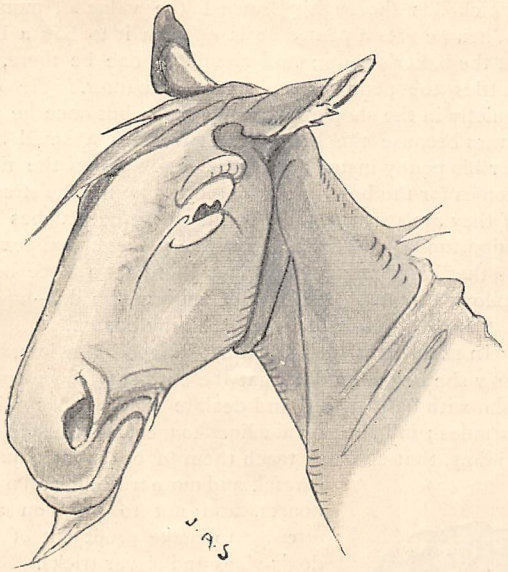
BY A. H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E.

THAT many dogs have a clear notion of a bargain is undoubted—and the same thing may be safely said of some horses; and I myself know a case of a cat which, having been taught to "beg" by means of little rewards, in the way of toast or tit-bits, most carefully apportions the amount of begging she will do in view of the offered tit-bit, whether big or little. She will go begging so far for a small bit, and at a certain point will decline further effort, unless there is an addition to the prize; and if, after having done her share, the morsel is not at once given to her, she will sulk and retire, and will not beg again for some time, however tempting the bit that may be offered her. It is as though she said—

"No; whether you grasp the principle or not, I make a bargain with you in my own mind; and if you put upon me, and do not treat me fairly according to my own standard, you will not get what you expect out of me."

I know an old horse named Charlie down in North-East Essex, on a farm called the Fen, which has been a faithful servant for over five-and-twenty years, and is put only to very light jobs in these days—for he remains a kind of treasured memorial of old times and of those who are dead and gone. He very willingly works at such jobs as he can do; but on many days he does nothing—wanders about at his own sweet will, and if you call him while feeding in the meadow or on the lush grass that grows close round the pond, not far from the front door of the farm-house, he will come towards you as though it may be you had some treat for him, and he will look at you, turning his head on one side with the most knowing effect—for he has lost the sight of one eye—and then, finding you have nothing

"YOU PUT UPON ME!"



"'I CALLS THAT IMPUDENT IMPOSITION, I DOES.'"

for him, he will turn away with the most expressive "Humph!" just as though he said—

"Well, you're not of much account, when you call a good old horse as if you had something for him, and have got nothing. I calls that impudent imposition, I does."

I have said that Charlie, whom I know well, very willingly does such work as he can do, but if you wish to put Charlie on to work, you must do it within working hours; for Charlie knows the time of day.

"I'm willing to work, master, within hours, but my express bargain is no work after six o'clock in the evening;" and those who have tried to harness Charlie after that hour have found it a hard job, and have generally failed. It is rather a fine joke with the young folks about the farm to get a stranger to try to accomplish this feat, and have a good laugh generally over the bare attempt; for Charlie's plan at such an unlawful thing, according to his own notion, is to run them against the wall, and make it very hot or close for them.

His bargain is that if you want any work from him you must take it in working hours, and the testimony of all who have aught to do with him is that he knows the time of day as well as you do.

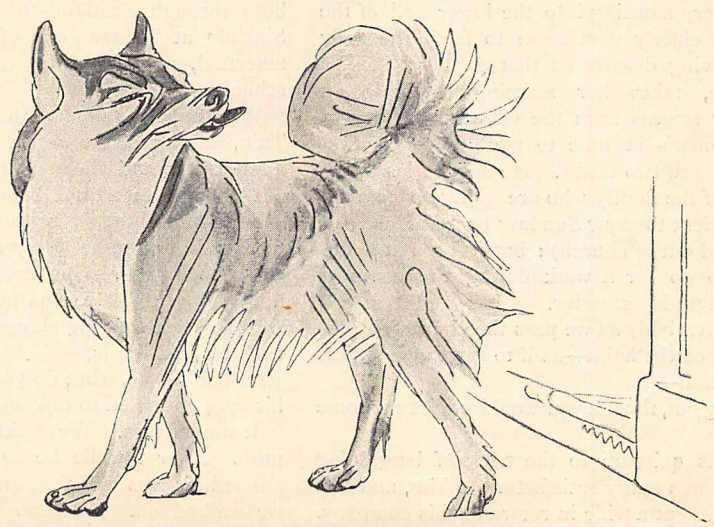
This is a bit of experience proved by Mr. Hamerton:—

"I have a little mare who used to require six men to catch her in the pasture, but I carried corn to her for a long time without trying to take her, leaving the corn on the ground. Next I induced her to eat the corn whilst I held it, still leaving her free. Finally, I persuaded her to follow me, and now she will come trotting half a mile at my whistle, leaping ditches, fording brooks in the darkness and rain or in impenetrable fog. She follows me like a dog to the stable, and I administer the corn there. But it is a bargain; she knowingly sells her liberty for the corn.

"The experiment of reducing the reward having been tried to test her behaviour, she ceased to obey the whistle, and resumed her former habits; but the full and due quantity having been restored, she yielded her liberty again without resistance, and since then she is not to be cheated."

But it is among dogs that we may expect to find the most remarkable examples of bargain-making. In some cases their turn in this way is so decisive that it results in something very like the finest humour, as some of the following anecdotes will show.

The late Mr. Tresham used to relate that while he resided at Rome there was a dog who was in the habit of frequenting a certain coffee-house, and on any person throwing him a piece of money, he would run with it to a shop for bread, which bread he would bring to the coffee-room, and eat it before the person



"HE CHANGED HIS BAKER" (*p.* 658).

who gave the coin, as if in order to show he had put the money to a proper purpose.

A gentleman at Mr. Tresham's related the following:—

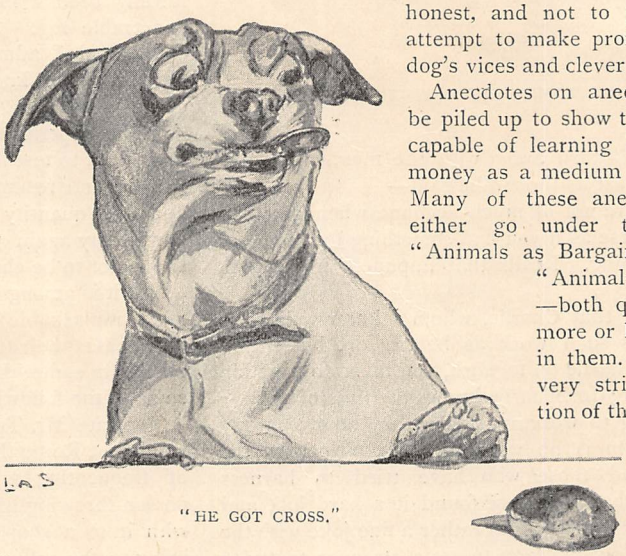
"A dog used to be sent by his master every morning to a baker's shop with a penny in his mouth to purchase a roll for breakfast. He had continued to do this for some time, when at length, the baker having changed his journeyman, the dog was unheeded. Vexed at thus waiting for his breakfast, he barked aloud, and, picking up the penny, ran to the master of the shop, who blamed the man for attempting to hurt the dog when he resisted having the penny taken from him.

"The fellow took it in bad part, and resolved, next time this comical customer appeared, to be funny with the dog.

"Accordingly, next morning he made a roll hotter than the rest, and when the dog arrived he proffered it to him. The animal, as usual, seized the bread, but finding it too hot to hold, he dropped it. He tried it again—again it burned him. At length, as if guessing at the trick, he jumped on the counter, caught up his penny, and changed his baker."

Mrs. Alfred Watney wrote as follows some years ago in "Science Gossip."

"My dog is very fond of a long walk, and when I first came to live here used to accompany me to the post-office, but the distance being trifling, he soon refused to go with me whenever he saw any letters or papers in my hand, and it is quite sufficient now to say, 'I am going to the post' to prevent his showing any desire to accompany me when I leave the house.



"HE GOT CROSS."

"He goes every morning into the lower end of the village with an elderly gentleman to fetch the daily papers, and having discovered that a young lady, a friend of mine, takes her morning's walk about eleven, he now returns from the village, leaving Mr. B. at the stationer's in time to meet Miss R., thus securing for himself two walks. He never tries to accompany any of the family who are going to church; it is quite sufficient to say 'Sunday' or 'Church' (he was once turned out of church); but if I am at home, and happen to go for a walk during the hours of service, his delight is excessive.

"He barks invariably as we pass the church—I cannot break him of the habit—as if to say to the others who are in church—

"'I am going out, though you would not let me come with you.'"

This dog was quite up to the trick of bargaining for a walk that was really satisfactory to him, and was disinclined to accept a trifle in return for his company.

I myself know a case of a dog—a fox-terrier—which has thoroughly learned the value of money. When he gets a penny he is off with it to buy a bun at the baker's shop; and should no one be there, he rattles the penny down on the counter. He sits quietly in the shop and eats his bun; but once he got cross because the baker's lad gave him a small bun for his penny instead of a large one. When the time comes for the boys to play pitch and toss in the streets, if they are using coppers in the game he watches his opportunity, and makes off with a penny or halfpenny, so that his young mistress has more than once been followed by boys, who half-whimperingly said—

"Please, miss, your dog's took my penny."

In such cases she used to make good the loss, but now she begins to fear that the boys sometimes tempt him with halfpennies, and declare that he has taken pennies; and she now declines to meet such suspicious claims, that she may teach them to be at once more careful, and more truthful, and more honest, and not to prey on and attempt to make profit out of the dog's vices and clever tricks.

Anecdotes on anecdotes might be piled up to show that dogs are capable of learning the value of money as a medium of exchange. Many of these anecdotes might either go under the head of "Animals as Bargain-makers" or "Animals as Beggars"—both qualities being more or less exhibited in them. Here is one very striking illustration of this class:—

In the autumn of 1859 I was travelling with a brother and one of the boys through Scotland to pay a visit to Sir George Sinclair at Thurso—one of the most courteous, intellectual, and delightful old gentlemen of the old school.

We stopped to dine at the comfortable little inn at Tain, waiting for the coach. Having an hour to spare after dinner, and the evening being fine, we walked out of the town a little distance, and were followed by a curly-haired black retriever. Not contented with merely following, he every now and then pushed up against me in a very unaccountable manner. I patted him and petted him; as he continued to act in this strange way, keeping alongside and pushing, I could not help exclaiming—

"Poor fellow, what do you want?" and looked into his eyes and tried to discover.

It was in vain. We walked on, and he continued to push. After a while he seemed to go lame. I examined his legs and feet, and finding nothing amiss, we walked on. He soon appeared all right again. When we turned back he did the same thing to my

brother, and my little nephew was greatly amused. We could not fathom it, and came to the conclusion that the poor dog had lost his master, and wanted us to help him to find him. On re-entering the little town, we encountered a man who resided in it, and told him what had happened. He laughed, and said—

"Oh, that's the dog's way, sir. He only wanted you to give him a penny."

"Give him a penny? Why, what will he do with it?"

"He runs with it always to the baker's, and gets a penny loaf for it."

"What will he do if we give him twopence?"

"He manages to take two loaves in his mouth."

Though rather incredulous as to this result, my brother and I each gave him a penny. Off he went with both pennies in his mouth, and we after him. When we arrived at the baker's he had got one penny loaf in his mouth, and was contriving to get hold of another with his teeth. Having succeeded, off he went with both, we laughing heartily and running after him; but he was soon out of sight. The owner, we were told, had been offered, but had refused, a large sum for him.

Elephants and donkeys, too, have learned the value of money, and have given ample proof that they could grasp the idea of spending—bargain-makers in every sense.

THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE.

A SWISS ADVENTURE.

By BESSIE E. DUFFETT.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

"And blessings on the falling-out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears."—TENNYSON.

ERIC was still enjoying his siesta when he was abruptly roused by a loud, rumbling noise, like thunder at a distance.

"An avalanche!" was the first ejaculation which passed his lips, as he started to his feet, his eyes still heavy with sleep. It was high noon, the favourite hour for these phenomena; and after the rain of the night such an event was far from improbable, though it might be many miles distant. But as his stiffened eyelids responded he was horrified to see what appeared to be a cloud of dust and gravel descending upon the châlet below him from the mountain in its rear. The loud sounds which had awakened him had been occasioned by the fall of larger masses, though where they had been precipitated he was unable to determine, owing to the *débris* following in the train, and enveloping his surroundings like a desert-storm.

He and John Pelham were round the bend of the hill and out of the destruction, though they were half-blinded by the dust, and their faces pelted with the pebbles and hardened earth flying like shot in the atmosphere. The rattling of these missiles sounded like the heaviest hail-storm they had ever imagined, and was mingled with the rushing noise of invisible water.

It did not require great geological knowledge to realise, even in that moment of alarm, that they were involved in a landslip, the cause of which was probably the late heavy rains after a very prolonged drought. The two men instinctively shaded their eyes and faces from the stone shower and waited for the air to clear, which it did in a few seconds. They then saw that the one-storey cottage was almost level with the ground, that it was hemmed in by heavy, boulder-like masses of sun-baked soil, and that a cluster of young pines leaned across what had been the roof.

John threw up his hands with a gesture of despair.

"They must be all buried alive!" he cried frantically. "Oh, my wife, and Angela!"

"No, no! Perhaps it's not so bad!" broke from Eric, as he raced down the bit of hill separating him from the spot.

Buried alive! Or Angela, in her darkened state, unable to extricate herself even if unhurt!—it was enough to stimulate the feeblest man's energies; and Eric was no weakling any more than John. The two men shouted the names of the prisoners repeatedly, before they dared go to work, but for one terrible moment any reply that there might have been was drowned in the roaring of the brook hard by, or undistinguishable beneath the wreckage. They paled with anxiety as both realised that the hapless women might be past response, or so smothered by the *débris* that the feeble answers—all, perhaps, which they were capable of uttering—might be inaudible.

"Angela! Frances! Where are you?" they called again in voices sharpened by alarm. "Shout as loudly as you can!"

"Here! We are here!" was heard in reassuring tones from weak but unmistakably living throats.

"Oh, thank God!" came from Eric's very heart, as he distinguished Angela's voice from the others. "Angela, whereabouts are you? Call again."

There was a further reply, which seemed to sound from beneath the thickest part of the ruins.

"Oh! please be quick; we are stifling, and it is so dark!"

In that moment of excitement the strangeness of this speech from Angela's lips did not occur to Eric or to her brother. Both were in their different fashions unusually strongly-developed men, but Moore-Stevens did things under the pressure of his anxiety which he recollected afterwards with amazement. By main force of hands and feet—for they had not, of course, the vestige of a tool between them—they dragged away the broken wooden walls of the châlet, kicked and rolled the heavy masses of stony ground, and pulled away the tree trunks.

Eric's hands—the soft, white, ideal physician's hands which Angela had commented on—were soon bruised, torn and bleeding, and the two men were speedily covered with dust and dirt from head to foot. It was only a minute or two, but seemed almost as long to rescuers as to rescued, before John dragged away a wooden board under which Frances and Dolly lay huddled close together, marvellously little injured, considering the wreck around them: a happy result for which the light structure of the cottage was responsible.

"Oh, John!" cried Frances, characteristically beginning to cry now that she was safe. "I thought we were killed! How awful it is!"

"Just give me a hand here, please, Mr. Pelham," interrupted Eric, who was stooping over a wedged mass, beneath which glimpses of Angela's frock could be seen, though she was too tightly jammed to be able to move.

She was lying between the bedstead and the wooden wall of the house, which had been crushed in by the trees falling against it. The bed had been tilted on its side, and the head and footposts were driven against the wall, leaving a clear space between the two, where Angela, enveloped in bedclothes, had rested secure, and escaped even the various cuts and bruises which Frances had to bewail. She looked, however, so shaken and bewildered that Eric raised her carefully from the midst of the rubbish, and with many misgivings as to her condition, prepared to carry her over the heaps of stone and wreckage. She interrupted him quickly, however, with the assurance of being able to walk, and he was willing to humour her in so far as to lead her to a big flat boulder which formed a comfortable seat. She sat down for a minute—her hand shading her eyes with a gesture which struck Eric peculiarly, as did the stiff mechanical movements of her limbs.

"Are you hurt anywhere?" he asked searchingly. "Does it pain you to move at all? Not your back, or legs or arms? Are you sure?"

"No, nothing hurts me, thank you," replied Angela, in a queer, constrained voice.

"Have you any grit or dust in your eyes? Take your hand away—I can't see them," he commanded.

The girl obeyed him with an effort.

"They do ache so!" she said plaintively. "It is the light, I suppose."

She was looking at him with a half-dazed expression which he attributed to the effects of the shock; and accustomed as he habitually was to humouring the fancies of his patients, he did not dream that she spoke the truth, and that to the sight just restored the brilliant mid-day sunshine and clear mountain light were indeed trying to a degree.

Angela's beautiful eyes had never exhibited any trace of their infirmity, and but for an expression in them which vaguely struck him as new, they showed no difference now. He contented himself with feeling her pulse, and seeing that—naturally enough—she was a good deal shaken, bade her keep as quiet as possible until they started homewards.

"I can't wait with you, my darling," he said. "Miss Parkhurst is hurt, I am afraid. At any rate, I see your brother can't make her answer him"; and giving her another of his keen glances, he darted off.

With the feeling of one in a blissful dream, Angela looked about her. Only those who have lived in darkness for a year and a half can realise how lovely the world seems when the curtain is raised. And to open one's eyes upon the Bernese Oberland after eighteen months of gloom, appeared to the sensitive girl something like a foretaste of what the Final Awakening may be to us all. Tears, partly due to the light, but more to her overstrained feelings, overflowed her eyes, and made her thankful that Eric's back was towards her. It was an odd sensation to be looking upon an accepted lover for the first time, and, above all, when he had no conception that she could do so. But, somehow, he was not very different from Angela's mental pictures, made with the assistance of Frances' descriptions. Eric was undeniably tall, and lean, and large-featured; but she indignantly denied the imputation of ugliness.

"He has such a kind face, and such nice eyes," she proudly thought.

Always reserved and given to self-repression, she had also been too bewildered in the first moment of release to give expression to her delight and surprise; and the thought of telling Eric now caused her a strange embarrassment. She had expected, too, that he would have noticed the change in her; and now that she could see, she felt unaccountably shy of him. It was a singularly inopportune moment for telling anyone, too.

Dolly had pulled herself together, and was helping the men in their efforts to rescue her sister; whose long-continued silence roused their deepest fears. Frances, a helpless, dishevelled heap, was leaning against a mass of rubbish near at hand, in an exhausted attitude.

Thought came back slowly to Angela as she looked from one to the other; and oddly enough, one of the first things to strike her was the similarity between her own gown and that of Dolly Parkhurst. The soft fawn cloth dresses, criss-crossed with lines of faint blue, might have been cut from the same piece of stuff, though not manufactured by the same hand; for she was girl enough to notice differences in the making, which would have escaped an unobservant

glance. The irreproachably trim tailor's build of Dolly's neat suit was not reproduced in her own. Frances had not thought it worth while to go to the expense of a tailor-made travelling gown for a girl who would never know it from the production of a

in the search for the unfortunate girl, who seemed to be the scapegoat of the rest. It was not for some little time that an exclamation of triumph preluded the rescue, which was followed by a second cry, but of dismay; so white, limp, and deathlike did Fanny

"THEY WERE HALF-BLINDED BY THE DUST, AND THEIR FACES PELTED WITH THE PEBBLES AND HARDENED EARTH FLYING LIKE SHOT" (*p.* 659).

dressmaker. But nevertheless the resemblance was remarkable; and one thought leading to another, Angela did not find John's mistake in the fire-light difficult to account for.

It was almost as irresistible a temptation to use the newly-recovered sight in making out the changes in those she knew, as in following the dazzling sunlight and shadows on the mountains; but Angela was wise. The boon was too great to be so imperilled, and she shaded her eyes and resisted the inclination to help

look, that even Eric feared they were too late. Examination proved, however, that she had only fainted; partly from suffocation, partly from pain in the foot already injured. A little water and some fresh air revived her, though not sufficiently to enable her to walk for some time.

The continued absence of George and young Newtown remained a source of terrible alarm to George's sisters. Eric did not entirely share their fears, and he strove in vain to allay them, by demonstrating the

small area embraced by the landslip. The fact that neither had come to their rescue remained a potent argument against his theory of their safety, and the girls refused to be comforted.

The boy, too, whom Eric had despatched in the valley, had not returned; and it was possible that the stream might be swollen into a torrent lower down, and therefore be impassable. He proposed more than once descending in search of the absentees or of help: but the Parkhursts and Fanny besought him so piteously not to abandon them, that he gave up the idea, and resigned himself to waiting with them until they were all ready to start.

They were far from fit when the time came to delay no longer. It was past two, and they had a long tramp before them, the difficulties of which were not minimised in Eric's mind by the conjecture that Fanny, as well as Angela, would be on their hands. He had partly delayed their start in the hope of George's return; but time passed, and there was no sign of him or Archie, though he and John had scoured the immediate vicinity repeatedly.

Mr. Pelham gave Fanny his arm, and Angela, trembling with excitement, took up her alpenstock and walked steadily on in front. In a trice, Eric was in pursuit.

"Do be careful. This is very rough walking, and the brook is swollen dangerously," he said, seizing her impetuously.

She turned and gave him what was so unmistakably a glance, that he started.

"Why, Angela, you can see, I believe!" he said sharply.

"Yes; my sight came back quite suddenly, at the time of the landslip, I suppose. Mr. Nettleton said a shock might do it, you know," replied Angela, wondering a little at his tone.

But the excitement and questioning which followed diverted her thoughts for the nonce; and amid the babel of queries, answers, and comments, Eric's silence was hardly noticeable. The surprise to him could not be entirely pleasurable, for however much he strove to rejoice on Angela's account, it was characteristic of him that he was incapable of doing so on his own. What might this change portend for him? he asked himself. The old morbid conviction of his own unattractive exterior began to be revived with fresh vigour, and he told himself that Angela might very possibly change her mind with regard to him now she could see him. Were not all girls romantically in favour of good looks in a man? Was it in reason that such a dainty, pretty, little creature as she was, could take a fancy to him? And so easy is it to argue one's self into anything, he began to fancy that already she showed signs of wishing to avoid him. Why had she not told him that she could see him in the first instance? No doubt that she might pick him to pieces at her leisure, take advantage of his unconsciousness to quiz him in the delightful way dear to her sex.

He tramped along in gloomy silence on Fanny's other side, leaving her to take care of herself. The path was a rugged one, giving him ample excuse for looking after Fanny, who limped painfully. The stream, swelled by the rain, and still more by several rivulets set free by the landslip, had to be forded in more than one place. Where the stepping-stones remained above water, they were slippery and dangerous; and in many parts, large boulders of rocky and hardened earth had been dislodged and deposited in their way, blocking it, and making a long step from one to another.

In the new delight of walking unaided, Angela did not miss his attendance, or, indeed, notice it. It was so joyful an experience to her to be independent again, that for a time she had no thought to spare for his want of sympathy, if she had observed it. But when her boots began to grow heavy and stiff with wet and mud, when her legs ached as though they would have dropped off, when her eyes were so weak with the glare, that mountain, brook, and vale were alike one blurred mass, she began to feel unmistakably neglected and miserable.

Fortunately, by this time, they had nearly reached Zwischenlaken, for the bedraggled, worn-out little party could not have gone on much farther.

It was an hour when most people were out, so that there were not many in the hotel garden to comment on their appearance; nor were they disposed to regret the fact.

The kind old proprietor was first to meet them with the news of George and Archie's safety.

"Until they arrived an hour or two ago, we had given you all up for lost," he explained to Eric. "And when they did make their appearance, it did not greatly mend matters: for they spoke of running away from a landslip; and when you came not, madame, your mother, and Monsieur Parkhurst were dying with anxiety."

Eric, who had been in peril of his life more than once on the Alps, took this last assertion with a qualifying pinch of salt; but on his way to his room, after ordering coffee for the whole party, he looked in upon his mother with an effort at a smile.

"I'm afraid you've had a fright," he said. "But we are all safe and sound."

With an exclamation of thankfulness at the sound of his voice, Mrs. Moore-Stevens jumped up and embraced him.

"Oh, Eric! what I went through when the guides came back from St. Beatus without you!" she cried, tears filling her eyes. "And then again when young Parkhurst reported the landslip! But I won't keep you now."

"You shall hear everything to-morrow," said her son, meaningly. "I shan't appear at supper; I am about used up. It's a good job I'm not operating," he added, with a glance at his torn and scratched hands. "Good-night!" And he was so completely worn out, that he had hardly stretched himself on his uncomfortably small bed before he was as soundly asleep as any child.

The others were almost too weary to sleep. Fanny was in severe pain with her ankle, Frances inclined to

hysteria, and Angela so tired that she threw herself on the bed, without energy even to undress. Mrs. Moore-Stevens' knocks at the door remained unanswered; and when Frances looked in upon her sister-in-law an hour or two later, she was still in the same attitude, and her face was white and drawn.

"Why, she has not attempted to undress!" ejaculated Dolly, who had followed her in, attracted by Mrs. Pelham's exclamations of alarm.

"She must have fainted again! I had better fetch Dr. Moore-Stevens to her," cried Frances.

"She won't be as interesting to him now she can see," said Dolly significantly, and sprinkling Angela's face with water. "We had better do without him."

"It really seems as if you might be right," echoed Frances. "He has never been near her, you see, to ask how she is getting on."

"What did I tell you? Oh, she is coming to!"

Their victim, unfortunately for herself, had never lost consciousness; but she was too stiff to move, and her aching eyes refused to keep open. So they helped her to undress, and then gladly sought their own beds, leaving her to brood in her exhausted condition over their conclusions.

Dolly's hints, previously dropped, tallied only too well with Eric's—to her otherwise unaccountable behaviour. Why had he left her to struggle on alone all the way home? Why had his manner changed so towards her? Why had he never taken any interest in what was of such paramount importance to her? Angela had but little acquaintance with medical men, except in their professional capacity; and she shared a not-uncommon delusion that they view all their fellow-creatures from a medical standpoint, that their minds are filled with "shop," to the exclusion of every other topic. She had found Eric a notable exception to the rule, hitherto, but it seemed that he shared the characteristics of his kind.

"I won't ever see him again," she thought, smarting from the humiliating sense that she had been, perhaps, only an interesting case, to be probably reported to the *Lancet*, or some other of the "horrid" medical papers.

She put aside, with angry indignation, every thought of the happiness his kindness had brought her, and told herself that lookers-on see most of the game. She had been played with, and now that she was no longer "interesting," was to be insulted by being flung aside. Proud tears burned in her eyes, and scalded her cheeks. All through the night the adventures of the day seemed to whirl before her sight like the figures in the children's wheel-of-life—Eric's long, thin form, Dolly and Frances, in their dainty frocks—amid the misty mountain scenery. His words of love rang in her ears with their sneering comments as a refrain, and when day broke she was in a state of excitement and fever which bordered on delirium.

When Frances entered her room on her way down next morning she found her in a sorry condition. The eyes, overstrained for the first time so severely in the sun and glare, had taken their revenge. The eyeballs were burning like hot coals, the least exposure to light made them overflow with tears, and temples and forehead alike shared in the violent aching and shooting pains which had kept the girl sleepless half the night.

"Oh, Frances! do you think my sight will go again?" was her first piteous cry. "What shall I do? I can't use my eyes one bit!"

She burst into tears of such agony that even Frances was concerned. She was a heartless, tactless individual, without a spark of knowledge of illness, or common-sense in dealing with invalids; but even she could but feel that to shed tears was a most disastrous thing for the girl to do.

"Oh, don't cry," she urged, "they are sure to be weak at first, and that won't improve them. Well," in an aggrieved tone, "if you will keep on"—for the sobs were becoming almost hysterical—"I shall have to send for the doctor."

Angela stopped suddenly.

"Not Dr. Moore-Stevens! Oh, Frances, please don't send for *him!*" she cried imploringly.

To have Eric about her, to see him under these circumstances, would be, she felt, past endurance. Dolly and Frances' idle words were rankling terribly, and to be just "a rare case" to the man to whom she had given her whole heart, was too repugnant for words.

"Dear me! what likes and dislikes you do take, to be sure, Angela!" said Frances, with a shrug of her shoulders. "He was all and everything only a day or two ago. Well, I must speak to John. You won't care for a Swiss doctor, and yet I am sure you ought to see someone."

She closed the door and went downstairs. Had Eric been in the house, there is little doubt that she would have consulted him, despite Angela's protest, since his advice was not only more valuable, but, of course, given gratis. But since he was out, and no one seemed to know whither he had gone, or when he would return, and as John was fidgety on his sister's account, they despatched a messenger for M. Le Bruzeau, an individual of some five feet square, with fingers like pork sausages, which he poked ruthlessly about his patient's luckless eyes. Rest, a darkened room, a composing draught, and light diet, common-sense said without him; and having delivered himself of this judgment he pocketed his ophthalmoscope, and departed without committing himself on the subject of her sight.

He merely raised his shoulders and his eyebrows and wagged his head when Frances asked his opinion, and she was left in ignorance as to whether he understood her somewhat limping French or not.

When Eric descended to breakfast at a later hour than usual his mother eyed him with covert anxiety as he swallowed his cup of coffee and responded to the curiosity of those about him on the subject of their adventures. He was never fond of answering questions about himself, and to-day he was more curt than usual. His eyes were haggard, and his face was more thin and lined than as a rule was the case. She

thought he looked ill and worried; others less tolerant called him surly and short-spoken.

"Are you disposed for a stroll?" he asked her, as soon as he had finished his pretence at a meal.

"If you are, Eric," she replied with alacrity.

In reality she was half-dying of curiosity to hear what had passed between her son and Angela, though possessed of too much *finesse* to show it. She was well aware that unsolicited confidences are always those which are most readily accorded.

"You still look a little tired," she hazarded as they started.

"'WHY, ANGELA!'" (*p.* 662).

"I have been through a good deal," he returned meaningly; and then he gave her a full, true and particular account of their adventures, omitting for the nonce any merely personal details.

His mother listened with curiosity and interest, interrupting him only by a question or two, and suppressing with difficulty the inclination to shudder at the thought of the risk they had run.

"Of course it was having all those feeble women with us which hampered us and made us so anxious," he said, irritably, at the close.

"I am glad I was not among them," she said with spirit. "My dear boy, you are ungallant in speech, as usual, though I know better than to imagine you so in action yesterday. Your bark is always worse than your bite. I wonder how they all are this morning, by the bye. I peeped into Angela's room early to see if I could be of any help to her, but she was apparently still sound asleep."

"She won't need your help any longer," said Eric shortly. "She can see."

Mrs. Moore-Stevens' instinctively joyful exclamation was nipped in the bud by his gloomy face.

"What? How? When?" she gasped in astonishment.

"Her blindness was on the nerves, caused by a shock, and it seems that Nettleton anticipated that a counter-shock might restore it. It is decidedly a rare case with regard to sight, though we have all heard of such with reference to motive-power in general," replied Eric, technically.

"But will it last?"

"The improvement? I should think so if she's careful, but, naturally, I haven't examined her. Not that it would be much good if I did, as I have only studied the eye in a general sense, of course. She ought to see Nettleton as soon as possible."

"Poor child! If it should be only temporary," sighed Mrs Moore-Stevens. "How did she behave? Wasn't she tremendously excited?"

"On the contrary, she was remarkably quiet. In fact she allowed me to find out the truth myself," replied her son, his face darkening.

"Something wrong here," meditated his companion, growing more and more impressed by the evident depression of his manner in contrast to the cheeriness and happiness of the previous few days. "She has refused him, I suppose. Perhaps he has ruined his chances by want of tact. My poor boy—and he was 'hard hit' for the first time!"

She looked wistfully at his downcast face, wondering whether he would tell her more. Hitherto there had been very complete confidence between them, but in love it is another matter. Men do not like to confess to humiliation, and Eric was proud, as well as sensitive.

"Strange," she thought again. "I could have declared that he would not have been repulsed yesterday."

"Of course, mother, this alters the case between me and Miss Pelham," he said after a pause, in a low unsteady voice.

"How?" she asked quickly.

"I don't suppose she'll care to marry me. In truth, her manner showed it all too plainly," he said, switching the roadside grasses as he spoke. "You see it's an awkward business. She didn't know what I was like. She may have imagined me very different from what I am."

"Did you speak to her then?" asked his mother driven to put the question point-blank.

He nodded.

"Yes. But when she could see me I fancied—no, confound it, it wasn't fancy—she shrank away from me," he said bitterly.

"But perhaps for some other reason," suggested Mrs. Moore-Stevens hopefully. "Eric, you know we are poles asunder on that point, and——"

"Well, you must admit that I've had bad luck," said Eric moodily. "Not only was it all my fault that the girl went on this expedition which has turned out so disastrously——"

"Not for her; you forget that," interrupted his mother quickly.

"For me, at any rate. And in cases like these, the restoration is often only temporary," said her son obstinately.

"And if it should be only for the time being——"

"She has seen enough to disgust her with me. I noticed it on her very face. We have hardly spoken to each other since."

Her countenance grew grave. It was possible, though scarce conceivable, that Angela was disappointed at the appearance of the man she might never have felt more than a passing fancy for. She might have glorified him in her own mind into a veritable Apollo. A romantic girl without strong feelings might behave as he described, but Mrs. Moore-Stevens had formed a higher opinion of Angela. On the other hand, knowing as she did his absurd and unreasonable depreciation of his own looks, she thought it far from improbable that he had exaggerated the shyness, very natural under the circumstances, and had misconstrued the timid glances which a girl would be so likely to give a lover whom she had never seen. She was too troubled to do more than murmur a few sympathising words, and to assure him that she had hoped better things of Angela. She did not venture to encourage him to try her again. In these moods Eric was not to be trifled with; there was nothing to be done but await developments—difficult enough when every minute is driving two hearts farther apart. The professional hat and gloves in it, lying on the vestibule table of the hotel when they entered, were, coupled with Canon Newtown's observation, a strange confirmation of their suspicions.

"It is Miss Pelham he has come to see," he remarked. "I believe she is overdone. The wonder to me is that it is no worse with any of you."

Eric and his mother exchanged a suggestive glance. It could but be an unfavourable sign to them both that a stranger should have been consulted in Angela's case, and when Frances took her seat beside him at the dinner-table his inquiries were very formally made. She had not sufficient ill-breeding to tell him that Angela had objected to her ministrations, but she magnified the indisposition in order to see how he took the news. That something had come between the two whose engagement she had been dreading throughout, was obvious enough, but she never thought of attributing it to her own mischief-making.

"I only wish you had been in, Dr. Moore-Stevens," she said. "But Angela is so delicate, and her sight is, of course, so precious, that John"—the blame was laid on his conveniently broad shoulders—"was afraid to wait."

"Much better not. I could have done nothing. The eye is not my speciality," returned Eric laconically, adding, with a morbid desire to put an effectual conclusion to his midsummer dream: "If I may be allowed to advise, the best thing you can possibly do would be to put her under Nettleton again without delay. He is the first man in London on the subject, and has the additional advantage of knowing all about her."

Frances jumped at the idea. There was but a week left of their holiday, and to cut it short would have been, as a rule, the greatest of grievances to her; but to put the sea between her sister-in-law and this most dangerous lover, commended itself highly to her prudence. She did not believe that a disagreement could last while they were in the same house together, and might meet, kiss, and be friends at any moment. Separated, it would be difficult to explain away any of the trifles which, as a rule, make up the sum of lovers' quarrels.

"Thank you. You have exactly expressed my own opinion of the danger of delay," she said importantly. "I will tell John. If Angela is better, we need not wait longer than to-morrow."

"I should take the doctor's advice about that," was Eric's close of the conversation.

He was sadly conscious that the counsel he had just tendered was the best possible for Angela and the worst for himself. It gave her the best chance of preserving the sight which had been so miraculously restored, and kept her from the embarrassment inevitable in his presence. On the other hand, it left him no chance of explanation, or winning his way with her.

"Better so. She will forget, if I don't," he thought bitterly. "Especially if we only bid each other a formal good-bye in public. I shall probably be only connected with a disagreeable episode in her life. She has shown evident proof of not wishing to see me again."

He did not again recur to the topic with his mother until the following afternoon, when she observed casually that Doctor Le Bruzeau's treatment of Angela did not appear very successful, as she heard that he had pronounced her more feverish that morning.

"I didn't know the Pelhams were thinking of leaving to-day," she continued.

"I advised them to go as soon as possible," replied Eric, rousing himself quickly. "Who told you that she is not so well?"

"Mrs. Pelham herself. She says that the doctor

won't hear of moving her away for a week, at any rate."

She watched Eric pacing up and down the little stretch of grass in front of her sheltered seat in the grounds in silence. The medical profession is hedged in on every side by etiquette, she knew well. Was it only this that kept him from the girl he had previously attended? Mrs. Moore-Stevens, like most Englishwomen, had but little faith in foreign medicos, and as Angela had become worse after his treatment, it was to her proof-positive that it was on account of it.

"This foreigner may not understand what they tell him, Eric," she said tentatively. "Actually, he's making her worse!"

"It is all my fault she is ill," returned her son, who was evidently in his darkest and most gloomy mood. "If anything goes wrong, I shall lay it entirely to my own door, especially as I can't do any good now; it is impossible for me to meddle with another man's patient, above all, uninvited."

"But there is no earthly reason why I should not see how she is going on," thought his mother, who had as equally poor an opinion of Frances' nursing as she had of the Swiss physician.

She met Frances in the corridor later in the evening, and made a few kindly inquiries.

Mrs. Pelham's jaunty manner was decidedly subdued; she looked worried and heavy-eyed, owning to a very bad day and night with Angela.

"She is more restless," she said. "She is always such an excitable, feverish little body."

"Temperatures run up and down without apparent reason in some people," said Mrs. Moore-Stevens, soothingly.

"That Swiss doctor frightened me so about her," Frances went on, as though to knock any hopes on the head which Eric's mother might cherish. "And Angela wouldn't hear of my asking your son. Why, Dr. Le Bruzeau said she couldn't recover this morning."

Mrs. Moore-Stevens started.

"Why, what was her temperature?" she asked anxiously.

"It was 99·6," replied Frances.

"Why, that's very little above normal," with a relieved look.

"So I thought. But he screamed when I told him, and cried '*C'est impossible! Terrible, affreux!*' Then when he took it himself, the thermometer had gone down. I don't know how many degrees—to twenty or thirty, I believe."

For the moment Mrs. Moore-Stevens turned as though to fly in search of her son to combat so strange and subtle a disease. Then a light flashed across her mind.

"It's all right," she said with a half smile. "He was reckoning by Réaumur, I expect, and you by Fahrenheit; that made the difference. Don't be frightened; you go and lie down, and I'll sit with her. I don't believe there's much the matter."

She went softly into the room, which had been Eric's, and sat down in the darkened place patiently, in silence for a while, with her knitting, for the girl lay so still as to suggest sleep. She was partly dressed, and was stretched in an uncomfortable attitude outside the bed in a dressing-gown; and as soon as Mrs. Moore-Stevens became accustomed to the dim light, she noticed that her eyes were shaded, and that a badly-made ice-bandage was on her forehead. Under the green shade her eyelids were red; as much with weeping as with inflammation. Her attitude—with one hand hanging listlessly down from the bed, and the left supporting the back of her head—was so weak, and the short tangled hair gave her so childish a look, that the heart of Eric's mother warmed towards her, despite the fact that she had treated her son so badly.

After a few minutes Angela opened her eyes and recognised her visitor.

"Oh, it is you, Mrs. Moore-Stevens!" she said with a visible effort, and controlling herself with difficulty. "It is very kind of you to sit with me, but I don't really need anybody. I only have a headache. I suppose it is very hot out of doors to-day?"

"Yes; hot and sultry."

"The doctor won't let me get up," Angela went on wearily. "And I'm sure it makes my head worse to lie here and think, think, think."

"Yes; and it is a queer thing, by the bye, how by thinking long enough one can persuade one's self into anything, true or false. Now once when I was ill, I persuaded myself that I was being disgracefully neglected. It was nothing of the kind; all possible was being done for me. And again" (with a keen glance at her), "I knew a man who had a rooted idea that he was one of the ugliest of his sex. He was not particularly handsome, perhaps, but he had nothing repulsive in his face whatever. He was no plainer than the majority of men."

Angela, who had winced at the first observation, looked up with languid interest. "What a funny notion! He must have been very morbid?" she said.

"Only on that one point; but it is rather an important one. He used to think that people shrank from him on account of his ugliness, and disliked him."

"I never knew anybody like that," Angela put in. "I wonder what became of him?"

"It is hard to say," replied Mrs. Moore-Stevens, "unless someone falls in love with him, and shows him that his looks are a secondary consideration. It is a pity, for he is really a good fellow."

"I shouldn't think any girl would mind the looks of a man who loved her, and was really nice," said Angela with quivering lips.

"Shouldn't you? Ah, but girls are always apt to run after handsome men," said Eric's mother, whose little ruse had shown her that Angela was too completely unconscious of any similarity between this and her own story for such to be in existence.

Mrs. Moore-Stevens, who had taken a fancy to the girl since the first moment of seeing her, breathed an involuntary sigh of relief that Eric had been deceived.

It was evidently not his looks which had alienated Angela's affections.

On pretence of renewing the ice bandage, she passed her cool hands over the girl's hot brow, smoothing back her hair with a motherliness which brought the tears to her eyes.

"Now, no more crying!" she said, with some of her son's peremptoriness. "Though I can understand that the dread of losing your sight again is enough to make you weak and nervous, but you lessen your chances by crying so much."

"What does it matter? I don't know that I care," said poor Angela hopelessly.

"I shouldn't have expected that from you, my dear," with a shocked expression.

"But if it had made everything wrong when you were very happy——" began Angela incoherently; and then, in a vague confusion of words, the whole story was poured out.

Clear-sighted as she was, it took Mrs. Moore-Stevens some minutes before she could arrange the tangle produced by the mixture of malice, jealousy, shyness, sensitiveness, and wounded pride. Others had meddled with such evil results that she might well shrink, too, from putting her own fingers into it, and she hesitated to speak.

"So the others suggested that he only cared to marry you for experimental purposes?" she said slowly, after a pause. "You very foolish little girl to listen to them!"

"Wasn't there some reason, when he has advised Frances to take me home at once? and he has scarcely come near me or spoken to me since I have been able to see," asked Angela, indignation drying up her tears.

"My dear," said Mrs. Moore-Stevens quizzically, "I suppose it didn't strike you that if you had been 'a good case' before, you would be a doubly interesting one now, with your sight restored in so miraculous a manner?"

Angela fidgeted, and made no reply.

"For the rest, I am sorry to say that my son is a near relative of the man who was burdened with the sense of his own ugliness!"

"He—ugly!" cried Angela, in a tone which showed she grasped the situation. "Oh! And when I first saw him, I thought what a false impression Frances had given me of him—and——"

"You have both made a mistake," said Eric's mother more gravely, as she rose from Angela's side and walked rather nervously to the window.

She did not render the matter worse by reminding the girl that such mistakes cannot always be remedied; but how to bring Angela and Eric together without the intervention of Frances was the puzzle. She and Dolly had been so ingenious in making rough the path of true love, that it did not seem wise to give them another chance. Furthermore, she had a shrewd suspicion that Angela's symptoms were more mental than physical, and that an explanation with Eric might do more good than all the quinine and bromides in the pharmacopœia.

For a few minutes she debated seriously. No one knew better than herself that Eric must be startled into sudden action, that he was far too shy to seek an explanation with Angela in cold blood. Her eyes wandered round the room in search of inspiration. She found it in the most unlikely of subjects—a box of quinine pills, with its inscription in French: "Two to be taken every four hours."

The window of the room overlooked the gardens, and, as she glanced out, she saw Eric strolling aimlessly about below her. With a sudden impulse—unworthy, some would have said, of her sober, matronly years—she wrote on a leaf of a memorandum-book, "A. is being wrongly treated. Will you come up at once?—E. M. S.," tore out the leaf, twisted it into a cocked hat, and threw it out of the window, without Angela's observation. It fluttered almost to his feet, and, with a twinkle of enjoyment, she noticed his start of consternation. She had said nothing but what was strictly true, but evidently, as she had intended, he had exaggerated the facts into something more serious than they were.

"Never mind," she thought, as she heard his long legs flying up the stairs; "he deserves a fright for his foolishness."

Another moment and there was a knock at the door, and Angela started up.

"If it's John or Frances, don't tell them what I've said," she cried imploringly.

"Not a word, I promise you," said Eric's mother as she admitted him.

"What's the matter? What has the fellow given her? Quinine? Never chloral, surely?" were his first hurried words. "Is she conscious?"

He looked anxiously up at his mother, whose eyes were unaccountably misty. It had come upon her suddenly that she had been plotting how best to put herself in the second place!

"Try her, Eric," she said softly. "She has been wrongly treated, but not with drugs."

A light broke in upon his darkness.

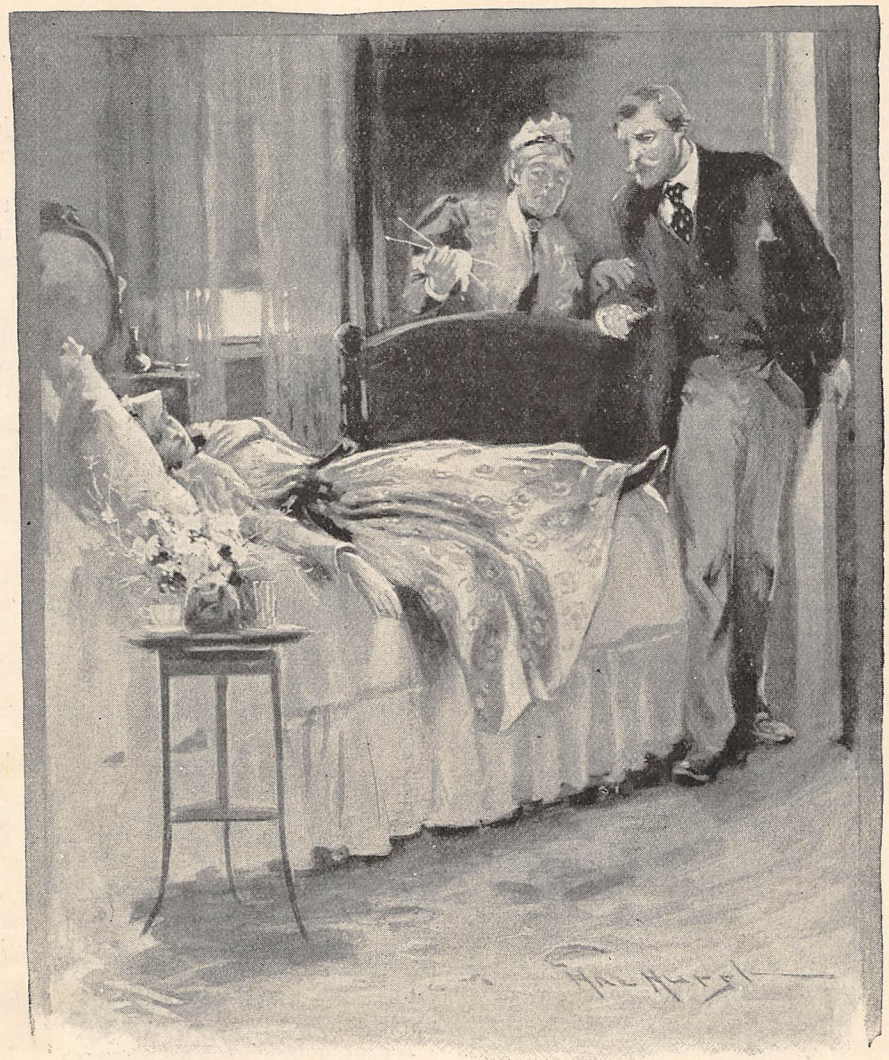
"Oh, mother, this is just like you!" he said in a low tone, and with a smile which was her best reward.

He turned and bent over Angela, whose heart was beating to suffocation. Her face, half hidden by its green shade and bandage, looked ghastly enough in the dim light to justify his question, and she was so overcome by surprise and confusion as to be momentarily speechless.

"My darling, don't you know me? Won't you speak to me," he asked, taking up her hand, and gazing at her with an affection there was no disguising.

"I can scarcely see you," she whispered pitifully. "But I don't want to! Oh, Eric, Eric, I would rather be blind with you than have my sight without you!"

But Mrs. Moore-Stevens did not hear any more after that. She retired into the shade of the window, and, behind the screen of the curtains, she put her fingers closely against her ears. She had only her own sense of honour to gratify, for the others were totally oblivious of her presence. If hitherto they had been somewhat reserved and cold together, this separation



"'SHE HAS BEEN WRONGLY TREATED, BUT NOT WITH DRUGS'" (*p.* 667).

had broken down every barrier, and Eric was not less demonstrative than Angela had been.

A rattle of high heels on the polished floor of the corridor suggested the approach of Frances, and was the first thing to disturb them. Eric had barely time to kiss Angela once more and rise from his chair to meet her outside the door. She gave a start, real or affected, as she saw him.

"Oh, Dr. Moore-Stevens, how good of you to come! How do you think her looking?" she asked.

"As sweet as ever!" thought Eric, but did not put the thought into speech.

"Well, I haven't exactly been paying her a professional visit," he said drily, looking down on her.

"Oh!" in an inexplicable tone, and Frances flushed.

"She hasn't told you, I suppose, that she has consented to marry me?"

"No, but I have guessed it all along," cried Frances in apparent rapture. "It is the very thing! What care you will be able to take of her!"

The words, designedly laden with a sting, made him wince, and though he was too happy to wish for revenge, even upon his pet aversion, he was not, however, the man to let the opportunity for retaliation slip entirely.

"I hope so, even though I am not an oculist, you know," with a sharp glance at her out of his keen eyes.

It was one of Frances' greatest annoyances for some time, that all she could do or say would not again bring a cloud over Angela's faith in the lover of whose care she was never wholly independent.

To the end of her days, though she was happily not reduced to blindness again, her sight was never as sound as that of the majority of people; and Eric's assertion that no woman would have married him who

could see, remained an unfailing topic with which to tease his wife and mother.

The engagement was not made known until two or three days later, when general suspicion was aroused by the Pelhams and Moore-Stevens leaving for England by the same train. As they steamed away from Zwischenlaken, Angela's eyes followed one particular part of the range of snowy mountains piled against the sky, with a persistence which made Eric, who occupied the little seat in the long car beside her, lean towards her, and ask what she was looking at.

"Do you see three snow-capped heights in the west, and below them a green hill with a sharp peak?" she asked, indicating with her finger.

"Yes. What then?"

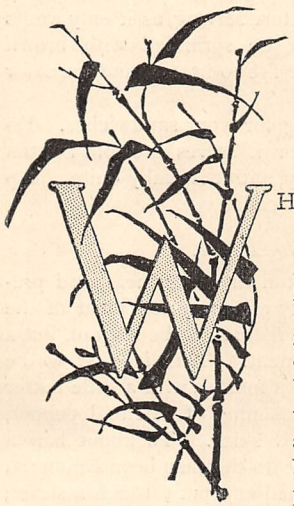
"You say *that*, Eric, when it is Mount St. Beatus!" cried Angela. "The place to which we owe——"

"But we never got there," said Eric, a softened expression crossing his dark eyes, albeit he spoke teasingly.

"What does that matter?" said Angela inconsequently. "Well, after all, I suppose *you* can't feel about it as I do."

"I didn't get my sight back in that place, it is true," said Eric. "But whether we reached the top or not, Angela, Mount St. Beatus will always be a *blessed* spot to me!"

THE END.



A TALK ON TOMATOES.

WHO would have imagined a few years ago that the tomato would be so largely employed in the kitchen as it is? for it greets us at every turn in every imaginable form. We almost wonder what we should do without it, and how we managed before it became so popular. The dishes that are presented to your notice in this paper are attractive in appearance, and although some may come under the head of good class dishes, they are less costly than may be supposed. The first is a very delicious soup, that I think has but to be tried to be appreciated. It reads as if it would be troublesome to prepare, but a trial will prove the contrary to be the case. Once tested, it will be repeated.

Tomato Soup.

For this you will want a pint of pure tomato purée, an ounce of butter, the same weight of good cheese, two eggs, an ounce of potato-flour, half a pint of white stock, and the same of milk, and some salt and pepper and bread. Attention to the mode of preparation is the thing here. The purée is heated separately, and it is quite a matter of choice whether it be from fresh or preserved tomatoes; but if the latter, the watery part should evaporate, and there should be full measure afterwards. Then beat the eggs with the milk and stock, and heat over the fire nearly to boiling point, but not quite, or curdling would result. Mix this with the purée. The soup tureen is to be heated and the grated cheese put in. Then add about two tablespoonfuls of little bread dice that have been faultlessly fried and drained—golden-brown is the tinge to aim at; so simple, yet so seldom well done. A bath of fat to cover the bread and a quick transference to a sheet of paper the moment the tint is reached, and the thing is done. The butter is to be melted in a little saucepan and the flour stirred in, then cooked for a minute, and the soup added by degrees; or the best way is to add about half a pint of the soup to the small saucepan, and to empty the contents of it into the large saucepan containing the rest of the soup, and to keep it for a minute slightly below boiling-point. The fried bread and cheese are to be put in the tureen at the very last moment. Nice as this is, there are people—and I am one—who prefer the bread handed round in the orthodox style, so that it shall not lose an iota of its crispness; but this is purely a matter of taste.

Now I will give you a hint or two on the variation of the above without in the least destroying its leading features. Does the larder contain a little cooked rice or barley? If so, add it in place of the flour, but do not omit the butter. Or is the occasion a very special one? Then you may with advantage replace the milk by cream. Another way that will please you is to cook some small sago or tapioca in the milk, and use in the manner recommended. There are not many people who seem to understand the advantage of using cheese in a small quantity as a flavourer for soups without giving an actual taste, but it is excellent for the purpose, as the above will show, though where not liked, it could of course be left out or reduced in quantity.

Here is a pie that will be new to you, and a cheap one withal. I recommend it on the ground of its nice appearance quite as much as for the sake of its small cost. Its flavour you will decide about for yourselves; but I venture to think that we shall not differ much as to its excellence and utility for general service. It is important that the meat used be underdone.

Tomato and Beef Pie.

Take a deep dish, and put in enough mashed potatoes to form a layer half an inch thick, after

greasing the dish all over. Then put in a few slices of meat, not too thin, and freed from skin and gristle. Cover with a layer of chopped onion that has been either fried or partly cooked in some other way ; next a layer of sliced tomatoes ; season the several layers with salt and pepper, and over the tomatoes put a sprinkling of powdered mixed herbs and a dust of nutmeg. Then go over with onion again, and more meat, then tomatoes, and more of the mashed potatoes. The top should be made quite level. Now you will want half a pint of gravy, supposing you have used about three-quarters of a pound of meat. This should be from the joint, if possible, but you may substitute a little good brown stock from the bones of the joint, or if you have only a poor stock, put in a sheet or two of gelatine and a morsel of extract of meat. The cover is the next consideration. Take some of your cooked potatoes, but do not mash them ; slice them evenly, and cover the top of the pie so that the slices overlap slightly, and brush over with melted butter or dripping ; the former for a superior dish. Now cover, and put it in a moderate oven until heated through ; then remove the cover and place in a hotter part of the oven, so that when presented at table the pie is smoking hot, and has a beautiful brown top crust.

Some will be wondering why the bottom layer should be potatoes, for it is decidedly contrary to the orthodox ways of making pies from cold meat. Just because the meat, being already cooked, should be guarded against probable hardness, and besides acting as a protection for the meat, the bottom layer of potato will acquire almost as brown an appearance as the top. There are hosts of ways of varying this. The meat may be moistened with a little thick brown sauce or gravy before the pie is made, and a "gamey" flavour, which many enjoy in combination with meat and tomatoes, is easily imparted by the addition of a spoonful of grated cheese. And some may decide on a cover of pastry. In that case the potatoes must not come next it, but should be covered with an extra layer of meat, which will flavour the crust, whereas the potatoes would only make it sad. These minor details make *such* a difference to the result of one's dishes, but are so often lost sight of, that no apology is needed for the reminder.

I should like all who may have a liking for *curry* in any form to try the one appended. It is not a type of the highest-class curries, but it illustrates a principle —viz., what may be done with scraps ; for I am supposing that you are about to prepare this for breakfast, and that the larder has in it some rice left from the previous day—you have perhaps been wondering what you should do with it—and a morsel of cooked bacon. Pickled pork answers as well as bacon. Fat ham is better than either.

Tomato Curry.

Take four good-sized tomatoes, and cut them in dice. Treat a large apple in the same way, also a small onion. Fry the latter brown in hot fat, then add the apple after draining the fat off, and pour in enough stock to cover, and simmer for a few minutes ; put in the tomatoes, and after a minute or two add a teaspoonful of curry-paste, the same of lemon-juice, and salt to taste ; or you may use vinegar, plain or flavoured, and by simmering a bay-leaf in the pan you get a very much better dish. Then take the cold rice, and put it in until the mixture is thick. You must stir well, and the whole must simmer until heated through and the vegetables tender. This is nice as it is, but for a more nourishing dish a couple of eggs boiled hard in another saucepan, so as to be ready at the same time, may be cut in quarters and put about the curry. Has it occurred to you that if by chance you have a spoonful of apple-sauce at hand, or a fried onion, the time for the preparation of the dish is still further reduced? I have said nothing about the bacon. It can be cut up and put in the pan just before serving, as it only wants heating through, or may be sprinkled with brown crumbs and put before the fire to brown, and used for garnishing the curry.

And here is something for your sandwiches. Do not fail to give it a trial, for it solves the cold mutton difficulty in a pleasant way, and it is really quite cheap and simple to make. It is called

Tomato Paste.

Take some cooked mutton or other meat, and prepare it with as much nicety as for potted meat of the ordinary kind ; skin and gristle must be left out, but a little fat is an improvement. This is first to be chopped, then pounded in a mortar, with a little butter to moisten, and a good seasoning of salt and pepper, and a hint only of mixed spice. To about half a pound of meat allow a tomato that has been simmered whole in stock, then skinned and put through a sieve ; one large or two small ones will be wanted. Add to the meat, pounding all the time ; then put in the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, after passing through a sieve. The mass should be pounded to a creamy consistence. A little more butter may be needed, or cream is delicious, while there are few better ways of using up the remains of a good white sauce ; but in the latter case the paste is only available for present use, whereas by using butter only it will keep for a few days in cold weather if put into little pots and covered with a layer of clarified butter. The tighter it is pressed into the pots, the better. The meat from a braise or good stew is suitable for use in this way, but the tomato should then be reduced a trifle, less moisture being wanted.

I spoke of the above as useful for sandwiches, but it is quite as good for eating with dry toast or plain biscuits.

I cannot close without calling your attention to a capital little savoury that may be concocted in next to no time, and is the very thing for those who want a tasty and digestible supper. Not the least of its recommendations is its appetising appearance. It is called

Tomato Eggs.

You will want three eggs to half-a-dozen medium-sized tomatoes, and the latter you must boil whole, either in water or stock, for about five minutes ; then

you skin them and drop them in a stew-pan, in which you have fried a small onion or a couple of shalots—chopped, need I say?—then you go on stirring for a minute or two, and put in a teaspoonful of white vinegar and a pinch of powdered thyme and bay-leaf, which makes such a difference to the dish; so do not think that it is to be lightly dismissed from your calculation. Half a teaspoonful each of white pepper and pounded lump sugar are next in order, and a dust of nutmeg and a scant teaspoonful of salt. Then you add a tablespoonful of good brown gravy or stock, or, failing any on the spot, make a little with the ever-useful meat extract and boiling water. The eggs you drop in whole, one at a time, with a brisk stir; then you stir away for a minute or two, until a very smooth mass is the result. The dish you serve this in cannot be too hot, and the garnish *should* be fried bread; but for a makeshift, when not convenient to fry, dry toast will serve the purpose. For a refined edition of this, the tomatoes must be sieved after the ingredients—except the eggs—have been put in, and the finishing off is exactly as I have told you.

I meant to speak of a dainty cold entrée, very inexpensive, though artistic, but must reserve it for another occasion. The same may be said of a good salad. Both are made from tomatoes.

Deborah Platter.

A TYPE OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.
(From a photograph by Messrs. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.)

HIS PHILOSOPHY.

BY X.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

HE was a man of the most conventional type: on that point at least everyone was agreed. From the top of his smooth dark head to the sole of his immaculately shod foot, he was stamped by conventionality. It would have been difficult for any of his numerous acquaintance to imagine him in a position which was not in every sense conventional, whether that attitude were mental or physical.

He could not have sinned against the proprieties as laid down by the great god Custom, without feeling that he was fast going down-hill. But he had one failing for a conventional man—he really had some odd sort of feeling. It would have been hard to say of *what* sort, indeed, but the feeling was a fact, and he was acutely conscious of it at times. It was mostly oppressive at moments when his own nature bored him: when his own conventionality weighed upon him that he felt a vague desire to rise above it, to lift himself out of the greyness of his every-day life. At such times he realised (and it was a realisation at which he shuddered) that beyond the conventional, which was his rule of life, there lay a ground bathed in the uncertain glory of the unattainable.

The people of his world called him "Tony," for his own name did not fit him well. The people of his world found him easy to get on with: what he was behind the scenes no one but his own immediate relatives could say; and they were like him in so far that they did not babble of what did not nearly concern them.

Tony Charlton came of good family: she to whom the Fates and his own philosophy (which he spelt with a capital initial) led him was of the wealthy middle-class.

He was well, even widely, read in a conventional way, and had been lately called to the Bar: she was cultured with the culture that grows out of high thinking, and the very difference between his learning and her refinement of knowledge attracted him. He was wholly unambitious: in a vague way she recognised it, and despised him for the lack of a quality she deemed only consistent with the name of man. He had admired several women in the way these *fin de siècle* men do; when people first remarked his admiration of this particular woman, they began to notice too that his conventionality sat upon him even more easily than before.

She was beautiful only at times, but there was the stamp of nobility intellect had given her upon her features. When everything was over—this is anticipating, is it not?—he remembered her as distinctly beautiful: he could never recall her as anything else.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

IT was a June morning when she first recognised that she loved Tony. She was leaning over the window-box of mignonette and scarlet geranium, looking into the sunshiny square.

In the distance his figure turned out of Orchard Street, and it came upon Julian Lucas then that she had been fighting this feeling for him some time. She saw too that he did not love her. He cared to talk to her: many men did that; he came to her side before all the world: he was not the only one; in his cold-blooded way he showed her how high an opinion he had of her intellectual powers: there were other and better men who did so too.

Men who could boast intellect, men of lofty ambitions, had asked her sympathy, had paid homage to her mind, but only one had ever sought her love, her heart; and she had given it him, only to have it thrown back when he had wearied of it.

She had accepted the lesson, and with health and strength of will she had taken her life in both hands, and purified it of the passion which had scorched it.

She thought of this as she watched Tony walk down the square, but there was no blush, no hesitation, in her manner—nothing to show anyone that her mind towards him was changed when she greeted him a few minutes later.

It happened that the conversation turned on marriage. Tony listened as she gave him her views calmly, and with even unusual clearness.

"And for yourself?" he said.

She looked up quickly, and, against her will, a flush warmed the pallor of her cheek. He paused to think how beautiful the colour made her.

"Marriage is the ideal life for a woman," she was saying in a low voice—"*my* ideal, I should say."

She left her seat, and moved across the room to a table where a number of canaries shared a cage. At her approach the tiny songsters twittered eagerly, and Julian opened the door for them to crowd about her, while she bent her head to speak to and caress them.

Tony watched her.

"Marriage," he said, weighing his words carefully, and following the tall slim figure with his eyes, "is like that cage: it fetters. Shall I close the window?"

Julian turned her head with a graceful gesture of refusal.

"They will not go," she said, a thrill of tender pride in her voice, "while I am in the room. Marriage does not fetter. It is a cage, perhaps—but one which grows and expands with the growth of the souls within it, and it has one open door——"

She paused to raise one of her pets higher on her arm, and then, meeting Tony's questioning look, continued in the same even tones—

"The only door is, or should be, Death."

"And marriage for yourself?" Tony repeated with

strange persistence. She smiled again, but as his eyes met hers a fleeting expression crossed her face which puzzled him.

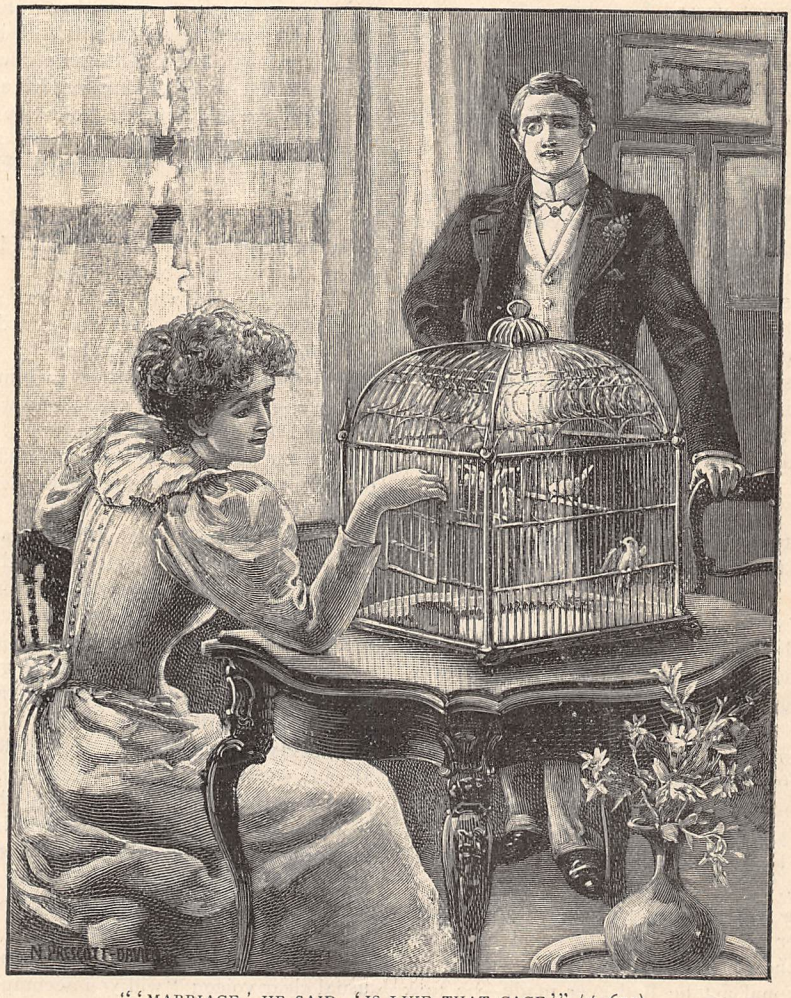
"It is possible," she replied, "but not probable."

He was studying his own feelings; she had reached them.

When he rose to go, his dark ugly face was slightly interest, and asked him whether his sister had really decided to go abroad.

"Yes," the boy returned; "she goes to Wiesbaden next week, and then to Florence. After that she is to sail for India."

Tony looked straight in front of him; she had not told him this last, and he was not prepared for it.



"'MARRIAGE,' HE SAID, 'IS LIKE THAT CAGE'" (*p.* 672).

tinged with red. The remembrance of that evanescent expression in her grave eyes clung to him as he left the house. There was a warmth round his heart very foreign to it, and his keen cold eyes were wonderfully soft. He loved her—did he love her better than himself?

As he walked slowly away he was making up his mind. Turning idly into New Bond Street, he ran up against Julian's brother, who turned to walk beside him.

"I have been to take your sister some papers," Tony said, and as he spoke he made up his mind. He looked at the handsome lad by his side with fresh

"Why to India, of all places?" he asked.

"Didn't she tell you?" in a tone of surprise. "You know she has had hospital training, and there is a fearful want of nurses out there, so Julian, like the brick she is, has decided to go."

Tony hailed a hansom.

"I've forgotten something," he explained. "Were you going home?"

"No, thanks; I'm only going into Harley Street, so I won't trouble you to stop."

Tony went back to Portman Square. Julian's mare stood at the door, and she herself was already coming through the hall. Her face flushed deeply as Tony

met her; there was no mistaking it. She followed her visitor back into the room where the cage of birds hung.

"I forgot something," the conventional man said.

"Yes," returned Julian; "what was it?"

He paused again to decide. That self which never left him free held him close.

"You." He spoke almost against his will, but at the look of hunger which crept into Julian's eyes, the half-feeling of regret passed from him. He was incredibly moved by that earnest gaze; he felt her immeasurable superiority.

"Can I have what I forgot?" he asked humbly.

Her eyes, shining with sudden tears, met his and fell.

"Oh, are you sure?" she cried, touching his arm.—Any other man would have taken her to his heart then and there, at that gentle touch, but Tony did not—over him swept a miserable flood of self-distrust which robbed his lips of the lover's words trembling there.

"No," he answered her desperately; "no, I am not."

Thus they stood face to face. Even then those words of love rushed to his lips, but still he was silent. How could he meet her tender eyes, look down into her noble face and read there her feeling for him, and not sweep aside his wretched hesitation for ever?

The moment passed, to return no more. He had flung his opportunity from him: Fortune had held out both hands to him, but she now turned frowning away.

Julian left her hand on his arm.

"Go away," she said—and to Tony her voice seemed many yards from him—"and think it quietly over. Don't ask me again because you feel obliged. I shall understand."

"But," he stammered, "you——"

The selfish utterance choked him.

"You have no right to ask me," she said simply; "but I will tell you that I love you, because you will know then that I can make allowances. Don't make a mistake, Tony."

To him there was a grandeur in her quiet words which made her absolutely beautiful—and his reverence, piercing the crust of self, led him to make the first unconventional act he had ever made—he took the ungloved hand she stretched out to him and kissed it.

"I shall come to-morrow," he said, and somehow he got out, feeling blankly that he had behaved like a coward.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

BUT he did not go. Nature and Philosophy were fighting still, and so he went down into the country for a few days. Julian waited: in the noble simplicity of her soul she grew to believe he would love her as she loved him. He wrote to her, and when her answer came, he carried it against his heart. He was trying to believe he loved her better than he loved himself. In truth he did not know how he loved her; that knowledge came to him afterwards when it was too late.

It was a Monday when he went up to town, wretched still. When he called in Portman Square, late in the afternoon, Julian was out.

About midnight he saw her. She was looking straight at him through a crowd of heads. When at last he reached her he felt more cowardly than ever. She was just going, and when he asked her for an interview, she told him she would be at home all the following morning. As she drove away to another great house, a few bright drops fell upon the soft swansdown of her cloak.

* * * * *

Julian stood by her cage of birds: her face was very pale. She was expecting Tony.

"I shall be glad when it is over," she said, moving her fingers restlessly over the gilded bars. He must not suffer much, if she could help it. He was so proud that it must be a humiliation to him to acknowledge such a mistake. It had needed no words from him to tell her what his feelings were.

He came at last. He stood before her, his eyes bent on the carpet. When she spoke her voice was very grave and very sweet.

"Tony," she said, "say nothing, dear,"—at the tender little word the steady tones shook the least bit in the world. "I know. Everyone makes mistakes, even serious ones. I, myself, give you back your words to me. It is as if they had never been spoken."

She turned to push a piece of green food further through the cage bars, so as to give him time. Was it relief in his heart, or was it fear? Did he guess that the angels still waited with the "golden moment," but already spreading their wings to depart and replace it in the bosom of Eternity? And that Eternity was of the Past. Unsteadily Julian's hand sought the fastening of the cage-door, and freed the prisoners. He stood there almost suffocated by the repressed feelings of years as they fought with him. She divined his pain and turned back to him.

"I am going to ride this afternoon," she said, in her usual clear voice; "will you accompany me?"

But when he had gone she stood there trembling, sick and cold after such a strain. Why could he not love her? And why should he not know the mischief he had worked? Why? Because she loved him better than herself, while he—ah, well; are not most men made so?

No one saw the woman fight her pain during that wild voyage, when she sailed straight for India. Her hurt was between her and her Maker.

So she sailed out of his life, and he was left—with his Philosophy!

THE LEGEND OF SIR JOSEPH WAGSTAFF

A WARWICKSHIRE BALLAD.

"'I CHARGE THEE, BOY, LET GO!'" (*p.* 676).

FROM Salisbury Church the bells rang out
Right sharp their notes and stern;
Within the town were rabble and rout,
Like tow did the houses burn,
And the prisoners freed were all about
Wherever a man might turn.

For its "hey, ho! boot and saddle!
And up with the sceptre and crown!
The day of the great Assizes
Like a storm swept Wagstaff down,
With his men and his arms and his drums and alarms
To the gates of Salisbury town.

The Judges sate in their grave sad state
That the rebel Commons sent,
And many a loyal man and true
To a felon's prison went;
Till the roar and the clash and the battle's flash
Burst in on their intent.

"Now hang them all!" Sir Joseph cried,
And sternly flashed his eye;
"The craven cowards that dare to doom
And do not dare to die!
If my neck's in the other end of the rope,
Quoth Wagstaff, "What care I?"

* * * *

Now Cromwell has taken him to horse
And gathered a goodly band
To fight with Sir Joseph Wagstaff's force
In the swelling Devon land,
And cut down their ranks like the new-mown grass
Till never a man mote stand.

"Ho, lead the flight, Sir Arthur Knight!
For one must head the race,
But to turn his back on a stricken fight
Is not a Wagstaff's place,
And the hills of Devon are as near to heaven
As Charlcote's sheltered chace.

"My little page, why dost thou stand
And view thy master so?
Poor little lad, let go my hand,
I charge thee, boy, let go!
What have I ever done for thee
That thou shouldst love me so?

"If thou escaps't this bloody day
Hie thee to Tachbrook Hall,
And tell Dame Alice it is our way
In battle-field to fall,
There were twenty Wagstaffs to my day
And they fell in battle all!

* * * *

"Would they had slain me where I stood
'Neath the blue and open sky,
For this foul dank prison taints my blood
And a dog's death I must die.
Was never a Wagstaff died like this
Without his good sword nigh!

"Farewell, farewell, to Tachbrook Hall
Where the noble park-lands sweep!
Farewell to the lush sweet meadows all
Where the peaceful cattle sleep!
Farewell, broad oaks and elm trees tall
By the quiet river deep!

"Farewell, my babe, thou child of care,
Heir of thy father's fame!
Thou tiny tender prop to bear
Old Wagstaff's honoured name!
God grant thee strength that name to wear
Unsullied as it came!

"But woe and curse and endless shame
And vain remorse's sting
Be his, the first of Wagstaff's name
That turns from Church and King!
God blight the ripe fruit of his age
The blossoms of his spring!

"And his be every foul disgrace
And every bitter pain,
May he go mourning all his days
Where once he used to reign!
May all his strength be spent for naught
And all his toil in vain!

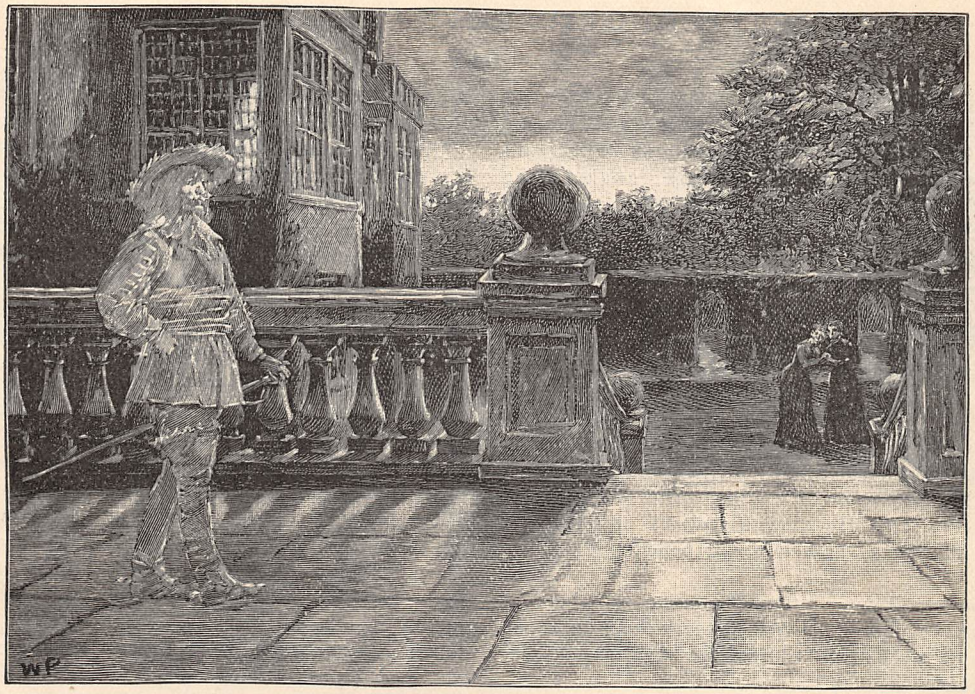
"Farewell, farewell, my gentle wife,
Now widowed ere thy prime—
How differently I planned thy life
The last sweet summer-time,
When we trod the path from the grey church tower
That rang our wedding chime.

"Farewell, farewell, my own right hand,
My nervous arm and true!
Poor body, on the scaffold's sand
I take my leave of you!
I would 'twere 'mid an armed band
With a good pike piercing through!"

* * * *

In Tachbrook's ancient, solemn church
Are Wagstaff tombs enow;

"'WOULD THEY HAD SLAIN ME WHERE I STOOD.'"



"A FIGURE ON THE TERRACE OLD AT EVEN OFT IS SEEN."

Twenty knights and twenty dames
In sculptured marble show
But Sir Joseph's head with blood-clots red
Rots where the Thames doth flow.

A stranger rules in Tachbrook Hall—
A stranger still shall reign!
"Away!" he cries, "ye King's men all,
Ye ne'er shall come again!"
Thus cruel he cried e'er tears were dried
That marked the widow's pain.

Yet still they say at Tachbrook Hall
They hear a bugle horn
Full cheerly to the hunters call
At early break of morn,
The silver notes on the breeze that floats
In the valleys far upborne.

And still when summer clothes the land
With soft enamelled green,
A figure on the terrace old
At even oft is seen,
With pensive brow and locks of gold,
And a grave and knightly mien.

But the startled reaper drops his hook
And shrinks with a ghastly fear,
When he sees 'mid the line of the golden grain
The shrivelled and blasted ear—
For the mildew black marks Sir Joseph's track,
And he knows that his step is here.

And when the hard rime clasps the trees,
And biting north winds blow,
He keeps his watch by the mouldering arch,
As in days of long ago.
And at morn they say 'twas no mortal tread
Made that footprint on the snow.

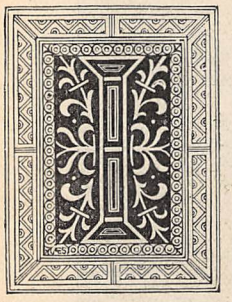
And still on the storm round Tachbrook Hall
A shadowy phantom flies,
And ever he looks through the casements tall
With sad, reproachful eyes;
While through shutter and bar they know afar
That without a spirit cries!

They say Sir Joseph's restless sprite
For twice seven lives must wait,
Till the lands shall pass to a lady bright,
Who shall take a Wagstaff mate;
And hide beneath her bridal white
The old, old wounds of hate.

Till then there hangs o'er Tachbrook Hall
A shadow dim and gray,
And sad with tears of other years
That time should sweep away,
And it may not lift for griefs or fears
Till dawns that distant day.

J. M. WAGSTAFF.

PROFESSOR HERKOMER AND HIS STUDENTS.



HAD taken my ticket to Bushey Station and sat me down in a corner of the railway carriage, awaiting the departure of the train. Just as we were on the point of starting, a young girl entered the compartment I occupied, and took a seat facing me. Her portmanteau was labelled "Bushey," she carried a large—nay, formidable—flat oaken box in her hand, and wore a dreamy far-off look in her sky-blue eyes. These circumstances, "taking one consideration with another," led me to divine her profession or calling. She was evidently one of Professor Herkomer's acolytes, and the very girl of all others whom it would benefit me to chat with.

"How can I enter into conversation with her?" I wondered to myself. "Will she consider it an impertinence on my part to address her thus without any preliminary formality?"

I am not, strictly speaking, an English woman, since most of my life has been spent on the Continent, and the stringent rules of etiquette in England appear to me at times as being somewhat severe.

"However," I thought, "I will risk it, as she will be sure to be in a position to give me just the information I want."

And here it is necessary for me to explain the reasons for my almost frenzied desire to talk with an utterly strange and casual young lady. I was bent on a—to me—very important errand: namely, that of interviewing Professor Herkomer. I had never met him before, and did not know how he would receive my proposal for an interview, since I had heard, to my consternation, that this gifted man, like all distinguished people, abhorred the notion of being "cross-examined"; for he had only consented to entertain me for this purpose through the intervention of a very dear and mutual friend.

My young *vis-à-vis* was looking me full in the face, and I boldly seized the opportunity to remark, without further ado—

"Do you know Professor Herkomer?"

This question elicited a bright smile from the young lady, and she answered, with evident pleasure—

"Oh, yes—I am one of his students at Bushey."

Re-assured and comfortable in my mind, I replied—

"Then tell me what sort of a man he is, for I am just going to interview him, and feel somewhat nervous about the task."

"You will find him most delightful to talk to—a man who will put you at your ease at once. He is awfully kind to us students—we all adore him, though he *is* strict sometimes, but——" here my *vis-à-vis* stopped short, and hesitated to proceed—"perhaps I ought not to be so frank with you," she faltered.

"Pray continue," I urged; "you are rendering me a great service. I want to hear the professor spoken of by one of his own flock. Do not dwell upon the versatility of his many talents and extraordinary genius—that is a matter of renown; tell me rather of the love you young people feel for him—of his popularity among his disciples."

And here my charming companion blossomed forth into a veritable encyclopædia of enthusiasm.

Said she, *entre autres*—

"The professor takes such pains with us all *individually*, and inspires us with real zest, because he is so earnest himself; he does such a lot of good in the neighbourhood, too, and his charity is boundless. Why, the very village is flourishing through his advent in Bushey, because so many people have settled down here on account of the school. Fancy, the professor keeps a nurse at a salary of one hundred a year merely to look after the sick and ailing! The old folks no longer able to work for themselves are utilised and paid to pose as models, and little children get sixpence an hour, and are fed, too, for serving the same purpose.

"One of our students, a young fellow, is ill just now, and the professor has taken his absence greatly to heart."

There is a celebrated painting by Herkomer himself, called "Our Village," and those who carry the memory of the delightful scene of calm serene country life in their mind's-eye can picture to themselves the approach to the professor's house along the pleasant country roads, for the artist took the village of Bushey for the subject of his painting.

"Dyreham" is small and of unpretentious appearance, and none who enter Professor Herkomer's hospitable home for the first time suspect that they will presently see one of the most remarkable structures of modern times; for the beauty of "Lululaund," the professor's new home, which he has designed, decorated, and practically built, is a marvel of architectural and decorative perfection.

On my arrival, I was received by Mrs. Herkomer, who carried her little infant daughter in her arms, and who accorded me a truly hospitable greeting. Tea was awaiting us in the professor's former studio (for now he works in the new one, at "Lululaund"). And the old one, to quote Mrs. Herkomer's words, added to a graceful apology, has since the completion of the new studio been "turned into a play-room for the dear children."

The professor took me by the hand cordially, and said quickly—

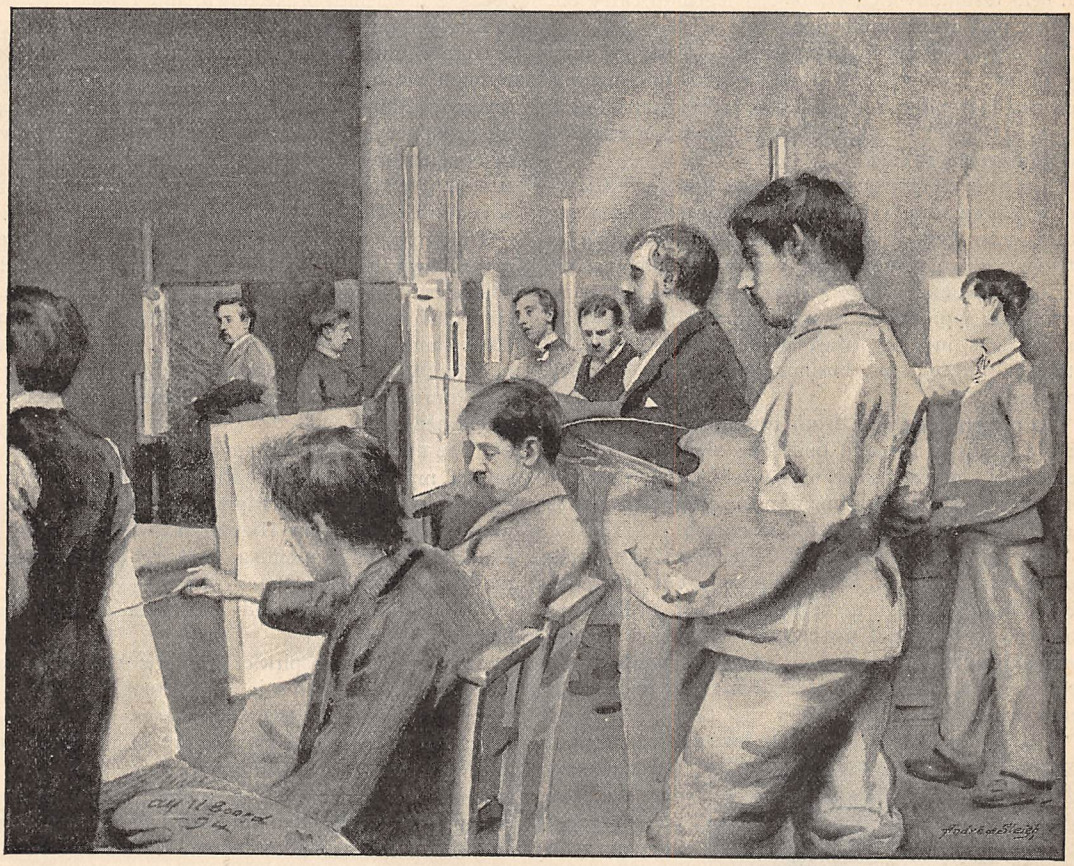
"Don't look round *this* room—it is a mere shed;" but I espied, nevertheless, some wondrous specimens of wood carving and twisted and chiselled iron-work,

executed by Professor Herkomer, that would have done honour to the industry of Quentin Matsys or Peter Vischer.

There are some curious designs in Gothic wood-panelling, and queer unexpected recesses in this old-fashioned room, behind which the professor keeps some of his favourite books for handy and occasional reading ; here and there are hung rough powerful sketches, representing his children at different periods of their ages—taken at odd moments, perhaps, when a pose or attitude particularly struck the master as suggestive of a striking interpretation. I also came across a brilliant etching taken from the professor's original oil painting of his father.

Space forbids my dwelling more than casually on the many quaint and original beauties that struck me so forcibly at Dyreham, but I cannot refrain from alluding to the evident happiness and great love existent in this charming household. We sat down to tea quite a cosy party, and Professor Herkomer had no sooner placed himself at the tea-table than his sturdy little son, familiarly called "Tutti," sprang upon his knee, and refused to be put aside on any consideration whatever. His stout brown arms were clasped tightly round his father's neck, and had I been an artist instead of a mere scribbler, I should have delighted in committing to canvas such an interesting subject as that of the artist and his infant son.

Professor Herkomer's face is full of emotional self-reliant individuality and harmonious sweetness ; the dark expressive eyes, now serious, then gleeful, seem to search for sympathetic feeling in the face of the person whom he addresses, and the mobile mouth, often breaking into a very charming smile, immediately impresses one with the idea that here any amount of youthful enthusiasm still lingers, eager to show itself, and that the wealth of honour so justly awarded to the great *artist* has not spoilt the *man*, but has rather taught him to be gentle, patient, and kind to all who aspire to imitate his talents, and who beg for a few crumbs from the table of his extraordinary versatility.



MEN'S LIFE-CLASS AT BUSHEY.

"My boy is the very image of what I was at his age," said the professor, looking lovingly at his little son ; "and I think he intends to work hard and make a name for himself some day. I hope he will," continued the professor thoughtfully, "because my father and grandfather before me originated the feeling of the kind of life it has been my blessed lot to enjoy—that of an artist.

"I am a Bavarian, and was born in 1849, and am the only child of my parents. My father and I were united by the firmest bond of all—that of friendship; and I remember how deeply impressed I was when being told as a boy that at my birth my father had gazed at me with unspeakable love, and had uttered the words—

"'This boy shall be my best friend—and a painter.'

"Those who afterwards saw my father at Bushey will bear testimony that I was privileged to carry out the first part of this prediction.

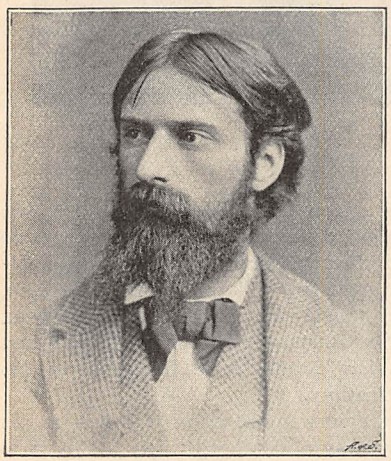
"Two years of my life were spent in Waal, and then my father, mother, and I emigrated to America, because Germany had not recovered from the ill effects of the war in '48, and it was almost considered unsafe to remain there.

"My dear mother gave pianoforte lessons in Cleveland; for we were very poor in those days, and my father, who had developed into a true disciple of artistic *virtuosi*, exercised a very great influence on the development of my career. He, in his early youth, was apprenticed to a joiner, and by reason of his studious industry was, in due course, able to establish himself in business, and call himself 'master.'

"At my grandfather's death my father pulled down the old family house, and built one simple in the extreme in its place. The house exists still in very fair condition, and I hope some day to restore it, for it is the self-same house in which I was born.

"During our stay in America I delighted in making clowns and toys of all descriptions, but when we were obliged, through necessity, to return to England (this was in 1857, and my eighth year) new faces and new surroundings suggested new occupations in Southampton, where my father decided to remain for some years.

"During this period I learnt to love music, and used to listen to my dear mother's patient teaching of such pupils as she could gather around her. My father worked hard and continually at his bench, and I watched him with much eagerness as he progressed with his wonderful carving, and learnt to admire the perseverance and assiduity with which he executed his admirable work.



PROFESSOR HERKOMER, R.A., IN 1879.
(*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry.*)

"At the age of fourteen I was sent to a school of art in connection with South Kensington, which I attended three times a week."

"You went to Münich, I believe?"

"Yes, in 1865, when my father was commissioned to carve six Evangelists in wood for America. I left my mother for the first time to accompany my father to Münich, and it was not without many a tearful scene, for my mother wanted me to abandon painting for music.

"I did not stay in Münich for long, however, because my health broke down, and I was sent back to England once more."

Here we must pass over the years of toil and labour through which the then struggling young artist persevered. Many disappointments came to him, and the proud, sensitive nature rebelled and fought bravely to conquer the depression that overtook him when strenuous efforts to succeed met with continual misadventure.

The professor contributed to *Fun*, the *Graphic*, and other illustrated papers, but his first picture, called "Gipsies on Wimbledon Common," was a great success, and brought him in several orders for work. Later came his grand painting of "Chelsea Pensioners in Church," which, although the subject first appeared as a drawing in the *Graphic*, made of Herkomer a celebrated man.

"The first money I managed to put by from the sale of my pictures," said Professor Herkomer later, "I devoted to a holiday trip with my parents, and we went to the Bavarian Highlands, where I tried my hand in oils; for, remember, my early works consisted mostly of drawings in water-colours."

"What master inspired you most strongly as a beginner?"

"I think that the spirit of Frederic Walker (who so greatly befriended me in my struggling days) was mainly embodied in my early works. 'The Toil of Day,' for instance, the first picture of mine accepted at the Royal Academy, although thoroughly Bavarian in character, had two strong points, which indicated how greatly Walker had influenced me in my progress, and how I had striven to denote Walker's warmth of colouring in the apple-trees and the geese."

To the great painter's subsequent *chefs d'œuvre*, such as "At Death's Door," "Eventide," "Sketches on the Bavarian Alps," and many other works which have since achieved world-wide celebrity, my pen is inadequate to render the homage due.

"Richard Wagner was the first important personage who sat for me," proceeded the professor, while we strolled through the grounds; "but I had such difficulty in getting him to sit quiet that I gave up the idea of painting him from life in despair; and, determining not to be baulked, I resolved to paint Wagner as I saw him in my mind's eye. Well, that picture, when finished, gave the illustrious man much pleasure—for this he assured me—so much so that it hangs now in Wahnfried, Mrs. Wagner's house in Bayreuth.

"Tennyson, whom I painted later, was also horribly averse to sitting, and it was with much difficulty I persuaded him to overcome his prejudice."

To the list of celebrities who have sat for Professor Herkomer may be added the name of John Ruskin; and the professor tells me he intends to bequeath his collection of notable personages to his children.

"During the winter of '84 and spring of '85 I painted my first important portrait of a lady; and I chose the daughter of Mr. Owen Grant for my subject," said my host, showing me a lovely facsimile of the portrait in question. "You will have heard it described as the 'White Lady,' and its success first here, then in Berlin, and finally in Vienna and Münich, was wonderful."

This great painter's versatility extends beyond the limits of credence; not only does he stand to the front amongst the foremost and finest painters of the century, but he also excels in many other spheres of art.

Etching and mezzo-tint engraving have taken up a great deal of the professor's time, though we are not to forget that he has written some remarkably clever plays, to which he composed his own music, besides carving in wood and beating out intricate designs in iron-work. Speaking of mezzo-tint engraving, Professor Herkomer expressed himself to the following effect:—

"The peculiar charm that belongs to the form of art we call etching cannot be adequately described in words—it must be *felt*. To feel it, one needs a peculiar gift of appreciation, but the gift for the right appreciation of this subtle art is only given to a few. It can be absent in the mind of a great painter, or it can be present in the mind of a person who has never touched brush or pencil. It can lie dormant for years, and suddenly burst into active life, but there it must be—a gift of Nature.

"The habits of artistic sight are vastly different in the wood-draughtsman and the etcher. The draughtsman has a totally different method of getting at form and tonality, even if he draws with lines. There is immediate finality in his touches, which he would have to unlearn as an etcher."

Regarding the quality of colour in etching, the professor said:—

"I lay the greatest stress upon this point with my pupils, for I know they will be as good draughtsmen as their natural gifts will enable them to be; but unless watched by a patient master or by themselves, the delicate faculty of colour may wither before they know of its real existence, or it may never be properly brought into life.

"It is, therefore, the sense of colour that an etcher must possess quite as much as power of drawing. To be brief, the best etchers *suggest* tone and colour, and the worst etchers *make tone*, either by a multitude of tedious lines, or by undue or illegitimate 'dodging' in the printing.

"As a beginner, I took a keen delight in this new channel of interest, and soon acquired the knowledge of *etching* by first *doing it*, and then *finding out the way to do it*. Nobody was willing to give me lessons, either, and 'Hamerton's Guide' contained the only assistance available to me."

The professor told me much that is interesting about his art school at Bushey and the origin of its foundation; one fact among many struck me forcibly: to wit, that the professor devotes a very large portion of his time and teaching to the school without receiving the least remuneration, and generously strives, with a stout heart and a world of encouragement, to imbue his pupils with some of the artistic faculties of which he himself is so abundantly possessed.

PROFESSOR HERKOMER, R.A., AT THE PRESENT DAY.
(*From a photograph by Siegfried Herkomer.*)

"I like my pupils to see my work during its progress, for which purpose I invite them to my studio once a week," he remarked. "This is, I think, one good method of teaching."

During our conversation we had gradually drifted towards the lovely new house which is now in rapid course of construction, and which in its mediæval style will certainly prove to be a masterpiece of fine interiors. "Lululaund" is situated at the extreme end of the garden attached to "Dyreham," and it is easy to see that the master's love for his art has entered wholly into the building and decorating of this new domain.

The drawing-room, panelled in oak, is a stately, regal apartment, with a remarkably fine carved mantel-piece and ingle nook, of which the designs of figures and tracery are so many *chefs d'œuvre*. The word "Lululaund," dear to the professor by reason of its bond to olden memories, seems to be woven in the carpets, carved in the oak—in fact, introduced in every imaginable dexterous fashion; and the wonderful plush curtains with which the house is adorned in profusion are woven expressly for the professor by his uncle, a celebrated weaver, at his works in America.

Professor Herkomer intends to publish an illustrated volume concerning his new home, which will not fail to be of the greatest interest to the public. It is owing to this fact that the professor would not permit photographs or sketches to be taken of the exterior or interior of "Lululaund" just now, therefore I must leave the task of describing the wonderful workmanship and skill in decoration contained in this new palace of art to the able pen of the professor himself.

While passing through the grounds to inspect the complete set of workshops and machinery rooms which the professor has built, and where all the wood-carving, modelling in clay, and supply of electric light is super-

intended by himself, we passed a quaint old-fashioned bridge, situate in a rough, picturesquely unkempt garden, which bridge was designed and built by my host.

There is a theatre, too, at Bushey, to add to the many attractions the professor provides for his friends, and here many very excellent pieces, composed and written by Professor Herkomer, have been at different times produced.

As I have already mentioned, the professor's love for music, which gave vigorous signs of life already when he was at a very tender age, is still latent within him, and he has even scored and conducted his own works at Bushey during rehearsals.

Speaking of these performances, the professor, to quote his own words, was honoured by a visit from Hans Richter, who came to Bushey and conducted "An Idyll."

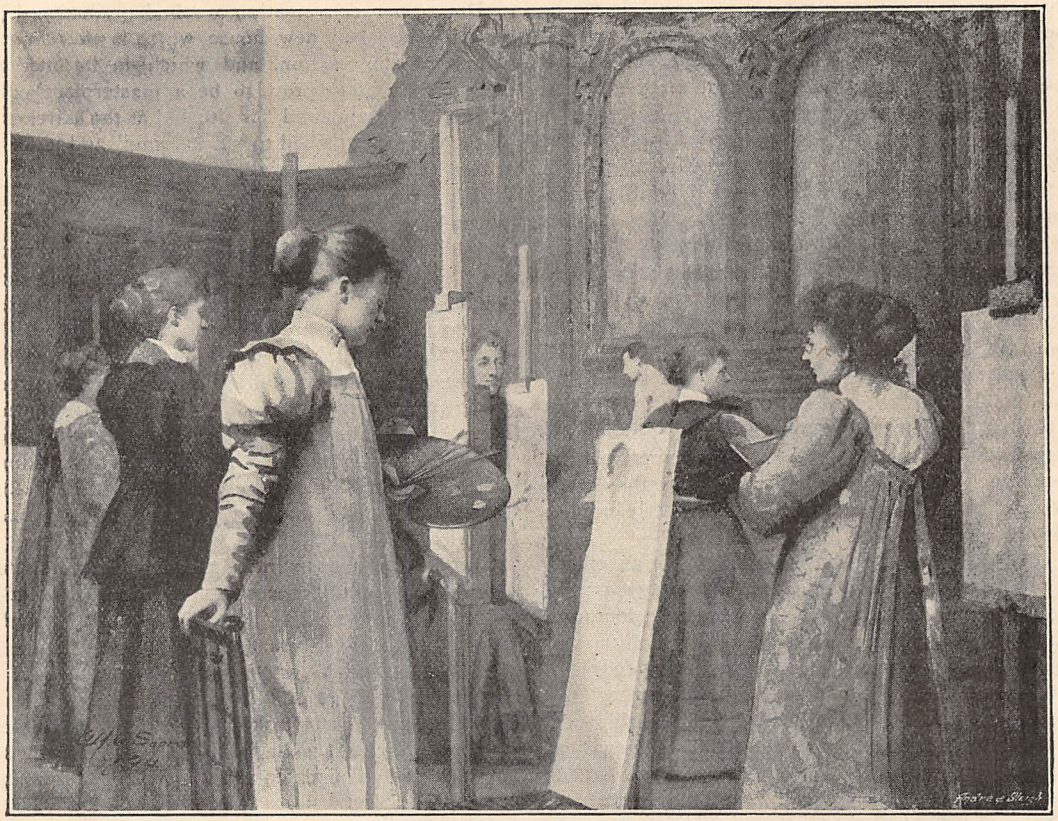
"Richter has an aversion to amateur productions," said he, "but I sent the score of my work to Vienna, and he seemed to be agreeably surprised with it, since he promised to conduct the piece at its production. He came to Bushey, threw himself heart and soul into the scheme, rehearsing the choruses and solos with the warmest interest.

"Somehow I drifted into composing music because it came to me so naturally that I had faith in my inclination, although I well remember Richter's words on one occasion when he had stayed with us, and had been inspecting the various things that were going on in my home.

"'One thing, dear friend,' he said jestingly, 'I beg you won't attempt—it is composing music: leave that to us musicians.'"

Professor Herkomer's domestic life has perchance been tinged with a large share of sorrow and gloom: of this, naturally enough, he says as little as possible; to see him now, however, surrounded by loving faces, in the midst of the fruits of his mighty and successful efforts of the past, a colony of students gathered round him, all loving, revering, and obeying him, one must turn aside in mute acknowledgment of what he has accomplished and achieved, and of the intense happiness he has striven to attain, and has attained.

MARIE ANTOINETTE VON ZEDLITZ.



WOMEN'S LIFE-CLASS AT BUSHEY.

THE CLEARING OF THE MIST.

By FRANCES HASWELL.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

A MASTER-STROKE OF DIPLOMACY.

EMILY re-entered the house in rather low spirits. Her pretty summer dress had lost its first gloss; Grenville Somers' tone about Mabel had been perplexing, to say the least of it, over and above which she felt she herself had been needlessly rude.

Without announcing her arrival to anybody, she went straight upstairs and took off her wet things. On opening the drawing-room door, she beheld Mabel the centre of a group, and discoursing apparently in an animated manner. What did it mean? Mabel was usually so quiet, not to say listless.

"Has anything happened?" cried Emily, "anything interesting?"

"Don't interrupt the flow of inspiration," said Violet *sotto voce*. "*Yes*, Mabel—and so the rain grew worse and worse, and just as you gave up your hat for lost——"

"Just as I was in despair, I felt a good large umbrella put over my head, and heard an eager voice saying, 'I've come to look after you.' Oh, the relief! —you can't conceive the relief of having a competent person—a man—to look after one, don't you know?"

"Yes, *I* know," repeated Violet, with extreme gravity, nudging Emily severely (it was a bad habit she had). "Well, Mabel, and what happened next?"

"Oh, the next thing was"—and Mabel hesitated with a very conscious air—"that—that—well, he insisted on my taking his arm; not that there was any occasion for anything of the kind, but he pretended he could shelter me so much better in that position. I thought it would really be simpler to accept his arm than to refuse it; what do you say?"

"Certainly, certainly," Violet promptly responded. "You showed uncommon tact."

"I wasn't at all put about or embarrassed. I've seen so much of that kind of thing."

"I know I'm very dense," said Violet humbly, "but I can't quite understand. *What* kind of thing?"

"Oh—*that* kind of thing. Really I can't put it into any other words. You know what I mean perfectly."

"We've seen so little of the great world," said Violet, in tones of deprecation. "But that makes it all the more interesting. What next?"

"Oh—next—we began to talk, and somehow we got to telling each other all about everything. He was most sympathetic. And when I told him I was all alone in the world, and that you were almost the only friends I had, he pressed my arm, and—really I felt quite uncomfortable. I know I oughtn't to let people know what an unfortunate girl I am, but it's something to meet with sympathy in this cold world. He felt so sorry for me that I was afraid he might go too far —which *would* have been embarrassing."

"Yes," said Violet, "I'm afraid you did wrong. You were too pathetic; you don't know what the consequences may be."

"The world's very cruel to poor people; it's so delightful to meet with a kind heart by way of exception. Of course, good kind Mrs. Holroyd is an exception too, and so are all of you. I feel almost as if she were my real mother, and this my real home."

Another nudge from Violet. Emily understood very well what it meant, and felt irritated.

"Well, Emily," said the tormentor, "and what have *your* experiences been?"

"I have no story to tell," said Emily rather wearily; "or if I have, it's an unpleasant one."

"I love unpleasant stories; do let us hear."

"Mr. Somers was so very nice and kind about Emily," put in Mabel. "When we parted at the door here, I was afraid he was going to linger longer than I liked over the *adieux* and the *au revoirs*, don't you know? so I just cut him short by saying, 'I'm really miserable about my dear friend Emily Holroyd, left all alone. Could you? is it asking too much?—but I think you like to do kindnesses, and she's my friend—so *could* you take this umbrella back for her?' 'If she's your friend,' he said, 'it will be only too much pleasure.' Wasn't that a pretty speech, Emily? So now you know how everything came about."

Violet rushed into Emily's room at bed-time, hair-brush in hand, and throwing herself on the bed, exclaimed—

"Let's congratulate each other! Things are going as smooth as silk. Isn't it glorious? But what a hypocrite the girl is with her *dear Mrs. Holroyd*, and feeling as if this was her 'real home'!"

"Perhaps it might be as well if she didn't feel that."

"What a confession! I must say my feelings overcame me at that moment. Did you notice my emotion?"

"You hurt my arm, if you call that showing emotion."

"But oh, Emily, you don't know what you missed! You can't imagine the fun we had with Mabel before you came in. Oh, I do wish you had seen her open the drawing-room door with an air I can't describe, bridling and smirking——"

"How can you use such vulgar words?"

"Because I have no better words to describe the thing. I saw plainly there was something in the wind, and being determined to get to the bottom of it I began to draw her out—most delicately, oh, most diplomatically!—thereby upsetting poor mother's gravity so that she was obliged to rush out of the room,

"IT WAS ONLY CIVIL TO ASK MR. SOMERS TO COME IN TO SUPPER" (*p.* 685).

covering her face with a pocket-handkerchief, and intending Mabel to suppose her nose was bleeding——"

"Violet!"

"While I hinted as innocently as I could at lovers and admirers, and all the rest of it. And then she began, and told us a delicious story about the mythical hero—how he begged and prayed even with tears for admission to your little tea-table, and how, after tea, he took forcible possession of her; she couldn't bear to desert her dear Milly, but he would take no denial; he would stick to her side like a leech. Besides, who can resist a hero? And they went up to the top of a hill, and became alarmingly sentimental over the sunset, and the evening star, and the Great Bear."

"You're laying on the colour rather thick now, aren't you?" said Emily drily.

"Not so thick as the original. Artists—*I'm* the artist—artists always have to tone down Nature, otherwise people would say they exaggerated. Where was I? Oh—

"'Sunset and evening star.'"

"How can you profane such words?"

"Am I profaning them?" said Violet gravely. "I thought she would have gone on a good deal further than that, for I can tell you she went so fast that I expected any moment to hear she had received a proposal of marriage from this hero, but unfortunately, something—some fatal accident, which somehow was never explained to my satisfaction—seems to have separated the loving couple at the most critical moment, and it was only the big black blazing thunderstorm that brought them together once more. Oh, we've had such fun!"

"If you think things of this sort funny, I happen to be of a different opinion; though, if I were Mabel, I wouldn't go about and tell my experiences to the whole world. I suppose one must make allowances. I suppose she was so happy she didn't know what she said. No doubt by this time she bitterly repents having let out her secrets. We won't play with this subject again, Violet; we might do a vast deal of harm. Promise."

"Did you ever know me do such a thing? Sprites neither make promises nor break them."

And Violet whisked out of Emily's room as abruptly as she had entered it.

"Oh, dear!" thought Emily; "but this love is a very puzzling business. Who could have known that all Grenville Somers' nonsense on the way home was only a mask? It perplexed me horribly: it made me almost miserable. And all the time if I had but known —well—affairs have gone further than I imagined!"

Mabel never appeared at the breakfast-table, but next morning the maid who carried up her coffee and toast returned to tell Miss Holroyd that Miss Townsend was too ill to touch anything. She had caught cold the evening before.

"History repeats itself," observed Violet. "My prophecy's coming true; though Mabel's a cut above Josephine, after all, for *she* was attacked at dead of night. I shall never forget mother calling up Maud and Emily to run for the doctor."

"Had we better run for the doctor now?" said Maud.

And the doctor was, in fact, called in, and a week or two passed away, but still the patient did not recover. Emily was doomed to listen daily to recollections of Josephine Hunt, retailed for her special delectation by the cruel Violet. After remonstrating once or twice in vain, she bit her lip and pretended not to care, when conversation took an ominous turn.

Now, the very afternoon after Mabel became ill, Emily and Violet had happened to meet Mr. Somers in the street, on the way to their lecture, and as he had stopped to ask whether Miss Holroyd was any worse for her wetting, she had been able to inform him of the evil effects on Miss Townsend. No sooner was he out of hearing than she turned to Violet.

"There; you've always taken an interest in Mr. Somers, and now behold him! How do you like him?"

"His clothes are a trifle shabby."

"Clothes! what do his clothes matter?"

"To me? not a bit. Only you must have observed that Mabel judges people entirely by their clothes."

"Can that poor girl do nothing right in your eyes?"

"She can, but she won't. There's one thing she could do that would please me uncommonly."

"If you mean going away, that's hardly likely at the present moment, even if she had anywhere to go to."

"By the bye, Mr. Somers didn't seem so violently affected by the news of her illness as I could have wished."

"Did you expect him to make a display of feeling in the public street? Well, Violet, it seemed to me he showed a very proper concern."

And the two girls turned into the college. Professor Nicholson aired his views on Browning's methods of versification, but Emily found her thoughts wandering more than once.

Next Monday they met Mr. Somers again near the same place, and he stopped to inquire after the invalid. Emily made opportunity to be very pathetic, and painted Mabel's condition in gloomiest colours. She hoped she had made a proper impression on his feelings, nor did she fail to inform Mabel of the interview; she felt sure her patient ate a better supper in consequence.

On Saturday Mr. Somers actually came to the door to ask how Miss Townsend was getting on. Emily chanced to be going down the steps as he came up. Delighted with such a decided mark of interest, she took him into the garden, introduced him to Mrs. Holroyd, gave him some tea, and, in fact, made a great deal of him, even suggesting to her mother, by way of aside, that he might be invited to come in on Sunday afternoon, if fine; he probably had not many friends in Royston.

And Sunday was fine; and they all had tea in the garden once more—all except poor Mabel: that was the pity of it. But this pathos of the situation moved Emily to show extra kindness and attention to the disappointed lover. After tea, the four young people walked to the pretty old church at Dolbury, two miles away, and then it was only civil to invite Mr. Somers to come in to supper.

"We could hardly do less," Emily whispered to Violet as they went upstairs to take off their hats.

"Excellent!" said Violet, *not* in a whisper. "If this worthy young man really intends to take Mabel off our hands, nothing can be too good for him. If we had only known yesterday, I would have procured all manner of good eating!"

"Hush! oh, do hush! But he really makes himself very agreeable, currying favour with us all for Mabel's sake."

And, as in duty bound, she used every opening to bring the subject of Mabel to the surface; only there were naturally intervals and interstices which had to be filled up with more general discussion. Emily felt that she was getting to know him quite well; and then it was so delightful, so flattering to her own powers of discernment, to see her theory working out so smoothly into fact. If he did not say much directly about Mabel, that was but proper reserve, and she could read a great deal between the lines.

At last the doctor said he might as well discontinue his visits, for the patient really needed nothing but strengthening and building up. Yet Mabel showed no signs of growing stronger. Emily felt sure some hidden trouble, some anxiety—and she knew what the anxiety was—must be preying on her mind.

That same afternoon Mrs. Ross came to The Firs to call. Mrs. Holroyd was out, and it fell to Emily to entertain the visitor. They talked of Mabel.

"She wants a change," suggested hospitable Mrs. Ross. "Let her come to me at Ashfield. Come next Saturday: Miss Townsend and yourself. If the bracing air of our hills, with a whiff of the sea now and then, doesn't set up an invalid, I don't know what will. And I'm only ten miles out of town."

"Oh, how awfully good you are! But it would be a great tax on your servants, and yourself too. Mabel has only been downstairs once."

"How absurd! What's a house for except to entertain one's friends? So that's settled. The three o'clock train on Saturday afternoon. I'll meet you at Ashfield Station, and carry the patient straight up to a couch in the garden, where she shall lie under a big Japanese umbrella, and recruit herself by looking at

one of the loveliest views in the world, though I say it who shouldn't."

A sudden inspiration flashed through Emily's mind. Grenville Somers was a friend of Mrs. Ross—some sort of relation, she believed. How would it be to suggest that he should be invited also? It would just make a pleasant party; only how was it possible to moot such a proposition without letting out Mabel's secret? While she was pondering the question, Mrs. Ross spoke again.

"We're very quiet down in the country, and perhaps by this time your patient needs a little enlivening. Is she dependent on society? or are the beauties of Nature enough for her?"

Here was an opening for Emily, if she could avail herself of it.

"To be candid, I'm afraid I must confess that she prefers men—I mean people—to Nature."

"We might ask some friends to come in to tea, but I don't quite know who there is at the moment. The Churchills are away, and the Leighs have illness in the house. What kind of society does Miss Townsend like? Has she any friends in Royston?"

"She knows the Anstruthers, and they have introduced her to several people. She knows your friends the Beavises, but she can't bear *them;* she says they are 'dowdy.' And there's Mr. Somers—isn't he your cousin?—she seems to get on uncommonly well with him."

In spite—or rather, in consequence—of strenuous efforts to speak carelessly, Emily coloured in a most uncomfortable fashion, devoutly trusting Mrs. Ross would not notice it; but Mrs. Ross did. She was an inveterate and very benevolent match-maker, and it was lucky for Emily that she had not the smallest inkling of her friend's thoughts.

"Oh!—Mr. Somers; he's a favourite of mine, and, as you say, a sort of cousin. I've been wanting to invite him ever since he came to Royston. His mother and I used to be particular friends." (Mrs. Ross had many particular friends.) "An excellent idea! because he'll find Ashfield twice as amusing when I have other guests. I couldn't quite grapple with him alone. I shall have to depend on you to entertain him, and take him out walking, and all that sort of thing, for I can't manage very long walks."

"I'll do my best," said Emily exultantly.

Saturday came. Emily caught sight of Grenville Somers on the Royston platform, and went up and seized upon him; so the three travelled down to Ashfield together.

It was a very slow train; but then, as Emily said, stoppages could not come amiss in so beautiful a country on such a perfect afternoon. Mrs. Ross met them at the little Ashfield Station with a carriage made up almost like a bed. Emily and Mr. Somers had to find their way alone to the house, which was not quite a mile distant.

It was impossible to hurry up-hill with the mid-summer sun flaring down upon them, and Mrs. Ross had pointed out to them a by-way which would enable them to avoid the glaring dusty road: a field-path leading between hedges luxuriant with trailing briony and wild roses, shadowed by tall clipped elms.

"Oh, how nice it is to be in the country!" said Emily. "I do love it, don't you?"

"I thought you were such an admirer of your native city."

"Not my *native* city, by the way. Never mind that, though; it's quite true, I do admire Royston. Do you think it's impossible to admire more than one thing? I aim at being a many-sided person. I like the town, and I like the country. Now, isn't that a convenient, contented, and altogether satisfactory frame of mind?"

"Most enviable. You, as a many-sided person, are better off than I am, for I hate the town."

"Why do you live there, then?"

"Because I've no choice."

"We must make the best of this little outing, then; it's hardly four o'clock yet, and we can stay out of doors till midnight this delicious weather. Then we can get up early and have a splendid long Sunday. Sundays in the country—fine Sundays, at least—are so lovely. I hope, for your sake, the time will go very, very slowly."

"There's one thing certain: it won't go slowly enough—for me, at least."

This was a remark that showed very proper feeling, and Emily felt that she was the good genius who, as by the stroke of a wand, had brought about this happy situation.

"And the change is going to do Mabel all the good in the world," she said. "I'm *so* glad we came."

"It's good of you to say so."

"Ah! but you have more cause to thank me than you know," said Emily, to whom a secret was always a troublesome possession. "It was through me that you got this nice invitation."

"How so?"

There was a change in his tone which almost startled Emily. It was evident that he was seized with panic fear lest *his* secret should have been discovered.

"It came about a sort of accidentally. Mrs. Ross was asking questions about poor Mabel, asking whether she was fond of company, what people she knew in Royston, and so forth, and I mentioned your name—among others—quite casually, and that suggested to her the idea of inviting you."

"Oh, I see! Not quite so flattering as it sounded at first."

"You needn't say that. We are both very glad you are come; it will add ever so much to our pleasure."

And she looked at him with such a kind beaming face.

"Thank you," said he again; and it struck her he said it with more energy than is generally thrown into that well-worn word.

But before she had time to account for the emphasis they turned in at Mrs. Ross's gate, and their hostess, meeting them at the door, led them into a cool, lofty, stone-paved hall, which had been made to look green, almost bowery, by masses of ferns in great jars and palms in pots. A dish of strawberries stood on the large round inlaid table.

"Will you have them here or in the garden?" asked Mrs. Ross.

"Oh, in the garden!" cried Emily. "Don't you vote for the garden, Mr. Somers? I should like just to go to my room, though, if I may, and adorn myself a little, and then come out in about five minutes, and just enjoy myself. Oh, I do feel so happy! I don't want to miss any of the pleasure of this lovely place."

Mabel was already installed on a couch, so they sat down beside her on the terrace that was ablaze with sunshine and flowers, and fragrant with rose-bushes innumerable, while one tree, a great lime, softened the glare of the cloudless sky. Emily chatted away to Mrs. Ross about the geography and history of the encircling hills.

"Now," thought she, "Mr. Somers can talk aside to Mabel."

And, in fact, he occupied the chair next to Mabel's couch. Emily could not perceive, however, that they kept up any great flow of conversation.

"But then," she reflected, "lovers don't care to talk much in company; the presence of the beloved person is enough. Every novel says something to that effect."

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

MRS. ROSS made Mabel lie down after dinner on the drawing-room sofa close to the bow-window, and placed a tableful of light reading beside her.

"Now, suppose you, Emily, and you, Grenville," she said, "walk over to Semerbridge to deliver a note for me. You know old Mr. Burton's house? No? Never mind; you can ask your way when you get into the village. Besides, you can't help recognising the place by the rose hedge and the tall pigeon-house on a stalk. Don't rush along after your usual fashion, Emily; you'll only heat and exhaust yourself; take your time and enjoy your walk. And don't go by the hard high road; turn up the hill behind the house, and when the road forks, go to the left into Hazel Lane. You'll have a splendid view this clear evening right over the hills and out to sea. And mind you bring me in some yellow irises, if there are any left, and any quantity of moon-daisies. And last, but not least, you are not to allow yourselves to be carried off into elf-land; for this is Midsummer Eve, when the fairies are all abroad."

"To-morrow's the longest day; but I thought Mid-summer Day was the twenty-fourth," said Emily.

"Don't call in the almanack to correct poetry. When I was your age, Emily, I thought life was full of poetry."

"All right; it shall be Midsummer Eve, then, and the whole world shall be fairy-land. Good-bye, Mabel."

"Don't let us go by Hazel Lane really," said Miss Emily, as they went down the steps; "it's such a long way round. We'll go by the road."

"But why should we be in a hurry?"

"Because I should be sorry for Mabel to feel deserted."

And she gave the young man a glance intended to convey something like reproach—a glance which, not having the key to her meaning, he naturally could not read.

"She has Mrs. Ross—and plenty of books. Besides, she ought to rest and be quiet; that's most important for invalids. Perhaps Mrs. Ross sent us out for that purpose; she probably wanted to get us out of the way for two or three hours."

"Two or three hours!"

"Why need we come in before ten? It won't be dark. Mrs. Ross was emphatic we were not to walk fast. And doesn't Miss Townsend go to bed early? Sick people ought to disappear about eight."

They were standing under the drawing-room window. Mrs. Ross heard the voices, and put her head out to ask what was going on.

"Your guest is refractory," said Grenville. "She won't obey orders. She declines to go by Hazel Lane."

Emily laughed.

"I didn't like to be out quite so long: that's all," said she.

"Nonsense, my dear!" said Mrs. Ross, who set down the girl's hesitation to maidenly shyness. "Just do as you're bid. Grenville knows the way—or, at any rate, he can easily find it. You may trust yourself to his guidance."

So the two young people turned up the road behind the house. It was a steep lane running between high banks, crowned by wall-like hedgerows of maple. Overhead was the pale blue of evening skies, just flecked with white curls of cloud. They walked for a few minutes in silence.

"How do you feel?" asked Emily. "Are you happy?"

"Yes—and no.

"Excuse me, but I can't help saying that *sounds* rather a foolish speech."

"Do you wish me to explain it?"

"Yes. I never care to be at the trouble of guessing a riddle. I prefer to be told the answer at once, without racking my brains."

"Very good, madam. Then I am happy because I am here, and shall be here till Monday."

"And you are *un*happy, I suppose, because on Monday you must go back to the smoky town? Don't take any account to-night of that disagreeable necessity."

"I was not taking account of it. No; I was thinking it was very unkind of you to try to cut short our walk, unkind and selfish."

"Not selfish; anything but that! You might justly charge me, I dare say, with hundreds of faults, but selfish I will *not* be called! It's the most shamefully unjust accusation that ever was! Just when I'd been making a heroic attempt to deny myself!—just when I had proposed to give up a *great* pleasure for Mabel Townsend's sake! Why, to stay out all the evening is just what I should love. I mayn't have such another chance all the summer—and the cuckoo calling (though he changes his tune in June, you know),

and the hedges smelling so sweet, and the sun sloping down to set in the sea! You don't suppose I *want* to go in, do you? The only reason was—well, I like to enjoy things with a comfortable conscience; and how could I do that with poor Mabel lying there all alone—so solitary? But, of course, if Mrs. Ross sends her to bed early—and I suppose when people are on visits they ought always to obey the wishes of their hostess——"

Emily was growing a little incoherent between anxiety to clear her own character and a wish to set Grenville at his ease on the subject of Mabel. She paused to take breath, and Grenville struck in—

"Thank you. You've made the *amende honorable* most completely."

So they continued to climb, catching new glimpses at each turn of rich lowland and peaky hill.

"There's Brendon Down," said Emily: "just the point of it—don't you see?—behind the hills. What does it remind you of?"

"Of the first day we met—no, not quite the first, either."

"When you made me angry by explaining that, owing to games and business, you had never found time to read. Well, you don't know how much you've lost all these years. 'I would the gods had made thee poetical!'—that's a quotation from Shakespeare."

"As you're kind enough to take an interest in the improvement of my mind, you may be glad to hear I've been trying to read Browning since we talked about my dulness on Hatton Hill. *I* can obey orders, you see."

"That's right. There's some satisfaction in giving advice to people who really take the trouble to act upon it. There now—listen! Doesn't *that* remind you of anything?"

"I don't know what *that* is."

"Don't you? Don't you remember the minor third there is none but the cuckoo knows'? Oh, you would enjoy a beautiful evening like this twice as much if your mind were well stocked with poetry."

"Should I?"

"I begin to fear your studies haven't advanced so far as you would have me believe. For one thing, you don't tell me which of the poems you like best."

"There's one thing certain; studies or no studies, I couldn't possibly enjoy this evening more than I do if I were a poet myself."

"Flattering!" thought Emily. "Though I'm not the rose, I've been near the rose, and therefore he smells a kind of fragrance in me. I'm glad he finds my society congenial. It's pleasant to be valued, even at second-hand. Though perhaps, after all, I'm flattering myself too much; perhaps he's deep in meditation about Mabel; perhaps my attempts at conversation are mere impertinent interruptions. I should like to know which is the true theory. I'll experiment. I won't talk again—that I'm resolved—unless he begins."

Emily stuck to her resolution for the next seven minutes, only casting occasional sidelong glances at her companion, to see whether he were contented or displeased with her resolute and very laboured silence. It really was an effort, for there were several things in her head which she would have liked to say, and new ideas continued to suggest themselves without intermission.

The next turn gave them a glimpse of a pool lying behind the hedge. That pool must be searched for irises; therefore it was incumbent on Grenville to find some way through the hedge. Emily rewarded his helping arm with one syllable—"Thanks"—determined to be as laconic as himself. A little higher up there were moon-daisies to be plucked in a meadow, and Emily must have flowering grasses to go with the daisies. Why was it that all the time she flitted backwards and forwards among the flowers, choosing and plucking and arranging, those words of Grenville: "I couldn't enjoy this evening more than I do," kept running in her head with such strange persistency?

The flowers were gathered at last, and they walked on soberly, still uphill, and still without interchange of words.

Now, Emily had always been very susceptible to the solemn influences of declining day, and, as a child, had often struggled painfully to shake them off. Perhaps it was that peculiar solemnity of the dropping daylight, perhaps it was infection from the mind of her companion, but there stole over her at last an almost superstitious feeling, a sense of awe, as if this silence of theirs held some secret at its heart. She tried to reason away the stupid fancy, but it refused to yield to argument. Perhaps the best way to break the spell would be to talk about it.

"We were speaking of Browning just now," said she. "Do you know, there's a poem of his that I can't get out of my head? I'm tired of it; it haunts me. I don't want to go on thinking about it, but it keeps coming back. 'At the Fireside'—do you know it? It's a love story. You must have liked it if you read it."

"I believe it *was* one of those I liked," said Grenville, in a tone that struck Emily as a trifle constrained.

She thought, of course, she understood the why and the wherefore of that constraint, and the comprehension imparted perhaps a shade of embarrassment to her own manner as she went on—

"Then you'll remember how silent all the world was, and the forests and the mountains, as if they held a secret. I have something of the same feeling now; I don't know why."

"Perhaps they do hold a secret."

The words sounded so like a confession, a confidence, that they startled Emily; she felt as if she had been intruding on his privacy, and hastened to turn the subject.

"Isn't it wonderful how some poets can catch the spirit of Nature?"

"You're beyond me. I don't care much about the spirit of Nature just now."

Emily felt snubbed.

"I won't try to talk, then," thought she. "It's not worth while. I was trying to put him at his ease by

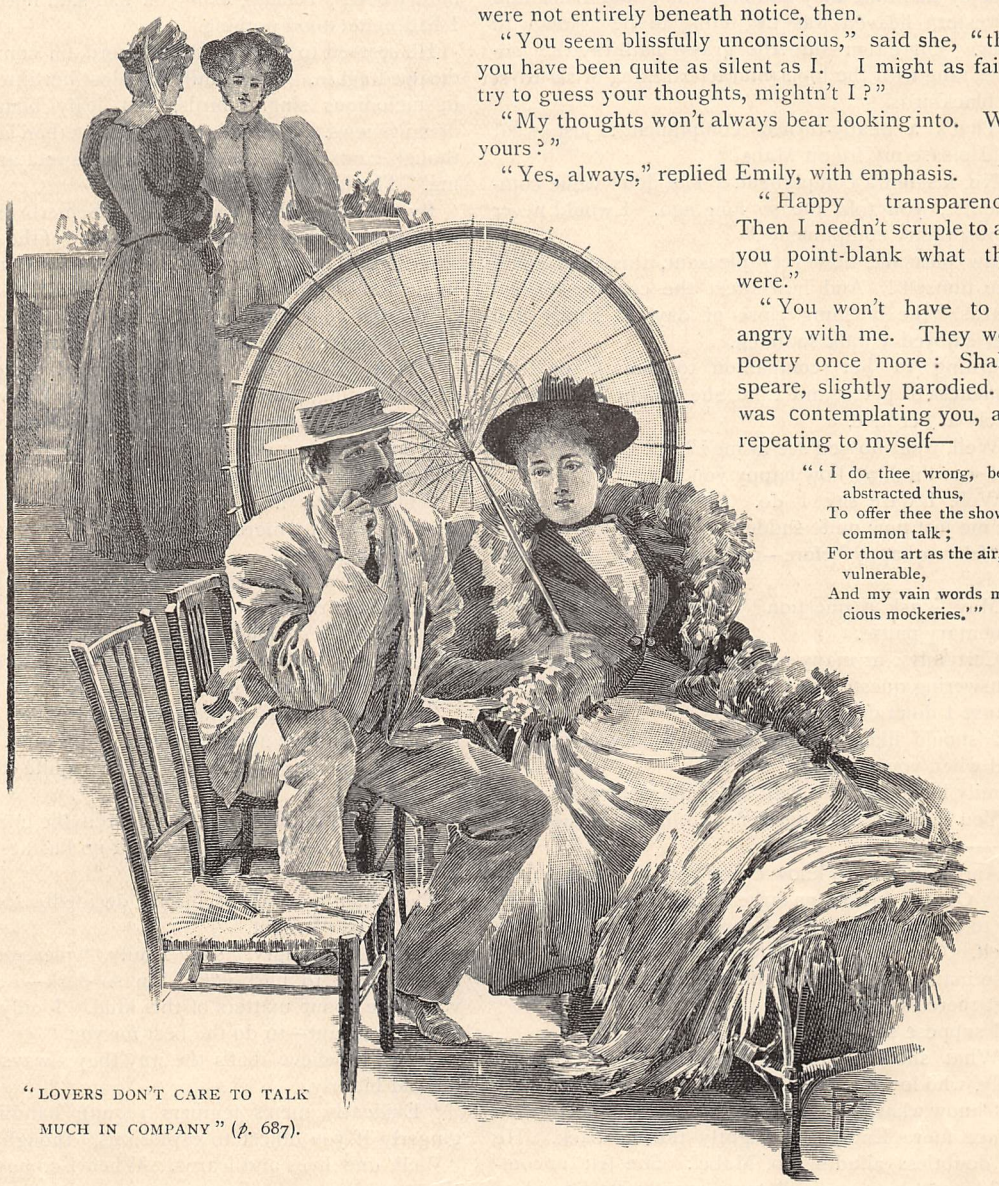
speaking of impersonal things. If he prefers silence, he shall have silence. I won't break it again. Evidently I was conceited in fancying that my society added ever so little to his enjoyment of this delicious evening."

So she closed her lips very firmly, and waited to see what would happen. She wondered how long she should have to wait. Five minutes passed, and being by nature an impatient young woman she thought she had waited fifteen.

"You're very silent to-night."

Emily could have clapped her hands with triumph. It was Grenville who had broken the stillness at last.

"Am I?"



"LOVERS DON'T CARE TO TALK MUCH IN COMPANY" (*p.* 687).

"It's not like you. I never knew you in that mood before."

"Possibly not." (Most demure was Emily's demeanour.) "Don't you like it?"

"I hardly know. It puzzles me—sets me wondering what your thoughts may be."

She felt reinstated in her own esteem. Her doings were not entirely beneath notice, then.

"You seem blissfully unconscious," said she, "that you have been quite as silent as I. I might as fairly try to guess your thoughts, mightn't I?"

"My thoughts won't always bear looking into. Will yours?"

"Yes, always," replied Emily, with emphasis.

"Happy transparency! Then I needn't scruple to ask you point-blank what they were."

"You won't have to be angry with me. They were poetry once more: Shakespeare, slightly parodied. I was contemplating you, and repeating to myself—

"'I do thee wrong, being abstracted thus,
To offer thee the show of common talk;
For thou art as the air, invulnerable,
And my vain words malicious mockeries.'"

Do you see the point? Mind, you brought it on yourself. You *would* know my thoughts."

"They were false thoughts, then. I haven't been in the least abstracted or absent-minded. I've been enjoying myself too much for *common talk*: that's all. I beg your pardon, though, if I've been dull."

"Oh, I didn't presume to think you dull, but I confess I did think you were abstracted. I supposed your thoughts might be far away."

If he *did* want an opening for confidential talk, Emily would give it him this time, instead of turning the subject.

"No, indeed; my thoughts have never wandered. They've been here all the while—in Hazel Lane, with you."

For by this time they had reached Hazel Lane, and the western heaven was beginning to be aglow with colour. On either side the grassy pathway the ash-copses rang with the high-pitched carolling of thrushes and blackbirds.

"That's a neatly-turned compliment: just what would please my friend Mabel."

"No, it's not a compliment. *You* don't value compliments; you told me so long ago. I would never pay *you* pretty compliments."

How pleasant, how very pleasant, this man could make himself! And how sweet the country smelled towards "the blushing close of day"! Emily had never enjoyed a walk so much.

Turning to her companion to remark on this uniqueness of place and time, she caught him gazing gravely at her face.

"Well, what do you see in me?" she said, smiling.

"I was thinking how happy you looked."

"Well, I dare say I do. I feel happy. It came over me just now quite suddenly. I don't know that I ever felt so happy before—not just in the same way, that is."

"May I ask a question?" said Grenville, after a momentary pause.

"Certainly; as many as you like. I'm rather fond of answering questions; that's a pleasure I can afford, because I don't deal in secrets."

"I should like to know exactly what was in your mind when you said *that*."

Emily looked at him with an air of inquiry.

"You said you had never felt so happy in the same way——"

"And you want to know exactly what I was thinking? Oh, that's rather a large order; it would take so long to explain. Besides, I couldn't explain it even to myself. One can't account for all one's moods. There are so many and such very different kinds of happiness, aren't there?"

"I suppose so."

"What should you say is the best sort?" said Emily, who loved speculation of this type.

"I know what is the greatest joy I can conceive."

Once more Emily felt slightly taken aback. He was doubtless alluding to Mabel. She felt uncomfortable, and began to pull to pieces a tuft of maiden-hair torn from the wall.

"You haven't any notion what I mean?" Grenville continued.

She cast about without success for a safe diplomatic answer, affecting, meanwhile, to bestow a more minute examination on the ferns in her hand.

"Tell me. Have you *no* idea?"

Thus pushed to extremity, Emily felt her cheeks turning red.

"Yes, I do guess. I can't help guessing," she said, this time avoiding his eye. "Are you displeased with me for guessing?" she added, in deprecating tones. "I couldn't help it, and you would go on asking."

"Displeased? angry, do you mean? No, but sorry. At least, I suppose I ought to be sorry."

"Then I'm sorry too, and it shall all be as if it hadn't been; I mean, as if you had said nothing, and I had understood nothing."

He seemed to take her at her word, for conversation dropped again. But Emily had lost her interest now in melodious singing-birds, and leafy boughs, and distant views. Drama is more exciting than landscape, though landscape is sometimes more sweet and soothing. The joyous mood had gone by.

By the time they reached the Semerbridge road, moreover, she had begun to grow weary of the dramatic situation. Drama depends on action, and must not linger too long over a single scene.

"Is that your will?" said Grenville suddenly. "You wish to forget all about it?"

"Why, of course I can't *forget* it. I couldn't help understanding, because, you see, I've known it—or guessed it—all along. But I do really think conversation had better go no further. You might say things you would be sorry for afterwards."

"That's your final conclusion, then? You don't wish to hear any more?"

Emily hesitated.

"If I did wish to hear more, it could only be out of the merest curiosity."

"Indeed!" said he, with a sudden change of voice which made Emily start. "It's nothing more to you than a matter of *curiosity?*"

The poor girl was as hot and confused as if it had been her own love affair that was in question.

"Well, perhaps curiosity wasn't quite the right word——"

"Oh, never mind a word," said Grenville impatiently. "I was a fool—that's all! I had no business to say what I did."

The situation was becoming decidedly too tightly strung to be pleasant.

"Don't get angry," said Emily, "please don't. I never meant to hurt you. I'm so dark—I know so very little about matters of this kind. I only thought—I only meant—to do the best for you."

"Yes, I believe that's the way they always put it," he said bitterly.

"Evidently men's tempers require handling very gingerly if you object to explosions," thought Emily. "Well, one lives and learns. When I come to think, I've never known any man what you might call *well*. I shall have to take a leaf out of our old cabman's book, and finish off every sentence with the words, 'I hope no offence.'"

They were just entering the village of Semerbridge—market-town it called itself—and in spite of Mrs. Ross's explicit directions were obliged to stop and ask their way more than once before they succeeded in executing their commission. This was fortunate, for it helped off the awkwardness which the last attempt at conversation had left behind it.

On the homeward way Emily tried to start various neutral topics, which fell woefully flat. It was plain she was still in that wretched lover's black books.

"What a mistake we made," thought she, "in coming through Hazel Lane. We ought to have stuck to dusty turnpikes. It was all those happy song-birds and those feathery ash-trees that upset him so absurdly. I've always found him so agreeable before, so very easy to get on with. Lovers *must* be kept in the strictest bounds of common-sense; they can't be allowed, I see, to lose their heads in poetical places at sunset."

So when they reached once more the rugged hillside where the by-path to Hazel Lane diverged from the road, and when Grenville Somers made as though he would turn on to the grass, Emily felt she must "put her foot down."

"No, no; we've had quite enough of these romantic woods. We'll keep our shoes dry and our heads cool, if you please, on the high road."

"Why, you once professed a desire to stay out all the evening," said Grenville, making an effort at good humour. "You object to being called selfish, but I shall really be obliged to call you selfish. *You're* going to stay here a long time; I have only one day to be happy in. And you grudge me that."

"No, I don't grudge you happiness. What I grudge is your being miserable and making me miserable too. We'll go by Hazel Lane, if you'll promise to keep your temper. But I don't call it fair dealing to inveigle me into a long walk, and then turn savage as you did a while ago, when I hadn't the smallest intention of wounding you. I wonder whether you had any idea of the dreadful voice you spoke in? I never was spoken to like that in my life—not even at school by the French governess."

There was a pause.

"Yes," he said at last, "it *was* unfair. It *was* unreasonable."

"So we'll keep on safer and duller ground for the future," said Emily, who had begun to feel that the confidant of a love affair has not altogether a bed of roses.

And when they found themselves under the trees again, she plied her companion with commonplace remarks, and thus succeeded in getting him safely through the Enchanted Ground.

"Ah! he must think me a regular chatterbox," she said to herself, "but I won't and can't run the risk of getting into hot water again. Why, my cheeks tingle still at the recollection! I couldn't help feeling horribly ashamed of myself without the least reason. I don't know how I could feel so bad with such a good conscience. Mabel ought to be a happy woman to have inspired so violent a passion."

The midsummer sun had sunk into the sea before the two re-entered the gate of Ashfield Grange. Declining to join Mr. Somers in a stroll down the flowery alleys of the fast-darkening garden, Emily went into the house, where she found the drawing-room empty. She went up to Mabel's room with a full heart.

"Oh, Mabel," she said, "we've had such a wonderful walk! I wish you had been there instead of me."

"Yes, it's pleasant enough for you, who can go walking about the country and enjoying yourself. I wonder how you would like to mope in the house, and have everybody go off and leave you alone, and have to listen to Mrs. Ross reading aloud? I hate being read to!"

"Oh, I'm so dreadfully sorry, Mabel! I know it must be awfully hard—much harder than I can imagine. But I really don't believe you'd be unhappy—I'm sure you oughtn't to be unhappy—if you only realised——"

Emily stopped short; it was so difficult to avoid saying either too much or too little.

"If I realised what?" said Mabel impatiently. "You're always stopping short in the middle of a sentence nowadays; you can't imagine how worrying that is to the nerves when one isn't well. I can't think what ails you."

Emily screwed up her courage, and said in low tones, and without looking at her friend—

"If you realised the great sway you have over someone!"

Mabel's face relaxed into a smile. Emily felt that she had smoothed her friend's pillow for that night, and took leave of her with a warm clasp of the hand.

She went downstairs, and found Mrs. Ross giving Grenville some tea. About eleven he went out into the garden to look for a match-box or something he had mislaid; and Emily, glad to get rid of the formal necessity of bidding him good-night, escaped to her own room.

Through the open casement such a delicious fragrance stole in, that she threw herself on the floor beside it instead of undressing, and began to speculate how a woman would feel who found herself all at once passionately beloved. How strange it must be!

Rousing herself at last from her reverie, she went downstairs to find a book, for her mind was in too hot a ferment after the incidents of that evening to let her sleep. By this time the house was quiet, but making her way to the library, candle in hand, she was a little taken aback to find Mr. Somers there.

"I couldn't sleep," she said. "I was just wanting a book."

"You disappeared half-an-hour ago without bidding me good-night. Have I offended you past forgiveness?"

"Dear me, no! If you'll excuse me for saying so, I really think you're losing all sense of the proportions of things. Please don't give another thought to what passed this evening. I like you all the better for it; people with strong feelings are ten times more interesting than the cold-blooded ones. Now, if I were you, I'd put the whole matter out of my head for to-night; it's a dreadful mistake to discuss exciting subjects at bed-time. That's what has kept me awake. The truth is, I got to thinking, too—thinking about you, instead of going to bed like a rational being. So now I intend to soothe my agitated feelings by reading some nice book about a love affair that ends happily; and I advise you to do the same."

"SHE FELT UNCOMFORTABLE" (*p.* 690).

"You can afford to treat the subject lightly," said the young man, with something of the old bitter tone. "It's not a matter of life and death to you; of course not. Why should I expect you to have the smallest comprehension of my feelings?"

"Well, as you say, it certainly is not a life and death matter with me," said Emily, feeling a little impatient with this unreasonable and miserable lover; "and I don't mean to let it be a question of sleeping or not sleeping, either. So I'm going to say good-night to you, and a very friendly good-night too. Don't be miserable; you have no reason."

And she vanished, making her way back to her own chamber with a smile over her little adventure.

"The disease seems to be reaching a crisis, and an acute crisis," thought she. "Surely to-morrow will bring it to a head."

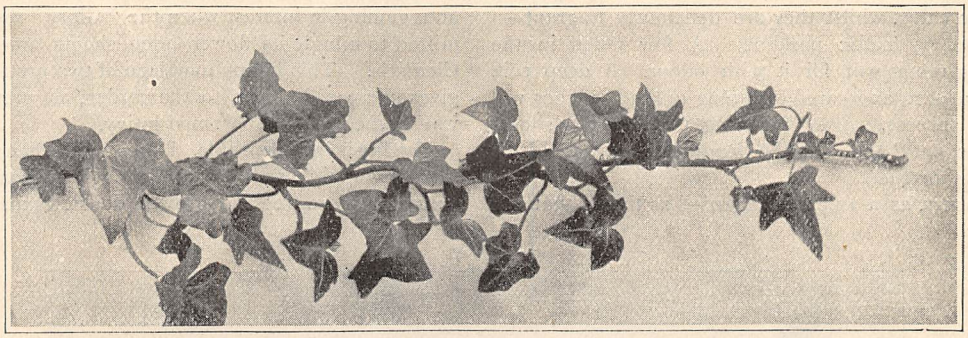
Then she commanded herself to dismiss Grenville Somers from her thoughts. But she could not do it; she felt as if, in obedience to Mrs. Ross's suggestion, she had been into fairyland that evening, and had there transacted the irrational and perplexing scenes of a Midsummer Night's Dream.

They haunted even her slumbers in Mrs. Ross's luxurious, old-fashioned four-post bed with maize curtains; she rehearsed them so often that they became unreal to her.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

A GARDEN OF CLIMBING PLANTS.

BY A PRACTICAL GARDENER.



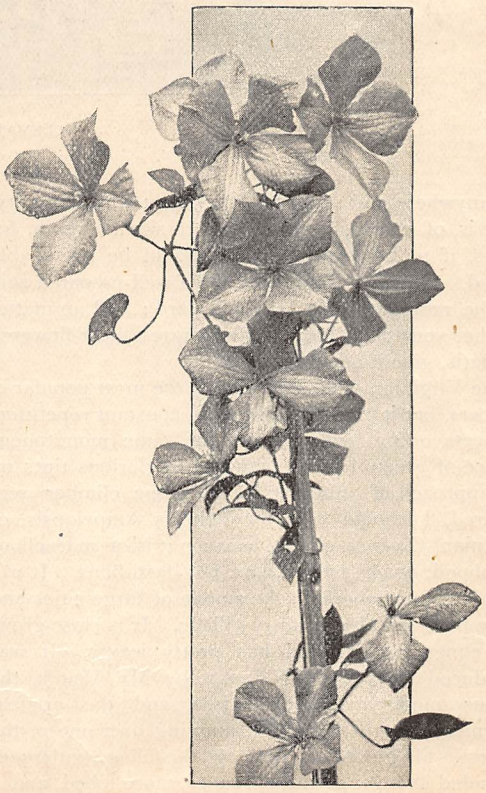
IVY.

A GARDEN without climbers cannot be beautiful. The beds and borders may be aglow with flowers of many kinds, but much of this summer beauty is lost through the presence of ugly brick walls, rickety fences, or black palings. Drape these unsightly spots with flower and leaf, let the Clematis run over the bare surface and the Jasmine waft its fragrance abroad, or the Gloire de Dijon Rose hold aloft its sweet-smelling flowers, and the garden will be a changed place, touched with a magician's wand that costs little to wield. Nothing mentioned in the course of these notes on climbers costs more than eighteenpence each, and the majority may be obtained for ninepence a-piece; but it is better to pay a little more for a vigorous article.

I can imagine many readers wishing for information on this subject. Only about a dozen plants have been mentioned, and six of these are especially alluded to. Two good things for winter flowering are the Jasminum nudiflorum and Chimonanthus. The Jasmine is called the "Naked-flowered Jasmine," as it flowers when leafless, the slender shoots being wreathed through the winter and early spring months with golden blossom. It will bloom freely in suburban gardens, and is very hardy.

I was walking in winter through Hammersmith, and caught sight of a glorious mass of colour—a wall burnished like gold. On close inspection, I was delighted to find the cause of this shimmering surface of yellow was this Jasmine, the shoots closely trained in and in full blossoming. Hammersmith is not a country village, nor is it Utopian for the growth of flowers.

The Chimonanthus blooms in the depth of winter, It is not exactly a climbing, rather a wall plant, stiff, but suitable for such a position. "Why, I have never heard of it," I dare say some will declare. Perhaps so; but then, one does not know of all the good and cheap things that abound. Nurserymen will tell you the Chimonanthus is not often asked for, and a good



CLEMATIS JACKMANNI.

nursery must be visited to get it. It is a Japanese plant, and introduced into England as long ago as 1766. The flowers are borne close upon the leafless shoots—a mode of production botanists call "sessile"—and the colour is creamy yellow, set off by deep crimson calyx, whilst they are deliciously fragrant—a rich, heavy, exotic perfume. A few twigs in the drawing-room will fill it with odour. A deep soil, sunny aspect, and careful training of the branches will ensure success. After flowering, the younger shoots may be cut back, but the leading ones should be simply shortened.

Climbers, as a rule, are regarded as things that will live anywhere and stand bad treatment with impunity. This is, of course, a mistake. It signifies ruin, for plants, if to be grown at all, should be reasonably tended. Always plant firmly in a well-prepared soil, not the remnants of a builder's yard; and no matter whether your plant be an ivy or a rare saucer-flowered Clematis, give it equal treatment.

The Virginian Creeper is one of the most popular of climbers, but it gets tiresome from constant repetition. It meets one at every turn: the same monotonous surface of green leaves, changing to glorious tints on the approach of autumn. If only one climber were required, I should vote for Veitch's Ampelopsis, or Virginian Creeper, simply because it is of marvellous hardihood, quick growth, and not fastidious. It will live almost anywhere, in the smoke of large cities and in the pure air of a country village. It is close-growing, clings tightly, and has pretty leaves. It was introduced in 1868 from Japan by Mr. Veitch, the famous nurseryman at Chelsea, and the original specimen brought home is rambling over one of the houses in the nursery. With age the foliage undergoes a decided change, getting broader, more lobed, and a deeper green.

Another popular climber is Clematis Jackmanni, of which an illustration is given. It wants gentle treatment at first, liberal watering, and cutting back of dead shoots. In late summer it is a mass of deep purple flowers, a lovely colour, quite unique amongst climbers, and gaining in interest when the "Glory" rose is permitted to mingle its flower-laden shoots amongst the Clematis. This happy marriage of two pretty flowers gives increased charm to the garden, as pretty in its way as a cottage embosomed in ivy.

The Ivy is indispensable. I like it most when mantling a tower or high wall, assuming as it approaches the summit a more tree-like growth, dense, luxuriant, and intense green. Thousands of black berries cluster into small heads in the winter, and add to the solemn, imposing effect of our favourite climber. The best variety of all is Emerald Gem, or Green, as it is also called, a quick-growing polished green variety, very different from the sickly variegated kinds, such as Maderiensis variegata, that are seldom satisfactory, and are tender, easily hurt by winter frost and summer sun. Atropurpurea is a very beautiful purple ivy for the winter.

CLEMATIS MONTANA.

The fragrant Dutch Honeysuckle is a delightful climber. In quite a suburban district I once planted the common kind of the hedgerows, and it flourished amazingly. Each year it poured forth a wealth of fragrant flowers, and would possibly have still continued a joy to the possessor if certain repairs had not, unfortunately, called for its destruction. This plant was bought from a hawker, who had deprived some flowery lanes of many beautiful ferns and climbers. Still, you will say, "Why buy such things, to encourage spoliation of a lovely flora?" Well, I offer no excuse. I wanted a honeysuckle, and therefore secured the prize. Since then I have travelled much in English counties, and never now buy dug-up plants.

Amongst the most beautiful of climbers are the

HONEYSUCKLE.

Vines. No picture of rambling growth is prettier than a vine against a house or old-fashioned wall, or twining its wriggling growth round a rustic pole, while clusters of rich plum-coloured fruit hang in profusion from the slender stems. Many will say, "This is a rosy picture indeed. The vine seldom fruits well in the open in England." It does, however, in hot summers. Last year, for instance, it gave a heavy burden. Still, I write not of the Hamburghs or the Sweetwaters which the poet pictured when he declared

> "The vine her curling tendrils shoots,
> Hangs out her clusters glowing to the south,
> And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky,"

but the North American vines, the Isabella Grape (Vitis Labrusca or V. Thunbergi), and the Fox Grape, which grow more quickly than our common kind.

To my small list may be added the Wistaria, the Pyrus Japonica, Pyracantha, and the Forsythia, which flowers profusely in spring. It is just the kind of plant to ramble over an outhouse, covering it with a sheet of yellow flowers. A good climbing Rose besides the Gloire de Dijon is the carmine-flowered Cheshunt Hybrid.

GARDENING IN AUGUST.

SMALL gardens, and especially in the neighbourhood of large towns, are usually dried up in this month of golden corn and poppies. Water must be given with no sparing hand, and remember that one thorough soaking is better than a hundred driblets, which simply encourage surface-rooting. The tender fibres quickly get dried up by the sun, and the plant succumbs. In the autumn a few remarks will be made, about deep digging, the best preventive of accidents from intense heat. Pick off ripe seed pods from Snapdragons, Pansies and other biennials. They may be sown in a shallow pan of light soil and placed in a cool, shady corner of the garden. Always water through a fine-rosed pot. If not done, layer Carnations at once, thin out fruit on apples and pears where the crop is exceptionally heavy, and be careful that all tall-growing things like Dahlias are securely staked. Thin out the shoots, as too much growth is made after a spell of wet or showery weather in particular. Everyone values a good sward of green grass. Where the turf has been much played upon, it is of rusty aspect; but this is simply the result of bad management. The grass must be watered and soaked well to ensure success. Window plants, in rooms or on ledges, get thirsty under a warm sun, and a gentle syringing in the cool of the evening is refreshing to dusty foliage. Tomatoes or "love apples" are ripening rapidly, and the fruit takes on its ruddy colour more quickly if the leaves over-hanging it be removed. It is foolish to leave the tubers of potatoes in the soil after they have finished growing, so lift them, to avoid risk of disease. Sow winter vegetables, make frequent gatherings of peas and runner beans, and do everything possible to promote free bearing. If seeds are allowed to ripen, the produce is poor. One cannot reap both satisfactorily. Greenhouse plants dry up quickly at this season. They require watering at least once a day.

MARGUERITE DAISY.

INVENTIONS OVERDUE.

BY ARNOLD WHITE, AUTHOR OF "PROBLEMS OF A GREAT CITY," "ENGLISH DEMOCRACY," ETC.

MIDDLE-AGED people have a serious grievance against scientists and inventors. Thirteen or fourteen years ago, when the division of the electric light was accomplished, the transmission or reproduction of sound at a distance successfully effected, and the vintage of eminent men's voices actually bottled off for use after their decease—we were told that the field of scientific possibilities was only trodden at its entrance.

The rest was virgin soil. We were assured that this generation should not pass away before vast social and economic changes would be brought about by harnessing Nature to the chariot of progress. Inventors in the early eighties seemed to be engaged in a *battue* of natural phenomena. The crackle of their fire was a pleasant sound, for every man with four or five hundred a year, and even the artisan, was led to expect that when electricity emerged from its infancy, and from the electrical equivalents to measles and croup, his income would buy him in travel, comfort and health, all that a revenue of thousands had hitherto been necessary to obtain.

All these expectations have been bitterly disappointed, and many of us feel that we are the ageing victims of a heartless deception. It is true that the Maxim gun, in its way, is an invention that has made a considerable impression on many families among the coloured races. But for the average father of English sons and daughters, the Maxim gun fails to satisfy any deep desire, or to fill any want that can be honestly described as "long felt." Speaking as a middle-class *paterfamilias*, I decline to accept the Maxim or any other destructive implement even as an instalment of Inventions Overdue.

Our appetite is still sufficiently whetted for favours to come to expunge the word "impossible" from the schedule of our desires. The question is not, What is possible? but, What is wanted? By eliminating, therefore, all question of the possible or the impossible, the expectant legatees of scientific achievement are able to concentrate themselves on the palpable needs of the community, and point out to the managers and secretaries of the Bank of Nature, the forms in which their disbursements are invited. It is quite clear that there is no such thing as creation in an inventor. All he does is merely to knock off the manacles from matter, just as Praxiteles, the sculptor, chipped away the superfluous marble that obscured the pretty Venus coyly hiding inside ever since Carrara was raised from the sea by volcanic action. Now let us get to work. We must begin at the beginning.

To spend half an hour every morning and evening in dressing and bathing is a monstrous waste of time. Three hundred and sixty-five hours, and more, annually taken from man's short span of life! The first thing wanted in these days of high pressure is a soap that shall cleanse without water, remove the nascent beard without razor or apparatus, and without injury to the skin.

The second is a new dress material, elastic, warm, and beautiful, combining the softness of angola, the beauty of cambric, the solidity of broadcloth, and the cheapness of calico, which would enable us to wear one garment and a pair of boots, instead of the round dozen, not counting the scarf pin, into which most of us have to wriggle before we can descend to breakfast.

For bathing purposes, water may still be retained, pending a better substitute, but the bath towel is an obsolete anachronism. There is a surgical wool which absorbs moisture with eager alacrity. We require a towel with more purpose in it. The torpid uselessness of the so-called Persian towel steals a slice from every man's life. Quicker dressing, easier shaving, greater cleanliness, and more absorbent towels, are the first *desiderata* in the day.

Coming down to breakfast, after a man is forty years of age, who can face the same old fare—tea, coffee, eggs, bacon, bread, butter, soles and parsley, without a sense of the hollowness of life? I like mangosteens from Singapore, caviare of sterlet from Moscow, canvas-back ducks from Washington, and the larded venison you still get in some houses of the Dutch Cape farmers.

Had science kept pace with her promise of 1880, and transport cheapened so that every spot on earth was in easy, instantaneous, and regular communication with every other spot, we should not be fobbed off with new-laid eggs produced a fortnight ago by a Russian hen, or Irish bacon that has seen no more of Ireland than the latest "bull."

However, since the means of communication have not been materially cheapened or abbreviated, and the structure of ether and matter are still as mysterious and as far beyond our ken as the origin of evil, it can hardly be denied that it is about time that inventors gave us a new vegetable, a new meat, and a new beverage. The potato is all very well, but, like literature, it is a good walking-stick and a bad crutch. We know all about it. There is a book devoted to the dressing of it in a hundred ways. I remember Professor Holub telling me in Africa, that in the Mashokolumbwe country there was a tasty vegetable that he thought might be introduced as a new invention in Europe. Let us have it. We want the flavour of the mangosteen combined with the nutritious quality of oatmeal and the cheapness of mangold-wurzel.

And the meat and poultry! Who is not weary of the eternal gamut of ox, sheep, pig, hen; hen, pig,

sheep, ox ; sheep, ox, hen, pig ? The thing cannot go on much longer. We English are not dainty as a race, but we have stood the monotony of our diet long enough, and we want a new edible flesh. Something between a donkey and a peafowl is what is needed. Both are delicious.

I am convinced that there is both money and fame for the inventor who will mend our fare, and take from us the reproach cast on us by His Majesty George the Second, who said in just indignation—

"Whereffer I go, id is alfays ze zame, cock and hog, cock and hog."

Fowl and ham are better than beef and mutton, but all four are somewhat ancient history. With a new bird we may fairly look for a new egg. As to the new drink, we want an exhilarating, delicious, and cheap non-intoxicant, that shall combine the stimulus of good claret, the delicacy of fine tea, the medicinal value of milk, at the price of small beer.

The evils of existing fuel are the commonplace of our philanthropic reformers. Coal is dirty, dear, dangerous to get, and has recently been the cause of a very disagreeable strike. We want a sanitary, non-political fuel. Anthracite coal would be excellent, but there are three objections. It is expensive: it is difficult to win underground, and when you get it, it refuses to burn in the Englishman's fireplace. It is well-known that within a few miles of the earth's surface volcanic fires exist in abundance, and with suitable treatment they might be coaxed into the service of men who live in great cities. An artesian well penetrating the fire stratum might be sunk in every quarter of London, and the heat thus wrung from the bowels of the earth conducted by the County Council on progressive principles into the houses of the taxpayers.

The probability is that the energy thus obtained might be harnessed to municipal accumulators, and the costly cab, the haughty serving maid, and even the tyrannous tramcar of profit-mongering capitalists, might be dispensed with if a controllable and inexhaustible source of energy, with constant flow, were always at the service of the community.

Out of doors, a noiseless, durable, and healthy pavement for the roadways is a felt want. For the space of a few feet, when passing under the hotels at Euston or the Midland Railway, there is such a pavement. Perhaps it is indiarubber, and we are told that gutta-percha is so many shillings a pound, and the thing cannot be done.

Well, let it be done. The wooden pavements destroy our throats, asphalte ought to be proscribed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and as to macadam—our nerves, nowadays, simply will not stand it. As to the granite setts that still linger in some parts of London, they are always associated in my mind with polygamy, community of goods, and other signs of a frankly barbarous society.

My space grows brief. I must crowd into a column all that might fairly bulge a book. In short, we need—

A non-conducting metal.

A carpet material unaffected by gravitation. This would cheapen travel between England and India, not between India and England.

A process that shall effect for matter that which the telephone has done for sound :—viz., resolution into its constituent elements, and accurate synthesis at the other end of a wire. This would be an alternative to the suppression of gravitation for travelling purposes, and would develop the Parcel Post.

Colour photography.

The utilisation of earth-currents for telephony, so that (*a*) ships at sea could always communicate with their ports of departure and destination ; (*b*) registered earth-currents could be devoted to cheap international communications ; (*c*) the evils of exile would be so diminished as to popularise emigration.

A new material for coating ships, so that the cumulative friction now retarding ships, but not porpoises, would accelerate existing passenger vessels from 17 to 51 knots per hour.

The extraction of energy direct from coal without the intervention of steam, so that (*a*) ten times the energy might be available for the present cost of one horse-power ; (*b*) the same energy as now might be available for one-tenth of the present cost ; (*c*) ten horse-power might be developed from a given weight of machinery now sufficient only to develop one horse-power.

Four results of this invention would be : Practical flying ; the abolition of war ; the decay of great cities ; further restrictions in the dynamite trade.

A new telescope that shall give us an insight into the actual structure of the canals of Mars.

A cure for sea-sickness.

A graduated sleeping draught, free from deleterious consequences, and enabling us to utilise in sleep odd moments of time, and to wake with certainty at a given time.

Five hundred words of a universal language, compulsory on all European and American children.

Cheap aluminium.

A barrel organ that shall give the effect of Joachim on his Strad.

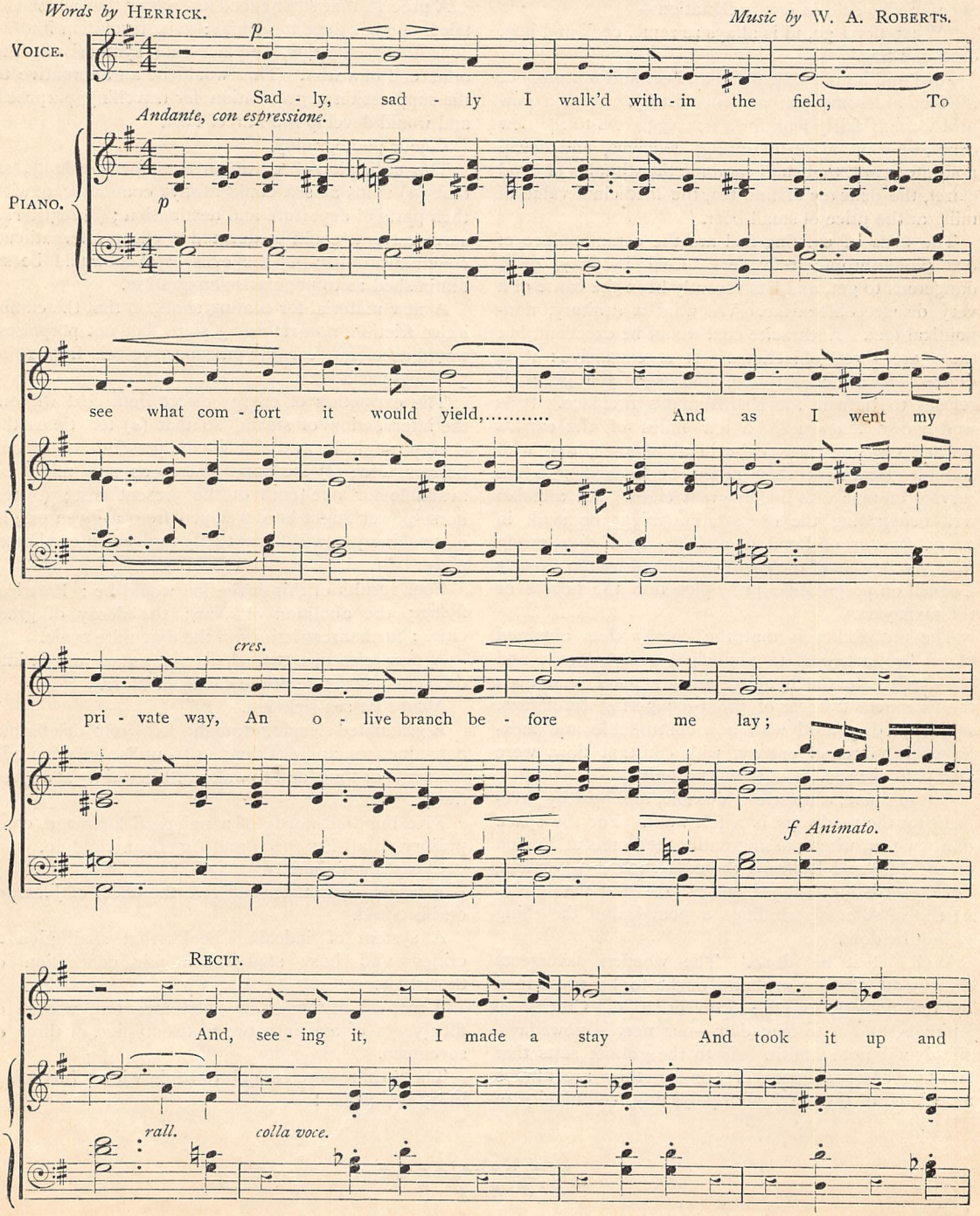
A system of indexing books that shall give to critics and busy students a fair conception of the whole.

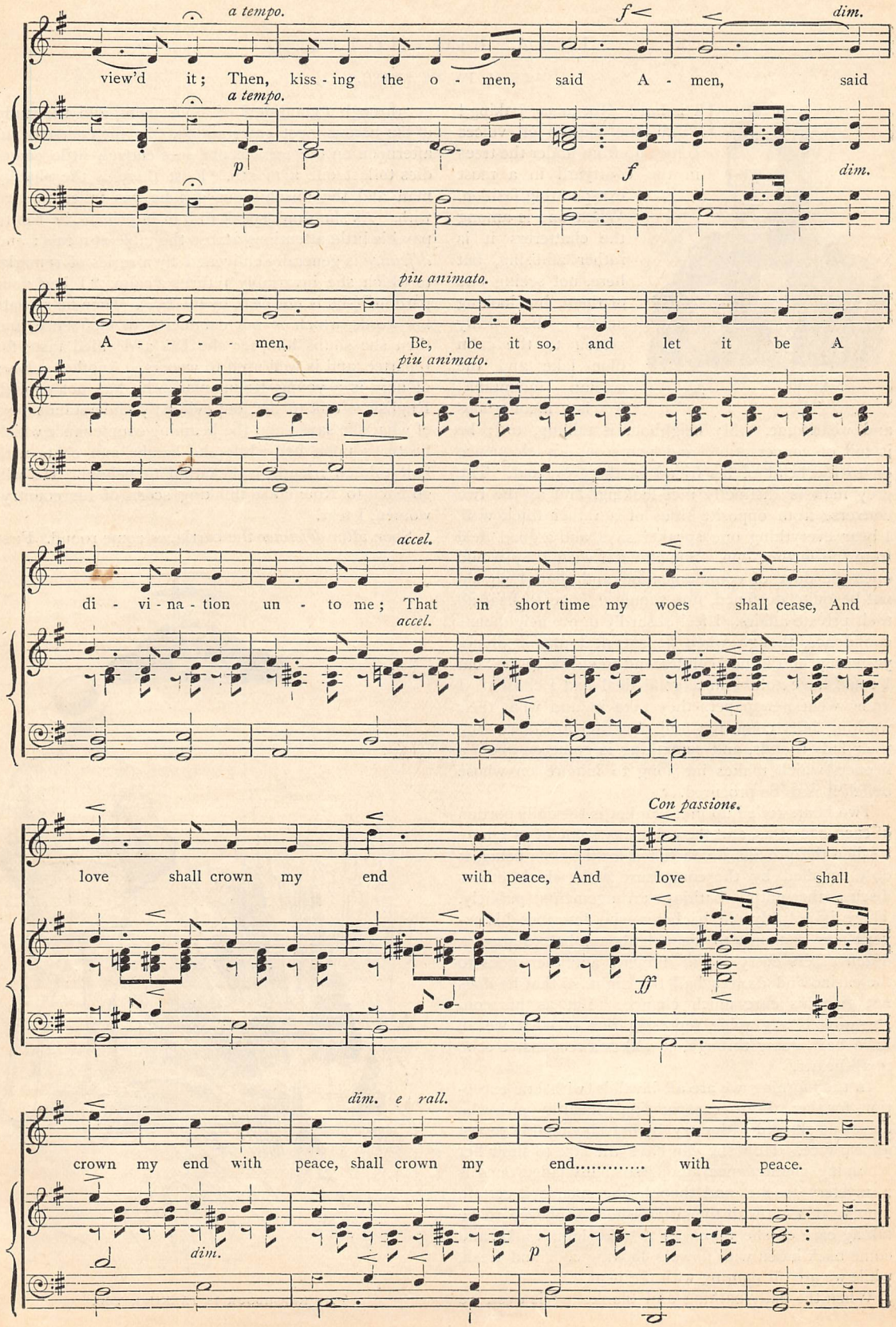
A method of converting good men and women of fifty years of age into two of twenty-five, or three of seventeen.

These things are enough to begin with. Inventors, hurry up, please !

The Olive Branch.

Words by HERRICK. *Music by* W. A. ROBERTS.




a tempo.
f
dim.
view'd it; Then, kiss - ing the o - men, said A - men, said
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accel.
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Con passione.
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crown my end with peace, shall crown my end..... with peace.
dim.
p

IN A BIG HOTEL.

BY M. PAYNE SMITH.

IT is hot! Not to say baking! and the clatter of voices comes up from under the trees in the courtyard in a most exasperating fashion. When one is among the chatterers it is rather amusing, but here, not seeing one of them, but looking across the leafy screen to the calm blue lake and the solemn mountains, it is incongruous and wearisome. My neighbour is talking, too; he is full of conversation, and pours out his eloquence on to the head of his friend in the grey coat. The grey man is distinctly nice-looking, and as the two converse from opposite sides of a rather thick wall, I hear everything one speaker says, and a good deal from the further one. Sometimes I wish they would open the door of communication, and then I should not be quite deafened, nor should I have to hear all their private affairs. I feel absurdly in my neighbour's confidence, though when he sat next me at dinner yesterday he did not condescend to speak to me, but I could have told him a good deal had I chosen. I know what newspapers they take in, and what their washing bills come to; and now they are discussing their lady friends, and something is going on about a licence, which makes me long to inquire on whose behalf it is to be procured.

Two hours rolled up in a blanket is the daily portion of each one of us, and the calm way some of us ignore it when the process is concluded for the time being, is only equalled by the composure with which others discuss the entire bathing arrangements publicly. There is a lively old bachelor who describes his experiences, not only to his neighbours, but to about a dozen others every day at dinner; and then goes to the casino and dances half the night, so that he does not give his cure much chance. But as his conversation is a graphic representation of what we all have been going through, it wakes a responsive echo in all hearts.

In the morning we are all invalids, with one exception, for there is an exasperatingly healthy girl who drives us all wild with envy by her abominably robust appearance. How she can have the face to show her blooming countenance among so many jaded ones is a mystery to me, and though she spends a certain amount of time with the sisters she is supposed to be taking care of, she manages to take long walks, and come back laden with flowers, looking cool and fresh, while we are all panting with the heat.

When the daily bathing and blanketing is over, we get through a good deal of amusement, and the study of life here is most entertaining. In the course of an afternoon on the terrace one sees enough little comedies to last one a month. First there is the shabby man and the mischievous girl he has fallen in love with. As she won't speak to him in private, he has to pay his little attentions across the table at meals: and *déjeuner* is generally enlivened by a series of remarks to which she invariably returns a calm, "I beg your pardon" (she is not deaf, by the bye). Then he repeats his words, which is not conducive to eloquence, and then she snubs him, for she has a decided taste for repartee, and is well used to wooers. Another adorer of hers is a young Roumanian, who has not enough English to talk to her, but evidently understands part of what she says; and the beaming countenance which he turns upon her, while she laughs and chats with half-a-dozen friends, is beautiful to behold. He will go back to Roumania thinking scorn of his countrywomen, I fear.

Soon after *déjeuner* the carriages come round. First

"MY NEIGHBOUR IS TALKING, TOO."

A LIVELY OLD BACHELOR.

the Spanish count solemnly hands his wife into her victoria, and she arranges her parti-coloured skirts (she habitually dresses in checks, eight inches square), gives a parting glance to the weedy youth, whose society she most affects, and settles down with a calmly bored expression for her conjugal *tête-à-tête*. Then comes a smart mail phæton, and the strong-minded lady appears. She is an Austrian of high rank, and her attire (*à l'Anglaise*), short hair, plain skirt, tight jacket, and masculine collar and tie, looks well on the driving seat, though she has to wait till her groom gets up, as he has not mastered the art of climbing to his place after the horses have started.

The four English officers play cards all the afternoon, and as soon as dinner is over, rush off to the casino to baccarat. How dull they will be when they get home and have duty to do! By the way, the dark one lives in the room next mine (on the other side from my conversational neighbour). As a rule, he is a silent personage, but there is one subject on which he waxes eloquent, and that is "boots." Nicolas, our *garçon*, does not shine as a bootblack, and I polish my own. But the captain gives his orders again and again, as if he were dealing with a soldier servant. "*Ils ne sont pas bien faits*," he says. "You must do them again; no! not that pair, *les autres*—the patent leathers." And Nicolas walks off with them, and brings them back rather worse than before.

The captain and his friend are a quaint couple; they suffer from a positive terror of womankind in the abstract, and *table d'hôte* was a penance to them till they got a table to themselves. Their fear lest someone should speak to them was ludicrous; and when the captain sat next a magnificent old marquise, a relic of the Monarchy, with a surprising wig and marvellous hats, his fear lest she should address him was most amusing. Sometimes they brought a sporting paper to meals with them, and studied it attentively between the courses, or, as if they thought that an insufficient defence, they would break out suddenly into a lively conversation with each other, though as a rule they have a truly English gift of silence.

There are a dozen other groups worth notice: the gambling old woman, who tries hard to make acquaintance with the quiet well-born English ladies, who keep themselves apart. The boastful editor of a second-rate society paper, who talks very big, and produces the proofs of his new novel for the admiration of the illiterate. The railway director with the fascinating eyeglass, and more than middle-aged wife; the quiet man from the North of Ireland, who has Quaker blood in his veins, and is perpetually horrified by the goings-on of his neighbours; the dowdy country cousins bewildered by the crowd; the London people who don't want acquaintances, lest they should have to look them up when they get back to town; and half-a-dozen different kinds of American.

After all, they are fair samples of the world in general, with the great advantage that we are not introduced, and can be friendly or not as we feel inclined. As I am neither attractive or interesting, few

The Strong-minded lady appears

"THE BOASTFUL EDITOR OF A SECOND-RATE SOCIETY PAPER."

people trouble about me, so I can sit and study human nature at my ease ; and I am not sure that I don't get more pleasure than most people out of the comings and goings, the manners and customs, the quips, cranks, and humours generally of life in a big hotel.

THE TOWER BRIDGE.

BY HENRY FRITH, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF ENGINEERING," ETC. ETC.

AS one pauses upon London Bridge or saunters upon Tower Hill the most prominent object in the middle distance is the wondrous Bridge which was opened to the public on the 30th of June last.

The Tower Bridge has occupied about eight years in construction, and altogether ten in incubation, for it was in 1884 that the Bill of the Corporation was brought before the Committee of the House of Lords, and was so vehemently opposed by wharf-owners and traders, upon the plea of interference with the Thames traffic.

Whether it interferes with it we shall presently see ; but leaving that question for the moment there is no doubt of the advantages it confers upon the road traffic, and the boon and blessing it is to land-carriers. Fortunately, therefore, the arguments of the water-side opponents were overcome, the Corporation persevered, and have now expended nearly a million sterling upon the bridge.

There is the result! Look at this "bascule" from the Surrey side, and confess that it is a magnificent achievement. Solid, handsome, useful, it combines attributes which are not generally present in engineering monuments. Utility, not beauty, is usually the aim of the engineer, who is nothing if not practical, but Mr. Wolfe Barry, who with the late Sir Horace Jones designed the structure, has contrived to give London a strikingly pleasing bridge, the largest of its kind in the world.

Independently of its utility, it affords to the ordinary pedestrian a delightful panorama. As we halt on London Bridge we admire the busy scene upon the river but when we saunter over the upper roadway of the Tower Bridge we obtain a view of London, its life and its monuments, its traffic and its commerce, which no other coign of vantage can provide. St. Paul's and the Monument can give us satisfaction for our outlay ; but the Tower Bridge surpasses them in its situation, and excels them in the variety of the scenes it presents so widely yet so nearly —so near and yet so far.

Take what the late Richard Doyle would have termed "a Bird's Eye View of Society" from the platform, watch the river-traffic beneath and "below" the bridge, traffic above it and beyond, the old legend- and ivy-clad Tower, the Pool, Horselydown, and the Surrey side so celebrated by Dickens. Gaze your fill upon the prospect, which save for the "Betterment" bogie would not fail to please on both sides, and then ask your conductor in astonishment—"How can this

thing be? How has this bridge arisen? Who made it? How was it built? What has it cost? and what uses does it fulfil?" He could reply to the last question in one word—"*Circumspice!*"

Let us then "look around" and find out the satisfactory answer to these several questions, many though they be, and each one capable of expansion into others, as the conjurer's box is found to contain within it many smaller boxes ere we reach the desired object.

In the first place, the Tower Bridge is a "bascule" bridge, and is so called because the centre spans open upwards upon a horizontal axis and do not "swing" upon the ordinary vertical axis. There are other such structures, one which we have seen in Copenhagen is a fine specimen, but its water-span is only about one-fourth the extent of our Tower Bridge, the span of which measures two hundred feet. The "leaves" are of course one hundred feet each in length, and they were lowered for the first time upon the 27th of March, 1894.

This is a date to be remembered. Chronicles of London Bridge assure us that for upwards of ten hundred years the "name-bridge" of the metropolis of our country has been the great viaduct for passengers and traffic into the city, and this is now relieved by the most modern structure of the kind.

The Tower Bridge is composed of steel. If anyone be inclined to question its metal let him look within the masonry towers, which are so very conspicuous, and he will find that the bridge is practically of steel, combining the bascule and suspension principles, illustrated in the centre and side-spans, respectively. We may now give the dimensions.

The length of the bridge, and its abutments, is nine hundred and forty feet. Of this span the centre leaves demand two hundred feet. The side spans claim two hundred and seventy feet apiece, the piers account for the remainder of the width. So, practically, only about seven hundred and forty feet of water are available across stream, and the cost may roughly, but insufficiently, be remembered by allowing one thousand pounds sterling for each foot span of the bridge.

The first section which claims our attention is undoubtedly the centre span; the draw-bridge, we may term it. The leaves, which fit accurately, are moved vertically by hydraulic machinery, and the short section, or arm, of the "leaf" is accommodated in its own pier, within a chamber made for its reception, while the long arms are sustained against the lofty towers, which rise two hundred and ninety-three feet from base to summit. The actual portion disclosed is less by twenty-six feet of foundation, plus the portion under water varying with the state of the tide.

The height of the "roadway-leaves" above stream when lowered is about thirty feet at high water, and

THE TOWER BRIDGE, FROM THE SURREY SIDE.

BUTTRESS, SUSPENSION CHAINS, AND TOWERS.

when the draw-bridges are raised, of one hundred and forty feet. To this elevation the pedestrian may rise and contemplate the moving panorama below him, and almost touch the "trucks" of the masts which glide beneath his feet—high above the vessel's deck.

This upper footway is reached by lifts which each carry eighteen persons, and occupy one minute in the ascent to the upper air. The "high-level" road is composed of four cantilevers supporting a girder one hundred and twenty feet long. The footpaths (this is only a footway, of course) are twelve feet wide. The cantilevers project ninety-five feet beyond the columns, and two sustain each footpath.

We may now descend again and see the draw-bridges raised by the hydraulic motors which, by pinion and sector arrangements, pull up the leaves. There was at one time a hint thrown out, of the possible danger to traffic crossing the bridge when the leaves had to be raised.

But at busy times the road traffic may be temporarily delayed for twenty minutes—the estimated longest time for the passage of ships—in succession—and in ordinary times five minutes. When the movement is desired the machinery itself precludes any opening until the traffic is off the centre-span—thus :—

There are four accumulators upon the piers, with a small "leading" accumulator in the engine-house. The last indicates to the engineer whether the working accumulators are charged, and *the leaves cannot rise until they are full.* Moreover, chains fixed by the police on duty are stretched across the roadway to stop traffic, and, until these are fixed, and held by the hydraulic machinery, the engineer cannot raise the leaves.

There is, of course, some expenditure connected with the working of the bridge, and this is estimated at £1,600 a year. But there is no allowance for wear and tear, so this estimate is likely to be greatly exceeded, and may reach £3,000 a year. The actual cost remains to be ascertained.

Let us now penetrate under water, and see the foundations of the handsome structure upon which we have already spent some time. The centre piers will at once demand our attention, for upon them depends the structure—the bascule structure of the bridge.

Necessarily, the most exact and mathematical care had to be exercised to ensure uniformity of foundation level. The smallest deviation would prevent the exact meeting and uniting of the twin leaves, for into the piers the "short arms" fall when the leaves are raised; and the untoward fall of the leaf would be a serious and most melancholy occurrence.

To the most minute calculations, the weight and settling capability of bridge and soil, the engineer had to address himself. Four tons upon the square foot is no small pressure, but this is the allowance, and the "foundation area" is 100 feet by 204½ feet for each pier. But this is not excessive, as the engineer, Mr. Barry, has already stated that Charing Cross bridge presses seven tons to the square foot.

Caissons were employed in the usual manner, filled in with Portland cement, concrete, and granite and masonry upwards. Each pier is seventy feet wide and one hundred and eighty five feet long, being hollowed to admit the bascule and the hydraulic machinery. These piers sustain the towers already mentioned.*

The abutment towers do not demand any special attention, though the design of these structures adds to the imposing nature of the approaches.

The suspension bridge arrangements are not of the ordinary character. The terminal towers are about 183 feet high from base (foundation) to the battlemented summit—not the top of the roof, which is extremely elevated and sloping. But the chains which hold the side spans are of a rather uncommon design. The ordinary system, observable at Clifton and on other suspension bridges is the "flat bar and rivets." In the Tower Bridge each chain consists of two segments of steel. The ties are normal.

Having now mentioned the chief technical points in the construction we can turn to the uses of the bridge—and its uses no one can deny. The traffic over London Bridge is so enormous, and the gradients but if the way be not considerable the means are. The gradients are steep in the Borough, and when the proper approaches have been made upon the Surrey side, the Tower viaduct will possess all the advantages which were originally claimed for it.

The caissons were commenced in September, 1886, the piers were finished in January, 1890. There are 14,000 tons of iron and steel in the super-structure, and the total cost is £830,000! One very important item in the engineering is the "wind pressure." We all recollect and deplore the fate of the first Tay Bridge across that Firth, and with a view to obviate any chances of failure from storm or hurricane, the Tower Bridge is constructed to sustain a pressure of fifty-six pounds to the square foot. An enormous margin! The ill-fated Tay Bridge succumbed at a far less pressure, and as Sir B. Baker remarked to the committee the ordinary gasometer can only resist eighteen pounds to the foot, and traffic was stopped in the Forth at sixteen and a half pounds' pressure.

Under the circumstances, then, London, thanks to the Corporation, may congratulate herself that she possesses such a bridge. The security of the revenues of

BUTTRESS ON THE SURREY SIDE.

of Southwark Bridge so great that time, horses, and much money are daily expended in the struggle. The distance saved by the new bridge is not important, the Bridge Estates—the proceeds of the property granted to maintain the London Bridge—have supplied the funds. The ratepayers are not taxed, and Londoners may hope for a proper approach to this magnificent monument of civic enterprise.

* For details see Mr. Crutwell's paper in "Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers."—Vol. 113.

"THE RICHEST MAN IN ALL THE WORLD."

"I LOOK OUT AT YOU, AND LAUGH."

"LET me put the facts before you, sir. I am the richest man in all the world! — richer than Rothschild, and Jay Gould, and the Vanderbilts all put together! When you came into my shop just now, you didn't think the richest man in all the world was standing behind the counter, did you? Oh, I think not. He-he-he!

"Look out of this window at the big Tennen Gebirge Mountains: eight thousand feet high—nine miles long! Well, I could put enough gold on the top to make the whole chain as high as the Great Glöckner in Tyrol, or even Mount Blanc herself!

"When you tourists come along, and admire the mediæval streets, and the buttressed houses, and the green window-shutters—how I get to know the phrases!—I look out at you, and laugh, and rub my hands; I say to myself that you are all fools. You don't know what the real curiosity in Hallein is—ay, or in all Austria, with Hungary thrown in—when just at the level of your eyes, with six feet of wall between, the richest man in all the world is standing watching you.

"You go to Salzburg, and see the graves of Bluebeard's wives, and the catacombs in the rocks, and the Jesuits' Cathedral. And then you come on here and look at our queer streets; and—when you are not too lazy—go up into the mountains to the Bavarian frontier; and then you come and gape and yawn under my window, and never know that the greatest wonder in the whole country is here beside you—'a little yellow-haired man in spectacles, with baggy pockets,' you would say; yes, sir, but the richest man in the whole wide world, with gold—gold—gold—thousands of tons in weight!—pure virgin gold, with never a speck or flaw! Why, the only thing that troubles my days, and keeps me awake of nights, is where to put it all,

and how to keep it safe. Why, sir, there are not cellars enough in Vienna to hold it, nor locks enough to make it secure.

"But come into my back-parlour, and let me put the facts before you. Hansl can sell packets of salt to the blockhead burghers' wives, and ten kreutzers'-worth of ammonia, to take away mosquito-bites, to you green tourists; and I'll put the facts before you, and tell you how I became the richest man in all the world.

"Well, here we are with the door shut, and a jug of Kaltenhausen beer between us—oh, you needn't look at those alchemist pictures, and grin ; there's nothing of that kind of maniac about me ! My gold is Nature's own handiwork, as good as ever came from mine : all pure, and yellow, and soft, and never a grain of that alchemist drivel about it.

"But they are worth looking at, for all that, those old engravings. There's Cagliostro, with his big forehead, his compasses and hour-glass, trying to look like Father Time ; but Father Time made short work of him and his sham gold too. There is Jacob Boehme, the theological shoemaker, with his Book of Revelation and his bit of cobbler's-wax. And the big fellow in the corner with the black cap is Albertus Magnus—Asinus Maximus, I always call him—the biggest ass of them all ! Then Bombast Paracelsus—they have his shallow skull in Salzburg. I suppose you saw it, like all the other imbeciles who prefer the dead quack to the live millionaire. A fine lot of old engravings—of a poor pack of ninnies. I got them sent from old shops in Münich, and Nürnberg, and Prague—but that was when I was a bit of a crank myself, before I was the biggest gold-owner upon earth.

"Leave those old empty-heads alone, and come and sit down here, while I put the facts before you. You don't mind my long pipe, I hope? No German can talk without a big pipe hanging down his chin. Even Bismarck—but did you hear that Bismarck and Old Wilhelm's grandson are reconciled?—Wilhelm the Wilful, I always call him : he sent a telegram about the old man's illness ; but there, I am away again, when I should be telling you about my gold.

"Look at this big map, and follow it, as I tell you the facts. I have joined two maps together to show the whole of the Pacific Ocean. Here, you see, I've marked two spots with yellow, and drawn a dotted line between them. That's my great discovery !—as simple as Columbus and the egg.

"This spot on the east side—no, I suppose it's the west—west side of Pacific, east side of Asia : yes, that's it. Well, this spot is Amooria and the town of Blagovestchensk. Now, although you are a tourist, and have been airing your legs in every country in Europe

"TRYING TO LOOK LIKE FATHER TIME."

—and Asia and America too, for all I know—I'll lay a wager you didn't know where Blagovestchensk was—did not even know there was such a place as Amooria, wedged in between the end of Siberia and the Pacific, till I told you about it.

"And here am I, sitting in my shop-parlour, a shabby little provincial chemist—oh, I know very well that's what you think me, although you do shake your head, and try to look polite: I know all about it, as well as if I had been there.

"Well, this yellow spot is Blagovestchensk, in Amooria. And the other yellow spot over the water—east side of Pacific, west side of America; I have it right this time, I know—this other yellow spot is Red Pyramid Bluffs, in California, and the dotted line goes from the one to the other. Doesn't that tell you anything? No? Well, I never did think much of you tourists.

"Perhaps you know that Amooria is the centre of the big gold-deposit that the Siberian convicts work? Yes, you know that much, at least. And you know Russian engineers say the Amoorian gold ridge is richer than Australia and California put together? and that one day Russia will be the biggest gold-owning country in the world?

"You know that? Why, you aren't as big a nincompoop as I took you for! although you are a tourist; and you may be able to understand my discovery, after all.

"By the way, those Siberian convicts can't be such clever fellows, after all, as they say they are in their books, or they would have been before me with my gold. Why, I know that one of them escaped to America—his name was Arendarenko, a big, red-headed Cossack fellow from the Don—and went right across the Pacific, along my dotted line, and landed in California, and never dreamed what was at the bottom of the water.

"Why, look at you yourself: you are no better; not a gleam of the truth has got through your skull yet, though I showed you the two yellow spots and the dotted line! Well, at any rate, you know that gold is said to have been found in California? He-he-he! I have found something you do know at last!

"LOOK AT THIS BIG MAP, AND FOLLOW IT" (*p.* 707).

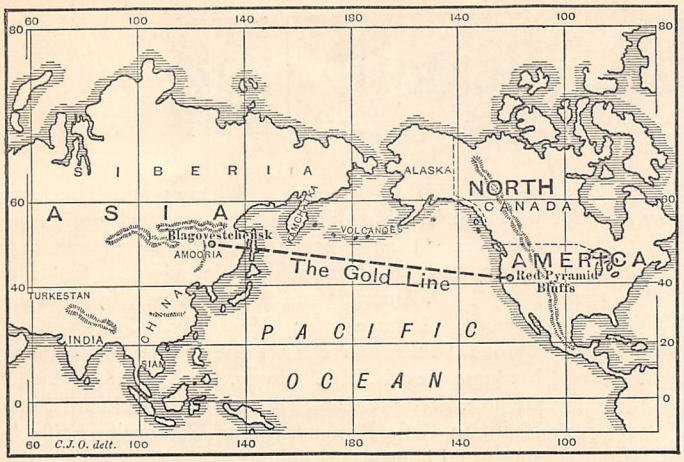
"Well, Red Pyramid Bluffs is the mathematical centre of the Californian gold-mines, just the same as Blagovestchensk is the centre of the gold-deposits of Siberia; and the dotted line goes from one to the other. You begin to get some idea of what I mean into your head at last, do you?

"Thank Heaven for small mercies! If there's gold in Amooria, on one side of the Pacific, and gold in California, on the other side, you can see what follows from that? Why, of course, that there is a line of gold under the Pacific joining the two, thousands of miles long, hundreds of miles broad, and, maybe, as deep as the eternal centre of the world!

"And all that gold is mine by right of discovery. A big yellow ridge of it, right under the Pacific, from Amooria on the one side to California on the other. Bright gold—yellow gold—as pure as light—as soft as butter from the Alps! Gold—gold—gold! and all of it mine by right of discovery—by diggers' law, in the court of Judge Lynch!

"All very possible, you say? Why, it's certain! Why, it's clear as daylight! And how am I going to get it up? I thought you were an ass; now I know it! You don't suppose that Nature put all that gold there to waste, do you? Nature isn't an ass—or a tourist, either! I'll tell you how I am going to get it up.

"You see this line of volcanoes, right across the top



THE GOLD LINE.

of Behring Sea, along the Aleutian Islands! Yes? And you see the line they make is exactly parallel to the dotted line of my gold-mine? Yes; at any rate, you see that? Well, the volcanoes come down Kamchatka to the mouth of the Amoor River, and then they disappear.

"Where they go to? Anyone could tell that. They go under the sea. Why doesn't anybody see them? Because they are not at the top yet. But they will come. First jets of steam; then smoke and ashes; then islands like St. Helena and Ascension—submerged mountain-tops.

"But they won't be made of rock like Ascension Island—my mountains won't. They will be made of gold: pure gold—yellow as buttercups—wholesome as Emmenthaler cheese! And every ounce of it mine, by right of discovery and diggers' law!

"Take some time for the volcanoes to grow? Not a bit of it! They are due to come up in three years. I've calculated it myself.

"The eruptions started in the Aleutian Islands, just off Alaska, twenty years ago. And then they worked backwards across the Pacific, along Behring Sea, and then started down Kamchatka, and then crossed over to Amooria. In three years more they start along my dotted line, and begin to heave up the gold. I've plenty of time to close the shop, set sail for Siberia, and be there on the spot when they come up.

"Oh, don't you be afraid of anyone getting there before me: they are all too wise for that—the tourists, and convicts, and all! Why, man, if you did tell them, they wouldn't believe it!

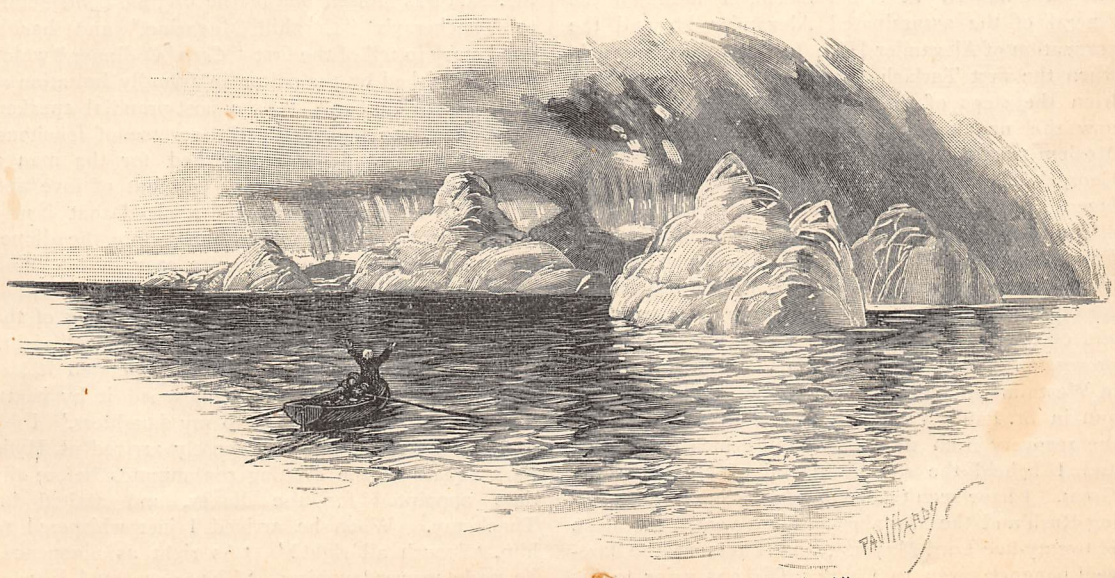
"If you think they will be there before me, just you go and try. Get a map, and dot it yourself, and see if you get anyone to believe you.

"Only take care, with that face of yours, that you don't get shut up in a lunatic asylum; then you would lay the blame on me.

"Well, go away now, and tell your fellow-countrymen—tell the Austrian Government, if you like, and let them try to tax me—that you have seen Johann Schmerold, the little yellow-haired chemist of Hallein; but don't say you have seen the richest man in all the world, for you won't find anybody to believe it; and, now I come to think of it, you do look like a liar!

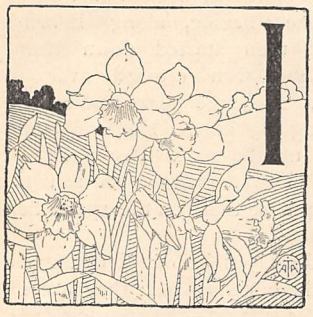
"But what beats me is, where I am to put it. There aren't cellars enough in Vienna to hold it, nor locks and bars enough to keep it safe!"

C. J. OBERALM.



"'GOLD: PURE GOLD . . . AND EVERY OUNCE OF IT MINE!'"

Gossip from Bookland



IT falls to the lot of few men to know more of people and places than Mr. George Augustus Sala, the author of "Things I have seen, and People I have known" (Cassell, two vols.). "I have seen," he says in his preface, "Louis Philippe, while he was still king of the French. I have seen Soult, Thiers, Guizot, and Lamartine; I have witnessed three revolutions in the French capital; I followed Garibaldi in his campaign in the Tyrol; I have heard Daniel O'Connell deliver a speech at the London Tavern; I knew Lord Palmerston; I knew the first Lord Brougham; I was in the Franco-Mexican war, and at the storming of Puebla; I spent thirteen months in America when she was in the midst of war; I was personally acquainted with Abraham Lincoln, with Seward, with Staunton, with Charles Sumner, with Bancroft the historian, with Longfellow, and with Bayard Taylor, with Grant, and with MacClellan, with Horace Greeley, Raphael Semmes, and Jefferson Davis. I have conversed, at Algiers, with the Emperor Napoleon III.; I have been patted on the head by the great Duke of Wellington; I lived in Cuba when there were negro slaves there, and in Russia when there were millions of white serfs in the dominions of the Tsar. I can remember to have seen the Tsar Nicholas himself at Ascot races; I attended the funeral of the assassinated Alexander II. and the coronation of Alexander III.; I was in Constantinople when the first Turkish Constitution was proclaimed from the steps of the Old Seraglio, and I can hear now the unanimous shouts of 'Amin,' from the Moslem troops present. From the organ-loft of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, I have witnessed the funerals of the Duchess of Kent, of the Prince Consort, of the King of Hanover and of the Duke of Clarence. From the same coign of vantage I have watched the nuptials of the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Alexandra of Denmark; of the Duke of Connaught, and of the Duke of Albany. I saw the coronation procession of her Majesty Queen Victoria, and I was in Westminster Abbey at the Royal Jubilee Service, and in St. Paul's Cathedral at the thanksgiving for the recovery from sickness of the Prince of Wales; and I beheld the second funeral of Napoleon the Great. I have seen twelve murderers hanged, including Rush and the Mannings. I have eaten the turtle of twenty-five Lord Mayors; and I was at the farewell banquet given to Charles Dickens prior to his second visit to America. Dickens and Thackeray were the friends of my youth, my editors in my maturity. I have been round the world and seen things and people in California and the Sandwich Islands; in Australia and New Zealand; in India and Ceylon. I have seen Macready, Charles Kean, Tyrone Power, the elder Farren, Charles Mathews, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Nesbitt, Rachel, Déjazet, Frédéric Lemaître act. I have heard Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, Persiani, Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache sing; and have seen Taglione, Fanny Ellsler, Cerrito, and Duvernay dance.

"I have watched for more than half a century the transformation of the British metropolis, and the wonderful changes which have come over the manners of the English people. I have noted, with exultation, the demolition of no less than nine prisons in London alone—the Fleet, the Queen's Bench, Horsemonger Lane Gaol, Whitecross Street, the Clerkenwell House of Detention, Coldbath Fields, Tothill Fields, Bridewell, Giltspur Street, Compter and Millbank; and I hope, ere I die, to see foul old Newgate go by the board."

And in his reminiscences of all these people and events, our author lays no claim either to exhaustive treatment or encyclopædic accuracy. He is giving us his recollections and not a studied autobiography.

"The Real Thackeray," is the subject of the first chapter and there is a melancholy interest attaching to the suggestion which Mr. Sala throws out that the late Mr. Edmund Yates would have been the most competent biographer of the author of "Vanity Fair." Mr. Sala was himself one of the original contributors to Thackeray's "Cornhill Magazine," and has a good story to tell of the first "*Cornhill* dinner" which was established by the editor in friendly imitation of the "*Punch* dinner." "As a post-prandial speaker, Thackeray was undeniably the reverse of felicitous. I knew this: and as I cherished for the man a sentiment not only of literary cult, but of love and veneration for him personally, I rejoiced that I now knew him well enough to ask him before the dinner took place whether he was quite easy in his mind about the speech. So I went to him while he was at breakfast in Onslow Square on the morning of the banquet, and asked him if the speech was 'all right.' 'As right as rain,' he replied. 'I dictated it last evening to my secretary; I have learned it by heart, and I have just repeated it to my daughters.' I felt partially relieved; but I purposely arrived at Hyde Park Square in the evening ten minutes before the time appointed for the dinner, and waited for Thackeray. When he arrived I just whispered to him, 'Speech all right?' 'As right as ninepence,' he made answer laughing. 'I have repeated it twice

in the brougham, and it will go trippingly.' Alas! When the master arose to make the one oration of the evening, he began capitally. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'we have captured eighty thousand prisoners.' This was a neat and happy allusion to the circulation of the first number of the *Cornhill;* and a murmur of approval ran through the distinguished assemblage. Had it only ended in a murmur! But some occult fiend suggested to Sir Charles Taylor that he should cry in a sonorous voice, 'Hear, hear!' and the esteemed baronet had a slight peculiarity in intonation which made him pronounce 'Hear, hear!' as 'Hyah, hyah!' Then somebody laughed. Then Thackeray, thoroughly upset, lost his temper, and exclaiming, 'Upon my word, Sir Charles Taylor, if you say another word I will sit down,' proceeded to stumble through a few limping and disjointed sentences, and then resumed his seat; evidently annoyed to the stage of exasperation, although warmly sympathised with by the whole company."

Photo: MADAME H. LE LIEURE, ROME.

Believe me to be
Faithfully yours
George: Augustus: Sala.

Of Dickens Mr. Sala had a much more intimate knowledge than of Thackeray, and he wrote much for "Household Words." "Boz," according to Mr. Sala, can hardly have shone with so bright a lustre as a conversationalist as he did in his writings; for our author notes that "He seldom talked at length on literature, either of the present or the past. He very rarely said anything about art; and, for what is usually termed 'high art,' I think he had that profound contempt which is generally the outcome of lack of learning. Indeed, when I first visited Venice, and wrote for him an article called 'A Poodle at the Prow' —my text being a gondola on the Grand Canal and the gondolier's dog—he expressed himself especially pleased with my production, on the ground that it contained 'no cant about art.' What he liked to talk about was the latest new piece at the theatres, the latest exciting trial or police case, the latest social craze or social swindle, and especially the latest murder and the newest thing in ghosts. He delighted in telling short, droll stories, and occasionally indulging in comic similes, and drawing waggish parallels. He frequently touched on political subjects—always from that which was then a strong Radical point of view, but which at present, I imagine, would be thought more Conservative than Democratic; but his conversation, I am bound to say, once for all, did not rise above the amusing commonplaces of a very shrewd, clever man of the world, with the heartiest of hatred for shams and humbugs."

Towards the close of the second volume of his book, Mr. Sala touches upon the mysterious addendum to Dickens's autograph, with which we are all familiar, and upon which so old an associate of the novelist's might have been expected to throw some light. "Possibly," he says, "there may be relatives of schoolfellows of Charles Dickens alive, who can account for the 'forked lightning' horizontal zig-zag flourish which he always appended to his signature. This forked horizontal zig-zag appears under his name in the engraving of the portrait by Daniel Maclise; but, oddly enough, it happens that I possess a pirated copy of 'Oliver Twist,' in which there is a signature unfamiliar to European eyes, published in New York, 1841. Even the illustrations by George Cruikshank are forged —and very cleverly too; but the frontispiece is a portrait of Dickens as a young man, with the signature 'Boz,' with one horizontal stroke beneath, and no more. I have never seen an English copy of the portrait, and do not know whether this 'Boz' is a facsimile or an impudent invention."

Although literary recollections are, naturally, well to the fore in Mr. Sala's book, they by no means monopolise it. Of both London and Paris, as they used to be, he has a good deal to say that is interesting, and of bygone dress, old-time life, and pleasures that have long been out of date he chats most pleasantly. "Pleasant chat" is, indeed, the prevailing characteristic of the book, and there is little prospect

of his readers setting down Mr. Sala as the "old Bore" he decries in his preface. With one more quotation we must pass from a book the charm of whose volume lies in the gossipy nature of the word-pictures this author draws. And this tale of the fidelity of an ex-slave is worthy of reproduction. "When I visited Washington for the second time," says Mr. Sala, "which was fifteen years after the war, I lodged at a most comfortable and well-appointed hotel, with an admirable cuisine and a well-trained staff of servants, all negroes, kept by one Mr. W., who was himself a man of colour, and had been, before the war, a slave of Mr. Riggs, a partner in the well-known banking-firm of Riggs and Corcoran. The proclivities of Mr. Corcoran were Southern. He had to leave Washington in a hurry, and the Federal Government temporarily confiscated the magnificent art gallery which he had erected, and converted it into a store for army clothing. Mr. Riggs weathered the political storm, and remained unmolested in the Federal capital. He was always very kind to me; and on the occasion of my second visit, told me a somewhat touching tale about his former bond-servant. One of Mr. Riggs's daughters had married an American gentleman, who went on a diplomatic mission to China. The climate of Pekin disastrously disagreed with the lady, and she returned to Washington almost entirely broken down in health, and well-nigh incapable of taking any nourishment whatsoever. The coloured hotel-keeper, who had been her father's slave, and who had known her from her infancy, begged hard to be allowed to see her. He came and found the poor lady reclining on the sofa, weak and attenuated to a shocking degree, and painfully endeavouring to swallow a little pounded ice. Big tears rolled down the sable cheeks of the ex-bondman; but at length he dried his eyes, and in a resolute tone, said: 'What you want, Missy, is a good bellyful of vittles. I'se the man to send 'em.' So he went back to his hotel, and incited his cook to prepare divers succulent and craftily cooked dainty dishes, with the view, as he put it, of 'Making Missy a well woman.' She did get well, I hope."

Two of Mr. Rider Haggard's stories, "The Witch's Head" and "Allan's Wife," have been added to Messrs. Longmans' "Silver Library" and are now within the reach of a larger public than before. At this time of day comment on stories which already bear the hall-mark of popularity is quite unnecessary. It will be sufficient here to chronicle the appearance of a new and cheaper edition of two tales that have been deservedly successful in other forms.—I should pity the author of "The Thing that Hath Been" (another story published by Messrs. Longmans) if his work fell into the hands of a critic inclined to be exactingly pedantic. What thunders might not the opening sentence in the tale call down upon the devoted head of the author (a schoolmaster, too!) who wrote, "A school is something very different *to* the different people who have to do with it." That one stumble on the threshold might mar the prospects of what is really a very readable and enjoyable story.—Messrs. Remington have just published a single volume by Mrs. J. H. Riddell, in which are included half-a-dozen short stories, the first of which "The Banshee's Warning" lends its title to the whole collection. The book is a very suitable one for holiday reading.

Some years ago there appeared in CASSELL'S MAGAZINE two serial stories, which were very popular at the time among their readers. "Witness my Hand" by Mrs. Neal was one, and "Was it Wise to Change?" by Miss Margaret Stanford was the other. Those readers who remember them will be glad to hear that both these stories are now published separately in "Cassell's Sunshine Series." And those who have yet to make acquaintance with these stories will find in them pleasant tales, dressed in a neat and portable form. The midsummer volume of "Little Folks" is a library of entertainment and pleasantly-conveyed instruction for child-readers, and will everywhere be found useful alike as a holiday companion or a gift book.

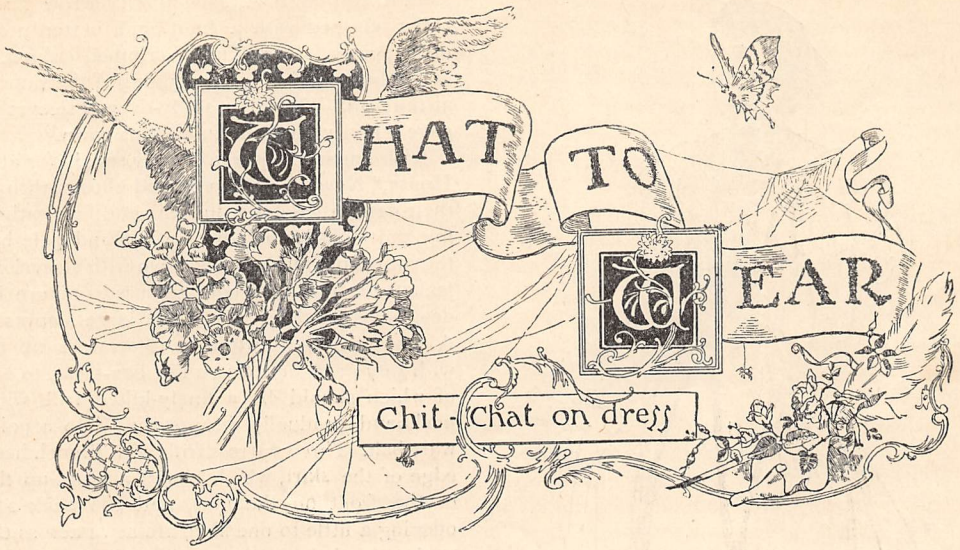
BOOK-MARK.

TO SLEEP.

DRAW close the curtains of the brain,
O Sleep!
And let my slumbers
Be profound and deep.
Let no dreams come
To stay the death of grief—
To mar, with conscious touch,
The soul's relief.
To dream is but to wake again to care,
And thou shouldst bring oblivion to despair.

But if, O Sleep! thou needs must play
The host,
And to the revels
Bid full many a ghost—
Let them be such
As are of tender grace:
Kind deed, soft word, true love,
And smiling face.
Send me, I pray thee, that my pain may cease,
If not oblivion, dreams that bring me peace.

MATTHIAS BARR.



AUGUST.

FEW are the days remaining to one of the most successful seasons in the realm of Fashion, the leading characteristics of which have been good taste and becomingness in design, charming materials, and daring individuality of colouring. During the last two weeks the few treasures that remain of lace, silk, or ribbon will have been accessible to those who avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them of securing such in short lengths and at low prices. And most useful these will prove in resuscitating a favourite costume which at present possesses the unpardonable defect of presenting a dowdy and old-fashioned appearance. Supposing it to be a dress of black grenadine, it may be effectively re-arranged with horizontal lines of narrow one-inch satin ribbon slightly pleated, encircling the skirt from hem to waist, the distance between the ribbons increasing from four to seven inches as they approach the waist.

A square yoke of cherry-coloured silk on the bodice, toned down with lines of black lace insertion striping it from the neck to the frill of lace, which could be prettily arranged in full epaulettes on the shoulders, and turned in at the back and front V-shaped with the outer edge square. A stand-up silk collar stiffened, and the lace turned down over it, full gigot sleeves of the crépon caught up invisibly at intervals in pretty drapery, the lower portion having four rows of insertion with silk beneath, encircling them above the wrist.

Thus may be treated, in a charming way, any gown of crépon or canvas and tinted lace used instead of the black, if preferred.

The vest has become a thing of necessity during these days of the open coat and Bolero jacket, and the short pieces of lace, ribbon, and fancy gauze are quickly put together by the skilful amateur, and a dainty accessory is produced. Very successful was a design of a vest for a long-waisted figure, draped fancy gauze sewn to a two-inch ribbon of turquoise-blue, which encircled the neck and fastened in front with a square bow; tinted lace of an elegant pattern was raised to this bow in the centre and drooped away to each side a little below the bust, and it was clasped at the waist with two ribbons fastening in the centres with rosettes.

Black gauze was arranged in an effective manner as a deep collaret to heighten an evening bodice, mounted on a foundation of net, with narrow écru lace insertion radiating from the neck in alternate rows with the gauze in finely-pleated puffs. The edge was

HAT TRIMMED WITH CHERRIES.
(Photo by Walery, Limited, Regent Street, W.)

DINNER DRESS FOR MATRON.

drawn down into vandykes and prettily outlined with a frill of lace caught up at intervals with ribbon or velvet rosettes.

It is a fact worthy of note that fancy yokes of lace or gauze are now worn over the bodice, not inserted in the bodice ; no doubt the lace frill falling over the bust is answerable for this novelty.

Pompadour and chiné silks have an up-to-date appearance, and invariably improve and brighten a costume of sombre tone if introduced as an underbodice or waistcoat front, made double-breasted without revers, crossing over almost high to the throat, with a collar-band standing up around the neck and curving over at the edge—these turned-over collars have effectually ousted the draped collars that have been so long in vogue—a pretty tie, with ends of finely pleated lace giving a touch of completeness.

Young ladies are wearing light-coloured fancy silk bodices in decided contrast of colour to the skirt and sleeves. Thus an elegant and becoming bodice of flowered silk terminating a little below the waist, was cut on the bias and made seamless at the back, the front drawn down in folds, and a narrow turned-down collar clasped with a knot and butterfly ends with deep points. The skirt of crimped crépon, very full at the back, had a narrow puffing of the same material at the hem. The large, softly-draped sleeves of crepon gave a pretty finish to an elegant gown.

Irish linens have been eagerly sought for at "Belfast House," New Bond Street, and chosen with a view to their decided coolness in wear and fascinating colouring, particularly the old-rose buff and pale heliotrope the latter making a lovely gown with sleeveless Zouave jacket covered with corn-coloured guipure lace, and deep cuffs of the same to the large sleeves of linen. A vest of Irish lawn fastens straight up the front with tiny pearl buttons on the box-pleat, to either side of which should be a finely-kilted frill, wide at the neckband, gradually disappearing into a point at the waistbelt. Three narrow frills with French hems at the edge of the skirt, which shows a seam up the centre of the front on the bias, and the back set in full, opening a little to one side, are sewn across the centre to the waistbelt.

Millinery.

The waning of summer and the approach of autumn is indicated in the colouring of the millinery designed for this month, russet brown and green playing an important part in the selection of straws which continue to be loosely plaited and ornamental, sometimes combining two colours in the plait. The hat chosen for illustration is a very stylish shape and particularly pleasing in colour ; a lovely tone of dark red velvet, that "leads up" to the rich colouring of the cherries, is twisted around the crown, and beneath the brim, resting on the hair, are rosettes of the same. A very handsome cluster of cherries, in deep tones of red and natural foliage, stand erect on one side of the front, a tiny bunch repeated on the opposite side. The brim is of coarse straw, woven red, brown and green, and the full crown is in dull gold silk, patterned with a handsome design.

These "Beefeater" crowns invariably appear on the new hats, and are made in the richest silks and velvets.

Black Panama straw is delightfully becoming, narrowly bound at the edge with poppy-coloured velvet, the broad brim resting on a coronet of the velvet, an upright group of red poppies and large ox-eyed daisies effectively trimming the crown. This narrow binding of velvet or silk is a marked feature in to-day's millinery, the neat little sailor hats also exhibiting it—one in a white, coarse vandyke straw in the Eton shape thus treated having a fascination all its own.

Bonnets show very little variety in form, the hood-shape and Dutch bonnet being wonderfully popular. A very lovely shade of iris blue—a blue closely resembling purple—velvet with an outline of tiny gold sequins, had a crown of brown fancy straw, and a tiny quilling of brown tulle edging the front with rosettes, and narrow strings of blue velvet. Quite charming was a close-fitting bonnet of Parma violet straw, ornamented with ivy and lilies of the valley. Satin

and velvet ribbons are superseding those of moiré, but jetted ribbons are still worn.

Matrons' Gowns.

Truly it is a pleasure to chronicle the decided tendency at present evinced to ornament the skirts of our gowns with trimmings and slight draperies. The severely plain skirt, unless of rich material, lacks the importance inseparable from our ideas of the gown appropriate to a middle-aged woman; but now the simplest grenadine suffices when trimmed with frills that are French-hemmed and headed with a small puff, or flounces of lace mounted on silk, with a ruched ribbon heading looped into bows at intervals.

Triple skirts cut in deep vandykes are bordered with quilling of narrow satin ribbon, and a flounce of seven inches is headed with a twist of two ribbons caught here and there with jet *motifs*.

Black and white are pronounced decidedly successful, and a rich tone of cyclamen red runs an iris blue very closely for favour. Black canvas is the subject of our illustration, with black lace over white or calceolaria yellow glacé silk, and black satin ribbon as trimming.

The plainness of the skirt around the hips is improved by the stylish cut of the basque, the tiny edging of jet giving it a pretty set. Ribbons depend from the waist and terminate in the new looped bow, apparently raising the frills into a festoon across the front. Braces of ribbon from the waist continue over each shoulder to the centre of the waist at the back, where they finish in a group of loops.

The vest and collar are of silk and lace. A novelty is evident in the sleeve, the fulness being set into a plain under-piece edged with jet. As a variety on this style the modified Bishop sleeve is chosen, set into a cuff and worn over a tight-fitting lining.

An eminently popular style of gown is made in hazel-nut brown. The skirt is bordered with a three-inch puff and heading, edged with a thread of gold galloon, and caught down in "shells" every two inches. The double basque of the bodice is tabbed and also bordered with gold, and the centre seam of the back double-piped with gold. In front the bodice is elegantly draped and fastened across to one side with three small rosettes; the fulness, disappearing four inches above the waist, reveals a V-shaped vest embroidered in brown and gold, with a collar that curves over. Braces of brown jet, through which gleams a golden line, ornament the upper folds of the bodice, ending in a handsome fringe. The sleeves cut full and large are brought into the cuff in two pleats.

Costumes.

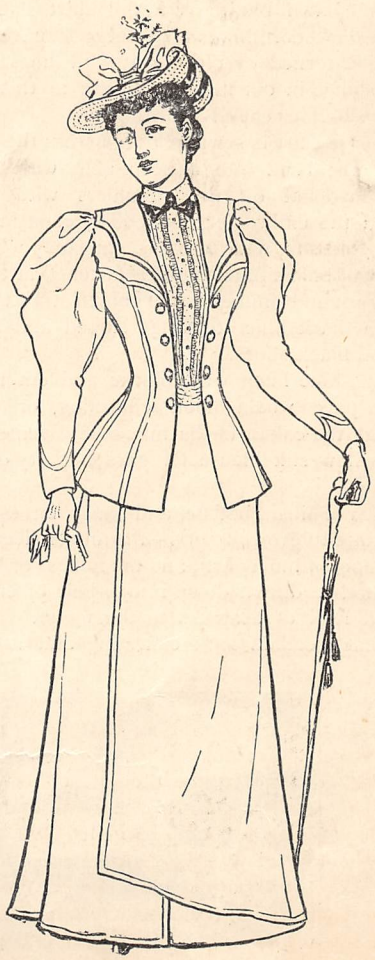
The tailor-made type of costume is invariably chosen as the most serviceable, and, when cut and make are good, has a delightful knack of imparting a stylish appearance to the wearer.

The plain cut coat and monotonously simple skirt is somewhat varied in our design by draping one side of the front across the other, the lower edge being cut away to show the under-piece, and a one-inch strap of cloth outlines the skirt. The coat is made with a yoke slightly pointed towards the centre, and revers and collar of a pretty outline; on these alike appears the stitched strapping. Handsome buttons fasten the coat at each side of the front to the tight-fitting lining of the vest.

The sleeves are not of exaggerated dimensions, and are finished with a vandyke strap to simulate a cuff. Very little fulness is shown in the basque excepting at the back where two flute-shaped folds occur each side of the centre seam which opens to within a couple of inches of the waist. This is one of the new designs of arranging the basque.

In some instances a shoulder cape is worn with the coat, detachable and fastening in front under the revers, opening up the centre of the back seam almost to the collar. Face cloth is the material employed chiefly for these costumes in grey, green, tans, and periwinkle blue, the waistcoats always worn in contrast of colour.

Those vests made in holland finely tucked and embroidered with pale blue, pink, and mauve have pretty turned-down collars and small square tie-bows of white batiste or glacé silk to match the embroidery,



CLOTH WALKING COSTUME.

the belts worn with these tend rather to the Swiss belt shape but some are of two-inch width gold galloon studded with handsome jet, a small black tie and gold studs always accompanying it.

Costumes for seaside wear are a consideration in August. As such, this design recommends itself. The material left to individual choice would in most cases be the regulation serge, time-honoured for its many advantageous qualities of resisting "sunshine and shower." As a successful substitute for the "strapping" the black braid woven in a waving line is very effective, and let the waistcoat be either of tan or red cloth, tight-fitting and fastened with small pearl buttons, with a hat of coarse straw and scarf bows of Surah silk setting squarely across the front, one side curved up with straps of black velvet and rosettes at either side of the crown at the back.

Child's Frock.

It must be with an eye for the beautiful shape and delicate flesh-tints of a child's throat that our leaders of fashion have adopted the picturesque turned-down collar that either in small or large dimensions accompanies the newest designs for girls of nine to twelve years of age.

A white lawn blouse with full shirt sleeves worn under a dark cornflower-blue serge Zouave had the lawn collar turned over the coat with the same effect as that shown in our illustration, but in this instance the new shoulder cape is worn.

The serge skirt is sewn plainly across the front and fully at the back into a deep belt, with braces of ribbon fastened on the shoulders with loops or rosettes; the embroidery on collar, cape and belt is in corn gold silk, with a blouse in fancy white lawn, and bow of blue silk on the bias fastened at the throat. A pretty round brimmed hat of golden straw is trimmed with blue, dark blue stockings ribbed and shot with gold, and black shoes.

A china-blue linen with blouse and embroidery of faintest pink would look charming, or a mauve velveteen, the colour of the mauve and white iris, with palest yellow silk blouse for garden party or evening frock.

Blouses of linen, batiste, and fancy cotton are most appropriate to growing girls—the ample sleeves allowing freedom of movement, and the fulness or box-pleats of the bodice drawn down into a belt of embroidery giving a look of neatness to the figure. The deep turned-back collars look charming and are delightfully cool and are frequently made in white cambric edged with a tiny frill, with turned-back cuffs to correspond, and are worn with coloured blouses, and a silk scarf bow.

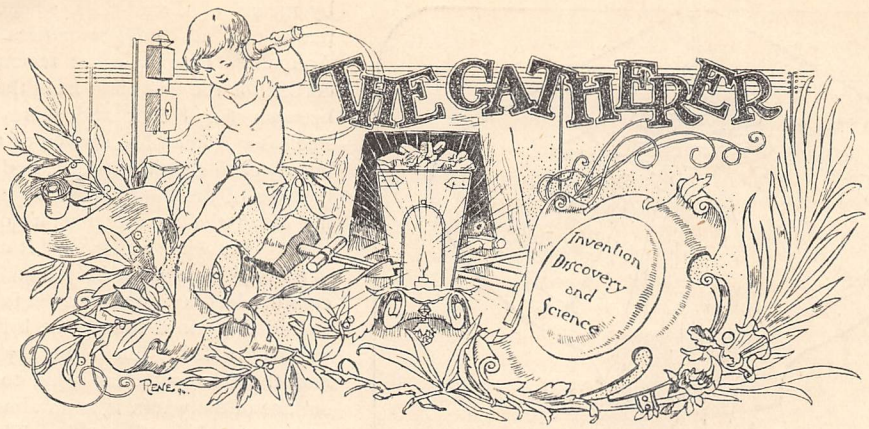
COSTUME FOR CHILD OF ELEVEN YEARS.

White serge was prettily designed for a frock suitable to a child of twelve or fourteen, with skirt gored to the waist and each seam piped with dark blue to within five inches of the edge and where it ended in a rosette of blue silk. The bodice was cut double-breasted to the waist-line and fastened with four buttons, a scarf of blue silk was draped across the front and fastened at the left side with a rosette and streamers, large revers cut yoke-shape had a line of blue piping, the edge and the vest was of finely tucked white batiste with small turned-down collar.

At the back the bodice formed two lappets and was cut to the waist at either side. The cuffs of white batiste were edged with a goffered frill and turned up over the wrist of the full gigot sleeves. The hat of Leghorn was turned up and fastened with blue rosettes into a "Watteau Shepherd" shape, with a close bunch of small red roses at the left side. Dark blue stockings and black shoes were worn with this costume.

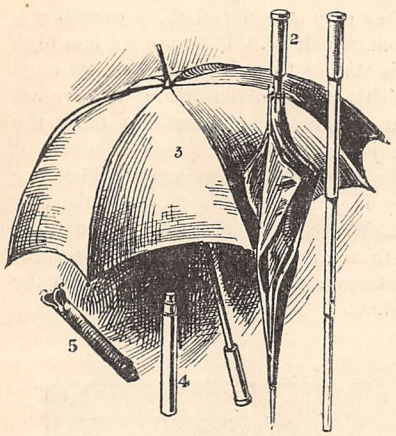
A. LL. GRIFFITHS.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence each, and one shilling in the case of the child's costume. Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*



Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

An Umbrella Cane.



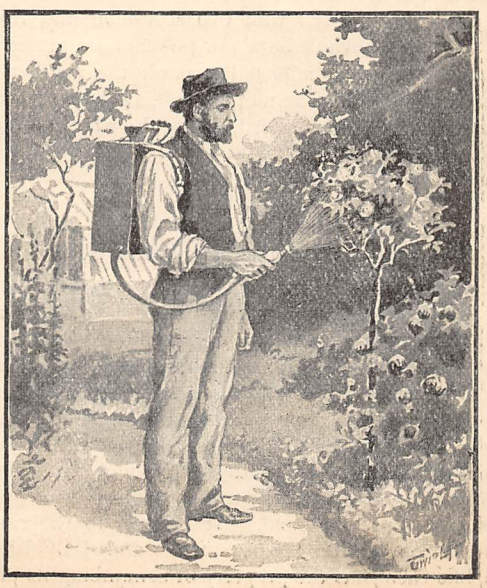
There are canes or walking-sticks which hold or become swords, forks, and knives, geological hammers, tripods for cameras or seats, toilet cases, sketching boxes, writing standishes, fire-arms, candlesticks, drinking-cups, surgeons' instrument cases, portable briquette stoves, opera-glasses, and so on. The latest is an umbrella cane, which is shown in our figures, and requires very little description. As will be seen from Fig. 1 the stick consists of light tubes of celluloid, which fit into each other and enclose the umbrella seen in Figs. 2 and 3. When it rains the tubes are packed as in Fig. 4 and go into a leather case, Fig. 5, which is carried in the pocket. The device should be useful in our climate, where we are often in doubt whether to take a walking-stick or umbrella with us in going somewhere.

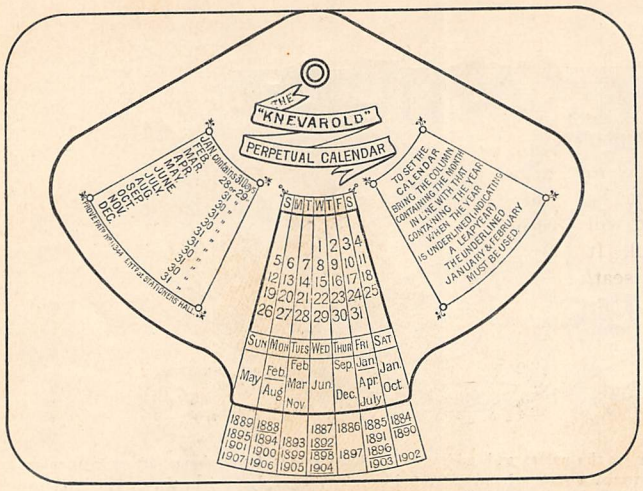
Close-Cutting Scissors.

Some new scissors have lately been introduced for which many advantages are claimed. By means of a small spring attached to one of the blades, which does not at all interfere with the free use of the scissors, pressure is brought to bear so that in the act of cutting the blades "nip" one another, and work very closely together. The inventors assert that this ensures permanent keenness, and that, in consequence, the scissors never require to be ground, and always cut with a clean edge. Another advantage is that these patent scissors can be used with equal ease by the left hand or the right.

A New Garden Sprinkler.

It is quite unnecessary to remind gardeners and agriculturists of the absolute necessity of a good sprinkler, and a new one, "The Lenox," which has recently been patented, deserves wide attention. As seen from the accompanying illustration, the can, which is made of galvanised tin and is capable of holding twenty quarts, can be strapped on to the back, thus leaving the hands perfectly free. By means of the flexible tubing which connects the nozzle with the can, the sprinkler can be easily used for fruit





A PERPETUAL CALENDAR.

and vegetables growing near the ground, and, as it will also throw a spray fifteen feet high, it is equally serviceable for trees and vines.

A Perpetual Calendar.

The calendar shown in our illustration is made to serve for fourteen years, and has the advantage that when one year is out it can be set for the next—unlike the annual calendars so much in use. This is done by moving the fan-shaped portion at the top round its pivot until the columns containing the months and year are in line. It is made in several sizes, and a device for isolating the particular date in use can be added to it.

A New Tennis Scorer.

Tennis players will give a hearty welcome to a very useful little invention which has just been patented. It consists of a leather wristlet, in the centre of which is a metal dial marked with two sets of figures, from 0 to 6. Two movable hands or pointers are provided which can be easily adjusted to mark the number of games won and also the number lost, so that with very little trouble a perfect record, during the play, can thus be kept of the score of both sides. The wristlet is neat and not at all unsightly.

A Living "Jack-in-the-Box."

Everybody knows the toy which goes by the name of "Jack-in-the-Box," and how "Jack" is made to contract or extend himself by means of a spiral spring. Few people, however, have any idea that there exists round some parts of our coasts a zoophyte which can contract or extend its proportions at will. Such, however is the literal fact. The creature has no English name, so we must call it by that which naturalists have applied to it—Clavatella, which means "the little club-shaped animal." It belongs to the same sub-kingdom as the Sea-Anemones and Jelly-fishes, and, like them, has the property of benumbing its prey by means of thread-cells, whence the Germans call all these creatures, "Stinging Animals." Clavatella has recently been recorded for the first time from the rock-pools between St. Helier and Gorey in Jersey. Professor Allman has spoken of the singular beauty of this little creature, and justly calls it "one of the most attractive and interesting of all the smaller tenants of the rock-pool." But when he says: "It can be easily detected," issue must be joined. When the creature has been once seen it is not difficult to find it again if the day be bright and the water unruffled. But if the sky be overcast and there be sufficient wind to agitate the surface of the water, it is an almost hopeless task to search for Clavatella. The best place to look is in the cracks of the limy weed, and in the angles of the pool; and the polypites, or separate individuals of the colony, appear like tiny white threads. Directly a knife is brought near, down they shrink, and all trace of them is lost to view. Their length is about an eighth of an inch, but they may stretch to half, or even three-quarters of an inch, which is as if a man six feet high could increase his stature to twenty-four feet, or even thirty-six feet. This power of stretching itself gives the animal great advantage in procuring food, the supply of which is scanty in the pools in which it lives owing to the absence of green weed. The race is perpetuated by means of buds somewhat like tiny jelly-fish borne on each side at the base of the stem. When liberated these ramble about the weed in rock-pools, and in confinement they will often walk up the side of the aquarium.

A LIVING "JACK-IN-THE BOX."

A Self-Closing Bracket Seat.

The folding wall or bracket-seat which we illustrate in Figs. 1 and 2 will recommend itself to those who wish to procure a seat without importing stools or chairs, when space is valuable. On board ship, or in shops, carriages, and halls it will be very useful. It consists of a seat, S, of mahogany or other wood, which is ordinarily flat against the wall, or self-closed, as in Fig. 2, but is forced at right angles to the wall by the hand until it is supported by the bracket B, which is opened out from the wall against the force of a spiral spring, P. As soon as the person seated rises up the spring, P forces the bracket B back to the wall, and with it the seat S, which is thus self-closed.

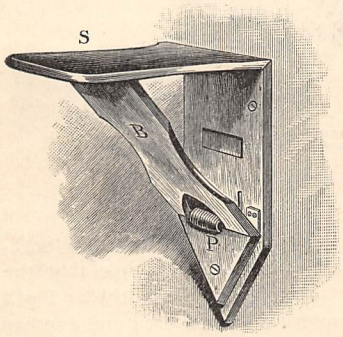
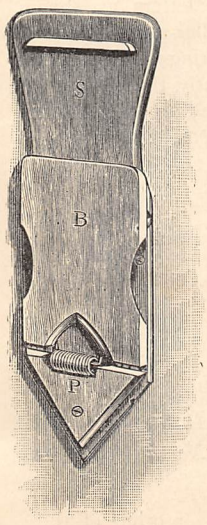


FIG. 1.

Two Useful Novelties.

There have been several attempts to produce a combined pen-holder and date-dial, and the most successful little novelty of this kind is one which has just been patented by Mr. L. A. Edwards. Through a small opening in the pen-holder is shown the date of the month, by figures printed on a narrow strip of tracing cloth. It is, of course, necessary to alter the date every day, but, by means of the little fixed rollers, this is quickly and easily done. The pen-holder is of the same size and weight as those generally in use.—The other novelty which we have to mention will appeal more to absent-minded persons than to ordinary individuals. It consists of a leather wristlet from which a pencil is suspended by means of a light chain several inches in length. The object, of course, is to prevent the pencil from being lost or mislaid. When not in use a clip is provided for holding the pencil, which is thus firmly and quickly secured.



BRACKET SEAT.
FIG. 2.

The Loco-weed.

The Texan pan-handle, or loco-weed (*astragalus legum*), is a species of vetch eaten by cattle which produces a kind of intoxication or madness in horses, making them unmanageable and easily knocked over. The plant grows in a vivid green mat close to the ground, and keeps velvety all the winter. Horses are believed to acquire a craving for it, as men do for opium. In the Mediterranean countries there is another species of vetch (*lathyrius cicera*), which affects the eyes of both men and animals. Lathyrism, as the affection is called, has been cured by large doses of bromide of potassium, and "locoism" is checked by tincture of the muriate of iron.

A New Ironing Machine.

A simple machine for ironing linen and giving it a good gloss in half the time required for hand work is shown in our illustration. An adjustable spring bears on the iron, which can be heated by gas or a stove, and the laundress has only to move it about where she wishes. The pressure on the linen is adjusted by means of the spring.

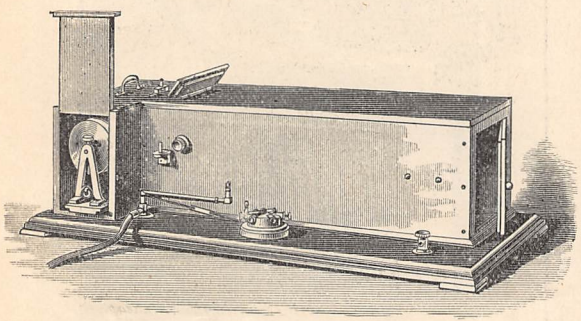
A Handy Ruler.

A combination "ruler"—the "Unique"—has been brought out which will be useful to many. The pen does not touch the rolling part but is drawn along a parallel bar attached to it, hence it is kept clean. Any number of lines equally spaced can be drawn by adjusting the roller to a brass indicator fixed at each end. The parallel bar is a scale in inches subdivided for use in ruling to scale; and the fingers do not obstruct the pen as in the ordinary ruler.

A Recording Pyrometer.

This ingenious instrument is the invention of Prof. Roberts-Austen, C.B., F.R.S., Chemist and Assayer to the Mint, and is based on the thermo-electric principle; that is to say, the fact that when two unlike metals are joined together, and the junction heated, a current

of electricity is generated in the metals. This principle which has been applied in the construction of the thermo-pile for generating electricity from heat direct was probably first suggested as the basis of a pyrometer by Becquerel the French chemist in 1826. The late Sir William Siemens constructed a successful pyrometer of the kind by making the electric current from the junction pass through a mirror galvanometer. The ray of light reflected from the mirror was caught on a graduated scale, and the movement of the "spot" of light on the scale showed the strength of the current. As this was proportional to the temperature the reading on the scale showed the heat of the furnace. Professor Roberts-Austen's pyrometer is an improvement on that of Siemens', inasmuch as he causes the spot of light to fall on sensitive photographic paper and then obtains a permanent record of its movements. The paper is wrapped round a drum turning by clockwork once in six, twelve

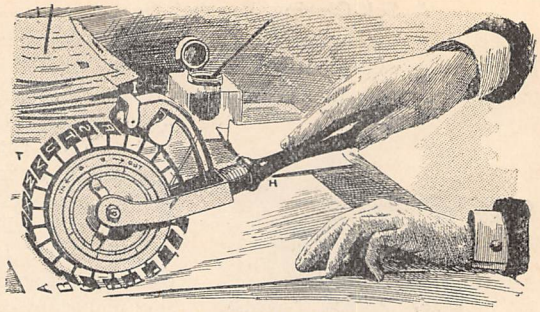


A RECORDING PYROMETER.

or twenty-four hours, as the case may be. The thermo-electric junction preferred is one of platinum and iridium as proposed by Professor Tait in 1873. The apparatus is used in metallurgy for showing the temperature of the furnaces.

The Year 2,000.

Prediction is in the air, and verily it would seem that we had reached that desirable time foretold by the sacred writer when even the "young men shall prophesy." Men of science, above all others, have recently shown a disposition to assume the prophetic



AN ADJUSTABLE INDEXER.

mantle. One informs us that man is becoming a toothless, toeless biped, all cerebellum, another that the microbe is the true sovereign of the world and will ultimately transform man into a new creature, another confidently asserts that we shall yet send telephonic messages to the planet Mars or see what is going on in Australia without leaving London, and so on *ad infinitum*. The latest prophecy is that of M. Berthellot, the famous chemist, who assures us that in the year 2000 there will be neither agriculturists nor butchers, for all our food will be prepared by chemistry from the carbonic acid and nitrogen of the air and the hydrogen of water. Our heat and motive power will be derived from the internal heat of the earth by means of deep shafts bored with diamond drills, the world will be redeemed from unsightly constructions and become a garden, while man, no longer condemned to toil for a coarse livelihood, will feast on the chemical dainties of the laboratory and devote his years to the intellectual works of his love and choice.

An Adjustable Indexer.

The woodcut illustrates an indexing tool, which consists of a series of type plates of the alphabet T, arranged round the circumference of a roller. By means of the handle H—the wheel is rolled along the page, and leaves the print of the letters as shown. The types are inked by small roller-pads, I, held in contact with them by curving springs. The spaces between the types, and consequently the letters, are adjusted by moving in or out the sliding spokes which carry them; and more than one colour can be used in the lettering.

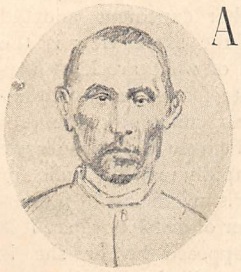
HOLIDAY TOURS.

The EXTRA SUMMER NUMBER *of* CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE *contains full particulars and actual cost of four enjoyable Holiday Tours, viz.—Belgium, Cornwall, Scotland, and North Wales and Ireland.*

The Editor would be very glad to hear from any of his readers who may undertake one or other of these Tours, and would send him an account of their experiences (not necessarily for publication).

IDENTIFYING CRIMINALS.

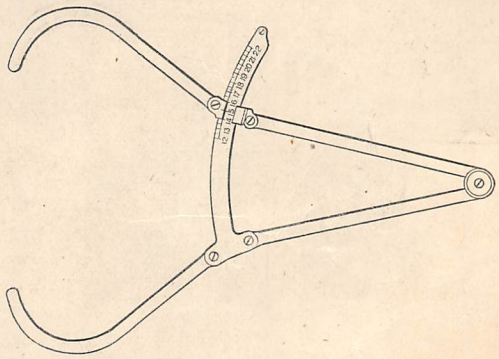
THE UNWILLING SUBJECT OF PHOTOGRAPHY.



LARCENY WITHOUT VIOLENCE.
(*A composite photograph.*)

A NOTABLE reform is about to be made in British methods of identifying criminals. Hitherto the practice of our police, though the details differ widely in different forces, has been always dependent upon personal recognition by police or prison officers. This is the method by which identity is proved in criminal courts, and whilst its scope is extended by photography, and in some cases aided by such devices as registers of distinctive marks, it also remains generally the basis of the methods by which identity is discovered.

Obviously, such procedure is exposed to various drawbacks. The number of criminals seen by each officer, especially in London, is so great that it is impossible, after long intervals, for any but men endowed with a singularly good memory to remember more than a few of them. A register of habitual criminals is kept at the Home Office, and issued annually to every police force. It contains a list of between three and four thousand names in alphabetical order, with



CALLIPERS FOR MEASURING LENGTH AND BREADTH OF HEAD.

record of the date of conviction, character of crime, and some other particulars.

This work of reference is not, however, very largely used, partly because it does not come out oftener than once a year, and partly owing to the fact that as there is no general index extending beyond that period, a series of volumes may have to be searched for any case dating back beyond twelve months. Moreover, old offenders do not hesitate to assume false names. Another volume, also issued yearly, contains photographs of criminals, with a description of their distinctive marks, classified according to the nature of these marks and their position on the body. But this also is inadequate, and sometimes misleading. The unwilling subject of photography often contrives to change his expression when in front of the camera, and when liberated, he can alter his personal appearance by either growing moustache, whiskers, and beard, or shaving them off.

A TYPICAL CRIMINAL FACE.

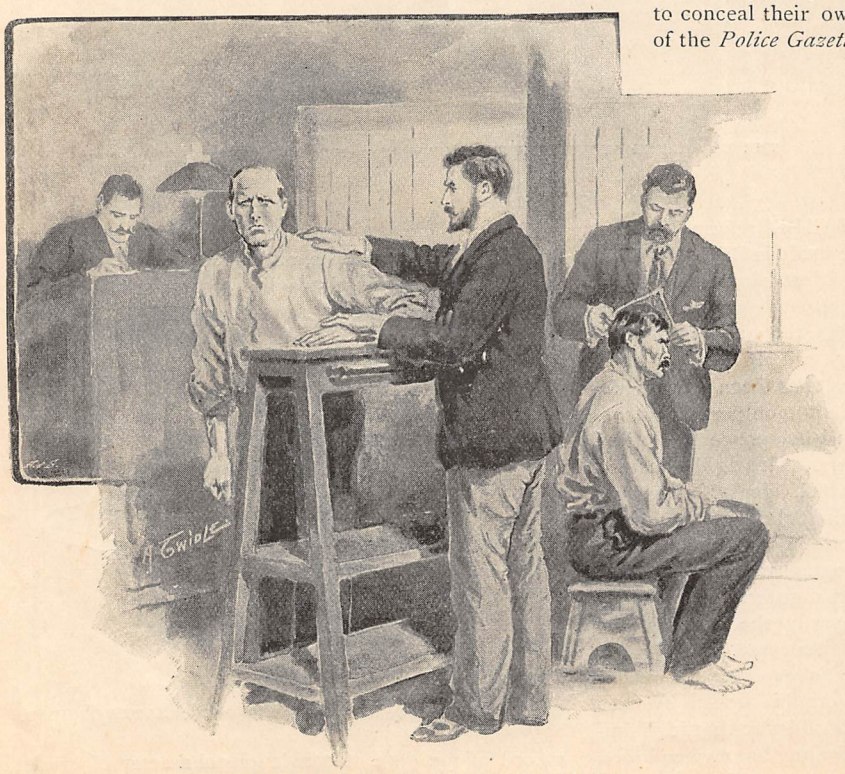
Many prisoners have no bodily marks that are really distinctive, or only such as are not uncommon. Even when such marks are extremely uncommon in character, there is a risk that they may be found repeated in two cases, also presenting other points of similarity. Such was the experience of a dishonest woman, whose sentence was reduced from seven years to six months, when it was found that, being identified by personal appearance, apparent age, and the fact of having lost her left breast, she had been erroneously credited with the previous convictions of a still more hardened female offender of similar age and appearance, who, strangely enough, had also lost her left breast.

THE MOUTH OF A CRIMINAL DROPS TOWARDS THE RIGHT, AS A RULE.

An extraordinary number of criminals provide the police with an easy means of identifying them by names, initials, or the like, tattooed upon their bodies. In the Convict Supervision Office there is a register of tattoo marks, such as initials, anchor, cross, ship, flag, heart, or star.

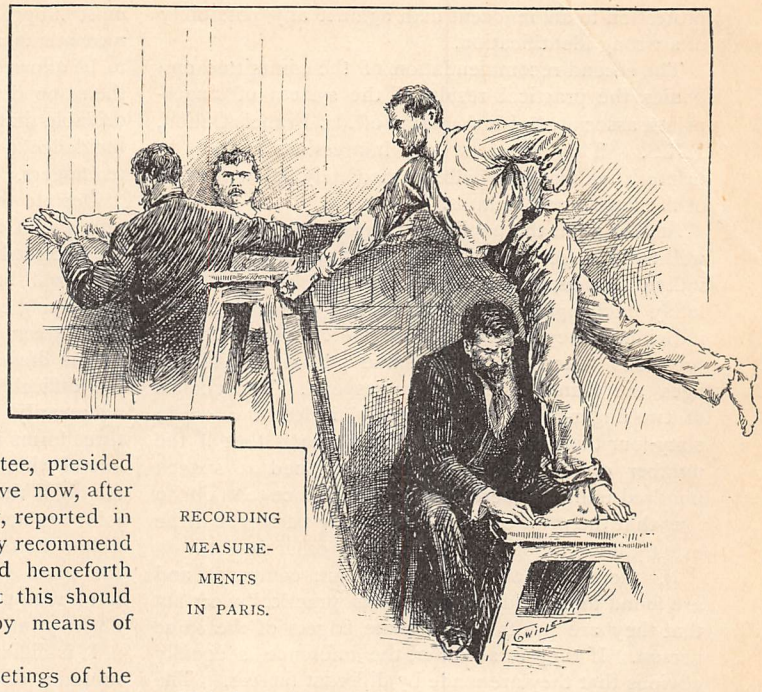
Sometimes, in order to prevent recognition, these marks are defaced. In one case the single letter "d" was, by further tattooing, converted into the last letter of the word "mermaid." In other cases the marks are scorched so as to obliterate them. At Birmingham the police keep a register which shows by coloured drawings the tattoo marks with which so many criminals ornament their bodies. At Liverpool special registers are kept of the maiden names of the wives and mothers of criminals, these names being often adopted by convicts who deem it expedient to conceal their own proper names. The issue of the *Police Gazette* (once known as the *Hue and Cry*) twice a week keeps the police posted up as to criminals "wanted," or with regard to whom, being already under arrest, further information is required. Another expedient adopted with the same view is the issue of what are known as "route forms," in which inquiries concerning the previous career of a prisoner are rapidly made of police or prison officials in a number of districts where it is supposed he or she is most likely to be known.

This is found most useful in the case of thieves who confine their plundering to a limited locality, or who, as is not unusual, are partial to particular kinds of crime. Some, for instance, devote their misapplied talents almost exclusively to coining, others to stealing bicycles, others to



THE BERTILLON SYSTEM AT WORK IN PARIS.

larceny from lodgings, and so on. Greater difficulty is found in tracing the antecedents of travelling thieves, or criminals who do not restrict their operations to one class of offence. With regard to these and others, it is possible under the present system for a prisoner to suffer undeservedly through a mistake of identification. It is, however, much more common for old offenders to succeed in concealing their identity when arrested for a fresh breach of the law. Moreover, the present process of identification is more slow and cumbersome than is necessary.



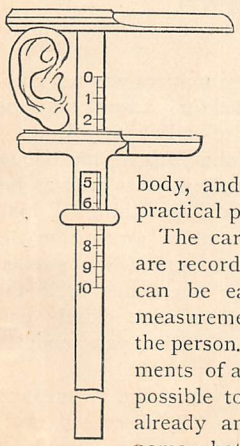
RECORDING MEASUREMENTS IN PARIS.

These reasons led the Home Secretary to appoint a departmental committee, presided over by Mr. Charles E. Troup, who have now, after careful investigation of the whole subject, reported in favour of a twofold reform. What they recommend is that criminals in this country should henceforth be classified by measurement, and that this should be supplemented with identification by means of finger-prints.

Visitors during recent years to the meetings of the British Association are aware that in one of the anterooms, known as the anthropometric laboratory, a staff and appliances are provided for taking measurements and other personal records of such members and associates as choose to submit themselves to the needful examination.

Among the particulars thus gathered and recorded are the subject's nationality, age, occupation, weight, stature, colour of hair and eyes, length of nose, breadth of head, pulling strength, sense of colour, etc.

When sufficient data are collected from different parts of the country, these facts will afford some interesting and possibly valuable generalisations as to the physical features and powers of various classes of persons in different portions of the kingdom. With some necessary variation in details, the same method —known as the Bertillon system—is extensively used in Paris for the classification and identification of criminals. The record taken of each prisoner consists of certain measurements which depend mainly on the length of the bony structures in the body, and may therefore be treated for practical purposes as invariable in adults.



EAR MEASUREMENT.

The cards on which these particulars are recorded are so classified that each can be easily found by means of the measurements alone, without the name of the person. Thus, by taking the measurements of any person who is arrested, it is possible to ascertain his identity if he is already among the records under any name whatever.

The five most important measurements which form the basis of the system are the length and width of head, length of the left middle finger, the left foot, and the left fore-arm—these being selected as the most constant in each individual, the most varied in different persons, the least co-related to one another, and the easiest to take accurately.

A separate classification is made for lads whose bones are still subject to growth. It is not needful here to describe the manifold sub-divisions of the cabinets in which the cards are classified. Let it suffice to note that under this system a mis-identification is practically impossible, considering the enormous safeguards in the numerous measurements, each of which must correspond within narrow limits in order that an identification may be established. Any warder identifying a criminal who has escaped recognition by this ordeal receives a reward of ten francs, payable out of the sum voted to the Bertillon staff.

Arch. *Loop.* *Whorl.*

MR. GALTON'S THREE TYPES OF FINGER-PRINTS.

About thirty thousand cases are dealt with annually in Paris alone, yet last year there was not a single failure, and in previous years only three or four.

The system is regarded as affording a complete

protection to an innocent man against any possibility of a wrong identification.

The second recommendation of the committee embodies the practical results of the system of finger-prints, associated with the name of Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S. This consists of impressions taken in printer's ink from the bulbs immediately below the tips of the fingers and thumbs.

At that point the papillary ridges form patterns of well-marked forms, and of a curious variety. In each individual these patterns retain their peculiarities absolutely unchangeable throughout life, and in different individuals they show an infinite variety of form. Impressions taken from the same person at different ages are found exactly to correspond. The chance of two finger-prints being identical is less than one in sixty-four thousand millions. This means that if the number of the human race is reckoned at sixteen hundred millions, there is a smaller chance than one to four that the print of one finger of any person shall be exactly like that of any finger of any other person.

If, therefore, two finger-prints are compared and are found to coincide exactly, it is practically certain that they are prints of the same fingers of the same person. If they at all differ, the inference is equally obvious that they are made by different fingers. The prints of one finger, if clearly taken, are therefore enough to decide the question of identity or non-identity, and if the prints of three or more fingers be taken and compared, all possibility of error is absolutely eliminated.

The committee state their opinion that for the purpose of proving identity the finger-prints examined and compared by an expert furnish a method far more certain than any other. They are incomparably more certain than personal recognition or identification by photograph.

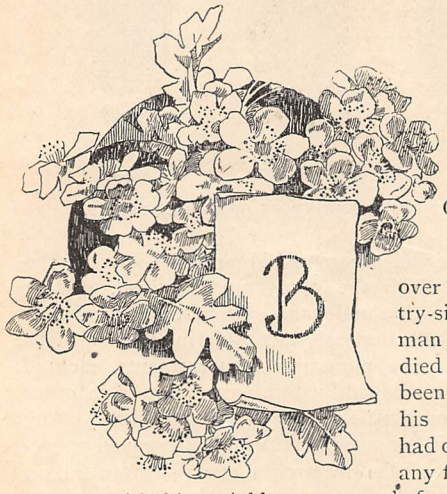
Under the Bertillon system it is conceivable, though most improbable, that two persons might have measurements coinciding within the limits which have to be allowed for error, and that they might also have the same distinctive marks ; but it is wholly inconceivable that two persons should show an exact coincidence in the prints of two or three, not to speak of ten fingers.

Despite the absolute certainty of finger-prints as a criterion of identity, it may be some time before they are accepted as legal proof in courts of law ; meantime, they will be used as a practically unerring aid in identifying criminals when arrested, and tracing their past career.

One drawback to the extensive use of this system is the difficulty of classification—the differences being necessarily minute. Finger-prints are divided into three forms or types : *viz.*, arches, loops, and whorls, to one of which every finger-print may be assigned. In all digits the ridges immediately adjoining the third joint run across the finger, while those towards the tip follow the form of the nail in a rounded arch, but in the space left at the centre of the bulb the ridges have various curvatures, forming the pattern of the finger-print.

It is difficult upon any large scale to classify the minutiæ of these cores. Nevertheless, even when there is deterioration in the clearness of the ridges through old age or rough manual work, the pattern can be distinguished, and injury, although it may distort the pattern, rarely produces such alteration in the ridges as to cause confusion. Mr. Galton relates that an assistant got his fingers badly burned, but when the burn healed the original imprint marks re-appeared without the slightest alteration.

When the new system of criminal identification has been to some extent established in England, it will be extended to Scotland and Ireland, gradually superseding the methods hitherto in use.



THE "THING" AT BOGGART'S END.

BOGGART'S END had an evil name over all the country-side. The old man who had just died there had been miserly in his habits, and had ceased to have any friendly intercourse with his neighbours years before ; it was not within the memory of the village when he had been other than dirty and lonely. There was much curious speculation about his heir, who was reported to be a distant kinsman of old Joe's, but the lawyer who came over from Bridgeford to arrange matters was not communicative, and nothing was definitely known until the new owner was actually installed at Boggart's End.

It seemed at first as if John Broom must have inherited old Joe's unneighbourly ways as well as his hoarded wealth, for Brickwell saw nothing of him. The cottage was almost two miles away from the village. One or two of the more curious had strolled up past the house on Sunday afternoons or in the evenings, but the upper windows were closely curtained, and the garden hedge of clipped yew made an impenetrable screen to the lower part.

There were dark hints dropped at the "Foresters' Arms," where the subject was fully discussed every evening. Mrs. Barnes, the landlady, was prepared for the worst.

"What's bred in the bone," said she, "you can't gainsay that."

"I don't know as we've any cause to say the relationship's as close as all that," objected Farmer Collier. "There's the name, ma'am, is different; those people is called Broom, not Clibran."

"Brush or Broom, it's all one to me," said Mrs. Barnes firmly. "Old Joe wasn't the man to leave his money away from his own. Blood's thicker than water; and a bad stock, *I* say."

"There must a been a power o' money," said Gabe Short. "They do say as Old Joe filled t' chinks o' t' windies and boards wi' gold."

"Well, I always reckoned those were tales," said Farmer Collier. "Starve his best, how'd he ever make that much off that bit o' land?"

"Well, they do say," said Mrs. Barnes, lowering her voice; Farmer Collier broke in with a laugh. "Ah, you may laugh, but there's a many will tell you the same; and Nurse Bradford told me that when she was sent for to lay him out, she never saw a man so drawn and twisted——"

"I seen something very queer up there myself oncet," corroborated Gabe Short; and half-a-dozen others were ready with instances of the "queerness" of Boggart's End in Old Joe's time.

"I would not live there, not if you was to crown me with gold!" wound up Mrs. Barnes, with an air of triumphant finality.

"WHAT THEY SAW THERE SENT THEM HEADLONG DOWN THE LANE" (*p.* 728).

"Well, ma'am, I've no great liking for Boggart's End myself," said the farmer: "it's but poor land; but this I'll say: if the devil will make me the same offer you say he made Old Joe, I'll bargain with him gladly. There's no hay, and small hope for the harvest, and I'm not the man to refuse an honest penny."

There was a hearty laugh at this sally, for the belief in Old Joe's dealings with the Evil One was not, after all, very robust; but Mrs. Barnes went off shaking her head, and murmuring: "'He laughs best as laughs last,' *I* say."

A few days later Farmer Collier brought John Broom to the "Foresters' Arms," to make Mrs. Barnes's acquaintance. He was a good-looking young man, blue-eyed and sunburnt, with a strong north-country accent, and a pleasant slow manner of speech.

"I mustn't stop," he explained. "I just slipped down to get a bit of tea for the missus. They're short up yonder, and wimmin's apt to think they're clemmed if they don't have their teas."

Mrs. Barnes was visibly taken with the young man, and Farmer Collier enjoyed his triumph and had a hearty laugh over it when Broom had gone.

"Well, I hold to what I says: 'Handsome is as handsome does,'" said the woman obstinately. "What call has he to come wasting his time buying tea? I've no patience with men that run errands all day for their wives. A lazy slut, I's warrant her!"

Brickwell had no opportunity of judging of Mrs. Broom's appearance, for she never went near the village; but by-and-by it came to be known that she was a tall thin woman, with pale hair and eyes, and a low voice—a "down-trodden" look somebody called it—and presently it was tacitly believed that John Broom ill-used his wife. The stories were of the most idle and contradictory kind, but anything was good enough to damn the dwellers at Boggart's End. It was vaguely supposed that the poor woman was kept in close confinement by her husband; she was never seen at market nor at church, that was certain, and John Broom's apparent good-nature was accepted as being merely a cloak to hide some unheard-of villainy. It was not very long before the village received startling confirmation of this theory.

A party of boys, among them Mrs. Barnes's son, had been nutting near Boggart's End, and were returning home along the lane near the house; it was dusk, but still light enough for them to see fairly well. The garden door was ajar, and as there were voices within, the interesting mystery about the place prompted some of them to steal upon tiptoe and peer into the garden. What they saw there sent them headlong down the lane, white and speechless. None of them could give a very coherent account of the matter, but all were agreed as to the icy horror which seized them at the "Thing" that moved by John Broom's side. It was something small and black, they said, and it talked in a hoarse rasping voice. They could not tell the words or the language, but John Broom was speaking in his ordinary slow way when they came within hearing. Sammy Barnes fell into convulsions of sobs and shiverings whenever he was asked to talk of it, and, as his mother said, it *could* be nothing human that would upset the child like that.

After the first panic had subsided, several of the more adventurous spirits about Brickwell made pilgrimages to Boggart's End in the evenings, and one or two were rewarded by a glimpse of the "Thing." It was no more than a glimpse, however, for the "Thing," whatever it was, whipped out of sight at the least sound in the lane. Even the hardiest confessed to the strange feeling down the spine which the sight of it produced, and it grew to be looked on as an established fact that Old Joe's legacy had included in some way his compact with the Evil One. Farmer Collier, as usual, laughed at the stories, and set them down as Brickwell gossip.

"Why, Gabe Short made a ghost out of my white cow last year," he said; "and I'll be bound this here is nothing more than Broom's black retriever dog. Once the harvest is over, I'll go up myself and ask him about it."

Before Farmer Collier had time to carry out his intention, the feeling about the Boggart's End folk came suddenly to a head. Sammy Barnes and a comrade of his had been caught by John Broom looking over the hedge into his garden, and had been thrashed by him before he would let them go.

"There's some queer goings-on up there," said Mrs. Barnes indignantly. "If a man is ashamed to let two innocent children look into his garden, you may take my word for it there's something *very* queer."

Sammy and his friend had forgotten to mention that John Broom had found the fence broken and their pockets full of apples, and that this had not been their first visit of the kind, and sleepy Brickwell was roused to something very like anger. Feeling ran especially high at the "Foresters' Arms," and it was determined that the matter must not be let drop. Mrs. Barnes was for "having the law on him," but Gabe Short dissuaded her.

"Yo see, mum, law's all fur t' land, and trespass is trespass, so how yo put it. Why, ef he'd a' shot 'em, they'd niver a' made it murder. Burglars, mum, has no rights."

Mrs. Barnes snorted at the idea of Sammy being called a burglar; but Gabe silenced her by adding, in a mysterious whisper:—

"We're goin' to give 'un rough music."

This was an adequate punishment even to Mrs. Barnes's injured sense, and she said no more. It was an extreme measure, kept only for flagrant cases of misbehaviour, and the villagers had the most implicit belief in its efficacy. A couple of years before a man at the Upper End had been serenaded for beating his wife. Three nights in succession the youth of the village had paraded in front of his house, banging trays, blowing horns, and making all manner of hideous sounds, and on the last night his effigy had been burnt on the village green. Gabe Short reminded Mrs. Barnes that he had never lifted a finger to his wife since; and so it was believed.

The preparations were made with great secrecy and despatch, and on the appointed night the party set out for Boggart's End, headed by Gabe Short, and close beside him Sammy Barnes. It was nine o'clock when they left the village, and when the house was closed Mrs. Barnes began to listen anxiously for their return. John Broom was not used to south-country ways, and he might not know the spirit in which he was expected to receive this rebuke. He was a big man, and Mrs. Barnes was fearful of broken heads.

About eleven o'clock there was a hurried sound of scattered footsteps past the house, and soon after Gabe Short delivered Sammy, in a state of abject fear,

into his mother's hands at the back door. Gabe himself would not stay to be questioned.

"There's some trouble yonder," he said. "I's fur hum."

Sammy's story was drawn from him with difficulty. They had not seen John Broom: the house was very quiet; but before they began to play they thought they heard moaning. When the noise began someone screamed. After a time they stopped and listened at the gate, and then the moaning was louder. They were coming away then, but some of them were trying to look through the cracks in the garden door at the lighted window within. Sammy was nearest the door; suddenly it opened and a long arm came out; his cap was snatched off, and the door closed again. Then they ran away as fast as they could.

Mrs. Barnes put Sammy to bed, but she could not rest herself. Her mind was filled with a vague dread, and she kept listening and waiting through the night for she knew not what. It was still early morning, and long before the village was astir, when she had lit the fire, set the house in order, and roused the sleepy maid-servant. She was just making herself a cup of tea when the sound of wheels at the front made her hurry to the door.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Barnes," said the old doctor, in his cheery way. "I hardly expected to find you up. Can you give me a cup of tea? I have been busy all night, and I can't get home for a couple of hours yet."

"To be sure, sir," said Mrs. Barnes briskly. "I've just this very minute made some, and you're welcome to a cup. Is anyone ill, sir?" she added, as he passed into the house.

The old man shook his head.

"It's a sad case—a very sad case," he said. "You know John Broom of Boggart's End? his wife was taken bad last night, and she died this morning. The child will live, I think, poor little chap, but I must find a nurse for it, and I came down really to take Nurse Bradford back with me, if she's to be had."

"And Mrs. Broom—when was she took bad, sir?" faltered Mrs. Barnes.

"Last evening; it was about ten when John Broom came for me. She was not very ill when he left, but she was unconscious when I got there. I did not expect anything of this sort, though she's been ailing ever since she came. There must have been a shock of some kind, but Broom knows of nothing, and of course his sister can't throw any light on it."

"A *sister*, did you say, sir?" Mrs. Barnes' hand shook violently as she poured out a second cup of tea.

"Yes, the cripple; don't you know her?" replied the doctor. "Broom tells me she fell out of a tree when she was a child, and she is not only dwarfed, but her brain is affected. She's very kind and affectionate, it seems, but of course she isn't fit to look after the child. That poor young fellow! I can't get his face out of my mind. What did you say about Nurse Bradford, ma'am?"

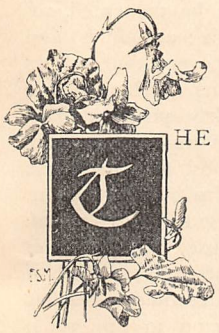
"She's out, sir, and her time's not up for a week; but if you'll let me, I'll go myself. There's not a body in the village I'd like to trust, sir; and—and—I'd rather go myself, if you don't mind, sir."

* * * * *

John Broom's simple gratitude was at times almost more than Mrs. Barnes could bear. Doctor Bell had told him he owed his child's life to her, and he felt that her kindness in his great trouble had been such as he could never repay. Of the serenade which had had such tragic results he never knew. In her terror and remorse, Mrs. Barnes had told the doctor everything, and after careful thought he had counselled her not to add this bitterness to the young man's sorrow. He had thought it well, however, to give a wholesome lesson to the ringleaders, and Gabe Short and his friends believed that they only escaped the terrors of a court of justice by the making of certain very solemn promises, which they have since shown no desire to break.

Mrs. Barnes, after careful searching, found Sammy's cap in the coal-hole at Boggart's End, and after that her fear that John Broom should discover something gradually subsided, for the little creature who had put it there was never known to make any allusion to the tragic events of that night.

J. T. Kingsley Tarpey.



HOW TO AVOID INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE family doctor is unfortunately called upon to treat numerous cases of infectious disease every year. I say unfortunately, because in a large proportion of cases the illness might easily have been avoided by the exercise of a little care and forethought. Besides, he is often hindered and thwarted in his treatment by the well-intended, though misdirected, energy of those who nurse the patients, and he is often disheartened by the ignorance which spreads and intensifies the suffering he is trying to alleviate. There has, however, been great improvement within recent years in this respect: depending partly upon a better knowledge of the causation of such diseases, partly upon the better education which prevails. Infectious diseases attack children chiefly; and they appear in a regular order. Whooping-cough comes first, closely followed by measles, and then by scarlet fever. Many a child is, in consequence, disabled and rendered unfit for the battle of life, even if it does not die, before the

fight really begins, and a happy prosperous life is sacrificed because it was needlessly exposed to the merciless ravages of a severe illness.

We owe much of our exact knowledge of infectious diseases to the researches of Pasteur. He began by investigating the phenomena of fermentation. He found that the process of fermentation, whether it leads to the production of alcohol from sugar, or of light porous bread from a heavy mass of flour, water, and yeast, is due to the activity of minute living vegetable cells—the yeast-cells ; and that when these are absent, fermentative changes do not occur. Moreover, it was discovered that not only does putrefaction depend essentially upon the presence of vegetable cells, but that many forms of disease were similarly intimately associated with living organisms. A large number of different forms of these germs (as they are technically known) have now been described, though they are so small as only to be visible by means of powerful microscopes. If they are round or oval, they are called *micrococci;* if shaped like short rods, *bacteria;* and if they are like fine thin threads, *bacilli.* All belong to the great class of vegetable parasites known as fungi. In many infectious diseases—*e.g.*, in those that are sometimes known as zymotic or ferment diseases—we find that the blood or the organs of the patient contain large numbers of these small organisms, particular organisms corresponding to particular diseases. The organisms can grow outside the body on various substances ; and when introduced into a susceptible animal, they reproduce the original disease. It is obvious, therefore, that the disease is due to the presence of organisms ; and in order to escape an infectious disease, it is necessary to exclude them from the system.

We have consequently to inquire, first, how these organisms obtain admission into the system, and then to consider what precautions avail to exclude them. Disease germs may generally be said to get into the system in one of three ways : (1) They may be transferred by actual contact with persons or objects already infected by them ; or (2) they may be conveyed in articles of food and drink ; or (3) they may be carried by the air.

It would be easy to multiply instances of the first method of infection : for instance, measles and small-pox may be conveyed from person to person or may be spread by infected clothing. The close dependence of an epidemic of typhoid fever upon an impure water supply is notorious, and is an excellent example of the second method. Many epidemics—*e.g.*, of scarlet fever—have been traced to an impure milk supply. With regard to the third method of infection, there is some dispute as to whether disease germs can travel far through air ; but it is certain that the germs of small-pox and of some other fevers may be transmitted some distance in that way.

How then can the occurrence and spread of infectious fevers be prevented? First of all, in the event of being attacked, a rigid system of isolation must be enforced. The patient must be kept in a part of the house which can be completely shut off from the rest—all superfluous furniture, clothing, carpets, and ornaments being removed from the room.

The nursing must be delegated either to a trained nurse or to another member of the family, who must be content to live almost as isolated as the patient. She must not mix with the rest of the household, nor take her meals with the family. It is scarcely necessary to emphasise the importance of excluding children from the sick-room ; but I protest here against the practice of bringing the playmates of a dying child into the sick room to wish good-bye with a kiss.

Not only must the measures of isolation be enforced during the acute stages of the illness, but must be continued until convalescence is complete. It is well known that in many diseases there is risk of infection even after the bodily health has been restored : in scarlet fever, for example, the danger continues until all the peeling has ceased. It is wise for the children of an infected household to be excluded from both day and Sunday schools. School propagation of infection is too frequent, and is too often due to wilful recklessness.

Disinfection must be practised during and after the illness. The clothing and discharges of the sick person, as well as the furniture and room, require to be efficiently disinfected. The usual method of disinfecting a room is to burn sulphur in it—a pound of sulphur being allowed for every thousand cubic feet of space. These means are not sufficient; the paper ought to be stripped from the walls, which must then be washed ; the door, window-frames, floor, etc., must be well cleansed, and the ceiling lime-washed. It is better to add to the water some active disinfectant, such as carbolic acid. Clothing which can be washed must be first soaked for a few hours in water containing a germicide. Blankets, bedding, etc., are best disinfected by heat—preferably by being exposed to the influence of superheated steam. The windows must be opened wide for at least three days. We hope by these means not only to localise an outbreak of infectious disease, but also to diminish the probability of future infection.

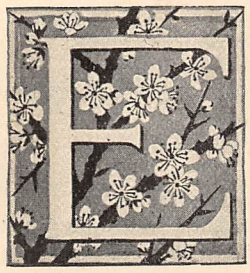
If we consider generally what are the chief means by which infectious diseases may be prevented, we may sum them up under two heads : cleanliness and the preservation of health. Dirt of every kind favours the growth of the minute organisms to which I have made reference. It is among dirty people and in dirty houses that these diseases mainly flourish. Light and fresh air are the deadliest foes of disease organisms, for they die if exposed to bright sunlight. We know that there is least disease in houses where there is most sunshine, for a house with plenty of windows is being constantly disinfected, especially if the windows are often open. Bacteriology teaches us that the number of germs found in any room depends simply upon *habitual* cleanliness and ventilation.

THE CLEARING OF THE MIST.

By FRANCES HASWELL.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

"BOTH PERCEIVED THEY HAD DREAMED A DREAM."



MILY awoke that Sunday morning to a sense that exciting things were going to happen.

The chiming clock on the stairs struck six—too soon to get up, though it did seem a dreadful waste of time to lie in bed among those beautiful hills on the longest day in the year. She went over everything that had happened yesterday; what an eventful day it had been! Through the window, which had stood open all night, came the breeze, laden with the scent of hay; the eastern sun shone in through masses of flickering leaves. A peacock was rolling on the grass immediately below, screaming.

"It's going to be splendid weather," thought Emily—"a proper Sunday in the country. And I intend to be extremely kind to poor Mr. Somers. Fancy him lingering round the house like a restless ghost in the silent watches of the night! He'll probably look pale and ghost-like at the breakfast-table; then kind Mrs. Ross will ask embarrassing questions: 'How have you slept?' 'Don't you feel well?' whereupon I shall come to his rescue with some clever device or other."

Perhaps Emily felt a little disappointed to see the anxious lover looking much the same as usual, and to have no chance of bringing her diplomacy into play.

After breakfast came a hot walk to church—a walk in which Mrs. Ross made a third. When they got home, they found Mabel on the couch in the garden. Emily watched the two faces with intense, though furtive, scrutiny, but failed to observe any startling manifestation of feeling on either.

Nor did anything transpire during the long "golden afternoon." But then so overpowering was the warmth that Emily gave way to slumber, quite unintentionally, as she sat, with a book in her hand, on the steep grassy slope below the terrace. She must have slept half-an-hour.

"Who knows what may have happened in half-an-hour?" she kept thinking all tea-time. But there was no visible sign of change in the condition of affairs.

When she put on her hat and gloves for evening church, it seemed quite in the natural order of things that Mr. Somers should rise to accompany her.

"And yet," thought she, with sudden perplexity, as she fastened the last of the eight buttons, "it ought not to be in the natural order of things. He's such a stupidly bashful lover; he daren't for his life attack the lady herself. I suppose, like Miles Standish, he prefers to do his wooing at second-hand. It's really too absurd! Perhaps he actually expects *me* to intercede for him?"

Rather soberly they walked together down the steep lane and across the sunny meadows. Every time Grenville opened his lips, Emily listened eagerly for something personal, something exciting, but she listened in vain. He seemed his old commonplace self to-day, entirely able to jest at her expense occasionally—a much more rational state of things than yesterday's ardours and love-pains; yet Emily could not help finding it comparatively flat.

Had she not been at the trouble of concocting several adroit little speeches in reply to imaginary remarks that might be made by Grenville? These would all be wasted. Had she not gone through whole dialogues in her own mind—dialogues in which she herself played the part of a thoroughly kind and appreciative counsellor? Such dialogues would have been more interesting than the disquisitions on birds and wild flowers with which they entertained each other as they passed along Church Lane.

"Which way shall we go home?" said Mr. Somers, after the service.

"There's no great choice, is there?"

"We've still two hours of daylight; let's go up on that hill behind the church, and come down through those woods, and so home by the river. You'll doubtless see Dunkery Beacon and the Atlantic, and all the rest of it, from the hill-top."

The programme sounded tempting; and Emily was quite inclined to fall in with it, because it was such delightful weather, and Mrs. Ross had said that Mabel must go to bed very early, and was on no account to get over-tired. Still, Emily decided that they had better compromise matters by just calling at the house.

Soon they left it again, and were upon the soft turf of the hillside. If yesterday evening had been pleasant, this evening was pleasanter. Her mind was on the tiptoe of expectation, and Mr. Somers was so perfect in his manners, so attentive in helping her over every little difficulty of the path; for as they ascended the path became abrupter and rougher, ending in a regular scramble, where they had to make their way "through bush, through brier," in and out of bogs, over six-foot walls—whence he lifted her down most deftly—under thorny thickets, which gave him opportunity of showing skill in holding aside brambles and wild-rose boughs for her to pass.

"How nice he is about it all!" thought the girl more than once. "He must have been well brought up. His mother must be a really nice woman."

And she turned the conversation upon his home, his family, his early life; thereby learning that his father was dead, and that he had several brothers and

sisters, whom the mother was educating. She gathered that they were all in straitened circumstances, though Grenville did not state the fact in so many words. He spoke so warmly, so admiringly, of his mother, that she felt interested; she should like to know his mother, she thought—and said so; and he seemed pleased. They were becoming more and more of friends.

"Nothing like staying in the same house for getting to know people well," Emily said, smiling. "It seems to me I now know you better than I should have done if we had met fifty times at parties. Don't you feel the same?"

He hesitated a moment.

"Yes. Perhaps it would be better for me if I didn't."

"Why are you so determined to look at things in the darkest possible light?"

She fancied he wished to grow confidential again, and if so, she had now made up her mind that it would really be her wisest course to make it very easy for him to unbosom himself; she would be *very* careful and very kind.

But, somewhat to her disappointment, he vouchsafed no reply, perhaps because it became necessary at this juncture to help her over a wall of very loose stones. And now they were out on the open hills, miles of rough turf, unbroken by any enclosure but an occasional wall.

"Let us go right up to that point," said Emily, "where the rocks and furze-bushes are. We shall have a glorious view, I'm sure."

Something—was it the last remarks they had interchanged? was it the evening light and the majesty of these solitary hills?—seemed to have checked the current of their talk; and Emily suddenly grew conscious of the same vague eerie sense of sorrow which had troubled her yesterday.

"I wonder whether you feel as I do about the different times of day?" she said. "Morning's always the bright time with me, the time when it's easy to hope; but in the evening it's easy to fear."

"Are you afraid of something at the present moment? I wonder what that something can be?"

"That's just what I don't know. If I knew what it was I shouldn't be afraid. Do you understand the feeling?"

"Life knocks that kind of imagination out of most people. When you have realities to desire or dread, you desire or dread them night and morning alike."

"You talk as if I were a child. I've lived nineteen years, and people don't live to that age without having some opportunity to learn what happiness and sorrow mean. I've no doubt I've felt as many joys and pains as you have—or, at least, as many as you had felt when you were my age."

(Emily put in this proviso by way of after-thought, because it occurred to her that she had never had a love affair, and could not exactly judge of the acuteness of the emotions connected therewith.)

"Well?" she said, not getting a reply at once.

"You see, I'm considerably more than nineteen, and the last five years have enlarged my experience—not altogether agreeably."

"It seems to me, as I told you before, you're determined to look on the dark side of things. Why don't you try to drive away the gloomy spirit?"

"Sometimes he won't be driven."

"It's only a question of using your will," said Emily. "I feel sure you don't go the right way about it. You ought to force yourself to think of pleasant things whenever you're tempted to feel gloomy."

"That sounds a beautifully easy recipe."

"Of course it is—or, at least, becomes easy by practice, just like everything else."

"But suppose the pleasant thoughts won't come when you call them?"

"Oh, but they will if you go on calling."

"I should very much like to know what's the worst trouble you ever had—if that's not too prying a question?"

"Oh, I don't mind telling you: not the least in the world. Only I don't remember exactly. I'll try. There was my father's death; but I was so young then. And once I had toothache for five days on end—oh, you needn't smile; you wouldn't have had much inclination to smile if you'd been me—if you'd been *I*, I should say. And then we had a visitor once who fell ill in our house, and wouldn't go away—not even when she got better. We had to sit up at nights with her by turns, and if you lay down on the sofa and closed your eyes, thinking she had everything she could possibly want, as sure as fate she called for a drink, or to have her pillow moved, or something. She was very deceitful, too, and listened at key-holes. Oh! Violet would tell you histories of Josephine Hunt—that was her name—by the hour. But what made it worse for me than for any of the others was that it was I who had persuaded mother to invite her, and the others did taunt me so unmercifully."

"And these are the severest trials you've undergone as yet?"

"Of course I know they *sound* small things, most of them. But you wouldn't have thought them small if you had been in my place. Pain's a relative term, like most terms. Of course I know some people have to endure much worse things. Some people have dreadful incurable diseases, and some haven't enough to eat, and some lose their dearest friends, and some are *really* disappointed in love. And, of course, we ought to feel great pity for all those people. I do."

"I imagine the world is mostly made up of *those people*."

"But they are not always feeling their troubles at high pressure—fortunately. And think how often people's troubles are their own fault or under their own control! How many people endure the toothache simply because they will *not* harden their hearts to go to the dentist? My toothache was different; he wouldn't pull it out. I wish I could compel Mabel to go to him. I hope someone will some time. And as for disappointments in love: how many of them are due to lovers' own folly?"

"As how, for instance?"

"A HOT WALK TO CHURCH" (*p.* 731).

"They very often insist on fixing their affections on unsuitable people—people who they might know would make them miserable. Sometimes they make up their minds the people don't return their love without even taking the trouble to ask them." (Emily hoped this hint might be useful to her listener.) "Or they treat those they profess to love so ill that very naturally they forfeit the love they once had."

"But don't you think," said Grenville hastily, "a man may have good and sufficient reason for not asking the woman he loves to marry him?"

"I don't know. That's possible, I suppose. So many things are possible. Yes, there may be such reasons."

"What would you call valid reasons?"

"The question needs consideration. Of course, one can imagine cases."

"Let me put a case. If the man is very poor and has no special prospect of ever being anything else, and if the woman is happy in a happy home, why, then he would only spoil her life by persuading her to love him—if that were possible."

"I don't agree with you," said Emily, who, if she had small experience, had distinct notions on these subjects. She had given them much thought of late. "A man must have an awfully poor opinion of a woman if he imagines such reasons could weigh with her for one moment. Just consider. Look at things as they really are. Do you seriously suppose any woman worth loving would set dainty food, nice soups,

let us say, or sweet cakes, or rich puddings" (and Emily emphasised the words with a fine accent of ineffable contempt), "or handsome bonnets and mantles and gowns—against love?"

"But don't you know what ugly things the world says about poor men who aspire to marry girls richer than themselves?"

"The world has no heart—that's all. Love makes all things equal. Did you never read that?"

"Wait a bit, though. Suppose—just suppose—he did get the girl to love him, and suppose the years passed on, and he was never able to marry her, and they both grew old, and it was still the same—what then?"

"Still, she would a thousand times rather have *his* love than marry anyone else. You don't seem to know the mere A B C of these things. It seems as though I understood them better than you, and yet my knowledge all comes from books."

"You're very unworldly. It's beautiful to hear you talk, and I shall never forget what you've said, whatever happens. But—you know—most people wouldn't think as you do."

"They aren't worth their salt, then. But—if you're thinking of girls, it's most unreasonable—I mean that you can have no right, no reason, to judge which would and which would not, if they have never had the choice."

"You like giving advice, you say. What would be your advice to a man in the position I describe?"

"There can't be a doubt about it. Most certainly to tell the woman all the truth, and let her decide for herself. How does he know she isn't breaking her heart all this time in the belief that he doesn't care for her, while she *does* care for him? That's an awful humiliation for a woman!"

There was a pause. Emily was apt to be impatient of pauses in conversation, but when at last Grenville opened his lips to reply, there was that in his voice which made her start almost visibly.

"Miss Holroyd, I want you to answer a question. Have we been talking generalities, or have we had one particular man and one particular woman in our eye all this while?"

"That I can't say for certain," replied Emily, looking down demurely.

"*Can't* you?"

"No. I have no right to say what your thoughts may have been."

"But you've guessed them."

"Yes; as I guessed them yesterday. But perhaps we'd better change the subject. I don't want to vex you again as I vexed you yesterday."

"You can't suppose the things you've said this evening could give me anything but hope and happiness?" said he eagerly. "Do you stand by everything you've said—really and truly?"

"Why, of course I do."

"Then there can be no harm in going a little further. I can't help loving you; it seems impossible you can love me, and yet some things you've said—I don't know what other interpretation to put on them."

Emily stood there puzzled, thunderstruck.

"I don't understand," she faltered.

"*What* do you not understand?"

"I thought you cared for Mabel Townsend."

"What has Mabel Townsend to do with the matter? Listen: I love *you*. I shall never love anybody else. I have no right to expect love from you in return; I don't deserve it. I don't see that there's anything about me worth loving, except my great love for you. No other man can ever love you better—that I'm sure of."

"Oh, Mr. Somers!" said Emily, hardly knowing whether she stood on her head or her feet, "this is a dreadful mistake! How could I be so foolish, so wrong? You liked Mabel, and then I made myself pleasant to you, meaning no harm, and I've led you away from your allegiance to Mabel. Oh, I'm afraid it must be all my fault!"

He looked at her in dumb perplexity. It is not all at once that we recognise the inexorable fact that the foundations on which we based a great arch of hope having proved false foundations, not one stone of the building has any logical right to remain in its place. Like a rainbow, it hangs before our eyes for some moments after the intellect begins to perceive it to have no contact with solid earth.

"Is it possible," said he at last, very slowly—"is it possible you could misunderstand—like that? You say it is your fault. No; I suppose it must be my fault. How stupid I must have been!"

"Just let me be quiet, and think," said Emily. "I feel so awfully mixed. Just let me try to see the bearings of things. Oh! don't go on looking at me so dreadfully; you put everything out of my head again."

He turned away, and seemed to be contemplating the sun setting over the sea in what poets call a "daffodil sky."

Then poor Emily made a violent effort to collect her scattered thoughts sufficiently to carry on a train of connected reasoning.

This man beside her had just made her a declaration of love: there could be no doubt about it; and that in itself, to a woman who had never before come within a hundred miles (as Emily herself would have expressed it) of such an experience, was a fact overwhelmingly marvellous—a kind of miracle. She had always seen so plainly that she was not that kind of woman; now Mabel was—which had made it very easy to believe her hints about Grenville's admiration for her. Emily ran over one thing after another, none of them exactly proofs, and yet making up a respectable mass of circumstantial evidence, all tending the same way.

That Mabel had exaggerated or invented anything, Emily—who was herself the soul of honour—never thought of supposing. Two alternatives remained: either she had deceived herself or Grenville had deceived her; and how could she deal with the present emergency unless she knew which of these alternatives to accept? Besides, she had liked Grenville so much; they had been such good friends; it would be most

painful to believe him false and treacherous. She *must* find out the truth, at all hazards. Her companion yet stood motionless as a statue gazing out to sea; but if they lingered much longer in these grassy solitudes, twilight would be upon them.

"We can't stop here," said she; "we must be going home."

"Aren't you going to answer me?"

"Yes, of course—I mean—we can say what we have to say as we go along; can't we?"

"I'd rather have it now."

"But look here," she said desperately, "I *must* ask you a question, and you *must* answer it frankly—perfectly frankly. Didn't you at one time—didn't you wish—didn't you think you liked Mabel? I have a reason for asking. I must know: I must, indeed."

"Not specially. Why should I?" he said coldly.

He understood the situation now. There was no longer room for delusion. He was standing in the midst of shapeless ruins—the ruins of his own foolish fancies. Emily's whole manner made it more evident than words could have done that he had no shadow of interest in her heart—to use an eighteenth century phrase which had somehow come into his head, and which stuck there as they walked rapidly on through that dewy grass and furze.

"I thought you did. And I believe *she* thought so too," added Emily in lower tones.

"Come," said he, facing round upon her, and grasping her two hands. "No, don't try to go away; we must have this miserable muddle out once for all. Listen." (And he spoke with deliberate slowness.) "I never thought for one instant of Miss Townsend. We were never even friends. She never thought of me. If she did, she was a fool; but she didn't. I loved you from the first day we met almost, and no one else."

"But I felt sure—— This is all so different from what I thought—and what you said yesterday——"

"I'm not in the habit of telling lies."

"No. *Of course* I didn't mean that. But you might be mistaken, mightn't you?"

"Mistaken—what about?"

"Don't you think you might—by accident, perhaps—have led her to fancy you liked her?"

"Does she say so?"

"Not exactly. I never asked her; but one sometimes knows things without being told."

"You are not going to believe me, then?"

Emily looked at him for a moment, and said by a sudden impulse:

"I do believe you."

"But the matter doesn't end there," he persisted. "I ought never—I would never—have told you of my love (so at least I think), if it hadn't been for this strange mistake; but the thing's done and can't be undone. So now, what have you to say to me?"

"I don't quite see what you mean," said Emily, with less than her usual sincerity; but how could anybody answer a question so awkwardly couched—"*What have you to say to me?*"

"I mean just *that*; you've never told me what I want to know; you've done nothing but talk of other things."

"Oh, but there is nothing to say. I'm awfully sorry—that's all."

"You're awfully sorry?" he repeated, with deliberation.

"Yes, of course. I'm sorry, because I hate to give you pain."

He dropped her hands.

"I suppose I understand you. You mean, it's no use asking you whether you could ever love me—*ever?*"

"No."

Very bald the monosyllable sounded, but what was there to add?

"*Ever?* Ever's a long time, you know."

"Listen, Mr. Somers: let me just explain to you how I feel, and then you'll see that I don't intend any personal slight to yourself. I believe there are girls who are quite ready to fall in love, who never think of anything else but getting married, sooner or later, to almost anyone they like moderately well. It sounds rather a horrid thing to say, but I judge from books that there are a good many such people. But for my part, I can't conceive that state of mind—never could. No; I can't imagine any woman being willing to give up her whole life, her *self*, unless it was to someone she could worship—someone immensely superior to herself—someone quite heroic, and grand, and wonderful. There are such men; you read about them in books. Oh, I know what you'll say: I might wait a long time before I met such a man, and if I did meet him he would look down on me. That's all true. But the fact remains that, unless such a rare miracle *did* happen, I prefer to remain single. It would be absolutely impossible for me to marry an every-day person, no better than myself. I beg your pardon—I have no right to say that. You may be ten times better than myself, for anything I know, but I think you understand what I mean, don't you? Don't you see that my refusal is not personal to you exactly, that I should be obliged to return the same answer to any man I'm at all likely to meet?"

"I see. I'm a poor creature, and shall never be anything else."

"No, *no*," said Emily, with pained insistence. "Indeed I don't say so; I don't think anything of the kind. How can you take up my words so horridly—so falsely? I know I always do express myself ill; but I was trying to spare your feelings as much as I could—to salve them."

"Isn't there a text in the Bible about salves that break men's heads?"

"You needn't be so bitter. I wish now I had never attempted to give you any reasons. I wish I had simply said: '*No, I won't.*'"

"Oh, don't repent of anything you've said. The sting doesn't lie in what you say, but in what you think. Seeing you *do* despise me, I prefer to know the fact."

"How many times have I to repeat I don't despise you in the least? And I'm not in the habit of telling lies, any more than you."

"We needn't dispute about the word despise. I understand your mind about me perfectly. And I ought to thank you for intending to spare my sensitive feelings."

"Indeed—indeed—I'm awfully sorry!"

"Don't be sorry. You asked me once—last night, of the ugly truth. There's no use in living in a fool's paradise."

"There's no use in wasting argument or explanation on anybody so unreasonable as you," returned Emily angrily.

So in mutual embarrassment they retraced the way

"'COME,' SAID HE, FACING ROUND UPON HER, AND GRASPING HER TWO HANDS" (*p.* 735).

was it? it seems about a hundred years ago—which of Browning's poems I liked. There's one, Miss Holroyd, that's put into the mouth of a man who's just going to die. You remember it—'Prospice'?"

"Yes."

"He says:

"'I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And let me creep past.'

Just so now. I'd rather know the length and breadth they had travelled so amicably an hour ago. It was a relief to Emily when they reached the steep lane that led up to Mrs. Ross's.

"We're nearly at home now," she said, breaking that awkward silence almost for the first time since they left the hill-top.

"Yes. You're glad of that."

"Well, I should think you must be glad too."

"Why should I be glad?"

"Because I imagine under the circumstances my presence must be painful to you."

"It's a kind of pain that I would choose in preference to any pleasure. How stupid I am to talk like that to *you!* But don't be afraid. I won't inflict myself on you longer than I can help."

"Mr. Somers," said Emily, once more standing still in the middle of the road: "I'm going to ask a favour of you. Let us continue friends. Are you willing?"

"I hardly know what you mean. I shall always continue your friend, or, rather, your lover. I couldn't be anything else if I would. Twenty years hence or forty years hence, it will be the same."

"What I meant was that I want you to be pleasant with me, and talk to me, and walk with me—if you care to—whenever we meet. I shall always like to talk to you—I shall always enjoy seeing you—if you'll try to be the same as you used to be. And we'll never re-open these painful things we've discussed to-day—never any more."

"You want me to be your friend. The word *friend* has several meanings. I wonder how much you mean by it?"

"Oh! I mean what I've just said: I like you; I always have liked you—very much—ever since that day at Northwick; and so naturally I hope you'll go on liking me."

"But don't people *love* their friends?"

"Yes, in a way. But that's a different way."

"Your friend may love you a little, but not too much?"

"Didn't I say you were unreasonable? You are just fencing with my words. I know you understand me perfectly."

"I suppose I do," said the other, with a sudden change of tone. "And I suppose one ought to be thankful for every crumb of comfort. I shan't go on suing you to have pity on a poor unheroic creature like myself. Only I can't help wanting to know—just for mere curiosity's sake—how you expect a home-keeping Englishman of the nineteenth century to prove himself worthy of you. Not that there's much chance of my doing any doughty deeds; but I should like to hear what kind of doughty deeds would recommend a man to you."

Emily stood meditative.

"After what you said up there—on the hill—that's a fair question, isn't it?"

"Yes; a puzzling question, though. Still, there *are* fine things done, even in this nineteenth century; there *are* wonderful men and men of genius."

"*He* is to be a man of genius, then, as well as a hero?"

"I haven't the least expectation of making *his* acquaintance. I wish I'd never said anything about having a high standard for—for——"

"For your husband?"

"Well," said Emily uncomfortably, "as he will always remain an ideal, I can heap what perfections I like on him."

Before going to bed Emily stole along to Mabel's door. It would be cruel and treacherous to allow her friend to go on cherishing a delusion; yet how was it possible to undeceive her? It was horrible to think of pronouncing a death sentence—worse than a death sentence! Emily hated herself for not feeling intenser sympathetic pain at the thought of the agony she must inflict. A line from a song rang through her head as she stood there trying to make up her mind to knock:—

"For I mean to imply you are going to die."—

Well, it was no use waiting.

"Come in."

"You're not asleep, then?" said Emily, going to the window as if to look out.

"Well, Milly, and how's the little flirtation getting on?"

There was so little of the woe-begone, forsaken maiden in Mabel's manner that Emily felt immensely relieved. Before she could frame a diplomatic reply, however, Mabel continued:—

"I didn't expect this kind of thing from *you*. I thought you were much too good and particular."

"Too good and particular—what for?"

"For these long moonlight walks and sentimental wanderings in the woods."

"Never mind me, Mabel. But do tell me whether you mind——"

She stopped short, finding it hopelessly difficult to finish the sentence.

"Come, this sounds interesting. Let's have it all from beginning to end. I'm dying to hear!"

Evidently Emily's anxieties had been needless. But in that case it was also needless to give Mabel any inkling of what had taken place. She was not addicted to falsehood, however, as she had lately informed the young man in question, nor had she just then the peculiar presence of mind required for successful evasion.

"I dare say!" said she, affecting to laugh. "So no more at present, from your affectionate friend, Emily."

And she made a dash out of the room, perfectly sure Mabel would set her down as a vulgar flirt.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

"A WORD—HOW IT SEVERETH!"

THEY were only half-way through an eight o'clock breakfast next morning when the dining-room door opened, and enter Miss Townsend in a becoming *négligé* toilet, which she affected as appropriate to her *rôle* of invalid. Never before, since the beginning of her illness, had she appeared earlier than noon, but her curiosity had been awakened, and she wanted to see Grenville and Emily together, that she might draw her own conclusions.

"I suppose we must say good-bye to Mr. Somers this morning," she said, having taken her seat at the table with a graceful air of languor. "I've come down on purpose to see the last of him."

"That's very good of you," returned Grenville.

"But," said Mrs. Ross, "this is not going to be the last of him. You two girls are to stay here all this

week at the very least, and Grenville must come back next Saturday to enliven us. He looks pale, doesn't he, Miss Townsend? as if he wanted another good dose of country air."

"I'm very sorry—it's awfully kind—but I'm afraid I really couldn't come next Saturday."

"And why not?" said hospitable Mrs. Ross.

"Oh—for several reasons."

"I insist on hearing the reasons. I shall be the best judge of their sufficiency."

Grenville hesitated.

"If you won't come," said Mabel, looking keenly at him, "we shall all suffer from wounded feelings. We shall feel we haven't done our duty by you."

"Oh, no; you know better than that. I'm not afraid of your feeling any such thing."

"Who can we lay the blame on? I've been *hors de combat;* and as Mrs. Ross has been kind enough to devote herself to me, it seems plain Emily must be the person in fault—eh, Milly?"

"Yes," said the girl, with affected carelessness; "it looks rather badly for me, doesn't it?"

"The case will have to be tried. We must cross-examine Mr. Somers. Has Emily failed to make herself agreeable?"

"It's nobody's fault except my own. I mean it's my misfortune that I can't come back on Saturday. I only wish I could."

"Ah! that's evasion. We can't allow evasion. Witnesses are bound to answer 'Yes' or 'No.'"

"Well, Miss Holroyd, do you feel any self-reproach?" said Grenville, trying to laugh. "You *have* told me some home-truths, it must be confessed."

"But all for your good, like mustard plasters, you know," returned Emily, doing her very best to maintain an air of banter.

"Miss Holroyd's company ought to be extremely improving to any young man," observed Mabel; "she has such a high standard of propriety. I never yet lived in such a severely moral atmosphere as the atmosphere at the Firs; I do my best to be worthy of it, but really it is very hard work. No flirting there; no coquetry; no frivolous talk. You've not been trying on anything of that kind, have you? Things look suspicious."

"Not in the least," said Grenville, getting up from the table. "But if you'll excuse me, Mrs. Ross, I'll go and put my things ready. It must be nearly time to go."

He ran upstairs, leaving his breakfast half-eaten, and fuming inwardly at the thought of Emily having "gone and told" her friend—given her a hint, at least—of what had passed between them. The secret was out—that was plain.

And Emily, in a different way, felt almost as bad as he did. Conscious that Mabel's eyes were upon her, she too found an excuse to leave the room at the first decent opportunity, and hurried out into the garden. She crossed the terrace, and looked down over the wall into the lane. An age seemed to have gone by since Saturday, when Grenville and she had strolled up so leisurely from the station, half-rejoicing, half-grumbling, over the hot afternoon sun.

And how tactless, how senseless had her own behaviour been throughout! What a complete fool she had made of herself! After what a conceited fashion she had first patronised, then lectured, her—lover! Her cheeks tingled at the word as it passed inaudible through her mind.

The whole affair still seemed so absurdly unlikely that she was inclined at moments to rub her eyes and wonder whether she was properly awake.

"Are things what they seem
Or is visions about?"

said she to herself, smiling.

And then she was indignant with herself for smiling; how could she smile at the disappointment—the pain—of which she had been the cause? But was there nothing she could do? In ten minutes Grenville would be gone, and who knew when they might meet again? A sudden passion of longing swept over her—longing to do *something* to comfort him.

So she hurried up the bosky path that led round to the front door. There stood the injured man of whom she was in search, moodily waiting till it was time to go. She went up to him, and held out her hand.

"Please forgive me—for everything," she said, and tried to look him in the face with a frank smile, but could not. "We part friends, don't we? Why don't you answer? Didn't we agree last night to be friends?"

"Yes, Miss Holroyd; but there must be *confidence* between friends."

Before Emily could reply Mrs. Ross bustled out, and there was a sound of wheels.

"Good-bye," said Grenville, turning to his hostess. "I'm afraid I haven't thanked you properly for all your kindness."

"Come back next Saturday," she said, laughing, "and clear off two lots of thanks at once. That will be true economy."

"Yes, *do*," added Emily.

She did so want to make him like her again, and unless he came again on Saturday, how could she ever have an opportunity of defending herself against that last unmerited attack? For it was impossible to say anything now.

He gave her a dubious questioning look, then turning to Mrs. Ross, said—

"Will you allow me to leave it open?"

Two minutes more, and he had vanished, leaving Emily to enjoy summer and scenery, and all the rest, without the entanglements which love-making introduces into the skein of life.

"I won't think about the thing at all till next Saturday," she said to herself several times. "Where's the use of thinking? I can't mend matters now, and may as well let them alone."

But this was easier said than done. Her conscience was seriously perturbed about the treatment she had meted out to the first man—the only man—who had ever loved her; as to refusing him, of course she had had no choice; but one may as well do an ungracious thing in the least ungracious manner. He had lost his temper more than once, and had in some respects

conducted his wooing with less patient humility than was quite becoming; but that only increased her self-reproach, and her sense that she had wounded and angered him more than a woman had a right to wound anybody who was paying her the highest compliment in his power—for at the bottom of her heart poor unaccustomed Emily could not but feel extremely flattered.

"No one ever liked me before in this way. I never thought anyone ever would. It *is* wonderful! I can't understand it," she kept saying to herself.

Then she went carefully over the details of the short acquaintance, racking her memory to recover each speech, each look, each small incident, in order to account for the marvellous result. Mrs. Ross was no great walker; so Emily, naturally anxious to explore a beautiful and almost new neighbourhood, used to go out alone every morning after breakfast, and wander up and down the hills for hours. In these solitary rambles she made many an effort to take up her old familiar trains of thought; but they would slide off, and by swift degrees, into the new and all-absorbing ones.

"Well," thought she, "if Mr. Somers *does* come on Saturday, I'll do my very best to make things pleasant. He shan't go away again feeling sore; I never meant to hurt his feelings and I should like him to know. After that I shall cease teasing myself about the matter; I'll leave off thinking about him from that time forth."

And having arrived at this comfortable determination about the future, she let off struggling to banish his image from the present. Saturday would soon be here, and with it, in all probability, would come Grenville, or so Emily thought, despite the doubt in his tone when he left.

Friday morning came in due course, and the postman. All the letters were for Mrs. Ross.

"Here," she said, picking one out of the little heap, "is a note from Grenville Somers. 'To come or not to come? that is the question,' I suppose. Which is it to be, Emily? Guess!"

"I have no means of forming an opinion," the girl answered de[illegible]ely.

But she [illegible]ched Mrs. Ross's face as that lady rather de[illegible]ely cut the envelope and read its contents.

"Yes; [illegible]les great pleasure, et cetera. That's right. [illegible]eaiday, short as it is, will do him good, poor boy.

"Why [illegible]pity him?" said Emily, in her most casual t[illegible]

"Bec[illegible]present life must be extremely trying, after be[illegible]ght up so differently."

"I ne[illegible]rd him say much about his circumstances, [illegible]n the vaguest way, you know. Has he —have h[illegible]e—lost their money, or something of that sort?

"Do[illegible]ow? What a comfort it is to find someo[illegible]resent day who doesn't know everything [illegible]rybody—someone who can be enlightened[illegible], my dear girl, it's quite a romantic story—but I really can't believe you are so refreshingly ignorant of its points as you sound. Mabel knows all about it—she and I were discussing him only the other day."

"Indeed, I know nothing."

"Let us begin at the very beginning, then," said Mrs. Ross, who loved a little gossip. "Mrs. Somers, his mother, was a schoolfellow of mine, besides being a distant cousin; we used to be great friends once upon a time, but we rather lost sight of each other when we married. I got buried in this Holmshire village, which was more out of the world then than it is now; she was supposed to have made a very good match. I hate that miserable phrase, but you understand me."

"I hate it, too—but go on."

"Her husband was a partner in some large manufactory up in the north, but the law of partnership, they say, is a curious thing. Being neither a lawyer nor a man of business, I never quite understood why things turned out as they did; but it seems that, after Mr. Somers died the business was valued, and times happening to be very bad just then, it was valued so low that very little appeared to be left for the widow. She had her children to educate, and so forth, and Mr. Somers' partner, who was also his cousin, made some arrangement with her by which she gave up to him any rights she possessed in connection with her husband's business, receiving a certain fixed income instead. Do you see?"

"I'm afraid I don't exactly—yes, I do."

"I'm sorry my story is so vague. Perhaps I couldn't make it hold water if I were cross-examined, but it's true enough for practical purposes. Well, this was anything but a good bargain for poor Mary Somers; probably she would not have agreed to it if the cousin—Mr. Harper—had not at the same time practically adopted the eldest son—this same Grenville, whom we know—and taken him into the business, with the understanding that in due course of time he was to become a partner. This condition unluckily was not in black and white, as it ought to have been. I can't think how Mary could have been so unwise, but I suppose it never occurred to her to distrust Mr. Harper. The boy went to live with him—he has a beautiful country place—and for a short time things went smoothly enough."

"I guess what's coming," cried Emily. "This Mr. Harper will turn out a regular stage villain—a deep, designing deceiver, whose one aim in life is to cheat the widow and the fatherless."

"No, that's not quite it. That would spoil the point of the story, as you shall see. I have no idea that Mr. Harper intended at first to cheat the Somerses. He could be unscrupulous enough, but he was kind, even generous, to Grenville at the outset. He had no children except one daughter, and he really meant to train the young man to be his right hand and successor; in fact, I never had any doubt in my mind that he designed a marriage between him and his own daughter."

"The story does begin to grow romantic," said Emily,

hoping she did not manifest any undue interest.

"Oh, I don't suppose *that* ever came to anything serious. Well, the years went on, and then our friend began to make uncomfortable discoveries about Mr. Harper's business methods: and Mr. Harper let him so far into his confidence that Grenville had no alternative but to become an accomplice in his disgraceful career. That's rather an exaggeration, though. You are not to understand that Mr. Harper's malpractices were such as bring men within the clutch of the law—merely lies, and misrepresentations, and common tricks of trade. So one day Grenville went to him, and said he really couldn't lend himself to this sort of thing, and would Mr. Harper be kind enough to transfer him to some other department? Whereupon Mr. Harper, in a great rage, gave him one week to make his choice—either to get rid of his babyish scruples or to turn out and make his own way in the world. Did he never give you a hint of all this, Emily?"

"Not the shadow of a hint. Well, and what next?"

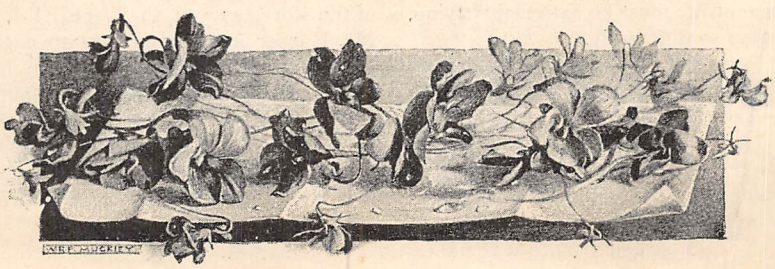
"Oh, poor Grenville was thrown overboard to sink or swim, for his mother's small income no more than sufficed for herself and the younger children. He had to accept—was, in fact, very thankful to get—a small situation in Royston, which, poor as it is, was probably better than he could have found but for the kindness of a friend of mine. He would have preferred to emigrate, I believe, only his mother was so anxious to keep him in England. The other children are some years younger, and she says she should feel very desolate if Grenville were entirely out of reach. So now you have his history up to date."

"No," thought Emily, "not quite up to date."

And when, after breakfast, she went out into the shrubberies, scissors and basket in hand, to cut some roses before the heat of the day, her busy brain set to work dramatising and rehearsing Mrs. Ross's narrative, especially the crucial interview with the dishonest cousin. Every time she went through the scenes the effects deepened, the colouring became stronger and more vivid. The p nt commonplace young man was rapidly c g to be commonplace to her.

"HER BUSY BRAIN SET TO WORK DRAMATISING AND REHEARSING MRS. ROSS'S RRATIVE."

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.



SUN SPOTS.

BY PROFESSOR SIR ROBERT S. BALL, F.R.S., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF THE HEAVENS," "THE STORY OF THE SUN," ETC. ETC.

THE recent outbreak of a sun spot so remarkable as that which attracted such interest last February has again directed the attention of the scientific world to the consideration of the important questions which sun spots suggest. In this paper we propose to review the additions made within recent times to our knowledge of those remarkable features which so often diversify the appearance of the sun.

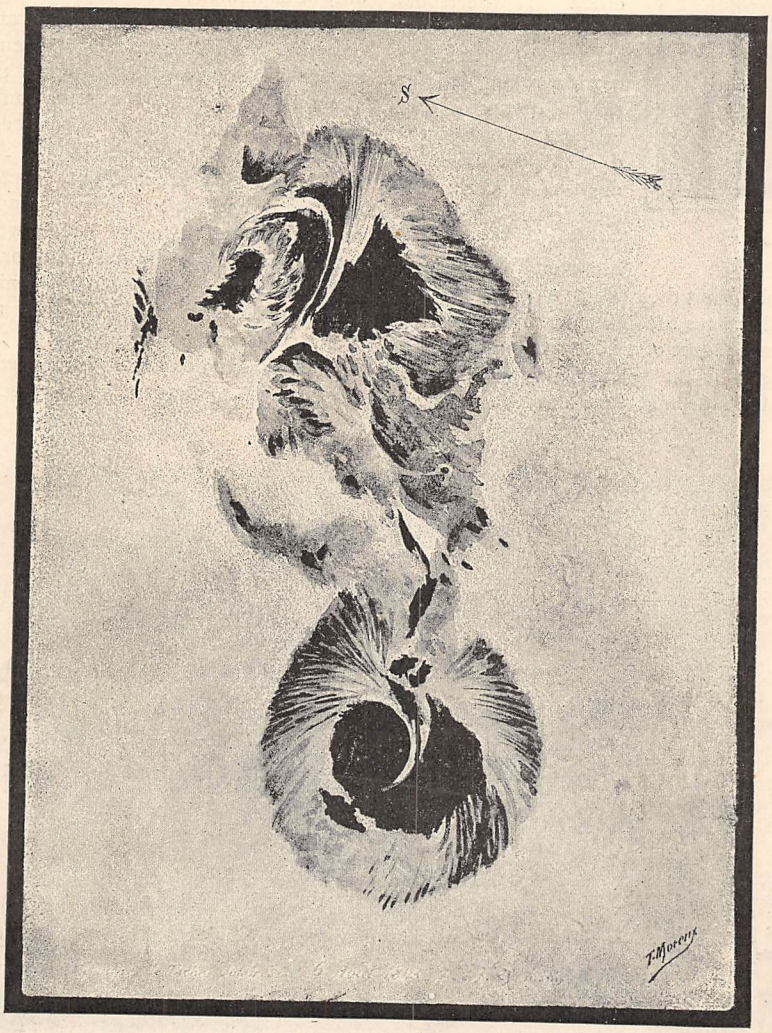


FIG. 1.

It may first be remarked that there have been not alone one, but several spots visible of quite exceptional magnitude and interest during the recent period of solar activity. Look, for instance, at that which is represented in Fig. 1. It is a beautiful drawing, made by M. Moreux at Bourges. This object first became visible as it quietly moved round the eastern edge of the sun on the 31st July, 1893. It then travelled, as is the manner of spots, across the visible disc of the sun, and disappeared at the western edge about the 13th of August. It thus took thirteen day[illegible] progress across the solar disc, and the drawing n[illegible]own was taken on the 6th of August: that, is whe[illegible]e spot was centrally placed, and therefore unde[illegible] the most advantageous circumstances for examination. Of course, it need hardly be said that thi[illegible] movement of the spots is an apparent motion rather than a real

one. The whole sun rotates on its axis in about twenty-five days, so that in half that time—*i.e.*, in twelve or thirteen days—the hemisphere turned towards us at the beginning of the period named is conducted to the remote side of the luminary.

In consequence of this rotation of the luminary, the spots are borne around, so that in about a fortnight after making their appearance at one edge of the sun they disappear at the other. If the spots have sufficient endurance then, after being carried round the far side of the sun, they will again show at the eastern edge in a fortnight after their disappearance at the western. Sometimes, however, they become altogether effaced during their progress.

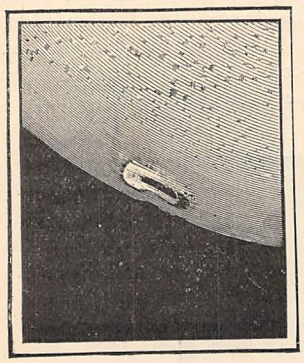


FIG. 2.

This picture illustrates the characteristic features of a sun spot. There is, first of all, the dark interior, and then surrounding it is the shaded margin called the penumbra, and then beyond that lies the ordinary surface of the sun. The very appearance of the spot suggests what we now know to be the case: that its presence indicates a locality where the glowing solar clouds are in a state of tremendous agitation. Indeed, from day to day mighty changes often take place in the shape of the spots, and in the configuration of the group in which they are associated. No doubt a considerable portion of these changes may be attributed to merely apparent alterations arising from the different aspects in which the object is presented in consequence of the solar rotation. There are, however, genuine changes which cannot be so accounted for. They can only be explained in connection with the mighty disturbances with which the solar storms are accompanied.

In the first place, it must be remembered that we never see any solid objects on the sun's surface. Even if there be any part of the sun's interior which is in a solid state, it is at all events certain that we have never seen anything of the kind. All that is exposed to our scrutiny is a mighty ocean of clouds and vapours, where the spots are openings in the outer and more luminous parts by which we obtain glimpses into the comparatively dark interior.

We are indebted to MM. Quènisset and Guiot, of the Observatory at Tuvisy, for the accompanying sketch (Fig. 2), which represents the great sun spot already referred to just as it reached the solar margin on the 13th of August. It is specially to be noticed

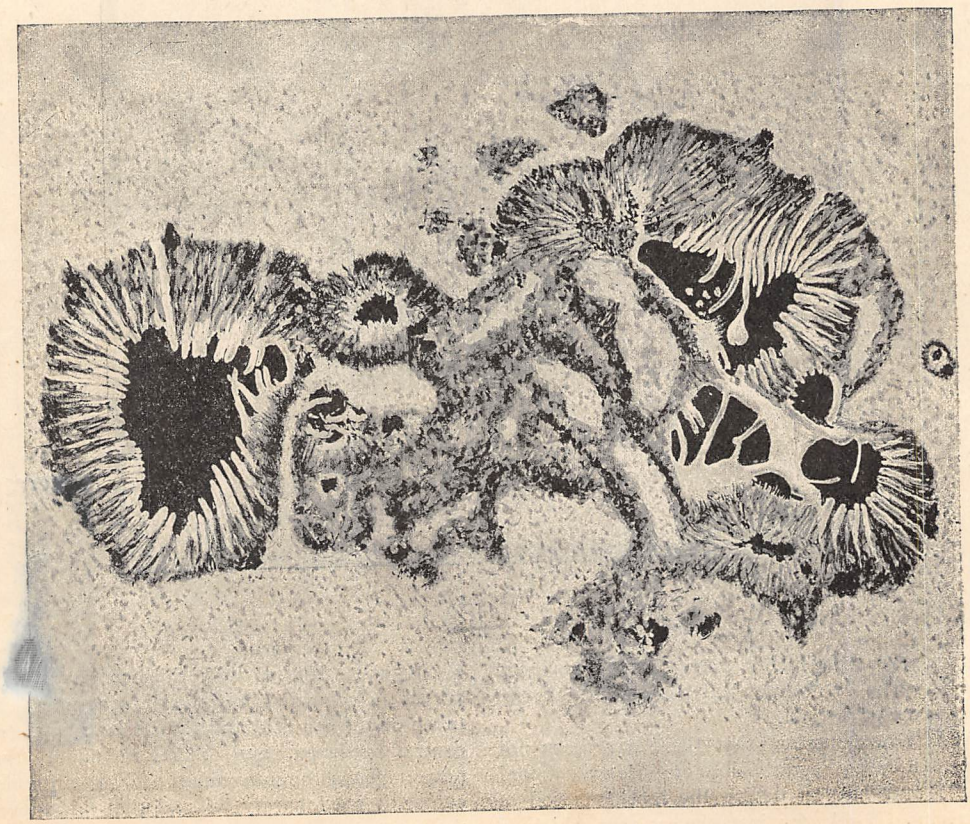


FIG. 3.

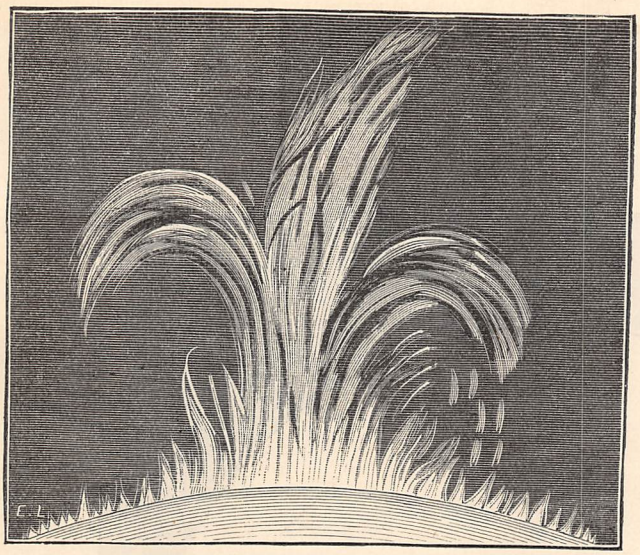


FIG. 4.

that there is a perceptible notch in the bright limb of the sun, close to the spot. This is, of course, what might be expected from the circumstance just mentioned, that the spot—or at all events, the dark interior part—is an aperture through the glowing clouds.

In Fig. 3 we show another picture of the same great feature, drawn by M. J. Comas. The many points of contrast between this and Fig. 1 will illustrate the incessant changes which the object passed through. We should not expect the solar clouds to have more permanence than the clouds in our own sky when due allowance is made for the vastly greater bulk of the sun. It is sufficient to remark that Fig. 3 was drawn on the 8th of August, while Fig. 1 was taken two days earlier. The scale of the great spot may be appreciated when we observe that its diameter is about twelve times the diameter of the earth.

There are other indications of the solar activity besides those manifested by the spots. It frequently happens that in consequence of the great convulsions by which the luminary is agitated masses of heated and glowing vapours are projected outwards with terrific violence. It is true that they are not ordinarily visible to the unaided eye, or even to the telescope, but the resources of modern astronomers are now so great that these prominences can be observed with spectroscopes. They can even, as Professor Hale has shown us, have their photographs taken. It has generally been found that when the sun is in a highly active state, as manifested by an exuberant display of spots, it is also in a very active condition, as evidenced by the abundance and vehemence of these ejections.

In illustration of this point, we may note that last autumn, concurrently with the great display of sun spots, the solar margin was seen to be fringed with protuberances of exceptional intensity. In Fig. 4 we show one of these protuberances, seen by M. Gully at Rouen on 11th of September, 1893. The curved line is a part of the sun's margin which is shown to be serrated by comparatively small flames, while in the central part a mighty outburst is displayed which has attained not less than 20,000 miles in altitude. Such outbreaks are in the nature of eruptions, often lasting only for a short time. It is frequently found that a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes suffices for their maximum development, and in a like period they will as often vanish, leaving the region on the sun which has been so recently convulsed restored to its normal condition. The same observer has also given a picture (Fig. 5), of a protuberance which he observed upon the 14th of September. The contrast between these two sketches well illustrates the great varieties in form which these manifestations of solar activity frequently present.

We are also enabled to give a sketch in Fig. 6 of the entire surface of the sun during that period last autumn when it was so greatly agitated. The spot of which we have already spoken is here manifest as the most striking object, a little below the centre. The drawing was made by M. Autoniadi on the 7th of August, 1893, and is noteworthy as containing the maximum display of sun spots visible during the year.

Certain of these objects were so unusually conspicuous at the close of the year that three of them could be seen with the unaided eye at the same time, as shown in the sketch in Fig. 7. A slight fog made it possible to look at the sun directly, and the appearance that it presented is here given. The sketch was taken in Paris on the 31st of December last.

The great solar activity at the close of last year has apparently not yet subsided. In the latter part of February a sun spot burst forth which, though not so large as others that have appeared in recent years, has

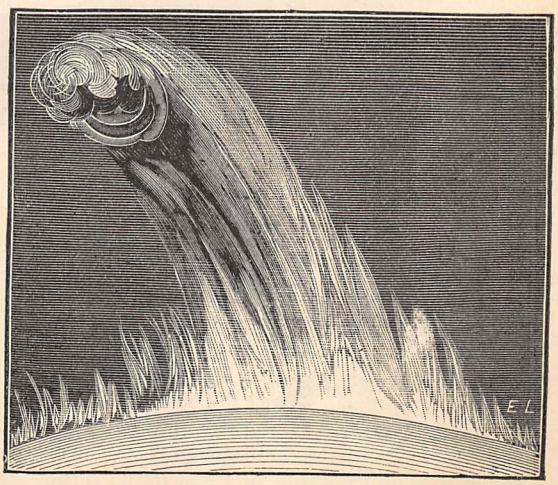


FIG. 5.

yet attracted an unusual degree of attention. The appearance of this object, as seen by the unaided eye on the 2nd February, when the sun was low enough to be looked at without protection to the eyes, is represented in Fig. 8. The first apparition of this feature was on February 15th, just as it came round the picture (Fig. 9) represents this sun spot when it was in the most favourable position for observation, near the central meridian of the luminary. This sketch was drawn by M. Autoniadi at Paris on the 22nd February. We are indebted for it, as well as for other pictures with which this paper is illustrated, to the excellent

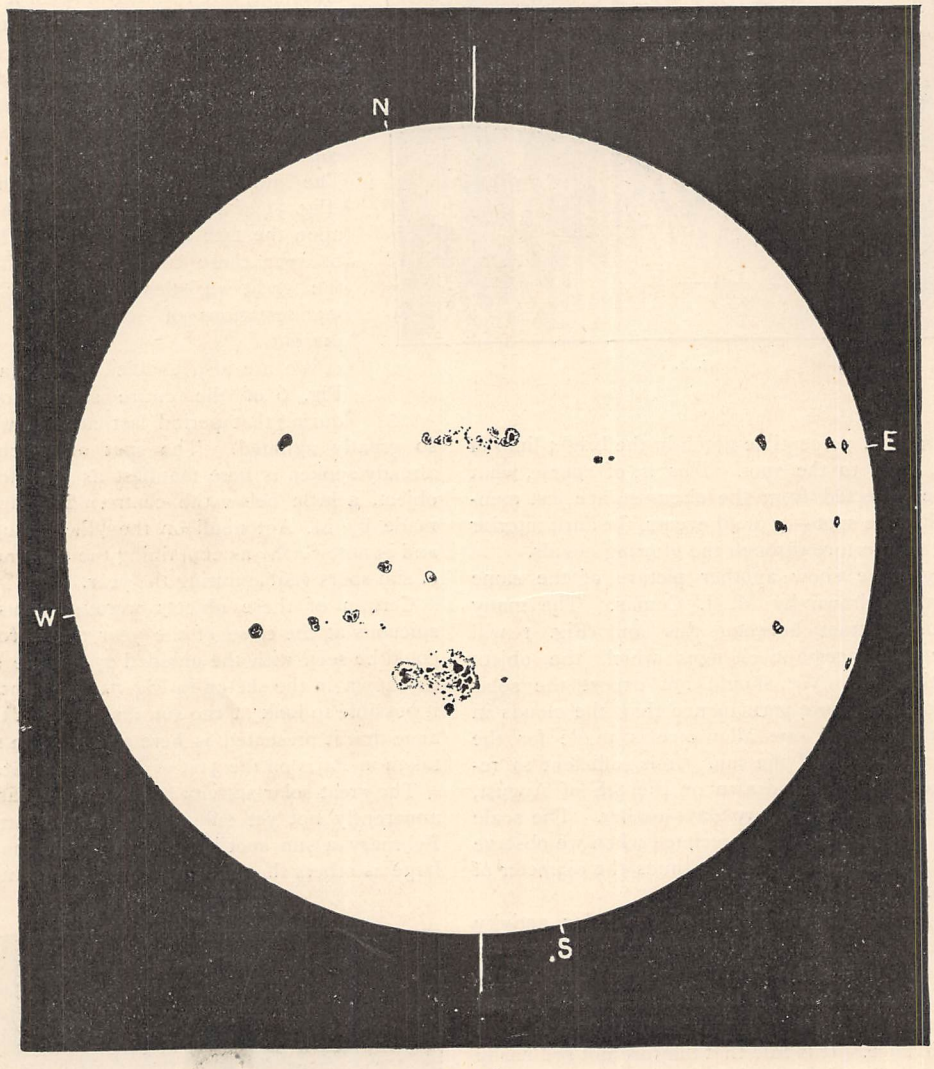


FIG. 6.

eastern margin of the sun. Then it advanced with the apparent motion already explained, so that in a week after its first appearance it had reached a nearly central position in the aspect shown in the figure.

So striking a spectacle naturally received close scrutiny with the telescope. It certainly was an object of exceptional interest. I took the opportunity of making an examination of it with the Northumberland Equatorial at the Cambridge Observatory. The copiousness of the detail into which the object was depicted was a very marked feature. The following publication L'ASTRONOMIE, so admirably edited by M. Flammarion.

One circumstance may be specially noted, in which this sun spot presented an appearance very unusual in such phenomena. It will be seen that over the largest part of the dark interior a sort of cloud appears to hover. This cloud was distinctly of a brownish hue, and it thus presented a marked contrast to the ordinary graduated tints from the white general surface of the sun to the blackness of the interior. The area of the spot has been estimated to have a diameter

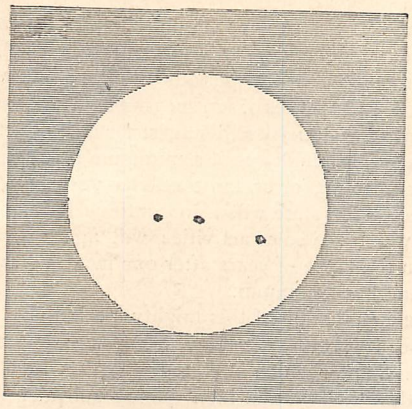


FIG. 7.

about six times that of the earth. This means that 36 globes, each the size of the earth, arranged in contact, would occupy an area of about the same size as that covered by the great spot.

In conformity with the invariable law of their movements, the spot moved slowly, but steadily, over to the western edge of the sun. There it arrived on the 28th of February, after having occupied about a fortnight in the act of crossing the solar disc. Thence it disappeared round the western limb, to traverse the remote side of the great luminary.

The study of spots on the sun's surface is very instructive as to the nature of the actions which are in progress within the body of the sun. The occasional outbreak of spots, the mighty size which they often assume, the great transformation which they so frequently undergo, all demonstrate the extraordinary vehemence with which changes take place in the sun. Now, whatever may be the particular view that we adopt as to the character of the spots, there is at all events one fundamental fact which cannot be disputed. The sun is a tremendously hot body, and, like other hot bodies, it is radiating forth its heat. The outer parts of the great globe at the moment are those which in the main have to bear the loss involved in this incessant radiation.

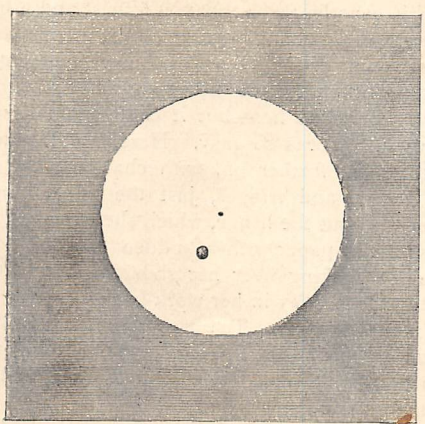


FIG. 8.

They tend to become cooler. As the materials are chilled they fall downwards towards the sun's centre, while freshly-heated materials well upwards from below to supply their place, and to maintain the radiation. Such a tremendous exchange between the superficial layers and those in the deep interior cannot take place without vehement currents and disturbances, and it is quite certain that the outbreak of spots is in some way connected with this interchange.

It is also to be observed that the parts of the sun which possess the power of dispensing heat and light consist only in an exterior layer, often called the photosphere. This layer is very thin in comparison with the whole bulk of the sun, but from it comes the greater part of that radiation which is so essential to our welfare. The sun spot then presents itself as an opening or a rupture in the photosphere. We obtain through it a peep into the interior of the sun, which is

FIG. 9.

of a gloomy blackness in comparison with the dazzling brightness of the shell surrounding it. That the sun spot really is an opening through the photosphere is demonstrated on those occasions which, though infrequent, do certainly occur when the spot is actually detected on the very solar margin. A case of this has been already indicated, but others of a more striking character are sometimes seen. In such cases the spot is manifestly a depression below the bright surface.

In my book on "The Story of the Sun" I have set forth as fully as the evidence will permit the remarkable relations which the sun spots bear to the prominences, and to the other manifestations of solar activity. I can here only add a few words with respect to the remarkable periodicity which the sun spots show.

It sometimes happens that but few spots, or no spots at all, can be detected on the surface of the sun;

indeed, for years together a quiescent condition of solar energy will be frequently perceived. When, however, careful observations, extending over several decades of years, have been brought together, a remarkable law becomes apparent. We can estimate the spots either by their number or by their dimensions. The most satisfactory method of expressing the condition of the sun at any particular time, so far as its spots are concerned, is to set down the actual fraction of the entire solar area which is covered by such marks. Let us, for instance, suppose that the whole luminous surface of the sun is divided into a million equal parts: we may then obtain a measure of the solar activity by expressing how many of these millionths are at the moment covered by sun spots. From the result of long continued labours, in which day after day and year after year the extent of spotted surface has been estimated in the manner already explained, a law in the recurrence of the spots was presently disclosed.

It appears that in periods of about eleven years there are recurrences of sun spot maxima. A maximum state of solar activity will subsist for a year or two, and then abate gradually until a minimum is reached, when no spots at all, or at most only a very few, will be visible. This state will also continue for some years, after which the solar activities will again awaken, so that in the lapse of years after one maximum we shall find another maximum.

The explanation of this mighty periodicity has not yet been given. We may perhaps liken it to the famous geyser which at stated intervals boils up with exceeding energy, and then quietly subsides until the due number of hours have elapsed, when a fresh outbreak takes place.

MISS LUCRETIA'S MISTAKE.

BY M. PAYNE-SMITH.

MISS LUCRETIA TEMPEST'S hair was going a little—only a very little, it is true; but as Miss Lucretia brushed it out morning and evening she was obliged to allow that it was not as thick as it used to be, and to wonder nervously what she could do to make it grow again.

The two Miss Tempests were institutions in the Vale. The pretty house in which they had lived their somewhat uneventful lives was as well known to all the surrounding gentlefolks as to the villagers, and needed no name. "Miss Tempests'" was enough description for anyone.

Miss Priscilla was severe, and neglectful of the vanities of life, her ruling passions being politics and philanthropy. She was not the person to consult about coils, twists, and other forms of compensation for Nature's weakness such as are well-known to ladies not devoted to politics and philanthropy, so Miss Lucretia kept her little anxiety to herself, and allowed her sister to suppose that she was only troubled in mind about the strawberry jam, which had been a partial failure, owing to the wet season.

Miss Lucretia was the most perfect of housekeepers and gardeners, and devoted her superfluous energy to beetles; for the Tempests had always been an intellectual family, and anyone desirous of information about the entomology of the Vale was sure to come to her, and never went away unsatisfied.

"I see, Lucretia has found someone else to talk beetles with," Miss Priscilla would say sarcastically. "If I could but get her to devote her energies to the serious matters of life!"

But that, to the great joy of all her acquaintances, she had not succeeded in doing.

There was another reason for Miss Lucretia's anxiety about that—well, that thin place in her hair. The Manor had for years been occupied by an old lady—widow of its last owner—and at her death some months before this depressing discovery it went to a distant cousin, a Mr. Gilbert Walsh, who had spent the years during which he waited for his inheritance in the Indian Civil Service. He was a shy, awkward, middle-aged man, who took to Miss Lucretia at once, and proved to have as great an affection for beetles as herself, and a much larger collection. His attentions, too, were growing somewhat marked, and Miss Lucretia naturally wanted to look her best at the various festivities which enlivened the autumn months in the Vale. And there was that horrid thin place getting worse every day, and her new bonnet kept slipping backwards because the coil behind it wanted a little more substance.

"Send a lock of your hair to Dunkelfeld. He will match it exactly, and send you a twist and a book of designs in ornamental hair."

It was one of the answers to correspondents in a ladies' paper—not Miss Lucretia; such a thing had never occurred to her—but it came upon her like a revelation. It was so easy. Here was Dunkelfeld's advertisement further on, with charming pictures of coils, twists, and fringes, just the very things she wanted—all but the fringe, which she did not approve. She shut the paper with a sudden fear lest Priscilla should be looking over her shoulder, but took good care to hide it away in her work-basket till she should have time to write. Tea was the first duty at the present moment, for Priscilla was stamping up and down the hall; and was not that Mr. Walsh just turning in at the gate?

Mr. Walsh was a shade less shy than usual before Miss Priscilla, and pressed Miss Lucretia's hand

warmly, but had no chance of saying anything, for the philanthropical torrent was turned on, and he had to drink his tea to an accompaniment of plans for the establishment of an institution for homeless servant-maids, who did not care to keep their places or could not induce their mistresses to keep them.

"Think of the sad position of a servant out of place!" perorated Miss Priscilla, waving her cup to and fro. "Homeless, young, and ignorant, with no one to turn to for advice and assistance, lonely, timid, afraid of a strange world, and in need of help, advice, and—and——"

"A new situation," suggested Mr. Walsh mildly.

"But, my dear Priscilla," remarked Miss Lucretia, "I think there are very few girls like your description. They nearly always have either friends or relations, and there are more places than servants. As to timidity, our girls are the exact opposite."

Miss Priscilla did not like contradiction, so she got up and walked out of the room, muttering something indistinct about people who were always throwing cold water.

Mr. Walsh simply beamed when she departed, and drew his chair a little nearer Miss Lucretia.

"Your sister has a great mind," he said diffidently, "but I much doubt whether such an institution as she proposes would do real good. However, I have been absent from England too long to be able to judge, and that brings me to my reason for calling this afternoon. My Indian collections have been arranged, and it would give me very great pleasure if you would come and have a look at them."

Miss Lucretia smiled. The collections alone would have been a bait, and this was the first time Mr. Walsh had invited anyone to the Manor. So she assured him that there was nothing she would more enjoy than a view of his treasures, and he was encouraged to proceed.

He was asking the rector and his wife, and Colonel Potter from Hill Brow, and one or two others. His establishment was hardly sufficiently in order for a dinner-party, but perhaps they would come to lunch. Miss Priscilla and the rector could discuss their charitable plans, and so on; and would next Wednesday suit the Miss Tempests? as, if so, he would send out his invitations at once.

On Monday morning Miss Lucretia turned to the study of that ladies' paper, and, having carefully looked out a small box, cut off a soft little lock of her faded fair hair, packed it up carefully, and was beginning to write a letter describing her requirements, when her sister's strident tones were heard below.

"Here is a letter and parcel for you from Mr. Walsh," cried Miss Priscilla, "and an invitation for two o'clock on Wednesday. I will answer the note; and if you have anything to send they can go together when the boy goes to dinner."

The letter, which Miss Lucretia opened with a beating heart, proved to be about the ruling passion. Enclosed was a beetle of a rare species from Sumatra, sent by a friend. Would Miss Lucretia Tempest care to examine it, and would she mind returning it in course of time? It grieved Mr. Walsh to be unable to ask Miss Lucretia to keep it, but it was not his property. Then the letter went on to say that the writer was looking forward to Wednesday with great eagerness; that it would give him more pleasure than he could find words for, to welcome the Miss Tempests under his roof; and that should his collections prove of any interest to Miss Lucretia, he might be emboldened to make a request to her which up till now his sense of his own unworthiness had kept unmade.

Could any letter be more adapted to put an elderly maiden lady into a flutter? How could anyone give proper attention to the subject of hairdressing when such an exquisite gem of Nature's making lay in front of her, only needing a strong magnifier to emphasise its beauties? and when behind it was the offer of a fine establishment, an agreeable, cultured husband, and a magnificent and wonderfully perfect collection of Indian *Coleoptera?* Being a wise woman—and a collector—Miss Lucretia devoted the next hour to the beetle, and not until her mind was satiated with its charms did she think about answering the letter. Stowing the treasure carefully away in its box, she began to write, and contrived to produce an epistle in which maidenly modesty was combined with enough encouragement to give Mr. Walsh reason to persevere. It was a well-expressed letter, but it took a long while to write, and had finally to be finished in a hurry, as the boy was waiting; and it was not until the letter and box had been sent off that Miss Lucretia had time for a blissful day-dream, in which her youth seemed renewed. The luncheon-bell startled her from her reverie, and her eye fell on the ladies' paper, but this time she paid it no attention.

"I will not try to attract him with borrowed plumes," she thought virtuously, as she locked the paper and the little box into a drawer. "Perhaps—possibly I may require it in the future, when we are engaged"; and she fairly fled from the suggestion, and appeared at lunch with such glowing cheeks that Miss Priscilla almost thought her feverish.

Tuesday was a day of pouring rain, but Wednesday dawned bright and warm, and the two sisters started in their Victoria, looking their best: Miss Priscilla in black silk of the stiffest and most uncompromising order, and Miss Lucretia in soft lilac, with a shawl of exquisite old lace over her shoulders.

Mr. Walsh was in a frame of mind quite unlike his usual manner. He was lively and talkative, and seemed bent on doing every possible honour to Miss Lucretia, placing her at his right hand at lunch, in utter defiance of all laws of precedence, and begging her to pour out coffee when the meal was over. She, though naturally embarrassed, took his attentions gracefully, and when the auspicious moment arrived, and the party had grown somewhat scattered, willingly accepted his invitation to view the collections. But though Mr. Walsh was an ardent entomologist, his mind to-day was bent on subjects far removed from beetles, and he hovered around his guest in a sort of agony, till a remark of hers about a very interesting

specimen gave him an opportunity, and he launched forth into a sketch of his life in India, and from that came to matters nearer home.

"It was a strange new life to me," he said, "for I had been absent from England for many years; and had it not been for finding one congenial spirit, I could hardly have borne these last few months. Every week has increased the love and respect I felt for you from the first, and my fear has been that you would find me too dull and distasteful, for anything I could offer to tempt you from your present charming home. You, Miss Tempest, cannot know how beautiful the refinements and sweetness of a nature like yours seem to a man who has lived a lonely life till middle age. Your message on Monday filled me with joy. May I hope that I read it aright, and that you, Lucretia, will accept the heart and hand I offer?"

What could a sensitive maiden lady do under the circumstances? No one knows what Miss Lucretia did, for there were no witnesses, but when she rejoined the rest of the guests her lace shawl was slightly disarranged, her colour considerably heightened, and her bonnet—horror of horrors!—had slipped back over the insufficient knot of hair, and looked decidedly rakish. But what did such trifles matter when two people wear an expression of such blissful contentment as characterised Miss Lucretia and Mr. Walsh at that moment? Everyone looked at the lady's face, and

"MR. WALSH SIMPLY BEAMED WHEN SHE DEPARTED, AND DREW HIS CHAIR A LITTLE NEARER MISS LUCRETIA" (*p.* 747).

not at her bonnet, and the gossips of the Vale had plenty to talk about that evening.

Miss Priscilla had had an interesting conversation with the rector's wife about the Sunday-school, and paid little attention to her sister on the way home, so that the precarious position of her bonnet burst upon its owner without warning when she reached her room, and convinced her that it was her positive duty to write to Dunkelfeld without delay.

So next morning the letter was written, and the little box despatched, and then Miss Lucretia had to break the news of her engagement to Miss Priscilla, and receive Mr. Walsh, who came to see her, with such a radiant countenance, and with so much less shyness than in days of old, that the two managed to spend an extremely pleasant afternoon in the cool shady garden. Mr. Walsh begged for a speedy marriage.

"Think of my loneliness," he argued. "Think of my housekeeper, Lucretia. Think of the troubles which surround a bachelor when he attempts to rule a large establishment. Let us be married at once. It is not as if you were going a long way off."

Miss Priscilla came unexpectedly to Mr. Walsh's aid, suggesting that at Miss Lucretia's age there was really no reason for delay, and the wedding-day was fixed then and there.

Two days of hurry and bustle followed, for the trousseau had to be considered, but Mr. Walsh gave valuable advice.

"Go to town and get the whole business settled," he suggested. "I must go up on Thursday to see my lawyer. Let us all go together, and we can both get an outfit ordered in a week. And now I want to take you for a drive."

On their way back they called for the second post letters, and Miss Lucretia could not help blushing at the sight of a little box, which Mr. Walsh also noticed.

"That box reminds me of what had quite slipped my memory," he said, as he took the reins. "I ought to return that specimen I sent you last week, Lucretia. Will you let me have it back?"

Miss Lucretia stared, astonished.

"The beetle!" she ejaculated. "I sent it back the same afternoon."

"No, my dear," answered Mr. Walsh; "you sent me something much more welcome;" and, drawing forward the small gold locket he wore on his watch-chain, he showed her, carefully hidden within it, a lock of fair faded hair.

Miss Lucretia gasped.

"I—I did not send you that!" she faltered. "I meant only to return the beetle."

Mr. Walsh's face grew very grave.

"Then was this meant for someone else? and has this happy week been all a mistake?" he asked. "Am I to be a lonely man all my life? and have you deceived me?"

His voice was more sad than stern, but it was too much for Miss Lucretia, who hid her face in her hands and burst into tears, while he drove on in deep perplexity.

"Don't cry, dear! don't cry!" was all he could say. "Everything shall be as you wish, only it is a great blow to me."

But at this Miss Lucretia recovered herself, and made an heroic resolution.

"You are making a mistake now, Gilbert," she said, through her tears. "I did not mean to send that lock of hair to you, but it was not intended for anyone else."

Then, as he looked hopelessly bewildered, she went on—

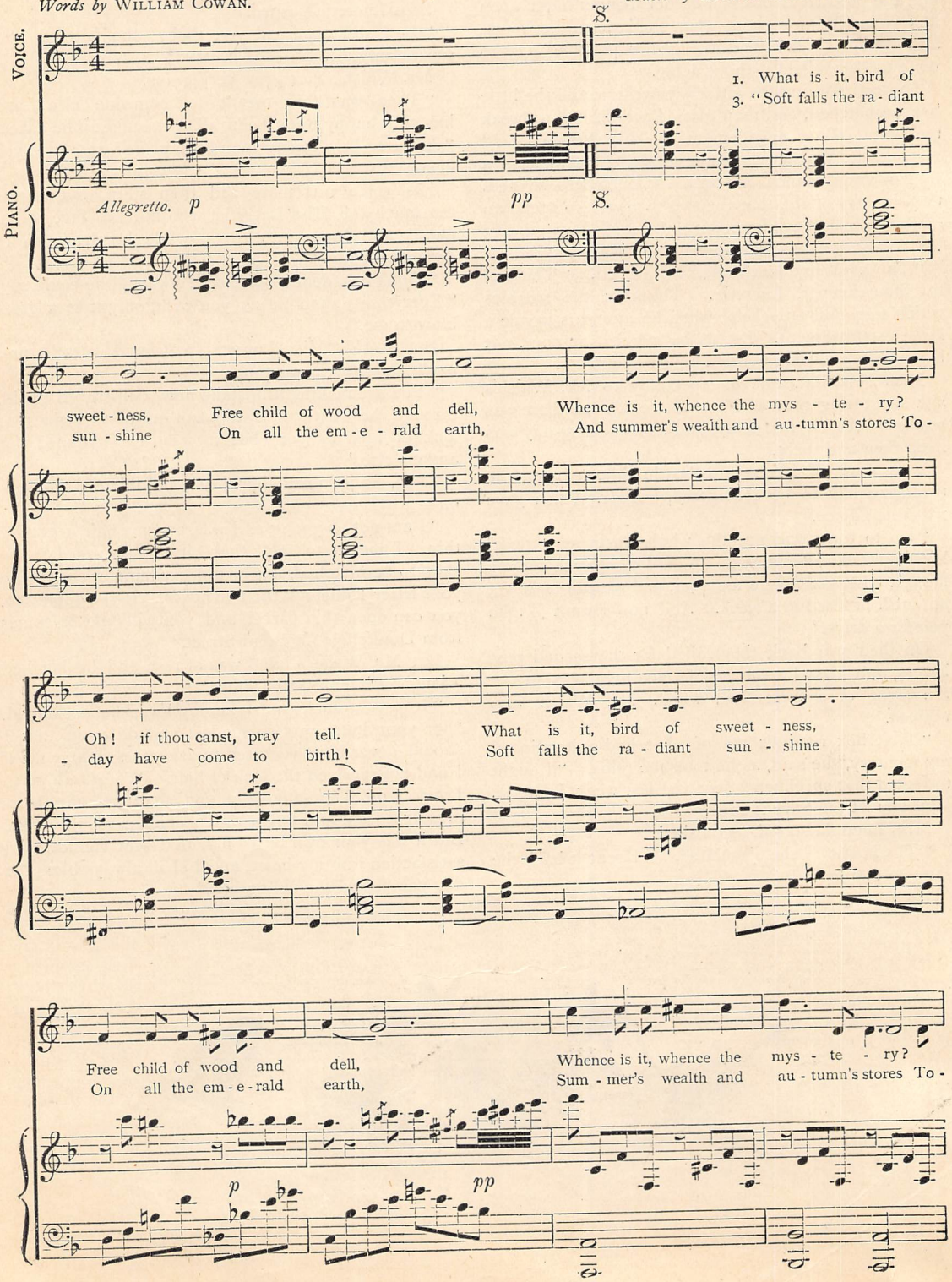
"I am not as young as I was, and my hair is getting thin. I meant to send that bit of hair to a London shop to be matched, but in the excitement caused by your letter I mistook the two boxes. If you doubt me, you can open this parcel, and you will find it comes from Dunkelfeld, in Bond Street."

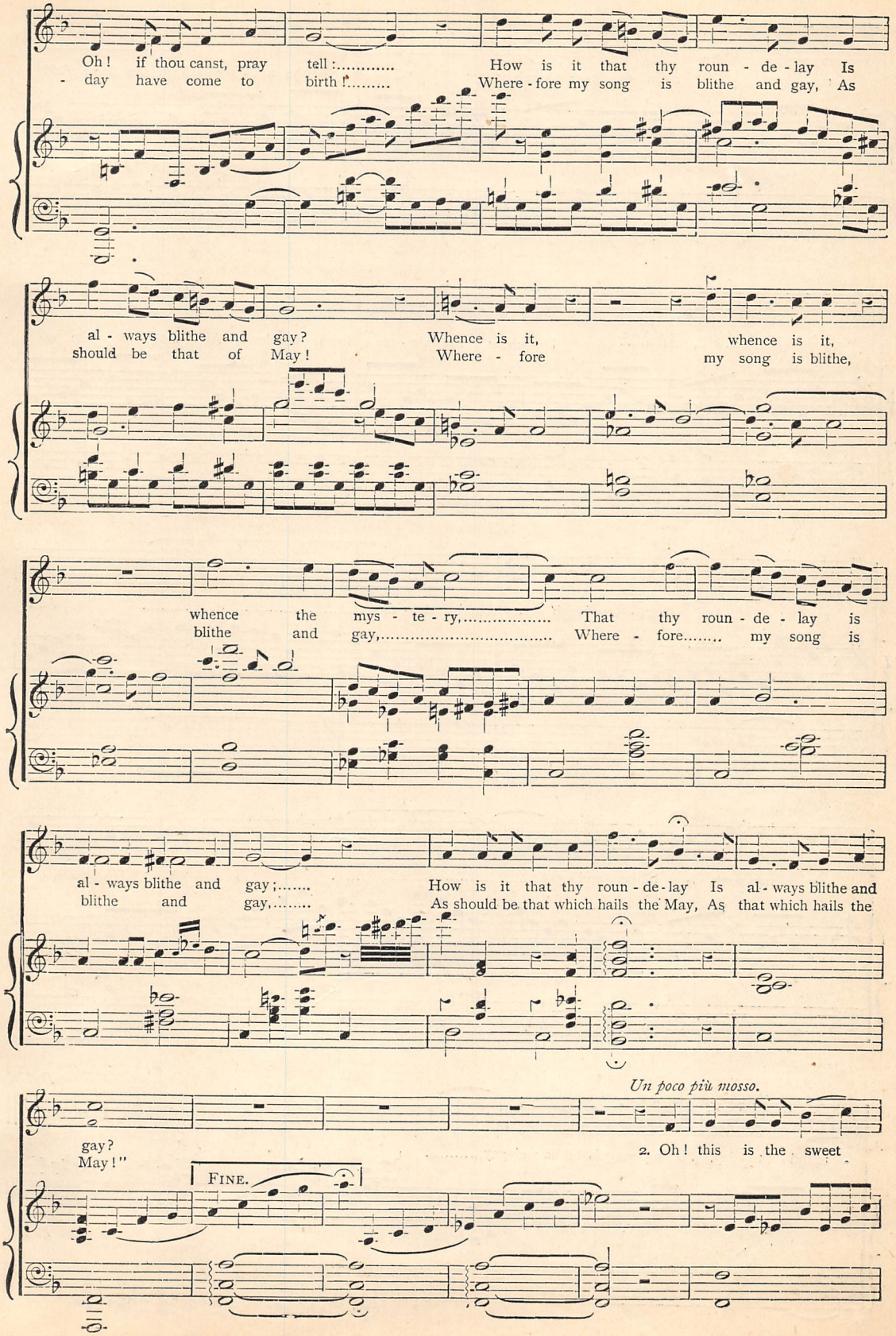
But Mr. Walsh's mind was at rest, and he laughed a laugh of intense satisfaction.

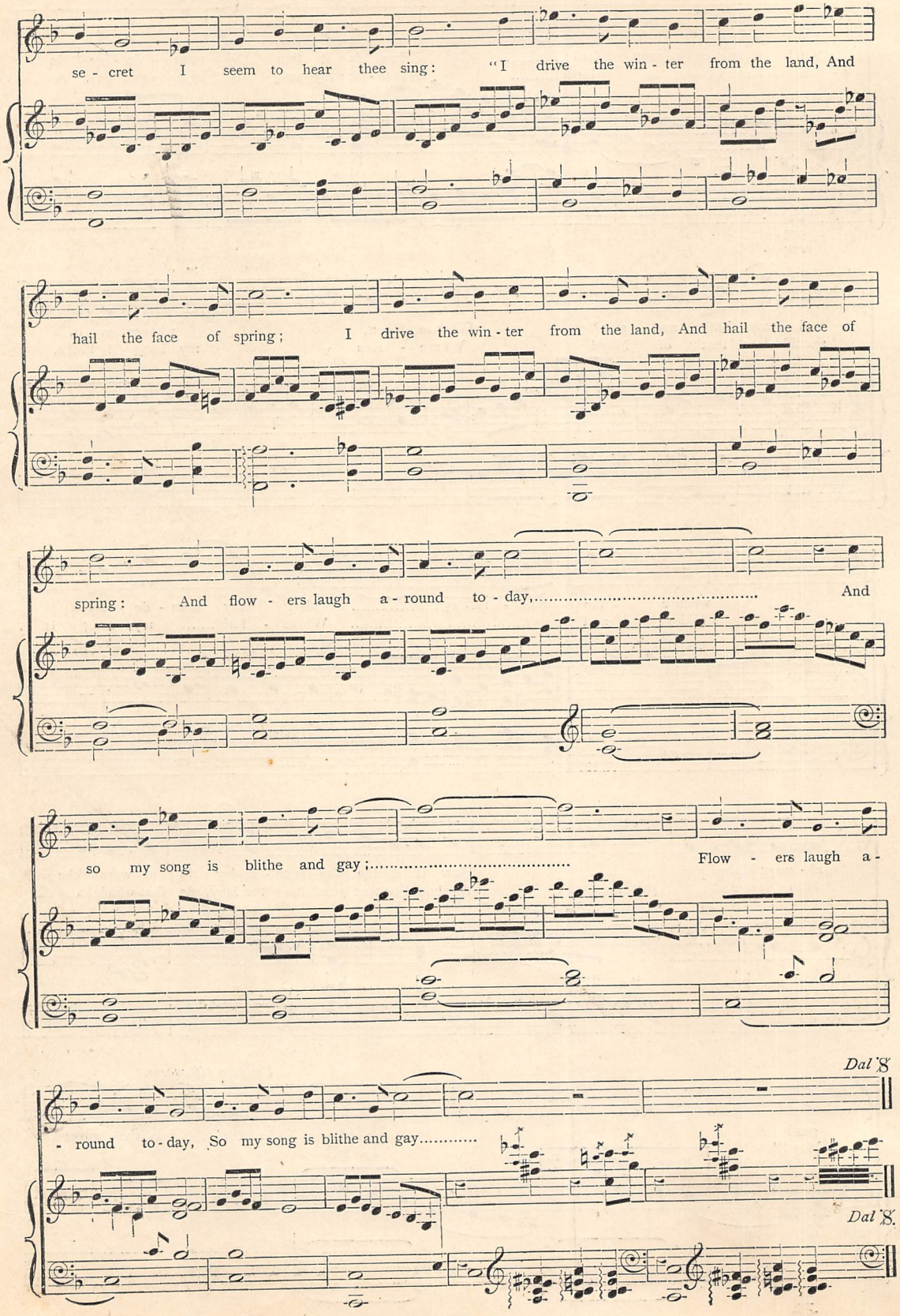
"It was a lucky mistake, my love," he exclaimed, "for your letter was so modest and decorous that I should never have ventured to ask you to marry me if I had not received the lock of hair. We will all go to London on Thursday, and you shall pay the hair-dresser a visit, and buy a dozen chignons, if you like. But it was your own bit of hair that sent comfort and satisfaction into my heart, and I shall always bless the day you posted the wrong box."

To a Thrush Singing.

Words by WILLIAM COWAN. *Music by* GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus. D.

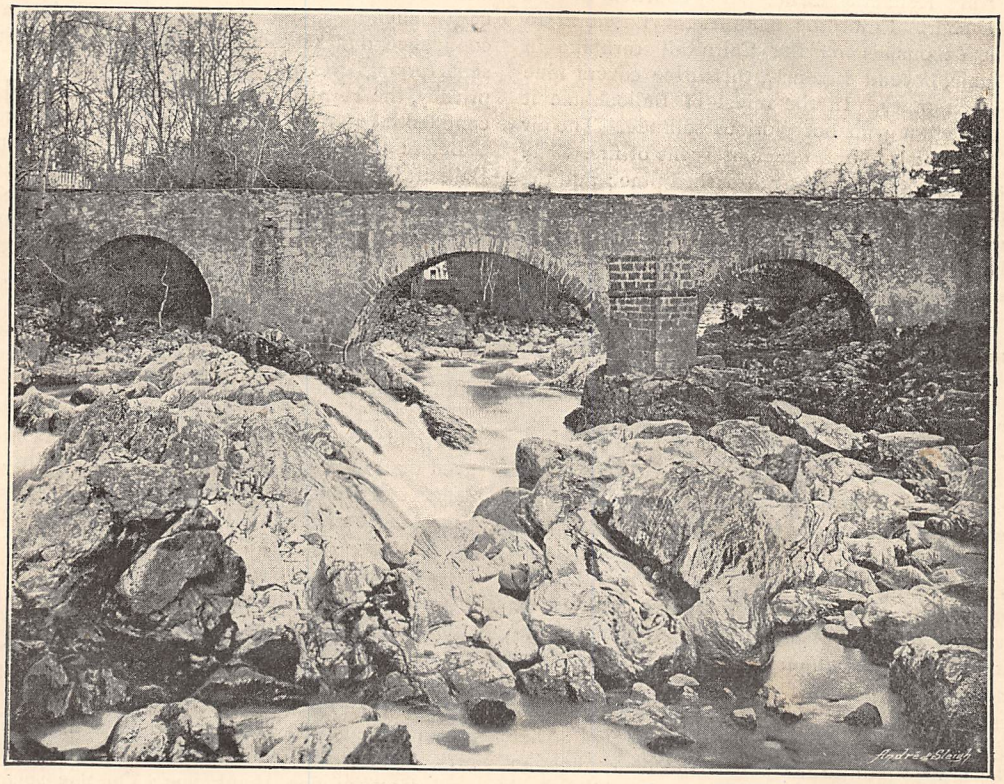



Oh! if thou canst, pray tell :..... How is it that thy roun - de - lay Is
- day have come to birth !..... Where - fore my song is blithe and gay, As
al - ways blithe and gay? Whence is it, whence is it,
should be that of May! Where - fore my song is blithe,
whence the mys - te - ry,..... That thy roun - de - lay is
blithe and gay,..... Where - fore..... my song is
al - ways blithe and gay;..... How is it that thy roun - de - lay Is al - ways blithe and
blithe and gay,..... As should be that which hails the May, As that which hails the
Un poco più mosso.
gay?
May!"
2. Oh! this is the sweet
FINE.

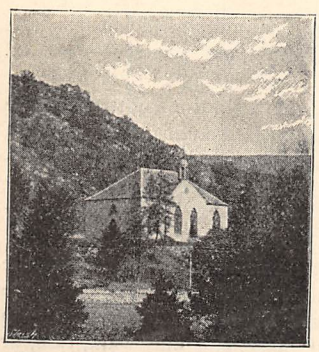

se - cret I seem to hear thee sing: "I drive the win - ter from the land, And
hail the face of spring; I drive the win - ter from the land, And hail the face of
spring: And flow - ers laugh a - round to - day,..... And
so my song is blithe and gay;..... Flow - ers laugh a -
Dal 8
- round to - day, So my song is blithe and gay.....
Dal 8.

THE ROYAL HIGHLANDS.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. VALENTINE AND SONS, DUNDEE.



BRIDGE OF FEUGH, BANCHORY.



THE OLD CHURCH OF CRATHIE.
(*From a photograph by Poulton & Son, London.*)

THE Dee valley of Aberdeenshire has from the earliest historic ages been favoured of royalty. Just before arriving in Castleton, the stage-coach from Ballater to Braemar passes on the left Creag Choinnich ("Kenneth's Craig"), which takes its name from Kenneth Macalpine. This grey rocky eminence was, until recent years, the scene of a rough race on the programme of the Braemar Highland Gathering. The athletes started from the Braemar Castle grounds, on the opposite side of the road, and ran, leaped, and clambered up the face of the crags to the cairn on the summit. But a competitor (having burst a blood-vessel through over-exertion) died on the hillside, and the "event" was dropped. King Kenneth built at Braemar a castle, the site of which is marked by an interesting ruin on the right bank of the Clunie, now hidden from the eye of the visitor by a merchant's shop. Hence the name Castleton of Braemar. For ages Castleton was separated from the equally ancient clachan of Auchendryne, on the opposite bank of the Clunie, until the two were joined into a well-appointed village by the Clunie Bridge. To-day, the only visible indications of the fact that Braemar stands one foot on the territory of Invercauld and another on that of Mar Lodge, are the legends emblazoned over the two hotels of Castleton and Auchendryne respectively —"Invercauld Arms" and "Fife Arms."

Besides the Deeside turnpike from Aberdeen, which runs east and west, there is a fairly good coach road into the Royal Highlands from the south, *viâ* Dunkeld, Blairgowrie, Bridge of Calley, and Spittal of Glenshee. Seven miles out from Braemar this road passes over the shoulder of the Cairnwell by a steep zigzag incline known as "The Devil's Elbow," which reminds one of certain "pretty 'cute" curves on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. In winter the Cairnwell section of this road is frequently blocked with snow for weeks, until men can be sent out from Braemar and the Spittal to "cast" the wreaths.

The Queen's Drive is a private carriage-road from

Balmoral to Ballater, celebrated for the views of scenery which it commands, more especially "The Queen's View." It passes through the heart of the ancient pine forest of Ballochbuie, where, in days of old, King Kenneth and his hardy courtiers hunted the wild boar. From the confines of Balmoral to where it debouches on the Cairnwell turnpike in Glen Clunie, beyond Braemar, this drive covers nine long Scotch miles. In the midst of Ballochbuie it winds through a grim but glorious solitude. The air is full of ozone and the delicious scent of firs. The forest abounds in the native red-barked pine; and the monster ant-hills of Ballochbuie have long been the study of naturalists.

At Dinnet, thirty miles down the Dee valley from Braemar, there is another seat of ancient royalty. On one of the islands of Loch Kinnord there are remains of a castle originally built by Malcolm Canmore, from whom, it is not improbable, the loch derived its name, since we sometimes find it spelt "Cannor."

But it is the royal Highlands of to-day in which we are specially interested. In Queen Victoria we have a more illustrious personage than either Kings Kenneth or Canmore. Her Majesty has spent enormous sums of money in improving the Royal Highlands. Besides the construction of the drive through Ballochbuie, roads of equal extent have been made through her moors and deer forests; while the improvements on the Balmoral demesne go on without ceasing.

Westward from the castle, through Ballochbuie, the Queen can drive nine miles on end within her own fences. Southward, through the deer forest to Lochnagar, is from six to eight miles of a ride. And the drive eastward, through Abergeldie and Birkhall, covers a similar distance. One of her Majesty's favourite drives is from Balmoral Castle to Allt-na-guisach Lodge and the Glassalt Shiel on Loch Muick side, *via* Linn of Muick—a distance of over twenty miles.

The River Dee forms the boundary of Balmoral and Abergeldie on the north. Along the south bank of the river, from Braemar on the west to Glen Muick, Ballater, on the east—a stretch of fifteen miles as the crow flies—the Royal Highland frontier extends. The Queen, however, does not confine her drives to her own territory. Her Majesty visits in all the neighbouring glens, and has many friends among the peasantry. Especially is she mindful of the old families of Crathie. In times of trouble and distress she is ever ready to help these people.

We have seen her Majesty turn out in her carriage to attend the funeral of an old gamekeeper. On that occasion, after the company had dispersed, the Queen and Princess Beatrice placed wreaths of heather and rowan-berries on the grave.

When three of the children of a poor cottager were drowned in a flooded burn, her Majesty sent searchers from Balmoral to recover the bodies; and in person she visited the bereaved parents to comfort them in their grief, afterwards assisting at the burial, and thoughtfully relieving her humble neighbours of all expenses.

The royal visits among the cottages of these glens are writ large in the memories of the people. With her womanly tact and sympathy, the Queen disarms native shyness and reserve, the result being mutual confidence and respect. Naturally, her Majesty resents prying eyes on these occasions; and to secure privacy, the royal visitor is generally preceded by a confidential servant, to give warning of her approach.

Before the construction of the private chapel at Balmoral Castle, Queen Victoria frequently attended public worship in the parish church of Crathie; and to see her Majesty at the half-yearly communion, partaking of the sacramental bread and wine along with the sun-browned parishioners, was a sight never to be forgotten. The old Church of Crathie to which we refer was a very plain edifice, as may be gathered from our illustration, but it is now being replaced by a more imposing modern structure.

The late Prince Leopold was a great favourite with the Highlanders generally, and by none was he better loved than by old Mrs. Mackenzie of Glengairn. The prince was wont to visit Gairnside, and picnic near Mrs. Mackenzie's dwelling. The old lady and her dog were present at all such gatherings. Never embarrassed by the presence of royalty, Mrs. Mackenzie (to the great delight of her royal visitors) did not attempt to modify her native dialect. The Queen, too, when driving through Glengairn, usually called upon Prince Leopold's old friend. On one of these visits her Majesty had paid her respects and graciously inquired after the old dame's health, when Mrs. Mackenzie, all unconscious of the proprieties, replied: "I'm fine, thank you; I'm nae speirin' for yer Maijesty, but how's my laddie?" (meaning Prince Leopold).

The stone cairns on the summits of the nearer hills—a notable feature of Balmoral scenery—were all built from time to time by instructions of her Majesty. Almost every hill-top visible from the flag-tower of the castle is tipped with one of these conical cairns. Each cairn commemorates an event in her Majesty's private life: the birth of a royal babe, a wedding, or a death. Periods of joy and of sorrow are thus sternly registered around the Queen's Highland home.

Lochnagar forms the southern extremity of the Royal Highlands. The classic mountain is accessible to pedestrians from both Ballater and Braemar. To reach it from the latter place, one may walk, ride, or drive, *viâ* Glen Clunie and Glen Callater, as far as the gamekeeper's house on the side of Loch Callater, whence by an irregular path the summit is attainable, either on foot or on the back of a Highland pony. The expedition is no joke. It was while attempting the ascent by this path a few years ago that the late Reverend Mr. Kelly, of Dundee, lost his life. From Ballater, the road to Lochnagar lies through Glen Muick. There is a driving road as far as Allt-na-guisach, near Loch Muick, thence a path to the summit. By the latter path the present writer made the ascent quite recently. It came about in this way.

THE COLONEL'S BED, BRAEMAR.

"You are seedy, old fellow," said my friend Spangs to me in the city one morning in early June. "Sunshine, bracing air, and exercise—that's my prescription for you. Come with me to the Royal Highlands of Scotland; I have secured diggings among the hills of Glen Muick." Spangs calls me "Puffs," because I lose my wind at the steep ascents; and I call him "Spangs," because of his long, springy strides. I caught his enthusiasm, and two days thereafter we were bowling along in the afternoon Deeside express from Aberdeen to Ballater, eagerly scanning the line-side for familiar landmarks.

Banchory is the entrance to the Deeside Highlands, Hill of Fare and Tilwhilly forming the portal. Here is the picturesque Bridge of Feugh; and now the resinous odour of the pine-trees first fills the carriage. On the broad flat moor of Dinnet, one of the Messrs. Wilson, of Hull shipping and Tranby Croft fame, has just erected a huge mansion of white granite. But our eyes are on the alert to catch the first peep of the classic old house of Ballaterich, in which Byron lived when he "roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath." There is his "Morven of snow," and there again "the rocks that o'ershadow Culbleen." Shortly after passing the ruins of the Kirk o' Tullich (in which the famous Highland reel of that ilk is said to have been first extemporised in lieu of a sermon during a great snowstorm, which prevented the attendance of the preacher), we get an inspiring peep through the Pass of Ballater. And almost immediately thereafter the train pulls up at Ballater station, the present terminus of this line of railway, and "the capital of the Deeside Highlands."

Gathering up knapsack, staff, and mackintosh, we stroll into the Square of the village and look around. From the steep crags and dark oaks of Craig-an-darroch, our eyes turn to the Coyles of Muick. All around are hills—higher, wilder hills; but the eye can rest on none but this quaint group, with its three conical paps, now aglow in the evening sun. The Coyles form the first bold landmark on the eastern boundary of Queen Victoria's Highland domains of Abergeldie, Birkhall, and Balmoral. The highest of the triplet peaks bears aloft the Prince of Wales's marriage cairn, at a height of nearly 2,000 feet above sea level.

But we must not stand gazing down the lanes of Ballater. It is six o'clock, and there are seven long miles between us and our supper. So we cross the Dee by the bridge of Ballater—a bridge, by the way, with a history of which Graham's great picture, "The Spate," is illustrative—for have not two stone bridges of five arches each been swept away from this site by floods on the river!

Under fragrant birch-trees, we enter Glen Muick, choosing the right bank of the stream, so as to pass through the territory of Sir Allan Mackenzie. The Queen's territory is on the opposite side of the river. It is a typical Highland road, winding and undulating, according to the freaks of the hillside out of which it is cut.

Passing out of the birchwood we find we have turned the flank of the Coyles range, and that the mountains of the Lochnagar group now stand upon our right front, dark with the mysteries of the gathering night. Crossing one of the many burns that hurry down from the hillside to swell the Muick, we come suddenly upon a clearing. Here the hitherto concealed river appears, struggling through a bleak bare haugh, and we follow the movements of a pair of active ouzels hopping among its boulders. The softer sylvan beauties have vanished. Instead of thriving farms, we have only a few shapeless little fields ribbed with potatoes, or scored with the stunted briard of oats, while a few black steers are picking up a scanty living of wild grass and bracken among the stones and heather. The road soon passes into a dense wood of black firs and larches, where the silence is broken only by the soft sound of the wood-pigeon croodling to his mate, until the noise of the Linn of Muick falls upon the ear. The waters of the river pour through a narrow gully in the dark grey rocks, and fall forty feet into a romantic dell, wooded to the water's edge. The bottom of this fall is 1,145 feet above sea level.

The cuckoo is calling from the wooded ravine of the Fox's Burn as we ford the clear cold water of the Muick, here little more than knee-deep. Nine o'clock chimes on the old kitchen clock as we sit down to supper of fresh eggs, cold ham, and refreshing hot tea ; and the good lady of the house informs us that the Queen and Princess Beatrice had driven past in the afternoon, on their way from the Glassalt Shiel to Balmoral.

To the average Sassenach, Highland weather is just as enigmatical as the Gaelic tongue. He will never master one or other. It was a still clear night when we retired to rest ; but when, at five o'clock next morning, we put our heads out at the "skylight" window of our modest little bedroom, the glen was invisible. The white mist prevented us seeing beyond the roof, and we returned to bed repeating an abracadabra incantation. Black art is still potent in the Highlands. At any rate, a charm was wrought on this occasion : for when at seven o'clock we went down to the Muick to perform our morning ablutions, the sun, shining in a blue sky, filled the valley with brilliant light ; and the last trace of the mist, a patch not bigger than a shepherd's plaid, was rapidly passing off the summit of the Capel Mount. "It will be haze the day, maybe ; but *warrum!*" said our landlady when serving breakfast.

At half-past eight o'clock, when we set out, nothing was stirring along the road but rabbits and red grouse. The carriage road for public purposes terminates at the gate of Allt-na-guisach Lodge, where it becomes the Queen's private drive to the Glassalt Shiel. From Allt-na-guisach a footpath leads the pedestrian across the valley to Spittal of Muick, the last homestead in the glen. The scent of ash blossom follows us gratefully on the morning breeze half across the flat moorland ; and a solitary lapwing puts herself to infinite trouble to hoodwink us as to the locality of her nest, circling and "pee-weeting" over our heads, till we reach the plank bridge by which we cross the river.

At the Spittal steading not a soul is to be seen. A few heavily-woolled sheep rise lazily from the dusty road and slowly mount the bank. Here we take higher ground, and looking back, we see the farm-folk "casting peats" in the moss down near the river. This is the last we are to see of mankind, except ourselves, for ten mortal hours.

Now we have sighted Loch Muick. At a beach of yellow sand the river leaves the loch, and meanders sluggishly through the flat moorland in loop-like bends, resembling "the Links of Forth" on a small scale. As we advance, a brace of long-legged heron start from the river's bed and take wing for a short distance. Alighting at a commanding bend of the stream, they take up positions, one on each bank, deliberately to see us off the premises. Looking back half a mile, we can see the scraggy pair still at their post of observation.

Loch Muick is a characteristic Highland loch. It lies in the lap of the mountains just within the southern boundary of Aberdeenshire, at an altitude of 1,310 feet. On the north side is the White Mount, now named Lochnagar, and on the south the Black Hills, of which the highest point is the Capel Mount. At the south-west end of the loch stands Cairn Bannoch (3,314 feet). The loch has an area of about a thousand acres, is fully two miles long, about half a mile broad, and in many places over sixty

THE PASS OF BALLATER.

CUTTING SNOW WREATHS ON THE CAIRNWELL.

fathoms deep. Viewed from one of the corries near its south-west corner, the wild grandeur of Loch Muick is very striking. To-day its black surface is ruffled into catspaws by a northerly breeze. There is a slight haze on the higher mountains, but below 3,000 feet the atmosphere is intensely clear—so clear that with our binoculars we can follow the operations of a black-throated diver at work in a sandy bay on the opposite side of the loch.

From the summit of the Broad Cairn (3,268 feet) a magnificent view is obtained. Towards the south-east we can see the famous Aberbrothock, or Bell Rock Lighthouse, with the white breakers at its foot, forty-five miles distant.

It was four in the afternoon when we reached the top of Cairn Bannoch, whence the best view of Lochnagar is obtained. On the north side we look down into the Dhub Loch, black and still as death. Around this eerie pool, precipices of dark grey rock rise up to join the scarred slopes and jagged corries of Lochnagar. The hollow of the Dhub Loch is a continuation of the Muick valley and its *cul-de-sac*. The waters of the Dhub Loch run off in a brawling Highland burn, and fall into Loch Muick, about a mile distant. Following the course of this stream, the eye is led into the full vista of Glen Muick—a vista limited, ten miles off, by the Coyles of Muick, which lie athwart the end of the glen, like humpy camels resting in the desert.

The Dhub, or Black Loch, is the scene of an interesting incident in the early life of the Duke of Edinburgh. The prince was one of a deer-stalking party out from Balmoral, and a wounded stag had swum, though wounded, to the middle of the loch. The desperate "monarch of the glen" was said to be drowning the stag-hounds, when the duke, drawing his *skean-dhu* (a dirk carried by the Highlanders in the right stocking), plunged into the loch, and gave the stag the *coup de grâce*. The antlers of this stag adorn the front door of Allt-na-guisach Lodge.

Midway down the Dhub valley is the scene of an incident still more romantic. At the foot of a beautiful waterfall, and overhung by fragrant birch-trees, a neat stone cairn marks the spot where, on 3rd October, 1870, the Marquis of Lorne proposed to Princess Louise.

Nor is this a solitary instance of royalty wooing in a Highland solitude. The Princess Royal is known to have pledged her hand to the Crown Prince of Prussia (the late lamented Emperor Frederick) in Glen Eye, Braemar. Their party was on an expedition to view the wild scenery along the Eye, of which the Colonel's Bed is perhaps the most notable feature; and it was the presentation of a sprig of white heather by the royal Teuton to the lady of his heart that led up to the all-important "question."

The Glassalt Shiel, as seen from Cairn Bannoch, presents a striking picture. Behind and on either flank this unique royal mansion is sheltered by a close plantation of larch-trees. The burn from which it gets its name rises near the summit of Lochnagar, and in the last stages of its race to Loch Muick it leaps down a wild corrie in falls of from twenty to one hundred feet. The ground in front of the shiel is open to the

loch, and from the main door a gravel walk leads through a grassy lawn to a boat pier. The Glassalt Shiel is a two-storey building with pointed roofs. Over the front door is inscribed "Victoria Regina—1868."

Is the cuckoo a royal bird? "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" was the soft good-bye wafted to us from Allt-na-guisach as we crossed Glen Muick in the morning; and now on our homeward way, as we stand in the evening on the brink of a stupendous corrie with an unpronounceable Gaelic name, gazing across the silent loch at the Glassalt, "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" is wafted to us from the wood behind the royal shiel. Farewell, rare scene! It will be gloaming in the glen ere we get home.

Next morning we are joined by two friends, a lawyer and a military man, who had posted from Ballater to take part in the ascent of Lochnagar. They explain how they have studied to put themselves in form by cutting down their tobacco to one cigar a day. Both carried whisky, but on our advice they did not drink it. Successful mountaineering—like campaigning—demands temperance.

Spangs takes great risks in the matter of Highland weather. To-day he has rejected his mackintosh. He has *faith*, he says. Mine had been shaken. There had been no mist at sunrise this morning, the sun had been suspiciously bright for three hours past, and now white clouds are rolling up from the north-east. "She'll pe show'ry, whatever!" said our landlady at parting. Half-an-hour later we are compelled to seek shelter at Allt-na-guisach from a heavy shower of rain; but at ten o'clock, in fair weather, we file up the bridle-path behind the royal cottage, cross the Guisach Burn on stepping-stones, and set our faces towards Lochnagar.

We are five now, all told. The fifth man is a Highlander, as familiar with these mountains as with his mother tongue—the Gaelic.

The path from Allt-na-guisach to the top of Lochnagar was made at the Queen's command and expense in 1849. To-day, however, we do not follow this path all the way to the mountain top. Before reaching the zig-zag known as "The Ladder," we turn off to the right, and strike along the mountain side to the cairn which marks the spot where, at an altitude of 2,500 feet, the late Prince Consort shot his last stag. This cairn bears the inscription "Albert, 18th October, 1861." Alas! within two months from that date the lamented prince died; and the fourteenth of December has ever since been regarded as a day of ill-omen in the royal house of Guelph.

From the Prince's Cairn we ascend the Meikle Pap (3,210 feet), a detached spur crowned by an interesting natural cairn. As we near the top of this conical peak, the sun, which has been scorching hot, seems suddenly to drop out of the heavens. In semi-darkness and a merciless downpour of rain, we scramble to the summit, and huddle together in lee of the cairn. The situation is, however, anything but uninteresting.

Spangs and the Highlander planned here a surprise for those of us who had not before ascended the Meikle Pap. "Come and have a look from this window," cried Spangs, pointing to a large square aperture, to which he had climbed, among the shattered rocks. We looked, and lo! a veritable Inferno. It was Lochnagar: the loch whose name is now given to the mountain. Behind the black and silent pool grim precipices ascend hundreds of feet, and in the centre of this stupendous background appears the Black Corrie (or Black Spout), gaunt and rugged, its yawning mouth at the water's edge, and its lofty brow crowned with snow of dazzling whiteness. The rain had almost ceased, and the sun shone bright atop the precipices, although the loch was still draped in gloom: a Dantesque picture, weirdly impressive.

In brilliant sunshine, and without a vestige of the recent shower, we descend from the Meikle Pap, stepping, leaping, and picking our way among splintered stones to Lochnagar side. The wild basin of Lochnagar is surrounded by rocks and precipices, except where a rough burn carries off the overflow of the loch. We cross the burn on stepping-stones near its exit from the loch, and begin again the ascent.

At last we reach the bare shoulder of the mountain, whence we make for the Cac Cairn (4,000 feet above the sea level). On that pinnacle of the wilderness we are perched half-an-hour afterwards, scanning a boundless panorama.

We dine and drink at the Poacher's Well, a sweet and limpid spring which gurgles out of the mountain's side, only about a hundred feet below the Cac. And no sooner have we finished our repast than the wind suddenly veers from west to north, and blows so cold and strong that we are compelled to run off at a brisk trot to keep our blood from freezing. A bee line is made for the top of the Black Spout, but ere we reach it we are caught in a heavy shower of hail, which nips like a cat-o'-nine-tails wherever it hits the flesh. We leap into the cup of the corrie, a drop of six feet, on the top of a wide and deep field of snow. Here we are perfectly sheltered from the biting wind, and can laugh at our past experiences while exploring the terrible throat down which the corrie sends its winter glaciers into the gloomy loch below.

After twenty minutes spent in the cup of the Black Corrie, we return to the open mountain top, to find that the wind has backed into the west, and that the sun is shining brilliantly. And we hasten to a cornice of the precipices to witness a phenomenal rainbow, which rises in two circles out of the loch beneath, its arc intersecting the woods around Balmoral Castle, seven miles away.

Our landlady was right about the weather. "She'll pe show'ry, whatever!" had already been realised; and we performed the last few miles of our retreat from Lochnagar in drenching rain. But we enjoyed our supper as only mountaineers can. We slept, too, as soundly as peg-tops, and next morning, in beautiful weather, had again tramped seven miles to see an eagle's nest before nine o'clock. Such are the bracing effects of mountaineering in the Royal Highlands.

A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING.

BY MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

"HENRY, I have something to propose to you."

Mrs. Campbell flew headlong into the library as she spoke, and stood in front of her husband's chair, with an eager expression on her face.

"Well, that is surely nothing very new," said Mr. Campbell with a resigned shrug of the shoulders.

"Oh yes, it is something *quite* new!" exclaimed his wife, missing the point of his remark. "I have just been calling on Mrs. Atherton, and she told me all about it, and said what a charming thing it was to do, and I knew it would just suit you, because you hate crowds and all that kind of thing; so I said I was sure you would approve, and I have promised to help her collect the people."

"Do you mind waiting for a moment while I collect my thoughts?" said Mr. Campbell, in a scrupulously polite tone. "You come here to propose something to me which Mrs. Atherton says is charming, and which therefore you so much wish to do that you have already given your promise without waiting to consult me. Perhaps it is hardly worth while speaking to me about it at all."

"Henry, how can you be so unkind?" cried Mrs. Campbell, the ready tears rising to her blue eyes. "You never miss a chance of saying something horrid and satirical to me. I can't think why I ever ask you anything. I shouldn't, only you are so cross if I do things without telling you."

A slight smile curved her husband's lip as she spoke.

"Perhaps if you occasionally asked my leave about things *before* you did them, you might not find me so 'horrid,'" he said. "However, this is an old discussion; suppose you enlighten me on the subject of your latest idea."

"Well, I have just told you all about it," said Mrs. Campbell with renewed eagerness, her smile lighting up her tears like the sun upon April raindrops. "And now we must make up our minds at once, because if we really go abroad on the twentieth, there is no time to lose."

"Go abroad on the twentieth!" cried Mr. Campbell, fairly startled out of his calmness; "that is just before Christmas."

"Yes, I know. That is the great point of it."

"The great point of what? I do wish you would explain yourself."

"Well, I began by telling you, only as usual you wouldn't listen. Mrs. Atherton is going abroad with a party of friends for a fortnight's climbing and general fun in the mountains, and she wants you and me to join her."

"A fortnight's general fun in the mountains!" said Mr. Campbell. "Why, we shall be frozen to death. Is that what you call fun?"

"Nonsense, Henry, the Athertons have been before, and know just how to manage. They will make all arrangements, have the hotel warmed, and everything got ready, so you need not be in the least afraid of cold."

"But there are no hotels open on the mountains at this time of year."

"Oh, no, of course not; but they will open them for twenty people."

Mr. Campbell sat up in his chair and looked steadily at his wife.

"Alice," he said, "the only sensible remark you have yet made is that I do not like crowds. Twenty people is a crowd, so there is nothing more to be said."

He leaned back again and closed his eyes, as though he had done with the subject for ever.

But Alice was not to be so easily vanquished.

"When we married," she said quietly, "you always promised to take me to see snow mountains and glaciers, and you have never done it because you said you hated 'hordes of cockney tourists,' and now, when I have found a chance of going with a little congenial party, you won't go. I always believed you were a man of your word."

She thought this would rouse him, and it succeeded.

"I am a man of my word," he said, opening his eyes again, "and I will carry out my promise, when I see a fitting opportunity; but you must allow that it is rather hard to drag me away from my work and my own fireside just at the coldest time of the year. If you are bent on going abroad now, let us go where we can have warmth and flowers."

"But it is just because you ought to be dragged away from your work that I am proposing it!" cried Alice. "You will get lots of ideas for books out there, with the people, and the scenery, and all that kind of thing; and Mrs. Atherton says there is no place in the world that gets more winter sunshine than Finsterville."

"I dare say. I know that kind of sunshine well. It is like a sword that pierces you the sharper the more it glitters. Have you any more inducements to offer?"

"I don't see why you should speak of it in that way!" said Alice, in a tone of vexation. "Anybody can go to Cannes or Hyères; but it is something to talk about if one goes to a place like this, and in

"'IF IT REALLY MAKES YOU HAPPY, DEAR, WE WILL GO.'"

another year or two it will be all the fashion, and everyone will go, and then there will be nothing in it."

"Ah! now we come to it," remarked Mr. Campbell; but as he saw the tears rising to the surface again, he changed his tone and took his wife's hand in his. "If it really makes you happy, dear, we will go," he said.

She gave him a breathless kiss and then darted away from him, clapping her hands in childlike glee.

"Oh, thank you!" she cried. "You always turn out a dear in the end, even when you are a bear to begin with. I am going off to my dressmaker at once to arrange about costumes for climbing and tobogganing."

She had her hand on the door, but her husband called her back.

"One thing I stipulate," he said; "I am not going till after Christmas."

"Very well," said Alice; "I suppose I must let you have your own way—you are such a fearful tyrant! But I must let Mrs. Atherton know to-night."

She was gone before he could add another word, and as soon as the door was shut he looked round the room with rather a rueful smile.

Books on all sides; a table with rows of drawers; a well-used writing chair, with the cushions worn into comfortable depressions.

Must he really leave them all and go out in search of perpetual snow? He gave a little shudder, and his thoughts turned back for a moment to the familiar bachelor chambers, with their shabbiness and their peace. But it was only for a moment; there was no Alice there, and Alice, with all her childish ways and her tiresome interruptions, was dearer than all the world to him.

With all her childish ways, however, Alice had a

good deal of wisdom. She took care not to intrude her plans and preparations upon her husband for fear of rousing his opposition, and found a safety-valve for her excitement in lengthy consultations with Mrs. Atherton.

It seemed to her that the time of their departure would never come, while to Mr. Campbell the days seemed to fly by with unexampled celerity. Having given his word he would not go back, but he felt very much like a martyr who sees the day of execution approaching. His only comfort was in the thought that he had secured a quiet Christmas. Mrs. Atherton's plans had been made too long beforehand for the whole party to be delayed, and therefore, since he would not give way, he and his wife were to join them a few days later, accompanied by a certain Captain Burns.

Captain Burns was an old friend, and therefore Mr. Campbell did not object to his company on the journey; but as he was also an enthusiastic climber, he did not anticipate much pleasure from his conversation. Captain Burns and Mrs. Campbell had innumerable subjects for discussion during the weary hours of the railway journey; and, meanwhile, their unfortunate companion solaced himself as well as he could with a book, and with rueful efforts to construct imaginary pictures out of the ice that crusted the window-panes. The cold seemed to become more intense with every turn of the wheels, and he thought with ever-increasing sadness of the comforts of home.

Finsterville was reached at last, and the prospect of fire and dinner inspired him with renewed hope. The drive from the station was soon over, and they alighted at the hotel. The proprietor gave them a polite welcome, but no one else appeared in the hall, nor were there any signs of dinner.

"How soon shall we have something to eat?" asked Mr. Campbell.

"Dinner will be presented in a flash of time," said the proprietor in his best English. "It will be here before Monsieur has time to wish, and as soon as the party of the mountains return."

Captain Burns gave a whistle under his breath at the last part of the sentence, but its significance was lost upon Mr. Campbell who retired cheerfully to his room to prepare for the meal.

Half-an-hour, an hour, an hour and a half passed away, and still no welcome bell summoned them to the dining-room. "I do wish you would sit down, Henry," said Mrs. Campbell rather crossly. She was lying on the couch, resting after her journey, and her husband's impatient tramp, tramp, disturbed her repose greatly.

"You wouldn't care about sitting still if you were as hungry as I am," he answered.

"Yes I should," said Alice, who felt in a thoroughly contradictory mood. "The more hungry I was, the more I should want to sit still; besides, you might have had some tea and bread and butter as I did."

"Yes, and upset my digestion for a week," said her husband.

The difference of opinion might have freshened into a stiff quarrel had not a sound of voices and footsteps been heard below. "There they are!" exclaimed Alice. "I must rush down and see them."

She gave a hasty look in the glass to see that she had not disarranged her hair, and flew downstairs, leaving her husband to follow at his leisure.

Mr. Campbell was one of those men who never feel comfortable at dinner unless they have assumed evening dress. He was a conspicuous figure, therefore, when he reached the hall, and stood watching the assembled group. Thick boots and knickerbockers were the distinguishing features of the men's attire, while the ladies in their short skirts and gaiters did not present at all an attractive appearance in his eyes. "At any rate, I can prevent Alice from wearing things like those," he said to himself, as he saw his wife darting from one to another with animated expressions of welcome.

"How are you, Campbell?" said Mr. Atherton, advancing towards him. "Glad to see you at last! We have had capital fun to-day, but we got further than we intended, and I began to think we should never get back at all. I hope we haven't kept you waiting for dinner."

"Oh, not at all!" said Mr. Campbell, with such politely veiled sarcasm that Mr. Atherton did not perceive it.

"Oh! Well, that's all right," he replied; "but we are as hungry as hunters if you are not. Ladies and gentlemen, the dinner will be on the table directly; how many of you can be ready in ten minutes?"

A general dispersion followed his words, and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were left alone.

"Oh, isn't it splendid!" exclaimed Alice enthusiastically.

Mr. Campbell made no reply, but walked towards a large map that hung in the hall, and began to examine it with apparent interest. He was afraid to trust himself to speak.

The silence did not last long, however, for the party soon began to reassemble, and when they sat down to table Mr. Campbell felt his spirits revive. There was no need for him to speak, for in the strife of tongues his voice could hardly have been heard, so he ate his dinner and listened to his neighbours.

The conversation was conducted on a simple and entirely satisfactory plan. Each person simultaneously recounted his or her adventures during the day, and no one troubled to attend to anyone but themselves. Scraps of the various narratives floated to Mr. Campbell's ear, making an interesting but somewhat confusing whole—

"We went up ever so far without stopping to take breath, and when I saw the view at the top I said to Miss Lewis——"

"There was only one sandwich left in my tin, and if that greedy wretch Atherton didn't take it! So I went——"

"And I just gave the rope another turn round my waist and clutched my stick, and thought of 'Excelsior,' and all that sort of thing, you know——"

"And poor old Mrs. Weston put her foot on a loose

stone and rolled down like a bag of potatoes. I flew after her, and grabbed her just in time——"

"And the fine lines of the poet came into my mind—

"'Here on this mountain top I stand,
And fling my earthly cares away.'"

"Fancy enduring this for three weeks!" said Mr. Campbell to himself as, dinner being ended, a move was made to the drawing-room. "It is like slow torture."

The torture was soon over on this evening, however, for even Mrs. Campbell had to own herself tired after her journey, and was glad to go to her room. But on the next morning she awoke full of life and spirits, and was only eager for the pleasure to begin.

Mr. Campbell was standing in the dining-room, talking to Captain Burns, when he saw a figure enter the room, at which he looked with manifest disapproval. "How can ladies make such objects of themselves?" he said. "I should not like to see my wife look like that!"

"But, my dear fellow——" began the captain, then suddenly pulled himself up. If Mr. Campbell did not recognise his wife he was certainly not going to enlighten him!

But as Mr. Campbell looked, his face grew dark and his eyes flashed. "Alice! What does this mean?" he said in a suppressed voice, as he went up to her.

"It only means that I am going to do what everybody else does. Come and have your breakfast, and don't look so cross. You can't make a fuss when everybody is coming into the room."

This was true so far, and Mr. Campbell sat down without making any further protest, but with a weight on his mind that kept him silent in the midst of the cheerful chatter that was being carried on. He soon discovered that tobogganing was to be the amusement of the day, and that the weaker spirits who would not join in it were being subjected to unmitigated banter.

As soon as breakfast was over the party started out, and Mr. Campbell felt bound to follow to see that his wife got into no mischief. The snowy slope was soon reached, and as he stood watching their ascent with a wonder too great for words, his thoughts were interrupted by a scornful laugh behind him.

"Absurd! Isn't it?" said Mr. Chambers, an old gentleman whom he had noticed at the dinner-table the evening before. "It will take them nearly two hours to get to the top, and then down they will come in a few minutes! Well, I suppose they like it."

He stood looking at the toiling figures with an air of contempt, and then turned towards his companion. "Come for a walk?" he said. "I am glad to have found a sensible person to talk to. My girls dragged me out here or I should never have come, you may be sure. I have seen some of your books. Not at all in my line; still, I can see you have got your wits about you."

Mr. Campbell was not in the least offended by his plain speaking, and though his new friend cared not a scrap for poetry or romance, they found enough kindred topics to pass the time very agreeably.

Half-past one brought everybody back to the hotel with grand appetites for lunch, and no sooner was it over than some of the more active spirits started out to make a second ascent. Mrs. Campbell was one of these, and her husband went out for a stroll, feeling rather solitary. As he came through the hall on his return he saw a figure in a chair by the stove, trying to get a little warmth from its uncompromising exterior. It was Eva Weston, a girl whom he had met several times in London, and he went up to speak to her. "You are not out this afternoon?" he said.

"Oh, no!" said Eva, with a shiver. "I have never felt warm since I came to this place, and I am getting colder every day, though I sit over the stoves till I make my head ache."

"Why don't you go back, then?" said Mr. Campbell, delighted to have found another companion in misfortune.

"Mother likes it," said Eva briefly; and Mr. Campbell was discreet enough to say no more.

Mrs. Weston was an active woman of forty, who looked a good deal younger, and who thought it the greatest calamity of her life that she had a daughter of twenty! She loved walking and riding and climbing; it was almost impossible to tire her, and her flow of spirits was unfailing. But there were two things that made her angry: one was the dread of a possible son-in-law, and the other was a suspicion that some of the party occasionally spoke of her as "old Mrs. Weston."

She was the kind of woman that Mr. Campbell detested, and he felt proportionately sorry for her daughter; so he sat down on the other side of the stove and tried to chase away her despondency, till they were interrupted by a hasty step, and Captain Burns stood before them, wet from head to foot.

"I have been buried in the snow," he said laughing, as he stood at a respectful distance from them, "so I was obliged to come back to change."

He was not long in making his toilette, and when he came back he drew up a chair and joined their little group, and launched off into a stream of talk, making Mr. Campbell respond, and drawing Eva out of her habitual reserve. It was a pleasant hour, but the sound of approaching feet and opening doors warned them that it must come to an end, and in another moment the excited crowd burst in upon them.

Eva wished that she could have escaped a moment sooner, and her wish was strengthened when she saw the expression of her mother's face. Mr. Campbell saw it too, and he was not surprised to notice a heavy look in Eva's eyes and a depression in her manner when she appeared at the dinner-table.

There seemed to be one or two discordant elements that evening. Nelly and Maggie Chambers were in one of their wildest moods, and greeted every remark with peals of laughter that became rather wearisome after the tenth or twelfth repetition. Mrs. Weston was in a thoroughly bad temper, and appeared to be bent on picking a quarrel with Mrs. Campbell, who was tired out, and therefore not over-agreeable.

Captain Burns made his way quietly to Eva's chair and bent down to speak to her.

"I wish you would sing something," he said in a persuasive voice.

Eva glanced timidly at her mother, but Mrs. Weston's head was turned away, and yielding to the captain's look of entreaty she went to the piano.

The faint chords were almost unheard in the noise around them, but Captain Burns rather preferred that it should be so; it made their little oasis of peace all the more secure. He fondly hoped that no one was observing them; but when the song came to an end, and he began to turn over the leaves in search of another, an unwelcome voice brought him back to reality again.

"Now, Captain Burns, you are very kind to encourage my little girl, I am sure, but you must not let her make herself conspicuous. It is nearly her bedtime, and Miss Chambers is waiting to sing to us all this time."

Eva had risen from the piano as soon as she began to speak, and now she glided back to her vacant chair, with a look of distress upon her face. Captain Burns followed her and sat down by the table, pretending to read, while the complicated discords of Nelly and Maggie's voices made havoc with one of Mendelssohn's duets.

"Where'er my footsteps wander—
Thro' woods and meadows fair,
I gaze with deep emotion
O'er hill and vale and ocean;
Greeting thee everywhere—
Greeting thee everywhere!"

"Just exactly and entirely what they *would* do!" muttered Captain Burns, and sad though Eva felt, she could not restrain a smile.

Her mother marked it and beckoned her to her side.

"You had better not sit up any longer," she said severely.

Eva knew what underlay the words, and hurried out of the room to seek refuge in solitude. A fierce light shone in the captain's eyes for a moment, but he was too wise to speak. Up to the present he had only felt a kindly interest in Eva; but Mrs. Weston was going far to defeat her own ends, and he made up his mind as he looked at her that he would do all in his power to rescue her daughter from her tyranny.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

As soon as breakfast was over the next morning, Captain Burns found an opportunity of speaking to Eva alone.

"I wish you would come with us on our expedition to-day," he said.

"I cannot," said Eva, shaking her head sorrowfully.

She did not enter into any explanations, but he answered her unspoken thoughts.

"Mr. and Mrs. Campbell are going," he said. "Will you go if they get your mother's leave?"

Eva looked up at him with a shy smile of assent, and he saw with delight that a link had been created between them. How he managed it she did not know, but she received permission from her mother to accompany the party, and having seen Mrs. Weston start off with her toboggan sledge, she gave herself up to complete enjoyment.

The day was cold but bright, and even Mr. Campbell was compelled to acknowledge that Finsterville was not composed exclusively of disagreeables; his wife was charmed at having induced him to go, and altogether the expedition promised to be delightful. The only drawback was the presence of Nelly Chambers, whom no hints or arguments would keep from joining them. Captain Burns had done his best to dissuade her, but as she had overheard his assurances to Mr. Campbell that the walk would be a perfectly easy one, she refused to believe his warnings now.

The party consisted of eight, with two guides, and they were roped together in groups of five. A guide headed each group, and Captain Burns, whose main object had been to get away from Nelly Chambers,

"'ALICE! WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?'" (*p.* 762).

found, to his disgust, that he was roped between her and Eva, while Mr. Campbell came at the end.

"I don't think this is a very good division," he said to Mr. Atherton, who with his wife, a young Oxford cousin, and Mrs. Campbell, made up the other group. "Campbell is not over-strong. We ought to have had *you* behind Miss Weston."

"Oh! it's all right," said Mr. Atherton cheerfully. "We can't undo the whole thing now, and it's quite an easy climb."

Captain Burns did not look altogether convinced; but it was not easy to say any more, especially as at that moment the guides gave a signal and they set out on their slippery path.

All went well for a time, and what with the fineness of the air and the grandeur of the scenery, no thought of fatigue entered into anybody's mind; but by-and-by the descent began, and matters were not quite so easy. The track became steeper and steeper and each step was an affair of caution.

Suddenly a scream from Nelly startled her companions.

"Oh! I shall fall! I shall fall!"

"Be silent!" said the guide sharply.

He was well used to dealing with ladies, and he knew that unless he could check her at once she might endanger the whole party.

But Nelly was too far gone. She had had no idea what she was undertaking when they started, and her head, never of the strongest, was beginning to fail.

"I cannot go a step farther!" she cried again, in piteous accents.

Captain Burns was terribly alarmed. He knew, as well as the guide did, what consequences might follow, and when he thought of Eva he ground his teeth at his own folly in allowing Mr. Campbell to be left at the end of their rope. The other group were well on ahead, and if it came to a crisis the fate of their whole party would depend on himself and the guide.

"Are you all right?" he said, turning his head.

"I am not at all afraid," said Eva, in a low but steady voice.

Then came a time that none of them cared to remember afterwards. Each step was a struggle and a danger.

The guide stood below with outstretched hand, and Captain Burns stood above, and between them they got Nelly on a few inches at a time. It was impossible to help Eva, however much she might have needed it, for the two in front were fully occupied, and Mr. Campbell had as much as he could do to keep his own footing. He felt more than ever now what he had always maintained, that it was madness for a man with an overstrained brain to put himself in positions of peril.

He felt the tension of his nerves increase moment by moment, and all he could do was to keep silence.

On and on they went by slow degrees; the way seemed interminable, and to add to their danger, darkness was drawing on. But just as hope seemed ebbing altogether away, the guide gave a shout.

"All right now," he said, and a sigh of heartfelt thankfulness went up from Captain Burns's lips.

The strain had been so great that he only realised it now that it was over. It was so dark that he could not see where they were, but the guide's words sounded like music to him.

"Where have you been?" was the general cry, as they came down to the road and found the others waiting for them; and greatly to the captain's disgust he found that Nelly was the readiest to answer. Her terrors had disappeared as soon as the descent was accomplished, and she seemed inclined to make herself out a heroine.

This was not the time to contest the point, however, for it was important to hurry on as fast as possible. Several of the party were at the last stage of fatigue, and the guides had the utmost difficulty in persuading them to go on; but at length, when all had been unroped, and refreshed as far as possible with the slight provisions at hand, they got under weigh and started off for the hotel.

Eva Weston was almost the only one whose voice was not heard in entreaties or complaints, and Captain Burns managed, in spite of all Nelly's efforts to detain him, to draw her a few paces behind.

"I am afraid you are dreadfully tired," he said.

Eva did not answer, and he saw for the first time that she was almost unable to walk; she had put such a force upon herself while the danger lasted that now it was over she was altogether unnerved.

"Don't move till I come back," he said, and almost before she had time to wonder what he was going to do, he had caught up the party in front and returned with one of the guides.

"We are going to carry you," he said in a tone that admitted of no resistance, and crossing their arms they lifted her up and began their march.

Those in front were quite unconscious of what was going on, and Captain Burns was careful to let them keep ahead; but when they reached the hotel, Eva had fallen into a kind of stupor from cold and fatigue, and he was obliged to carry her into the hall. Mrs. Weston darted forward, pouring out a volley of questions and exclamations, which were taken up on all sides, till he was thankful that Eva's ears were deaf to them.

He only waited till he saw that she was beginning to recover consciousness, and then escaped, feeling that he could stand no more.

Eva did not appear at dinner that night, but there was no lack of interest or excitement. To begin with, Mrs. Weston was thoroughly angry at the day's proceedings. She had been persuaded into letting her daughter go much against her will, for she had set her mind on keeping her out of Captain Burns's way, and sooner than let this kind of thing go on she determined to take her back to England at once.

Yet she wanted to travel back with the Campbells, for she knew by experience how many little expenses are saved when travelling with well-to-do people. She was bent, therefore, on finding out which day they

thought of going, while Mrs. Campbell was equally bent on baffling her.

Nelly Chambers was also carrying on a fierce warfare. Captain Burns revenged himself for her behaviour on the mountain by giving an account of the adventure, in which he made her appear in a most ridiculous light, while she tried in vain to stop him. Each feud attracted a certain amount of spectators, added to which Mr. Campbell must needs begin a skirmish on his own account with Mrs. Atherton.

Mrs. Atherton was one of those remarkable people who unite a strong regard for their ailments with a determination not to be left out of anything. She loved to talk of her health and to get other people to discuss it with her, and she never wrote a letter without mentioning how she was to-day and how she had been yesterday. But on the other hand she was one of the most active of beings, always to the front in every project of business or pleasure, and able to endure far more than the ordinary run of people.

Mr. Campbell listened to her complaints with a scepticism tinged with mild wonder at her inconsistencies, so that Mrs. Campbell always did her best to keep them apart. But to-night she was busily engaged with Mrs. Weston, and therefore she made no attempt to prevent her husband from taking a seat by Mrs. Atherton's sofa when they went into the drawing-room.

"CAPTAIN BURNS MANAGED TO DRAW HER A FEW PACES BEHIND" (*p.* 764).

"Are you very tired to-night?" he asked.

"Utterly spent!" said Mrs. Atherton, with a dramatic gesture. "My head has been something fearful ever since we came in, and I hardly knew how to sit up during dinner. Life is not all roses!"

Mr. Campbell was extremely tired himself, but being a man he had no desire to talk about it. He was far too done up to read or write, and drawing out Mrs. Atherton seemed just what he needed to amuse him. He hid a smile under his moustache, and went on with an air of concern.

"It must be very sad to suffer so much," he said; "but I wonder that Atherton lets you go out on long expeditions when your state of health is so precarious."

"Oh! but that is exactly what does me good," said Mrs. Atherton. "I am so thankful that George understands my peculiar temperament. He never hinders me from doing things I feel up to, and he never presses my doing things that are beyond me."

"What a convenient system of life!" said Mr. Campbell.

His tone was, perhaps, a little too sarcastic, and Mrs. Atherton resented it.

"I know you have never believed in my illness," she said. "Of course it must be difficult for you to understand it with your iron constitution."

Mr. Campbell raised his eyebrows. Living at a high pressure of brain work as he did, he probably knew far more of nervous wear and tear than Mrs. Atherton, who had nothing more than the lightest household duties to occupy her. But this was not a point that he cared to discuss, so he rose from his seat, saying with great politeness—

"You must pardon my denseness. Your words would lead me to imagine that you are at the last extremity, but your appearance entirely forbids me to believe it."

"What have you done to make Mrs. Atherton so angry?" said Mrs. Campbell that night. "She swept past me like a tragedy queen, and would not answer when I said good-night."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mr. Campbell. "I was only discussing her health with her."

"Oh! of course that explains it! I do wish you would be more considerate, Henry; it is very unkind of you to have upset her like that. We shall have no peace at all."

"There is not much chance of peace anyway," said Mr. Campbell, "so it will not matter. There is nothing but quarrelling on all sides. I heard you and Mrs. Weston hard at it this evening."

Alice was silent. Her conscience was not clear on the score of her behaviour towards Mrs. Weston, and therefore she thought it best to drop the charge against her husband: but all the same she was very vexed with him, and her vexation was increased when she found how uncomfortable things were on the next day.

Up to the present Mrs. Atherton had always sided with her in the little disturbances which are sure to occur when twenty idle people are collected under one roof; but now her ally had deserted her, and the whole party seemed falling to pieces.

Mrs. Weston had quarrelled with everybody; Nelly Chambers had been seized with a sulky fit, and would scarcely speak; Mrs. Atherton and Mrs. Campbell each looked steadily away when the other approached; and poor old Mr. Chambers sat morning, noon and night behind the barricade of the *Times*, and wished he was anywhere out of the present scene.

The next day was just as bad, and at last Mrs. Campbell could stand it no longer. To do her justice, she was always ready to own that she had been wrong, and she felt now that she would gladly do anything to restore peace. Mrs. Weston was the most aggressive member of the party, therefore she resolved to begin with her, and going up to her during the evening she volunteered the information that they thought of returning two days before the rest, and would be very pleased if she would accept their escort.

Mrs. Weston's brow lightened of half its gloom at once. She knew that she had not deserved this kindness, and ill-tempered as she was, she still had a little capacity for gratitude. Her sharp tones softened and her eagle eye relaxed, and Eva revived like a flower when the wind changes from east to west.

So far so good; but all was not done yet. It was with some trepidation that she approached the corner where Mrs. Atherton was sitting with a book in her hand.

"Annie," she said, "how much longer is this to go on?"

Mrs. Atherton glanced up with a look of surprise, but she did not speak.

"I know that Henry offended you," went on Mrs. Campbell, "but I don't see why you should visit it on everybody like this. You ought to know by this time what a dear old blunderer he is, saying all kinds of things he does not really mean."

Mrs. Atherton would not be mollified all at once, but she was really fond of her friend, and after some time a treaty of peace was entered into between them.

"Let us do something really nice to-morrow," said Alice, "and that will bring the atmosphere back to its normal state again."

"What do you say to a toboggan race?" said Mrs. Atherton.

"Delightful!" said Alice. "I will arrange it privately with one or two to-night, and then we can announce it at breakfast to-morrow."

One of those to whom Mrs. Campbell wished to break the matter in private was her husband. She knew that he would not much approve it, and since his upset with Mrs. Atherton she had not been on very comfortable terms with him. In fact, the little misunderstandings to which they had always been subject seemed to have been accentuated by this expedition till in her secret heart Alice often felt sorely dismayed.

"Henry," she said, when they were alone, "I want you to do something for me."

"What is it, my dear?"

"I want you to join in a toboggan race."

"A toboggan race? Certainly not; you know that I think it a senseless amusement, and I have not nerve enough for it either."

"Probably that is why you think it senseless," said Alice.

She was sorry for her words the moment that they had crossed her lips, but it was too late to recall them.

"Very likely," said Mr. Campbell coldly. "I am sorry to be in any way a clog upon you, but at least I do not forbid you to amuse yourself while I am wearing out my brains with working for you."

"Oh, yes, taunt me with my poverty!" cried Alice passionately. "You always used to say that you would not mind work or anything if you could only have me; but it has not taken long for you to change your opinion."

These were the kind of scenes that made Mr. Campbell miserable. He closed his lips resolutely and would not say another word; but softer thoughts came over him in the night watches, and when morning came he was ready to hold out the olive branch.

"Alice," he said, "I will go with you to-day if you like."

Alice felt both touched and pleased, but she had not recovered her temper as fully as he had done, and therefore she would not say much in return. But once downstairs she threw aside her gloom and gave herself up to the arrangements for the day. Everybody was to come, whether they joined in the race or not; even Mr. Chambers had been induced to act as referee, and in the general excitement the clouds of the previous day seemed to have dispersed entirely.

Nelly Chambers was in the wildest spirits, chattering and laughing with Horace Atherton, and driving her father to the verge of desperation. Mrs. Weston was in a beaming condition, her broad and sturdy figure in its mountaineering costume conspicuous among those of the younger and more graceful ladies.

It took a long time to get the preliminaries settled, but at last the climb was begun, and, dragging their sledges after them, the racers made their way up the slope. Mr. Campbell had very little idea what he was going to do, and though his wife had promised to keep close to him, she soon forgot all about it, and was far ahead with the more ardent climbers. When his spirit was once roused, however, he was not accustomed to stick at difficulties, and getting into his sledge he seized the guiding lines and set his teeth firmly together.

Nelly Chambers was just behind, and her excitement, as usual, had risen to fever height.

"Oh, what fun!" she exclaimed, in an ecstatic whisper; "he can't guide himself a bit, I know. Do go and give him a good push."

The young man obeyed her, too full of spirits to care for consequences, and in another moment Mr. Campbell was speeding down the slope in mad career. The sudden impetus was more than he had bargained for, and he could only hold his breath and wait for the catastrophe.

It was not far off. Horace Atherton was close behind him, and as Mr. Campbell's sledge swerved out

"HE COULD TOUCH HIS WIFE'S WET CHEEK" (*p.* 768).

of the straight course, it came in the path of its pursuer. There was a crash, a scream, a sudden collapse, and those who looked round at the noise saw nothing but a dark mass in the snow.

Mishaps were common enough, and no one thought much of the accident at first; but when Mr. Campbell was dragged out from beneath the heap his eyes were closed, his face white as death, and he lay perfectly helpless in their arms.

"He is dead!" said Mrs. Campbell, who, with a look of utter despair, had flung herself down in the snow by her husband's side.

"No, he is not dead," said Captain Burns, "but we must get him down to the hotel as quickly as possible."

With some difficulty the transit was accomplished, and Mr. Campbell at last safely placed in bed: but it was some time before a doctor could be procured, and when he came his report was not very reassuring. He could not tell the extent of the injuries at present, but at any rate it would be a long while before the patient could be moved.

Alice's heart sank as she listened. She knew how little her husband had wished to come at all, and now, by her own self-will, she had brought all this trouble upon him. It was not likely that he could ever forgive her.

There were, too, difficulties of a practical nature. The rest of the party were returning in less than a week, and the expense of having the hotel kept open would be very heavy. What was to be done she did not see, and as she was forbidden to excite her husband by talking to him, she had to keep her worries to herself.

Nelly Chambers had been dismayed by the result of her mischief, and had done her best to persuade young Atherton to keep it secret; but at this he rebelled, and, going to his cousin, made a clean breast of the affair, only leaving Nelly's name out as far as possible. Mr. Chambers, however, was pretty certain who was at the bottom of it, and having given her the severest scolding she had ever had in her life, he insisted on giving Mrs. Campbell a cheque to cover the hotel expenses. As he was a wealthy man, and could well afford it, Alice took it gratefully, but she still shrank from the thought of being left.

Mrs. Atherton was sincerely sorry for her, but she was bound to return on the day fixed, and was therefore powerless to help. Mrs. Weston, however, was differently situated. Living in a London boarding-house it did not matter much to her whether she stayed or not, and as she still wished to return with the Campbells, she thought it a good opportunity for displaying her generosity.

Alice had no particular wish for her company, but anything would be better than to be alone, so she accepted with a good grace.

She was sitting by her husband's side that afternoon when a gentle knock came at the door, and Captain Burns entered.

"I have come with a proposal," he said, when he had made a few inquiries for the patient. "Would you like me to stay till you are able to go?"

Alice gave a sigh of relief.

"Do you really mean it?" she said. "There is nothing that would help me half so much."

"Is Mrs. Weston going to stay?" asked a faint voice from the bed.

"Yes," said Alice unsuspiciously. "We shall be quite a little party after all."

"I must write some letters," said the captain, disappearing as suddenly as he had entered.

The hotel seemed very quiet and deserted when the rest of the party had taken their departure; but none of those who were left found it dull. Mrs. Weston was now entirely dependent upon Captain Burns for the expeditions that she loved, and he spared no pains to keep in her good graces. So the days wore peacefully on, till one evening he came up to Mr. Campbell's room and took his hand in a warm clasp.

"You are the best friend I ever had!" he said.

Mr. Campbell only smiled, but Alice looked up in amazement.

"I mean what I say," said the captain, in answer to her look. "If Campbell had not kindly tumbled out of his sledge, I should not have had this quiet opportunity of undermining fortresses and breaking down defences."

"I don't understand you," said Alice, whose thoughts had been so entirely centred on her husband that she had seen nothing of what was going on.

"Well, you will soon find out," said the captain, laughing as he beat his retreat.

"I am very glad," said Mr. Campbell, when they were left alone. "Eva is thoroughly worthy of him, and it is evident that he knows how to manage his mother-in-law."

There was no answer, and he saw, to his surprise, that Alice had slipped down on her knees by the bed and hidden her face on the pillow.

"My dear child, what is the matter?" he said.

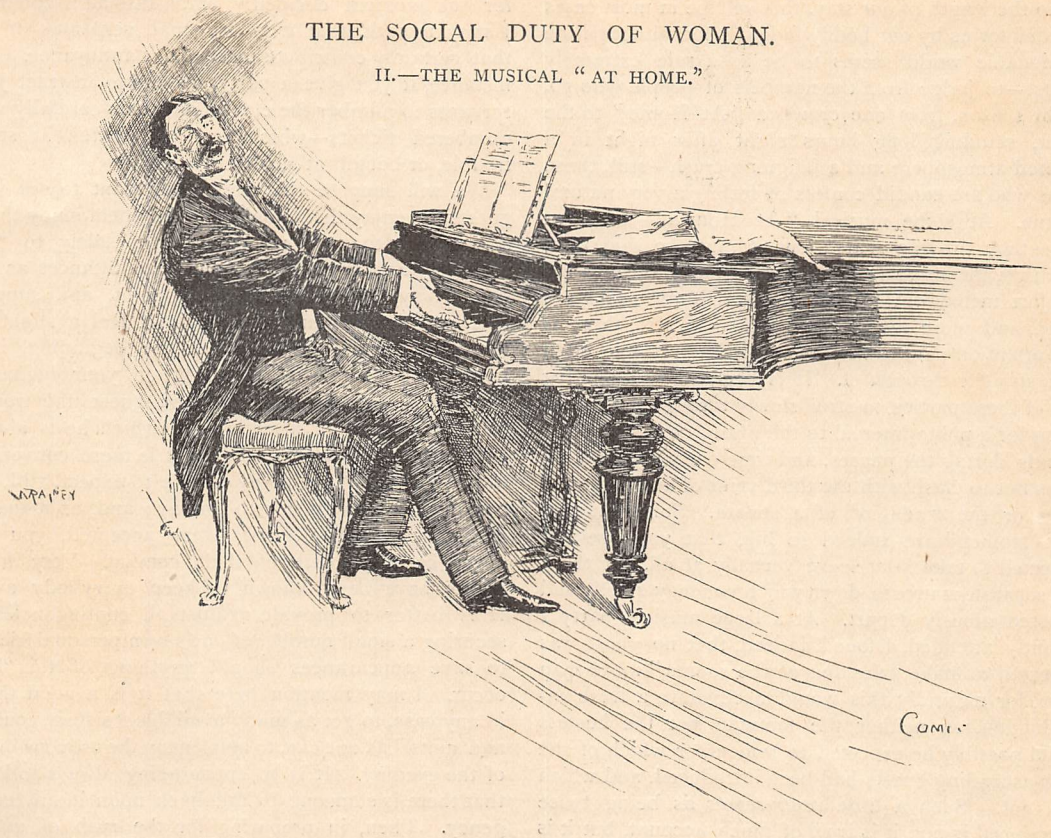
"Oh, Henry, I've been trying to tell you all day!" she said, in a voice that was choked with sobs; "and now that horrid man talks as though it happened on purpose to make things right for him and Eva. The doctor told me this morning that you will always be lame. He says that the best London surgeons could not hinder it. Oh! my dear, dear boy, what shall I do? It is really all my fault, I know, and even if I love you all I can all my life, I can never make up to you for it."

Mr. Campbell was silent. It was not easy for him—it would not have been for any man—to take such news without an inward struggle. But having conquered his rebellious thoughts he turned himself on the pillow, so that he could touch his wife's wet cheek with his hand.

"My darling," he said tenderly, "don't grieve about it any more. This is going to be the greatest blessing of our lives! It has had one good result already, you see, and if it helps me to win the heart I have loved so long, I for one shall never regret our mountain holiday!"

THE SOCIAL DUTY OF WOMAN.

II.—THE MUSICAL "AT HOME."



LET us begin at the beginning. When can musical "At Homes" be said to begin? At the time when you are asked, the unsophisticated would say. This sounds simple, but then in some cases you are not asked for any time at all, and the results of such ambiguity may be exceedingly awkward. Here is the card I received a short time back:

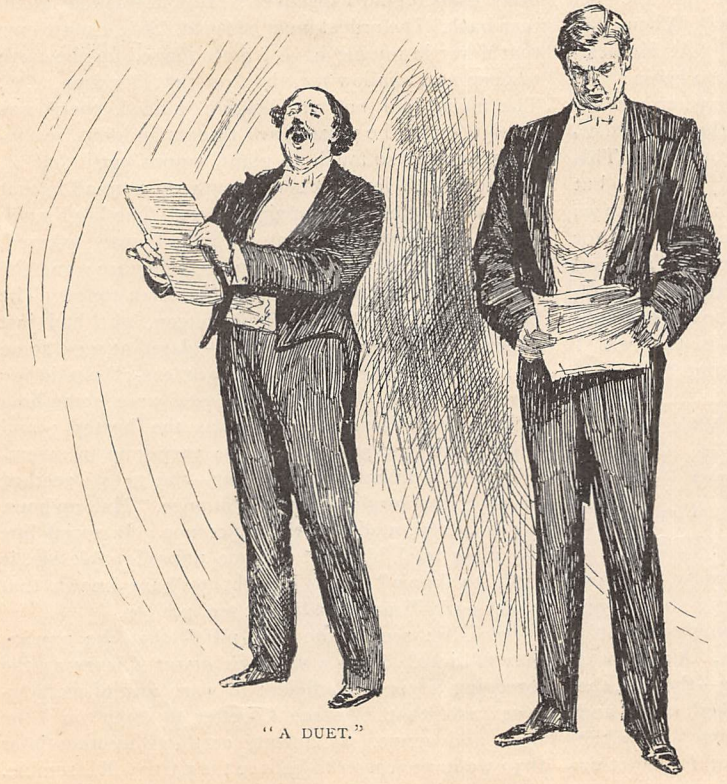
> LADY XXX
> *At Home,*
> JUNE 10th.
> *Music.* *Very early.*

"Very early" had caused me some anxiety. I knew that fashionable people kept late hours; still, in my innocence, I thought "very early" might possibly mean about 10 o'clock or a quarter-past. Alas! I was undeceived. On my arrival, everything—the hall, the liveried footman, the cloak-room—looked chilly and desolate; there was a general air of being "before the play." And my heart sank into my shoes, for as yet no other cloak could I discover! But it was too late to turn back. The ordeal must be faced. Still, I must own that never in my life have I more longed for the earth to open and swallow me, than on that occasion. . . The music had not yet begun; indeed, there was no sign yet of the musicians; three mandolins, resembling nothing so much as giant lemons cut in halves, and tied with long ribbon streamers, were all in that line that greeted my despairing eyes. The big French double drawing-room, into which I was ushered, seemed to me as large as Trafalgar Square; and the footman shouted my name in stentorian tones. The house-party—numbering about fifteen, who had just finished their after-dinner coffee—glared at me; some of them used those terrible straight eye-glasses in my direction. But though the guests were something lacking in politeness, not so was the hostess; and "the party," after all, was not so very long in assembling. The mandolins struck up—the guests seemed to come in a surging crowd, all at once. Half an hour, I discovered, made all the difference. In social life, the most fatal blunder, the one unpardonable sin, is "not to know"; and I ought to have known that "very early" meant half-past ten, not ten.

Here, we see, is the first pitfall that the unwary may fall into. Such a *mauvais quart d'heure* as the foregoing is surely sufficient to warn any of us, however rash, that it is much better to "put on" the time, and arrive, say, twenty or thirty minutes later than we have reason to believe the party will assemble.

As to the length of our stay, this will be in most cases decided for us by our bodily fatigue; for, although the fashionable world seems to be as a rule extremely robust—to judge from the numbers of people who go, in the season, from one crowded "At Home" to the other, standing long hours night after night in a vitiated atmosphere and a fatiguing crush—still, those of us who are candid confess to feeling a very natural fatigue. At some musical "At Homes"—alas, not all!—they provide seats; but it must be said that, as a rule, the more fashionable the party, the less the comfort meted out to the guests. Fewer seats are given, and more meagre refreshments: also, there is less attention paid to the music; indeed, people often talk straight through it. It is best, when attending one of these parties, to stroll slowly through the rooms, listen for a polite interval to the music, chat with one's friends during the pauses, and time one's leave-taking so as not to clash with the third verse of a sentimental song or the "adagio" of a sonata. Some musical "At Homes" are indeed so big, that you are not expected to take your leave verbally at all, but there is a separate staircase, down which you may quietly and unostentatiously depart. At a large musical party I recently attended, I found, indeed, that no guest was expected to make "the tour of the rooms" more than once, for naturally this would necessitate a fresh introduction, as neither the footman nor the hostess could possibly be expected to remember which of the ever-ascending guests had been introduced, and which had not. Such a little *contretemps* as being twice introduced is not, it is true, of much account, but it is for the moment decidedly embarrassing; and here I may remark, that it is the small vexations of life that certainly contribute most to our annoyance. For instance, if you give a party, be sure to instruct your servants to number the cloaks and hats carefully with numbered tickets—which can be written at small trouble, or bought at small cost.

We will suppose that you really want to see your guests, to enjoy them, and to make them enjoy themselves; and that your object is not solely to "get through" as long a list of your acquaintances as you can. Nay, we will stretch a point, and suppose that you know them by sight, and feel a slight interest in them. To begin at the beginning, it is better not to put R. S. V. P. on your invitation cards. To spare your intended guest the trouble of answering is an attention for which he is always grateful; and though no doubt it is more convenient to know exactly how many people to expect, still, you can always provide for the many; and, as a matter of fact, even when guests *have* accepted, you can never be quite sure of their coming. Very foggy nights have been known to keep everybody away. It is better to provide against all contingencies by securing a small number of one's own personal friends, to save appearances should anything of this kind occur. I may mention here that it is a good thing, in any case, to get as many available "sisters, cousins, and aunts" as one can, to help one in the arduous duties of the evening. It is so encouraging always to know that there is someone to fall back upon in any emergency. Then, in preparing for the rush of guests, you might leave a little furniture in your rooms, instead of turning your house out of doors, as though you were preparing to receive the occupants of the Augean stables. It always looks more comfortable to see a few armchairs and sofas scattered about. And do not give your guests either too little or too much to eat, but strike the happy mean. People do not go to a party, like children to a school feast, having starved previously for a week. If in the afternoon, tea, coffee, ices will be all-sufficient; if in the evening, the visitor, who has presumably dined, will certainly not require a big sit-down supper, but soups, sweets, and other light refreshments.



"A DUET."

Afternoon parties, it is hardly necessary to remark, usually take place from four to seven; evening parties, as a rule, last from ten to one. Of these the evening parties are distinctly the more popular form of entertainment. Busy professional men, to whom an afternoon free would be an impossibility, can generally get away in the evening; and as the majority of men are busy, the afternoon "At Home"

consists often of bevies of ladies, among whom men are "few and far between." At a musical party last year, I remember the arrival of one such solitary man. He was abashed to find himself alone among thirty ladies, and did not dare, apparently, to advance much beyond the door, where he took up a mildly apologetic attitude. And very often I have been amused to see several young men arrive at once, as if they had been waiting about outside, to gain confidence from numbers.

As to the musicians, of course it is always nice to have available friends, if their music be at all tolerable; but should you have recourse to professionals, have the best if you can afford them; if not, then the best you can. If your guests are many of them young and frivolous, do not overdo the classical music. People do not like to be bored, and their weaknesses must be indulged. So have your songs "up to date" as much as possible—but a *little* real music will not hurt—and a sentimental ditty of Tosti's, a piano-piece of Grieg, or, more especially, a nocturne of Chopin, will always give delight. If you get a comic singer, be careful to get one who will be "in keeping" with his audience. There is a vast difference in audiences. Some will be amused at what will irretrievably shock others. And, a last word of warning, should you decide on having recitations, see that your reciter be equal to the occasion. It has been our lot to see—and to pity—most painful exhibitions of incompetency in this line; generally, it must be confessed, in friendly amateurs. With regard to the paying of professional artists' fees, that is not such a difficult matter as some people imagine, who go through great mental agonies on that account. All those ladies and gentlemen who give their services to musical parties have their stipulated fees, and the whole matter is easily arranged by letter.

Finally, when you have secured your musicians, and the evening has fairly begun, do not seize upon your guest and nail him or her to listen *malgré soi*, but let them all do as they like. They will not listen any the better for being obliged to listen against their will. The music is there for the guests, not the guests for the music; therefore, do not enslave them. Their good feeling should make them know how to listen and be quiet; and, at any rate, it is not your business to teach them. For the "lady of the house" to go about saying "Hush" and gesticulating wildly at the beginning of each fresh song, has a painful, if not a ludicrous effect.

Let your guests, then, wander about at will, and do not oblige them to stay in the music-room. Introduce

"SERIOUS."

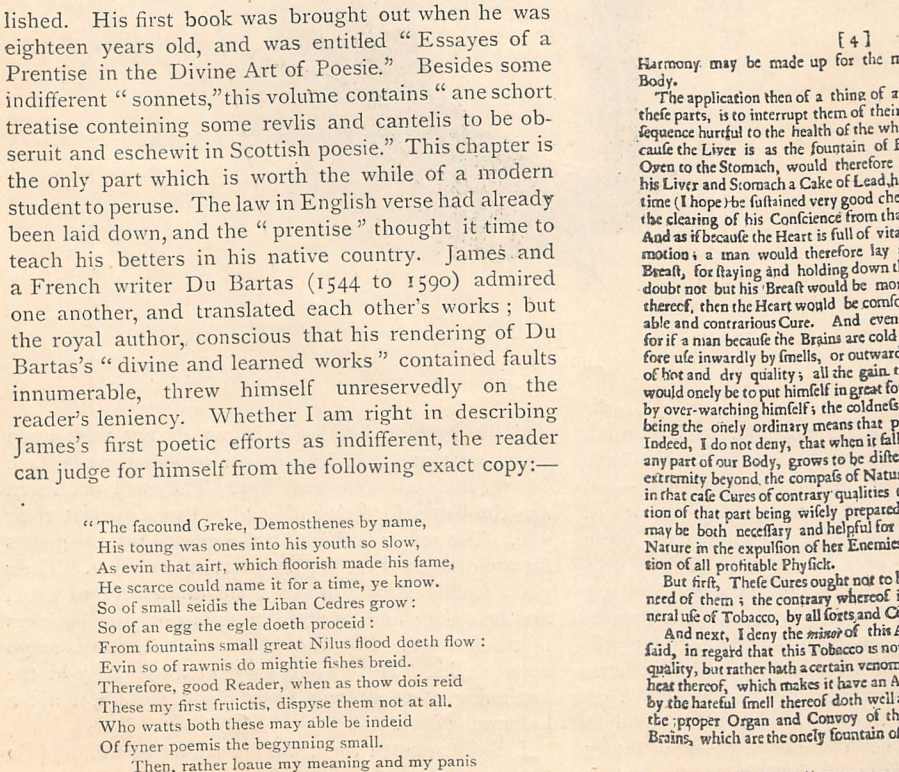
your guests at convenient intervals to one another, and when the opportunity occurs; never mind if it is "the thing" to do or not. I may remark in this connection that it is as well to be thoughtful in the selection of one's guests, and not to invite people to meet each other whom you happen to know do not assimilate. And, finally, do not ask more people than your house will hold. It is best, indeed, to ask more than you can conveniently entertain: more, say, than you have chairs for; because you may be quite certain that all will not come. Then, again—but I do not mean to lay down any hard-and-fast rules. There are many roads to success; and there are more ways than one of making a musical party pleasant. Tact and thoughtfulness for others are, after all, the chief desiderata. With them you can do much; without them, nothing. If you have really had kindly feelings towards everyone, and have wished not so much to "swagger" as to make your friends happy; if you have worked not so much in the aim of "enlarging your acquaintance" as in that of keeping those friends you already have; if, thanks to your endeavours, things have gone smoothly, comfortably, and without hitches, you may, when the last carriage has driven away from the door, betake yourself to a well-earned rest, with a proud consciousness of having successfully accomplished a thoroughly enjoyable "Musical At Home."

ENGLISH MONARCHS AS AUTHORS.—III.

EVER English monarch were afflicted with *cacoëthes scribendi* it was that pitiful king, James I., the undignified pedant whom flatterers called "The British Solomon" to his face, and laughed at behind his back. Most of James's works were printed before he succeeded Elizabeth, and were then republished. His first book was brought out when he was eighteen years old, and was entitled "Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie." Besides some indifferent "sonnets," this volume contains "ane schort treatise conteining some revlis and cantelis to be obseruit and eschewit in Scottish poesie." This chapter is the only part which is worth the while of a modern student to peruse. The law in English verse had already been laid down, and the "prentise" thought it time to teach his betters in his native country. James and a French writer Du Bartas (1544 to 1590) admired one another, and translated each other's works; but the royal author, conscious that his rendering of Du Bartas's "divine and learned works" contained faults innumerable, threw himself unreservedly on the reader's leniency. Whether I am right in describing James's first poetic efforts as indifferent, the reader can judge for himself from the following exact copy:—

"The facound Greke, Demosthenes by name,
His toung was ones into his youth so slow,
As evin that airt, which floorish made his fame,
He scarce could name it for a time, ye know.
So of small seidis the Liban Cedres grow:
So of an egg the egle doeth proceid:
From fountains small great Nilus flood doeth flow:
Evin so of rawnis do mightie fishes breid.
Therefore, good Reader, when as thow dois reid
These my first fruictis, dispyse them not at all.
Who watts both these may able be indeid
Of fyner poemis the begynning small.
Then, rather loaue my meaning and my panis
Than lak my dull ingyne and blunted branis."

James's next book was "Exercises at Vacant Hours," published in 1591, of which I need only say that the author in a preface to a later edition declared that he had "composed these things in my verie young and tender yeares: wherein nature (except shee were a monster) can admit of no perfection." And now when he is wiser and could do better he has no time: "yea, scarslie but at stollen moments haue I the leasure to blenk vpon any paper, and yet not that with free and vnvexed spirit." Who excuses



[4]

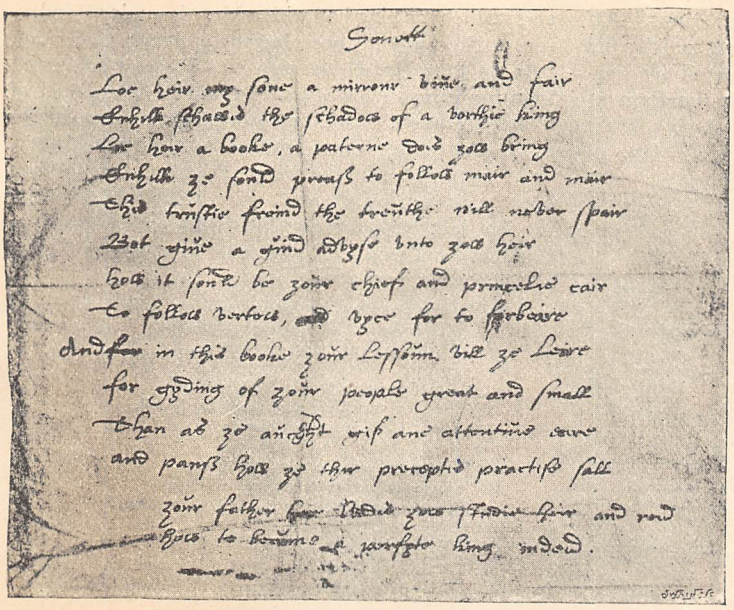
Harmony may be made up for the maintenance of the whole Body.

The application then of a thing of a contrary nature to any of these parts, is to interrupt them of their due function, and by consequence hurtful to the health of the whole Body; as if a man, because the Liver is as the fountain of Bloud, and, as it were, an Oven to the Stomach, would therefore apply and wear close upon his Liver and Stomach a Cake of Lead, he might within a very short time (I hope) be sustained very good cheap at an Ordinary, besides the clearing of his Conscience from that deadly sin of Gluttony: And as if because the Heart is full of vital Spirits, and in perpetual motion; a man would therefore lay a heavy pound stone on his Breast, for staying and holding down that wanton Palpitation; I doubt not but his Breast would be more bruised with the weight thereof, then the Heart would be comforted with such a disagreeable and contrarious Cure. And even so is it with the Brains; for if a man because the Brains are cold and humide, would therefore use inwardly by smells, or outwardly by application, things of hot and dry quality; all the gain that he could make thereof, would onely be to put himself in great forwardness for running mad, by over-watching himself; the coldness and moisture of our Brains being the onely ordinary means that procure our Sleep and Rest. Indeed, I do not deny, that when it falls out that any of these, or any part of our Body, grows to be distempered, and to tend to an extremity beyond the compass of Natures temperate mixture, that in that case Cures of contrary qualities to the Intemperate inclination of that part being wisely prepared, and discreetly ministred, may be both necessary and helpful for strengthening and assisting Nature in the expulsion of her Enemies; for this is the true definition of all profitable Physick.

But first, These Cures ought not to be used, but where there is need of them; the contrary whereof is daily practiced in this general use of Tobacco, by all sorts and Complexions of people.

And next, I deny the *minor* of this Argument, as I have already said, in regard that this Tobacco is not simply of a dry and hot quality, but rather hath a certain venomous faculty joyned with the heat thereof, which makes it have an Antipathy against Nature, as by the hateful smell thereof doth well appear; for the Nose being the proper Organ and Convoy of the sence of smelling to the Brains, which are the onely fountain of that sence, doth ever serve us

A PAGE FROM THE "COUNTERBLASTE TO TOBACCO."



BASILICON DORON.
(*Facsimile of King James I.'s Dedication to his Son Prince Henry.*)

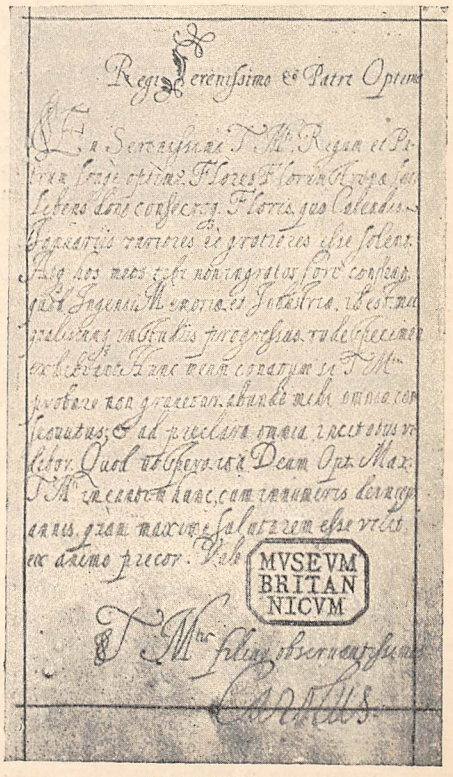
himself accuses himself. Another publication of King James's was "Demonologie," in the form of a dialogue, divided into three books. In the prosecution of Agnes Wilson for witchcraft, the art had been gone into with a thoroughness that would do credit to a modern Royal Commission. From the material thus provided the king wrote his volume. It was a clear case of bookmaking, and James had the good sense to confess that the treatise was not composed in any wise to serve for a show of learning and ingenuity, but with the object of resolving the doubting hearts of many as to the assaults of Satan. The king's most famous book, however, was his "Counterblaste to Tobacco." With characteristic force of invective, James argued against the use of the "stinking drug" on medical and moral grounds. He objected to tobacco as "a branche of the sinne of drunkennesse, which is the roote of all sinnes," tending to injure its patrons in body and estate. Smoking, he said, made men effeminate and extravagant, since "some of the gentry bestow three, some foure hundred pounds a yeere upon this precious stinke"; and he summed it up as—

> "A custome lothsome to the eye, hatefull to the Nose, harmefull to the braine, dangerous to the Lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, neerest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomelesse."

The king suited his action to his words by imposing a duty of 6s. 10d. per pound on the fragrant weed imported into this country. A capable critic has declared that the king lost as much reputation by the "Demonologie" and the "Counterblaste," as he had gained by his "Basilicon Doron." This last was a volume of excellent advice, written by "the wisest foole in Christendome" for the benefit of Henry, Prince of Wales, whose early death must always be lamented. For he was a youth of extraordinary promise; and had he lived, the destinies of the House of Stuart must have been very different. "Basilicon Doron" obtained the warm commendation of such master-minds as Camden, Bacon, Locke, and Hume. The best verse that King James ever wrote was addressed to his son, and runs as follows—

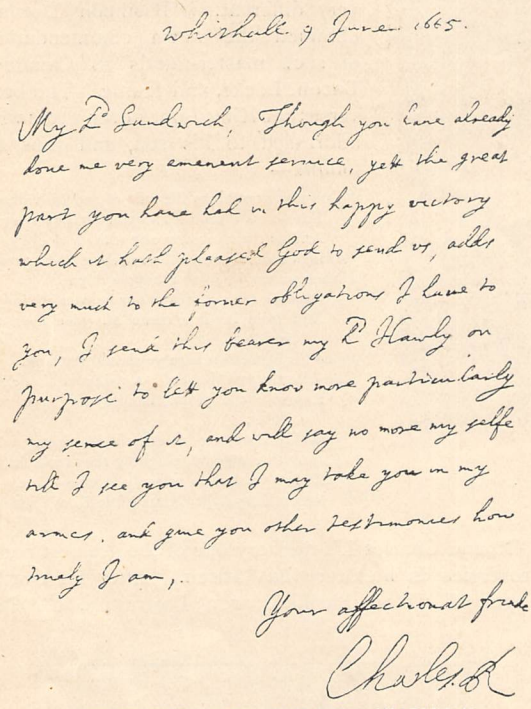
"God gives not kings the stile of gods in vaine,
For on his throne his scepter do they swey:
And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So kings should feare and serve their God againe.
If then ye would enjoy a happie reigne,
Observe the statutes of our heavenly King;
And from his law make all your laws to spring;
Since his lieutenant here ye should remaine.
Rewarde the just, be stedfast, true and plaine;
Represse the proud, maintayning aye the right;
Walke always so, as even in *his* sight,
Who guards the godly, plaguing the prophane.
And so ye shall in princely vertues shine,
Resembling right your mightie King divine."

Round Charles I.'s memory one of the greatest controversies in literature has arisen. After his death appeared "Icon Basiliké, or a Portraiture of His



FLORUM FLORES.
(*Dedication Page in the Handwriting of Prince Charles, afterwards King Charles I.*)

Sacred Majesty in his Solitude and Sufferings." Of this book nearly 50,000 copies had been sold by the middle of last century. Milton was ordered by Parliament to write a reply—which took the form of "Iconoclastes." This word means "the image breaker": Icon Basiliké means "the kingly image." One of



AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM KING CHARLES II.

the great poet's points was that one of the prayers was plagiarised from Sidney's "Arcadia"; but, as a matter of fact, the prayers do not appear in the first edition. After the Restoration, one, Dr. Gauden, laid claim to the authorship, and convinced most people on the subject. He was made Bishop first of Exeter, and then of Worcester for his pains, and was buried in Worcester Cathedral, where, in his effigy's hand, is a copy of the book in question. But seventy years ago Bishop Christopher Wordsworth issued a work entitled "Who wrote 'Eikon Basiliké'?" in which he defended "the princely pelican," as Charles's enemies had dubbed him. And evidence has accumulated to show that Dr. Gauden did not write "The Kingly Image"; but whether the king did or not, is one of those questions which it is not likely will ever be answered. Mr. Edward Scott, of the British Museum, has drawn attention to apophthegms in the king's copy of Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," that are of the same quality as the wise saws in "Icon Basiliké," and Mr. Scott roundly asserts that the latter book "bears on every page the peculiar stamp of Charles's mind and habit of force." "Icon Basiliké" is a book of which no author need be ashamed. It insists strongly on the divine right of kings, and yet is written in a humble, dignified, and pious vein.

Voluminous correspondence of King Charles with his Ministers has been preserved, as well as a controversy which the king had with a Mr. Alexander Henderson, of Newcastle, concerning the prelacy. Clarendon tells us that Mr. Henderson was thereby converted from the error of his ways, and, sad to relate, died of a broken heart. Charles also perpetrated poetry—some interesting verses entitled "Majesty in Misery, or an Imploration to the King of Kings," said to have been preserved by Burnet, and written by his majesty in the last year of his life while a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle. I give the following lines as specimens—

"Nature and law, by thy divine decree
(The only root of righteous royaltie)
With this dim diadem invested me.

"The fiercest furies that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my grey discrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

"Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
Revenge and robbery are reformation,
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

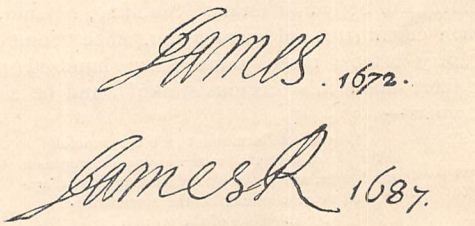
"My loyal subjects who in this bad season
Attend me (by the law of God and reason),
They dare impeach, and punish for high treason."

Charles's State papers are well written, and his prayers betray a genuine spirit of devotion, but these are not literature. His sister—Princess Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania—possessed literary facility; but neither can her verse come within the limits of these papers. I pass, therefore, to

King Charles II., of whom the witty dissolute Rochester wrote—

"Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

The king when shown this mock epitaph cleverly retorted that his discourse was his own, but his actions were his Ministers'. The title of Charles II. to rank among the royal authors is very slender indeed. Although Dryden wrote of his majesty that "the most learn'd with shame confess, His knowledge more, his reading only less," the only specimen of his literary ability is preserved in a love ditty—as indifferent in quality as it is doubtful



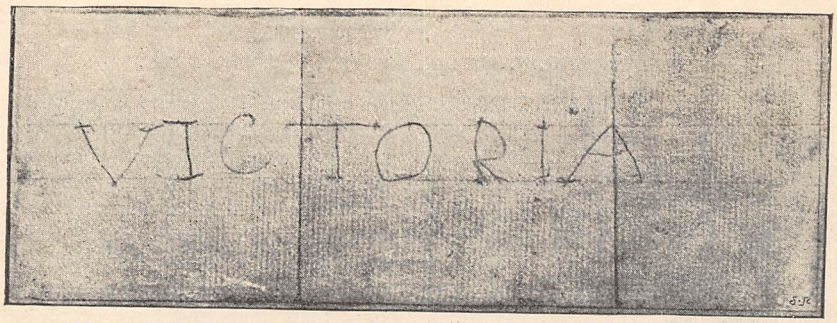
AUTOGRAPHS OF KING JAMES II.

in origin. The piece was reproduced by Walpole. The king, addressing his Philis, harps on the old theme of the ups and downs of true love, confessing alternately—

"O, then, 'tis I think there's no hell
Like loving too well."

And

"O, then, 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleasures of love."



AUTOGRAPH SIGNATURE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AT THE AGE OF FOUR.

Some industrious bookmaker compiled a volume from James II.'s official reports while Duke of York, and this king has also placed on record his "sufferings," one of which was having to rise at seven o'clock in the morning. Nothing could be expected of the four Georges in English literature—the kings whose faithful portraits have been sketched for all time by Thackeray. Frederick, Prince of Wales, George II.'s son, might have qualified for a place among royal authors had he lived. As it is, he only left behind a poor French *chanson*. Queen Caroline, George IV.'s unfortunate wife, provoked a great deal of writing about her cause. Her "Memories," however, were the ingenious romancings of Captain Thomas Ashe.

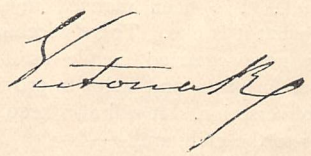
It is only fair to refer to the collection which George III. gave to the nation, and to his invaluable library, which cost him £130,000, and was "presented" by George IV. to the British Museum (being known as "the King's library") for a due consideration.

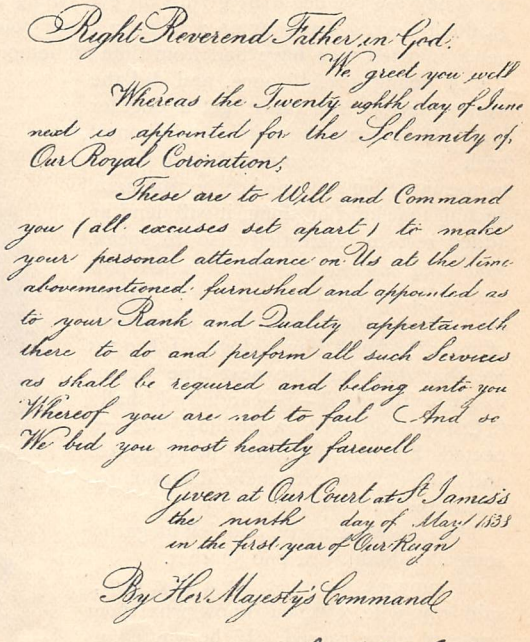
By the process of exhaustion I come at last to Queen Victoria. In 1868 her Majesty published her Highland journal, edited by Sir Arthur Helps. The book, which everyone probably knows, is an unpretentious record of the Queen's tours, such as any amiable girl might write. Among the chief factors in the Queen's popularity are the glimpses she has afforded her subjects into her domestic life and homely joys and sorrows. Twelve years ago "More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands" appeared, dedicated to John Brown, her Majesty's faithful bodyservant, who had just died. The royal author prefaced her second volume with these words—

"Remembering the feeling with which that little book was received, the writer thinks that the present volume may equally evoke sympathy; as, while describing a very altered life, it shows how her sad and suffering heart was soothed and cheered by the excursions and incidents it recounts, as well as by the simple mountaineers from whom she learnt many a lesson of resignation and faith in the pure air and quiet of the beautiful Highlands."

"More Leaves" are equally unpretending—the simple records of "the never-to-be-forgotten days spent with him who made the writer's life bright and happy." The greater part of the proceeds of these books was devoted to the establishment of bursaries in schools in the Balmoral district, and also for students at the University of Aberdeen — an interesting fact not generally known. As author Queen Victoria has increased the force of the claims to reverence which as Tennyson wrote, close—

"In her as mother, wife, and queen."



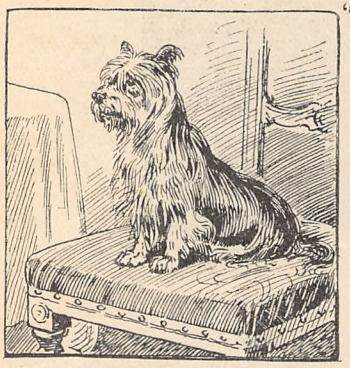


Right Reverend Father in God.
We greet you well
Whereas the Twenty eighth day of June
next is appointed for the Solemnity of
Our Royal Coronation;
These are to Will and Command
you (all excuses set apart) to make
your personal attendance on Us at the time
abovementioned furnished and appointed as
to your Rank and Duality appertaineth
there to do and perform all such Services
as shall be required and belong unto you
Whereof you are not to fail And so
We bid you most heartily farewell
Given at Our Court at St. James's
the ninth day of May 1838
in the first year of Our Reign
By Her Majesty's Command
Norfolk E.M.
To
Samuel
Lord Bishop of Lichfield

SUMMONS TO ATTEND THE QUEEN'S CORONATION, COUNTERSIGNED BY HER MAJESTY.

"FUZZLES": THE STORY OF A PUPPY.

BY G. B. BURGIN, AUTHOR OF "HIS LORDSHIP," ETC.



"WHAT you want," said the family friend, as he looked round our pretty little rooms with that supremely aggravating air of toleration which the family friend always considers he is privileged to assume — "what you want is a dog, just to take off the loneliness, as it were, of being all by yourselves."

My wife interrupted the family friend.

"Why, we have been married only a month, uncle, and," indignantly, "we are *not* lonely."

"Ah yes, my dear," replied our avuncular relative, "that's all very well. I've been married myself—twice—and I know what it is like. There's nothing so useful to a young newly-married couple as a dog which tones with the furniture and helps to provide a common topic of conversation. It will also keep your husband from going to the club, and——"

"He's given up his club."

"Don't interrupt me, my dear. He'll go back to it. They always begin by giving up everything and gradually going back again: it is a way young, newly-married men have had from time immemorial. I was young myself once, and did the same thing. You must get a dog for him. If he hears the watch-dog's honest bark baying a deep-mouthed welcome to the intrusive grocer's boy or milkman, and all that kind of thing, it will lend an added zest to domesticity, so to speak. You take my advice" (he frowned portentously, as much as to say: "If you fail to do so, then never more be legatees of mine"), "and buy a dog. If I don't see that dog here the next time I come to stay with you, I—I—candidly I shall" ("Cut you off with a shilling," we expected him to add, but he hesitated and didn't) "be extremely disappointed—extremely!"

Then he went away, and left us gazing somewhat blankly at one another.

"I suppose we must get a dog, dear," said my wife. "You know what your uncle is when roused. If he wanted us to keep a tame megatherium or an ornithorhynchus on the back lawn, we should have to do it."

"But, my dear girl, how am I to exercise the little beast? I come home tired, I want to write stories; the time not occupied in writing stories I devote to you. And then there'll be this little brute yapping aloud for exercise. Just fancy how pleasant it will be, when I'm comfortably settled down in my armchair, if you remind me that I must rise and go for miles through suburban Hornsey, leading the dog with a string or allowing him to lead me. I shall be taken for a blind man, and have people offer me coppers. Uncle Peter's a pompous, purple old——"

A pretty hand was laid on my lips.

"Your Uncle Peter has been very kind to us, dear; and I should rather like having a little dog here when you are away all day."

Of course that ended the discussion. The matter presented itself to me in a new light. To please my wife, I would have bought a Newfoundland or a St. Bernard already fitted up with life-saving appliances, and ready for action. There must be some poor wretched dog at the Battersea Home who would be glad to make my acquaintance, or, at least, would tolerate me for a few hours every evening.

I decided to go to Battersea the next day and buy something canine. Ten shillings, I believe, is the usual price charged there, utterly irrespective of weight, moral character, or antecedents. I bought

"I TOOK THE BALL, AND P—— HURRIEDLY EFFACED HIMSELF" (*p.* 777).

two dogs in rapid succession, but the cold weather was against them, and they developed every possible complaint except hydrophobia. They had to be sent back to Battersea, and the officials there seemed to think that those dogs would soon get over their troubles and end life's pilgrimage in a comfortably painless manner. Just as I was preparing to start for Battersea the third time (I lived there on and off for about a week, and began to be looked upon as a sporting character by all the guards on the Metropolitan Extension) in came my friend P——, the editor of a well-known illustrated paper. P—— carried an animated bundle of something under his arm. It looked like a small door-mat, but one end of it waggled, and from the other end shone out two intensely black eyes, filled with dancing light. P—— proudly

"HE DEVELOPED A ROOTED ANTIPATHY TO CATS" (*p.* 778).

deposited his bundle on the carpet; it sat up on the waggling end, two silky ears erected themselves in a perkily inquisitive manner, and I saw that my visitor was a puppy of about four months old.

"Affection's offering," P—— said proudly. "We couldn't come to the wedding, as we were away at the time, so cast about for one of our most precious possessions to give you. I've brought it along."

He pointed to the puppy, which suddenly became very grave, as if it realised that the matter was now assuming a more personal complexion.

"What's that?" I asked. "'Tisn't a dog? You—eh—really haven't the audacity to call *that* a dog! It's more like Berlin wool-work than anything else."

"Did you think it was a giraffe?" P—— answered, somewhat testily. "It is a very valuable pedigree, prick-eared, Skye terrier pup, with many good points."

I picked up the soft, silky bundle.

"Why, he hasn't a point about him. He's as soft and round as a ball of silk."

"We call him 'George Augustus Sala,'" said P—— "because he always wears a white waistcoat;" and he pointed to the puppy's white breast. "I never knew any other pup of the breed have a white waistcoat: it is unique—never been done before. This pup is something exceptional. We think he has a future before him."

"Will it want washing?—the waistcoat, I mean?"

"Occasionally. Now, would you mind playing with him? It diverts his attention." P—— handed me an indiarubber ball. "Just throw it carelessly about, as if you were doing it merely to oblige him, until I can get out of the office without his knowing it. My wife is crying at home."

"Crying! What for?"

"Because she can't bear to part with him. He has been a great deal to us. But we have his mother, and cannot keep more than one dog. They gnaw the furniture, and then we have to get fresh things, which becomes expensive. If you throw the ball into that corner and smile, I will bolt while he waddles after it."

I took the ball, and P—— hurriedly effaced himself. "George Augustus" attracted a good deal of attention that evening in the train. Before I reached Hornsey, he was on friendly terms with all the people in the carriage, particularly one old lady, whose bonnet-strings he affectionately chewed for the greater part of the journey. She kissed him at parting, and gave me her card.

"If the dear little fellow should ever want a home," she said, "write to me, and I will come for him, even if it should be in the middle of the night."

I promised I would do so, smuggled "George Augustus" under my coat, and, when I reached home, hurriedly placed him on my wife's lap, where he lay, looking up into her face with his wonderful eyes—eyes soft and sweet, yet full of quaint, owlish solemnity. "I'm here," they seemed to say. "Now, what have you to say about it?"

I must confess to feeling rather a jealous pang as my wife hugged that puppy, and he cordially responded by licking her nose. After her rapture had subsided a little, "What are we to call him?" she asked.

"His name is 'George Augustus Sala.'"

"Then it must be changed," returned my wife, with prompt decision. "A little wee baby thing like this shall not be called such a long name. Shall it, 'Fuzzy-wuzzy'?"

"You've hit upon it at once. Don't you remember Kipling's

"'"'Ere's to you, Fuzzy-wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air?'

"HIS HEAD WAS HELD OVER A JUG OF BOILING WATER."

He does look more like a miniature hayrick than anything else."

"Fuzzy-wuzzy," however, soon degenerated into "Fuzzles." Unsympathising friends who noticed his appetite said that it ought to be "Guzzles"; but this we resented, and it soon came to be an understood thing that no remarks of a disparaging nature were to be made about our puppy. For three months he was a constant joy to us. It was absurd to call "Fuzzles" a mere animal, for he had all the intelligence of a self-willed child, varied with lovable fits, during the continuance of which we felt that so saintly a dog could not live long. At breakfast and dinner he sat on a chair by my wife's side, and was allowed to have bits of bread at the conclusion of the repast. For some time he would control his impatience and sit silent, but as we neared the end of the meal he began to give short sharp barks, and then look round with an unconscious air, as if they had proceeded from some other animal altogether. Soon he developed a rooted antipathy to cats, and was never happier than within a foot of an old Tom's tail as it disappeared through our garden palings. But at length there came a day when even cats could not rouse "Fuzzles." He lay about listlessly, with no appetite, and indisposed to move.

"Don't you think I ought to give him some beef-tea?" asked my wife.

And we gave him beef-tea accordingly, although it bored him very much.

This went on for a fortnight. "Fuzzles" crawled about as if he could scarcely drag one paw after the other. Suddenly he recovered his former spirits, and became more winning than ever. A fortnight later he began to shiver, decline to touch food, and get as thin as the proverbial herring. At last my wife carried him off to a veterinary college, and asked what was the matter with "Fuzzles."

"We can't take him in here," said the doctor, "as you don't subscribe to the institution. However, if you will call on my friend Dr. H——, he will look after your puppy. It's a very bad case of pneumonia and distemper."

My wife took a cab and drove to Dr. H——'s. Dr. H—— was not at home, but she left "Fuzzles" in charge of a domestic, and sorrowfully came home.

The next morning we received a telegram: "Please fetch puppy, or will fret himself to death. Will attend him at your house."

We immediately posted off to fetch "Fuzzles," who greeted us with momentary rapture, then nestled into my wife's arms, and shut his suffering eyes. We took him home, and made him a flannel jacket, through which his stumpy little legs were always working in unexpected places. He had beef-tea every two hours, a powerful tonic every four. His head was also held over a jug of boiling water four times a day. After the second experiment with the boiling water, "Fuzzles" gave up struggling against it.

"Very well," he seemed to say, as I lifted him up on the kitchen table, "if you like to parboil me alive, you can do so. It doesn't make much difference. Give me some more minced steak afterwards; that's the only thing I really like. But I wish you'd let me

"LAY DOWN HALF-WAY WITH A FEEBLE WAG OF HIS TAIL" (*p.* 779).

alone. I've such a lot of things to think over—this jacket, among others, and that fiend in spectacles who's always jabbing spoons down my throat."

This went on for ten days. At last it became evident to me that "Fuzzles" was beloved of the gods, who meant to call him hence. On the evening before his death, directly I knocked at the door, there was a shambling sound in the passage, and "Fuzzles," a wraith in white flannel, crawled slowly along the hall towards the front door, but lay down half-way with a feeble wag of his tail. I picked him up, and carried the poor little wasted thing back to the kitchen, where Eliza, the maid, wept over him without concealment.

"He's been in to say good-bye to missis, sir," she said. "Twice this afternoon he's crawled into the droring-room and laid his head up against her dress, just looking solemn-like, and not saying nothing. He's a-goin' fast, sir. You mark my words. He's a-goin' fast!"

The next morning "Fuzzles" had a fit, and the doctor sent for a chemist with instructions to bring and administer poison. "Fuzzles" took the poison languidly, rolled over on his side with slowly-glazing baby eyes, gave one sigh, and was no more. When I returned in the evening, I found Eliza sitting in the kitchen, her apron over her head, and "Fuzzles'" customary corner vacant. My wife was on the verge of tears. Someone knocked at the front door, and we both started nervously.

"It's the boy come to take 'Fuzzles' away," said my wife, clutching my arm.

We heard the boy's heavy lumbering steps go slowly down the passage. Presently he came blundering back. Then he knocked the box against the wall and half-dropped poor "Fuzzles," but recovered himself with an effort.

"It sounds like a coffin being taken away," said my wife.

The boy's footsteps receded across the hall, he noisily slammed to the door, we heard the front gate open, his footsteps grew fainter and fainter, and Eliza came in with her best black bonnet on.

"What's the matter, Eliza?" I asked.

Eliza checked a fresh outburst with difficulty.

"It ain't right not to see 'im buried, sir. Won't you and missis come too?"

We all crept after the boy at a respectful distance until he entered the field which he had selected for "Fuzzles'" last resting-place. From behind an ancient oak we watched the interment with mingled emotions. At length the boy patted down the sod with his spade, and went away blithely whistling. Then Eliza, my wife, and I crept homeward through the shadows, feeling almost as if we had lost a little child.

A CHAT WITH LADY HALLÉ.

BY THE BARONESS VON ZEDLITZ.

LADY HALLÉ.
(Photo Fratelli, Vianelli, Venice.)

VIOLIN playing has, during the last century, attained a high degree of real excellence in England, although, we regret to say, not particularly through the instrumentality of English executants. On the contrary, England has produced but few solo violin players of eminence, and violin virtuosity has, as a rule, been most ably represented in this country by foreigners.

Although we may not claim her as our own, by reason of her alien birth and extraction, we are proud to know that the subject of this word-sketch, Lady Hallé, has settled down on British soil, and has chosen her home in our very midst.

Her inherent genius, coupled with early and strict training, undoubtedly has contributed much to the shining success with which, since the date of her earliest musical reminiscences, she has displayed and perfected the brilliant gifts bestowed upon her by Queen Nature.

The power of really pure interpretation on the violin has not been bestowed upon many women, and Lady Hallé may be said with truth to have been the first girl-artist who had the pluck to stand by her inclinations, and who refused to allow herself to be disheartened by outward considerations not consistent with her inborn principles and predilections with regard to her executive art.

At the tender age of seven her wonderful powers began to assert themselves, but—she tells me—they had to be exercised almost by stratagem.

When I had the pleasure of a chat with Lady Hallé some days ago at her charming home, she was kind enough to give me some interesting details concerning her eventful career.

"My parents didn't want me to play the violin," said Lady Hallé, after we had fallen out of the ordinary routine of small talk, "but my brother Victor, who was then preparing to study with my father, inspired me with the notion that there was more to be

got out of his child-violin—a mere toy, without much feeling or tone—than he seemed able to draw forth with his bow.

"It absolutely fascinated me so that I had no rest until I had handled it myself.

"In those days there was rather a strong prejudice against violin-playing among our sex; it was not considered a graceful accomplishment nor a womanly one, but I found it impossible to crush the desire within me to draw the bow across the strings of my brother's violin; so I lay in watch for the moment when he would go out, and then stole to his room in order to shut myself up and indulge in the sweet notes of the instrument.

"Forbidden fruit, indeed, and therefore all the more luscious to taste!

"To begin quite at the commencement of my career, however, I should tell you that I was born in Brünn, Moravia, my birthday being the 21st of March, 1840. My father held the position of organist and Capellmeister at the Cathedral of that town, and the Neruda family dates back, musically, to the seventeenth century. The earliest musician of our name was Jakob Neruda, who died in 1732.

"His sons were also musicians, and when they died the sons of the younger offspring of Jakob Neruda, called Baptiste Georg, left two sons behind him, both of whom became chamber-musicians at the Court of Dresden. The elder of these brothers was the grandfather of my father.

"It was necessary to go back a little in the history of our family in order to show you that there was a very excellent *raison d'être* for my early musical proclivities.

"It became evident to my parents that a career lay before me, although they were quite averse to my taking to the violin. They wanted me to play the piano; but as a child I hated the idea. Matters continued in this wise for some time, I always secretly increasing my power over the instrument, without informing my parents of the progress I had made, until one day by accident my father heard the strains of music emerging from my brother's room, and, overjoyed at the progress he believed his little son to have made, he rushed upstairs and *discovered his mistake!*"

"What happened then, Lady Hallé?" I asked, becoming keenly interested in the turn of events.

"Well," she replied, after a pause, "my father was very much disappointed and pleased at the same time. I feared that the discovery would lead to a strict prohibition on the part of my parents of my ever touching a violin again.

"But I was overjoyed when my father took me in his arms, his eyes moist with tears, showing me that his artistic nature (for he was every inch a musician) had experienced pleasurable appreciation at the surprise that came upon him, in spite of my brother's backwardness; and from that day forth my father devoted his spare time to the development of my talent.

"Yes, my first laurels were earned at an absurdly early age, and this circumstance, like the origination of my career, occurred, so to speak, by accident. I was practising one day with my father as usual, for we were very industrious and ardent in our devotions to music, when Professor Jansa rushed in unexpectedly to see my father on some matter concerning a concert which he was arranging. This incident occurred in Vienna. On hearing me play Jansa—I can see his face before me now—appeared to be electrified, and almost beside himself with joy. Nothing would do but I must play at his concert, which suggestion was at first pooh-poohed by my father, but then taken seriously into consideration after the continuously urgent entreaties pressed upon him by Jansa.

LADY HALLÉ.
(*From a drawing by Lady Lindsay.*)

"I think I was the least preoccupied member of the trio, for the importance of facing an audience at that age was a thing unknown to me.

"I played at Jansa's concert and achieved a phenomenal success at my first appearance on the platform; I believe that, *entre autres*, I ventured upon a sonata of Bach, which elicited a veritable deluge of applause. After that Jansa became my master."

"Who were your subsequent teachers, Lady Hallé?"

"I have never studied under any others than my father and Jansa.

"I thoroughly disapprove of the system of changing schools so prevalent just now. One master only should develop and train the flexible, impressionable growth of interpretation, so that the young shoots in the form of impressions may not wander adrift and lose themselves in the ocean of infinity. Is it not better to adopt one particular manner of expression

and express one's self well than to try several methods and interpret these indifferently?

"We each have sympathies and special affinities which we should endeavour to portray with our own individuality.

"It is a thousand pities that beginners are sometimes placed under the direction of mediocre teachers. It is suggested that they will not require a good master until their talent is more advanced, and then, when they have wasted years of fruitless labour, and have acquired much that is deteriorating to their technique and style, they find themselves placed under a first-class tutor, who will not tolerate their faults—by this time deeply rooted—and who, in dealing peremptorily with badly-acquired habits, often crushes an intelligence which might have blossomed into something better than good.

"Genius should be dexterously trained from youth upwards, or it loses much of its inborn strength.

"The violin is, next to the voice, the most powerful exponent of musical feeling, and requires to be dealt with poetically, simply, and yet characteristically.

"The player during his period of experiment should try to adopt a style in unison with the nature and idealism of his instrument if he desires to obtain brilliant and beautiful effects. These last named can only be ensured by entirely abandoning one's self to the devotional study of one's art, for nothing is more painful than a crude, erring technique or a want of feeling and refinement in the production of musical sounds on this particularly subtle instrument.

"On the other hand, there is nothing more divine, nay heavenly, than the nobility and grandeur of a perfect interpreter of the literature of the violin—heavenly indeed, for we can trace its religious influence back to the year 1650, in which we find that the clergy, once having discovered the artistic capabilities of the violin, were not slow to introduce it to the services of the Church.

"The violin," continued my hostess, "is generally acknowledged to be the most popular and useful of all portable musical instruments; besides, is it not the principal one figuring in a stringed orchestra?"

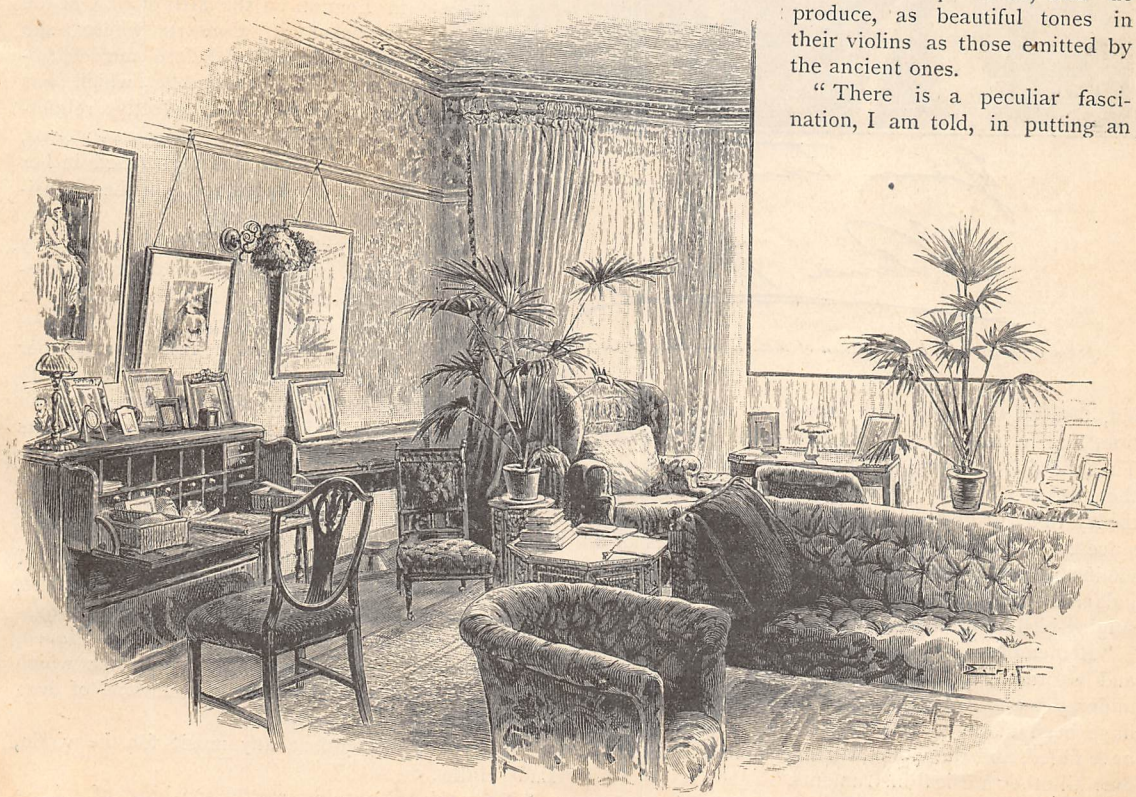
"One question, Lady Hallé. Do you consider violin playing a facile accomplishment?"

"Yes; certainly. There is none that can be so easily mastered, if the learner sets about his task in the right way; for the fiddle exercises a subtle charm over the mind—a charm which furnishes much good suggestion for conceiving and executing the ideal of the composer."

"Do you agree with the theory of an old fiddle being better than a new one?"

"A violin can only be well made to begin with, and one must not always judge the instrument by its outward appearance. Some of the old Cremona violins have been overrated by reason of the beauty of their ornate designs; but there is every reason to believe that the more modern master-makers have produced, and do produce, as beautiful tones in their violins as those emitted by the ancient ones.

"There is a peculiar fascination, I am told, in putting an



LADY HALLÉ'S BOUDOIR.

Yours truly
Wilma Hallé

(From a photograph, by permission of Messrs. Eglinton & Co., Limited)

old, disused violin through a course of rehabilitation, and in reawakening its old musical capacities. Thus the violin enjoys a sort of mysterious immortality, the effect of which is augmented by the often erroneous theory that no good makers of violins have existed since the Cremona days. The main excellences of a violin are purely mechanical; therefore let it not be judged by its outward appearance any more than a singing-bird be praised for its fine feathers.

"Remember the violin is quite three centuries old, and is practically the only instrument that has not undergone any radical change. Many futile attempts have been made to improve it, but all experiments have failed, and the violin will ever maintain its sway over all other musical instruments."

"Do you know to whom is attributed the invention of the violin in the first instance?" I inquired later.

"It is commonly supposed," said Lady Hallé, "that a man of the name of Diuffoprugcar, born at Bologna, was the originator, and I am told that there exist three genuine violins of his making, dating back as far as 1520; but I believe that the authenticity of any date in a violin before 1520 is questionable."

"Which of the ancient makers, in your opinion, are most productive of perfection in tone qualities?"

"There you ask me a difficult question. I love my Stradivarius, and for *me* there exists not a violin to surpass it in the exquisite delicacy of its intonation. But we have it on the best authorities—to whose superior power I bow in submission—that for sweetness of tone and beauty of design the brothers Antonius and Hieronymus Amati are even now hard to beat."

After the Jansa concert Lady Hallé's (then Wilhelmine Neruda) career formed itself, and the little artist threw her heart and soul into her studies. We hear that in 1849 the gifted child made her first appearance in London on the 11th of June at the Philharmonic Concert, where she made her *début* before our warm-hearted English public, which has never forgotten her effective rendering of one of De Beriot's concertos, and ever since has recognised in her one of the most accomplished musicians of the century.

"By this time," continued Lady Hallé, while alluding to her subsequent studies, "I had travelled a great deal, having visited Leipzig, Berlin, Breslau, Hamburg, and other German cities, where I am bound to say I met with friends who have remained so all my life, and advisers and just critics at whose hearts lay the interest of my future, and who counselled me for the best in all my undertakings."

"In what year did you first visit Paris?" I asked then.

"In 1864," was Lady Hallé's answer, "where I played at the Pasdeloup concerts, at the Conservatoire, and elsewhere. Here, too, I met with remarkable ovations and enthusiasm from the music-loving French, who have ever since accorded me a welcome which could hardly fail to surpass the expectations of even the most fastidious of artists."

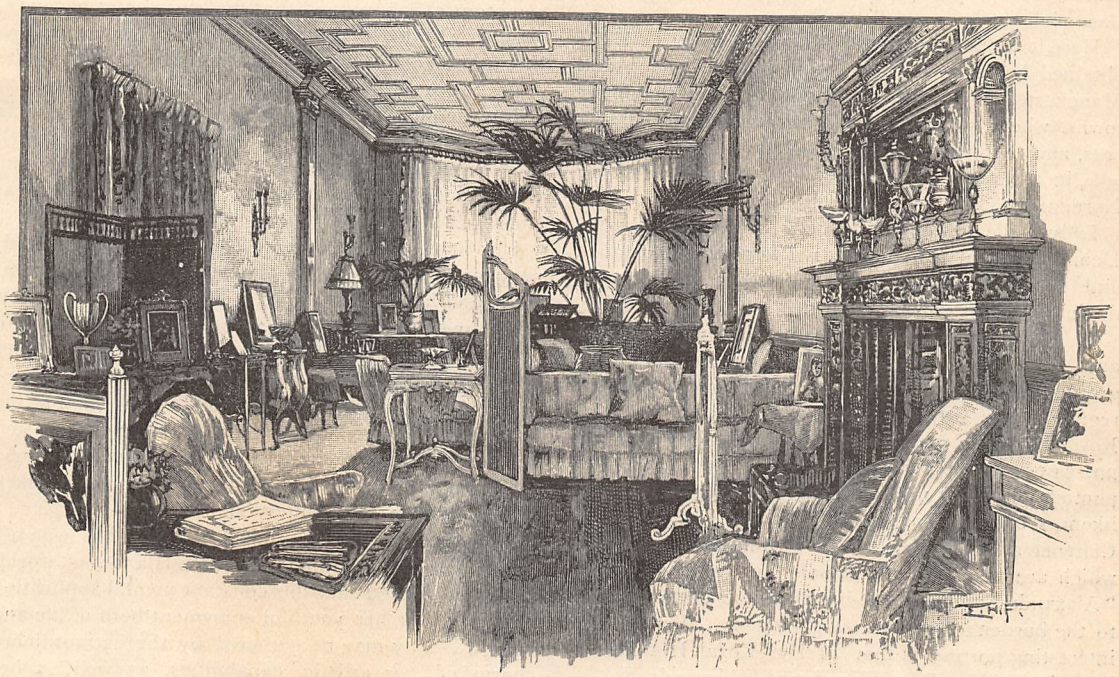
"Did you ever compose any music for the violin, Lady Hallé?"

"No, at least nothing worth speaking of. As a

girl I may have indulged in one or two musical fancies, but as a rule I preferred other compositions to my own."

"And who are your favourite composers?"

"What a question to ask!" exclaimed Lady Hallé with warmth. "For an empire I could not specify any special favourites. *I love all music.* From Bach and Mozart to Chaminade there is such a wealth of great and noble works, each is so beautiful of its kind, that it would be difficult to specify anything individually.



LADY HALLÉ'S DRAWING-ROOM AND MUSIC-ROOM.

"When I play Brahms I am enraptured; then comes the passion and grandeur of Wagner; after that, I am bewitched by the beautiful simplicity of Bach or the wild impetuosity of Chopin; and thus each in his turn makes of me a most devoted slave."

"Will you show me your violin?" I begged, ere I took my leave, and Lady Hallé then proceeded to display a very costly Stradivarius which, she informed me, was the joint gift of Lord Dudley and the Duke of Edinburgh.

"How curious it is," I remarked, while examining the deft mechanism, "that such a simple-looking instrument should possess such a wealth of melody and charm!"

"Yes, indeed," was Lady Hallé's reply; "but, as I said before, it is not so easy to make it sing. That which is worth speaking is worth repeating; but it is hard to give the violin sympathetic speech unless the words you wish it to utter are the echo of your heart's own sentiments.

"How earnestly I would wish to impress upon all young girls that violin-playing is not an accomplishment quickly acquired; it demands a life of earnest study and undivided attention. I think I may say that, beautiful as this particular branch of music is, I would rather hear one who plays really well than ten who interpret indifferently."

To revert to the continuance of her career Mademoiselle Neruda entered into matrimony with a Swedish musician, Ludwig Norman, while she was in Paris. Her husband, however, died shortly after their marriage, and the distinguished violinist has since then been known in musical circles under the name of Norman Neruda.

In 1869 Madame Neruda visited England again and played at the Philharmonic Society on the 17th of May. At this stage of her career she was no longer the infant prodigy who had promised to become "somebody"; she had outstripped the years of infantine celebrity, and appeared before a critical audience in the zenith of her musical powers.

The fragile-looking child-artist had developed into a handsome, well-built woman whose brilliancy of talent and charm of execution electrified all those who heard her.

Joachim's opinion, expressed about her to Sir Charles Hallé, many years ago, was a very correct one, although (with his usual grace) he could not help praising a fellow artist without undervaluing his own unimpeachable talent.

This is what he said of her:—

"I recommend to your attention this young lady. Mark my word, when people shall have heard her play, they will not think so much of me."

And the public did, and does think very much of her, although they do not think any the less of Joachim

on that account; *his* name is encircled by an aureole of fame which no lapse of time can dim.

At the Philharmonic Society M. Vieuxtemps had occasion to hear Madame Neruda, and was so deeply interested by the perfection of maturity into which the promise of childhood's genius had ripened that he endeavoured to persuade her to remain in London until the winter, and, in the end, she was induced to take the lead of the string quartet in the Monday Popular Concerts before Christmas, and at once assumed her proper place in the front rank of first-class violinists.

Here it is appropriate to mention that Sir C. Hallé obtained her services for his recitals in London and Manchester, and that she appeared in many provincial towns, where she met with equal and undaunted success, and that Sir Charles Hallé, having lost his first wife in the early days of wedlock, married Madame Neruda in 1888.

Lady Hallé has given concerts in Russia, Prussia, Denmark, Great Britain, etc., not forgetting Australia, and has received many testimonials and orders of distinction from crowned heads.

In her reception rooms I espied innumerable gifts and souvenirs, some photographic, others autographic, testifying to the esteem with which she is regarded by the Royal family, and especially by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, of whom she possesses many portraits, all of which are signed. One photograph struck me particularly as being an excellent likeness of His Royal Highness the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale, taken with his mother, under which are inscribed the simple but touching words, "Alexandra, and my first-born," which seem to point to the burden of a distressing memory. Yet another interesting portrait is that of Her Royal Highness in her robes of Mus.Doc., also signed "Alexandra."

And now I would venture to speak of the personality of this brilliant artist, and to add a few words in humble criticism of her executive talent. Lady Hallé possesses an unerring sense of artistic propriety and technical perfection, therefore the strongest feelings of form and sound are displayed in her fine renderings of no matter what composer. Pathos, dignity, and gracefulness are her chief means of expressing herself, while often she displays a fire of passionate emotion which tells us that the artist's heart and soul are devoted to her art.

The left-hand technique shows how capable she is of executing all difficulties without displaying any symptom of labour, and that the systematic perseverance with which she has applied herself to her studies has borne good fruits, of which the universal public is the happy recipient.

Her manner, which is gentle and courteous, has much refinement about it, and when roused to speak upon matters that interest her she becomes eloquent, while her looks imply that she seriously means what she says.

Her house and surroundings show her artistic fondness for rich warm colours and harmonious decorations, and her desire to have around her the counterfeit presentments of all her *confrères* in the musical world.

In Australia, when Lady Hallé, accompanied by her husband, Sir C. Hallé, gave a brilliant series of concerts, she was received with much favour, and at the conclusion of their visit to Melbourne, which lasted six weeks, a huge floral lyre was presented to her by the members of the Victorian orchestra as a token of their esteem and admiration.

That Lady Hallé has studied hard and has won her laurels through legitimate diligence is a fact of world-wide renown, and that this constant mental application has not spoilt her youthful enjoyment both of life and natural beauty may be gathered by the extraordinary charm of her artistic capabilities, as well as her amiability and cordiality as a hostess and friend.

BORROWED PLUMES.

BY JOHN K. LEYS, AUTHOR OF "THE LINDSAYS," ETC.

I.

"SO you think it will do, Alec?" said the little woman while her glance travelled from the canvas before her up to her husband's face and back again.

Alec Dering, caressing his chin with one hand, nodded twice or thrice—slowly, gravely, and approvingly.

"Yes, Annie, I think it will do very nicely. There are several faults in it, to be sure; yet there is true feeling in it, and careful workmanship. I should not be a bit surprised if it were accepted."

A flush of pleasure overspread Mrs. Dering's piquant little face; and she threw at her husband a look in which gratitude was mingled with admiration.

"I shall be so awfully glad if it is accepted," she said, with a little sigh.

Dering did not like to hear the sigh. It pained him to think that his wife should be so anxious about her work, for he well knew that it was not the mere personal love of succeeding, nor even her love of art, which was at the root of her anxiety. She wished to be able to do something to keep the wolf from the door. The fierce creature was lying in wait outside, as Dering very well knew.

Often, lying awake in the night, he could hear the

creature snarling, and he trembled to think what was to become of him, and his wife, and the two little ones in their cots at the other side of the room.

Four years before he and Annie Clavering had become engaged. Annie had a few hundreds of her

"'SO YOU THINK IT WILL DO?'" (*p.* 784).

own, and he himself was earning a fair sum by making drawings for a series of book illustrations. They had enough to tide them over the first year or two; and so, in spite of various head-shakings and forebodings on the part of friends and relations, they got married.

But for some mysterious reason Dering's pictures did not sell even as well as they had done in his bachelor days. They were, to tell the truth, too hasty and sketchy. The composition was often feeble, and though the drawing was usually correct, they had no trace of power. Besides, the market was not what it had been. Very, very little of Annie's money yet remained—not nearly enough to pay the outstanding debts—and unless some windfall should come to them soon, the outlook was black indeed.

Dering had three pictures ready to go before the Hanging Committee of the Academy. Two were allegorical paintings, and one was a landscape. The young pair had gone on their wedding journey to the Scotch Highlands, and had then taken a number of sketches, which they were now utilising.

Alec's third picture was derived from one of these. He had named it simply "Scene in the Highlands," and he hoped for great things from it. It was in the "broad" style which is now fashionable, and was not lacking in merit, but it was crude and coarse.

Such as it was, Dering regarded it with much favour.

"I shall not let it go under a hundred," he said to himself, as he put in one or two finishing touches.

"What are you going to call your picture?" he asked his wife.

"I haven't thought about it—some general title, I suppose.—But I say, Alec, isn't it sad to think that if I really do succeed in selling my poor little picture, I shall never, never see it again? It seems unnatural: almost like selling one's child. Don't you think so?"

"My dear, wait till you get an offer for it before you begin to grieve about that," said her husband drily.

Then, feeling that his remark was a little unfeeling, he added—

"But what price am I to take for it if I do hear of an offer being made?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Alec," said Mrs. Dering, with intense anxiety depicted on her small features. "Do you think ten pounds would be too much? It seems a great deal of money."

Dering laughed as he answered—

"Oh, I suppose it's worth that, if it's worth anything at all. I've made up my mind not to let my Highland picture go for less than a hundred," he added, after a pause.

"Isn't that a high price, Alec?" said his wife. "But I'm sure your picture is worth all that, and more. Of course, in my case it is quite different."

The four pictures were sent in, and two were selected for exhibition, the two allegorical paintings being rejected. On the whole, Dering was disappointed. He had expected that at least two of his three would be accepted; and his disappointment was not cured by the reflection that the pretty little trifle (as he mentally called it) which his wife had produced had found favour in the eyes of the Committee. But the great question was, Would his picture sell? He needed the money dreadfully. Yet he would not give the Secretary permission to sell it for a lower sum than £100. As for his wife's picture, he asked twenty guineas, hinting that a smaller sum might be accepted.

One morning, about a month after the opening of the Exhibition, Dering received a note from the Secretary of the Academy, asking him to call. This put both him and his wife into a flutter of excitement.

"Well, Mr. Dering," said the Secretary, when the artist entered his room, "I congratulate you. Both your pictures are sold."

Dering could hardly speak.

"I got your own price for them," went on the official. "A hundred pounds for one, twenty guineas for the other. I have got the cheques."

"Who is the purchaser?"

"One was bought by an American; I forget his name; but the hundred pounds one was purchased by the Duke of Birmingham. Really, I congratulate you. I dare say it won't be the last of your pictures his grace will wish to possess. Good-morning."

Dering was trembling from head to foot with pure

joy. At last he had found one to appreciate his work! And what a patron! The duke's approbation was in itself worth a fortune, for he was a well-known judge of painting; and, as the Secretary to the Academy had said, the duke would probably buy more of his pictures. The future was assured. With one fortunate stroke that gaunt beast which had haunted the poor painter's dreams so long had been driven far away. For the first time for years Dering tasted the sweetness of freedom—freedom from the burden of care.

As he walked along Piccadilly he was forced to stop and gaze into a shop window, without seeing anything it contained, being conscious that the expression in his face was making people look at him in a curious way. He longed to get away somewhere, to be alone; and yet he felt too much excited to be content with his own company.

"Well, Dering, congratulate you, my boy!" cried someone behind him.

He turned, and saw two artist friends of his, and with them a man whom he knew by sight as the art critic of the *Morning Sun*. This person—a Mr. Jevons—was introduced to Dering, who recognised very well that this was another stroke of luck.

"You saw the paragraph in last night's *Studio*, I suppose?" said one of the artists to Dering.

"No, I didn't. What does it say?"

"Oh, you must get a copy, cut the par. out, and read it every morning before breakfast. It mentions the sale of your picture, and states as a fact that you are the rising man of the day. It seems that the Duke of Birmingham has been lauding your work to the skies. I say, you fellows, it's too early for lunch; but we ought to rejoice together over Dering's good luck. What say you?"

The proposal was carried by acclamation; and the four men strolled along to the "Criterion," that Dering's friends might worthily celebrate his success.

Pride and vanity are not commonly united in the same individual. When they are so conjoined the result is disastrous. Very often the vanity which appears on the surface is, after all, hardly more than skin-deep. When a man is too proud to show his vanity, it is a thousand times more dangerous. And Alexander Dering was a proud man—far too proud to let the world know what his opinion of his talents and his work really was. He therefore got all the credit of modesty; but he regarded his success as being merely the tardy recognition by the world of qualities and powers which he had all along known he possessed. As soon, therefore, as the first transport of delight was over, he settled down to a tranquil indulgence of his all-absorbing egotism. He accepted all that his friends said, and all they prophesied, as no more than his due. Already he was planning a new house he meant to build at Hampstead, and settling in his mind the outlines of a tour in Italy. He was roused from his reverie by something that Jevons was saying.

"What struck me about that landscape as soon as I saw it was its perfection of tone. The gleam of colour put just in the right place, and the suggestion of a sun shining clearly somewhere beyond the hills lightened it up, too, and prevented the picture, which is really conceived in the minor key, from being gloomy or, on the other hand, merely melancholy."

At another time Dering would have been impressed, or would at least have pretended to be impressed, by this babble. But now he did not so much as hear it. One idea—one only—it had conveyed to his mind; and each moment as it passed burned that idea deeper and yet deeper into his soul. It was *his wife's* picture, not his, of which the critic was speaking! It was *her* picture which had won the admiration of the duke, and, after him, of the ovine British public! His own work, so nobly conceived and (in spite of certain shortcomings) so strong, was passed by as of no account; while his wife's painting, which had in his eyes no merit but that of prettiness, was honoured, talked of, paid for. Yes, the much-needed money had come; but it was his wife, not he, who had earned it!

As soon as he could decently break away from his friends, Dering rushed back to Burlington House, and bitterly complained to the Secretary of the mistake he had made, threatening to bring the matter before the Hanging Committee.

"You can do as you please," said the official angrily; "but I think, if you are a wise man, you will hold your tongue. Here are two pictures sent in on the same day, with almost the same title and the same class of subject. The artists have the same name, and give the same address. Is there any wonder that a mistake should have occurred? But look at the thing from the practical point of view. In what respect are you injured? You have offered to sell a picture for twenty guineas, and you have got a hundred pounds for it. True, you also asked a hundred for another, for which you have only got twenty; but then, you must remember that no one out of a lunatic asylum would have given you a hundred pounds for that bit of workmanship. If it was your wife's picture, you can tell her, in as considerate a way as possible, that it was certainly not worth more than twenty guineas, and that she may be very thankful indeed that she has got so much for it."

With that the Secretary gave a curt nod, and turned away to someone else who claimed his attention.

"What an ass the man is!" said Dering to himself, as he left the building.

It was obvious from the Secretary's last observation that he had not mastered the grounds of the artist's complaint, and was still under the impression that his wife had painted the larger picture—the one which had fetched only twenty pounds. But it was not worth while to re-open the matter just then. In a few hours, as Dering bitterly reflected, the whole world would be chuckling over the "mistake." No one would believe that it had been really a mistake. The world would say that he had snatched at the prize too eagerly to care whether it was his own or not. He pictured his friends condoling with him in sympathetic tones, while all the time they had a difficulty in keeping their gravity. He could see their faces as they gathered

round his picture, which would be now a mere butt for their witticisms. Its defects would now assume monstrous proportions. It would seem to be not (as he believed it to be) a painting of great, though unequal, merit, but a pretentious, hideous failure. It was only natural that a man as self-centred and sensitive as Dering should have pictured the matter to himself in such a way as this. No ray of reflected glory from his wife's triumph lightened the darkness of the valley of his humiliation; he only thought of her success as a something which showed by contrast how complete and pitiful was his failure.

So wrapped up was the artist in these bitter thoughts, that he reached home before he was aware of it.

His wife was watching for him at the window rather impatiently, for she had expected that he would have come home immediately to tell her the news. She rushed to open the door for him; and when she saw the gloom on his face her heart sank within her.

"Well, dear, my poor little picture——?" she began; but something in her throat choked her.

"Yes, it is sold," he said coolly, as he hung up his hat.

"Sold? Oh! Oh! Oh! And tell me, Alec—Am I to get ten pounds for it?"

He did not answer her immediately. He could not. He walked into the large barely-furnished sitting-room without speaking.

"Do tell me, Alec," pleaded his wife. "Am I *really* to get ten pounds for it?"

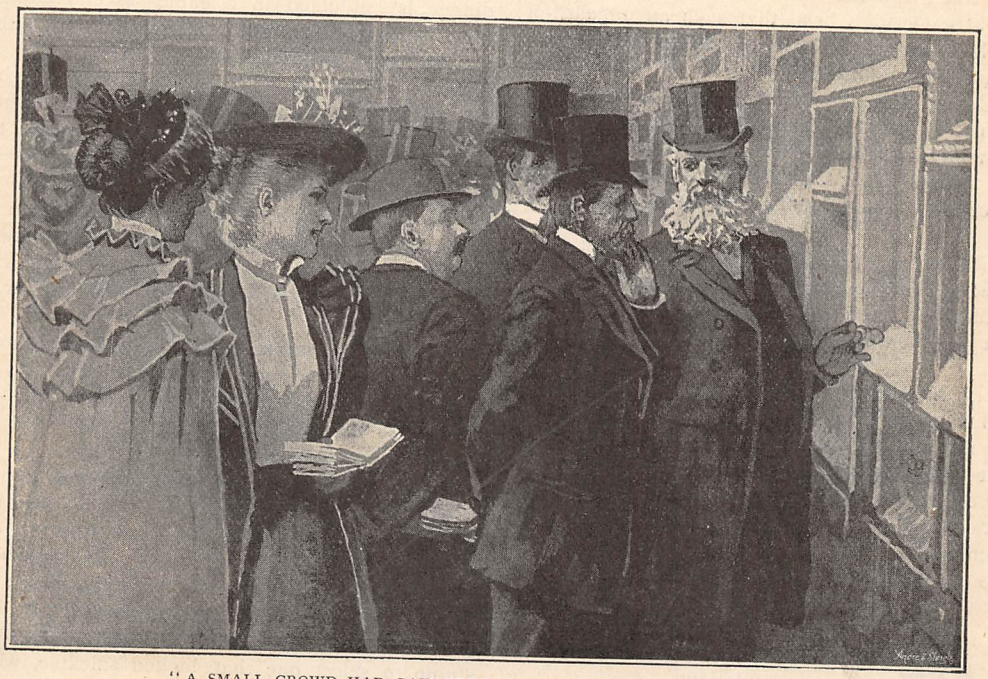
"More than that."

"*More?* Fifteen?"

"More than that."

She clutched his arm in her excitement; her eyes were wide open, her lips were parted, her breath came short and quick, as if she had been running a race.

"More than fifteen pounds? You are making fun of me, Alec. Don't; I can't bear it."



"A SMALL CROWD HAD GATHERED ROUND THE PAINTING" (*p.* 789).

"What would you say to twenty guineas?" he asked, with a grim smile on his face.

"Twenty guineas! Alec, do you really mean to say that my poor little painting has sold for twenty guineas?"

Dering took the twenty-guinea cheque out of his pocket, and gave it to her.

"Oh, how glad I am! Oh, isn't it *splendid?* La, la, la, la, la——"

And the little woman, in the fulness of her joy, went dancing round the room by herself, humming a waltz tune while she moved gracefully round, waving the cheque with outstretched arm as she went.

She was so overjoyed that when at length she stopped and kissed her husband, she did not notice the coldness with which he returned her caress. Nor did she observe the look, half of envy, half of contempt, which rested on his face.

"Not one word, not one thought, to spare for *my* picture," was the idea that was rankling in his mind. And there and then he made up his mind that, as a punishment for her selfish absorption in her own work, he would not tell her of the full extent of her good fortune that day.

"It will positively be a kindness to delay the telling her," he said to himself, with a curl on his lip. "If

she goes on like this when under the impression that she has earned twenty pounds, what would be the effect of telling her that she had gained a hundred? Probably she would become delirious. Clearly I had better wait till to-morrow before I mention it.—And all this time she has not once remembered my picture."

It was true; and the reason was, that it had never entered Mrs. Dering's head that such an unheard-of piece of luck as that both their pictures should be sold at the same time could befal them.

But Dering had now become so bitter, and so anxious not to humiliate himself in his wife's eyes just then by telling her the true state of the case, that he actually longed that she should not mention the subject of his work before he could escape from the house.

As it happened, the subject did occur to her; but she reflected that, he would, of course have told her if his picture had been sold, and since it had not yet found a purchaser, condolences would only hurt his pride.

Leaving the cheque for twenty guineas in his wife's hands, Dering borrowed a sovereign from her, saying that he meant to dine with some friends at his club. She felt that it was unkind of him to leave her on the day of her victory; but she handed him the coin in silence, and let him go without so much as a complaining look.

As soon as he showed himself in the dining-room of the small club to which he belonged, somebody came up to him, and began to offer him congratulations.

"THE MAJOR HAD BEEN EXAMINING ONE OF THE PICTURES" (*p.* 790).

"My dear fellow, I wish you wouldn't say anything about that confounded picture," said Dering. "The subject is particularly distasteful to me."

His friend stared, but said no more. By-and-by he good-naturedly hinted to the other members that for some reason or other Dering did not care to be congratulated on his success; so, of course, they did not allude to it. It was not with any deliberate intention of keeping up the misconception that Dering acted thus. He was simply sick of the subject, and too sore about it to enter upon explanations just then. After dinner he indulged in a game—several games—of billiards, and did not reach home until long after his wife had gone upstairs.

Next morning, when he came down to his late breakfast, he found that she had gone out, taking the children with her. He was glad of this, since it gave him a little respite. After breakfast he went to his studio and tried to paint, but found that it was impossible. So he went out, dined at the club, and again came home late. To his surprise, he found a note awaiting him from his wife. She said that her mother was ill, and that she had gone away to nurse her for a few days.

Dering was annoyed, though his conscience told him that his annoyance was unreasonable. "I shan't write to her," he said to himself. "It will be time enough to tell her that she is the lucky one, not I, when she comes back."

As it happened, the husband and wife kept their banking account in their joint names, so that Dering felt no scruple in paying the hundred-pound cheque into the bank to their joint credit. But he could not draw any money without his wife's signature; and to supply his immediate necessities he thought he had better try to sell a picture. He had gone up to the studio to select one that looked saleable, when he suddenly remembered that it would be far more to the purpose if he tried to sell one of his wife's pictures. Of course it must be one of Annie's; and, of course, it must be sold as the work of the painter of "Scene in the Highlands"—that is to say, as his own. To take any other course would either involve a loss of three-fourths of the value of the painting, or would make it necessary to enter into an elaborate explanation with the picture-dealer. "Surely," said the artist to himself, "that is unnecessary. All the man wants is an assurance that this is by the 'A. Dering' who painted the picture bought by the Duke of Birmingham. That is the essential point; and, of course, what I say on that head will be strictly true." As a matter of curiosity, he took with him also one of his own pictures, in order to see what it would fetch.

After some bargaining, he sold his wife's picture for forty pounds. For his own, which he represented as the handiwork of a friend, the dealer would not offer more than five guineas. He refused to sell it, and left the shop in a fit of bitter disgust with himself and the whole world.

"What can there be about my wife's picture that people think so much of?" he asked himself. And as he had nothing better to do at the moment, he went off to Burlington House to see for himself what it could be that rendered it so attractive.

A small crowd had gathered round the painting. In the centre of the crowd were two persons: the Secretary to the Academy, and a portly gentleman with a very red face. They were looking at the painting, and discussing its merits.

At that moment the Secretary caught sight of the artist, and made way for him through the crowd.

"Let me present Mr. Dering to your grace," said the Secretary.

"Very glad to make your acquaintance," said the duke. "And I wish you would paint me a companion picture to that nice little bit of yours. Shall we say a hundred and fifty? Would that be satisfactory?"

"Oh, quite, my lord—I mean, your grace," Dering stammered out. "But there has been a slight mistake——"

He glanced at the Secretary, as if mutely begging that official to aid him, forgetting he had, at their last interview, failed to grasp the fact that his wife, not he himself, was the painter of the successful picture.

He felt as if he *must* speak. It was the moment of grace, and for a second or two the struggle was keen. His mouth and throat seemed to be parched. A crowd of well-dressed people stood by, pretending not to listen, but all of them listening intently. There was no need, he told himself, to enter into a troublesome and humiliating explanation before all those busybodies. But the duke was politely waiting for him to finish what he had to say.

"A mistake which I can explain some other time," he said, glancing at the crowd. "After all, I don't know that it matters a straw to your grace."

"Oh, well, if it doesn't affect me, why trouble to explain?" said the duke; and nodding kindly to the artist, he followed the Secretary out of the crowd.

"The duke is right!" exclaimed Dering. "It cannot matter a fig to anyone except my wife and myself which of us paints the high-priced pictures and which of us paints the—the bad ones, since I suppose it must be so."

Mrs. Dering did not return home for a fortnight, and hardly more than a line or two had passed between the husband and wife during that time. And when at last she did come home, Dering began to say to himself that he had delayed his confession too long. For a whole fortnight he had enjoyed—though there was very little enjoyment in it—the reputation of being the most successful of the new men of the year. He had even sold pictures—more than one—on the strength of his reputation. To declare now that it was not rightfully his own would be to proclaim himself a cheat and a fraud. It would be impossible for him to stay in England after such an acknowledgment. It would be simply the ruin of his career. No; things had gone too far. The past, he told himself, with a sigh, could not be recalled.

And the worst of it was that it was now impossible to tell the truth to his wife. She was a high-spirited woman, and would never consent, he felt sure, to let another reap the honour of her work, even if that other were her own husband. She would give up the money, he knew, without a murmur, but not her right to an honourable, if a lowly, place in the world of art. It would be like giving up her individuality, destroying her personal identity. She would never make such a sacrifice; he could not ask her to do such a thing.

One morning, soon after his wife's return, Dering entered the studio, where his wife was already at work.

"What are you doing, Annie?" he asked.

"I am beginning a new picture, of course. Don't you mean to begin one, too?"

"Oh, certainly. But are you going to do another Highland landscape?"

"Yes."

"A sort of companion picture to the one you sent to the Academy?"

"Just so. Perhaps I may get ten guineas for it, don't you think? Of course, I don't expect twenty for every picture, but I may expect ten. Don't you think so, Alec?" and she looked up anxiously in her husband's face.

"I should think you would be sure to get twenty guineas for it, if it is as well done as your last one," he answered, as he left the room.

Mrs. Dering was a little hurt at her husband's coolness and want of sympathy. She even brushed away a tear before she could go on with her work.

"This picture will be exactly what was wanted for the duke's commission," said Dering to himself, as he crept downstairs and went out into the street.

II.

THE die was now cast; and Dering silenced his conscience by saying that now it was too late—he could do nothing—he had made his bed, and he must lie on it. At first he was wretched enough, but by degrees he got used to the situation, and the remorse which had at first tormented him gradually became more feeble. He rather prided himself on the fact that, so far as money matters went, his wife did not suffer. The cheques he received for her pictures were always paid into the joint account, upon which she drew as she required money. He managed to sell some of his own paintings, and the proceeds kept him supplied with clothes and pocket-money.

Commissions poured in, and the public never guessed that their homage was misplaced. Nor had Mrs. Dering the smallest suspicion of the truth. Her mornings were spent in the studio, her afternoons and evenings with her children. She loved painting for its own sake; and as her husband managed all business matters, it required no great exercise of *finesse* to keep her in the dark.

As time went on, the Derings moved into a larger house; but Mrs. Dering did not care for society. Her art and her children were all she needed.

Yet her husband knew that, sooner or later, the truth

must come out; and he often shuddered to think what Nemesis might have in store for him.

As usual in such cases, the blow fell at an unexpected time, in an unexpected way.

One morning, when the husband and wife were both at work in the studio, Major Franklin, an uncle of Mrs. Dering who had just arrived from India, walked into the room. Mrs. Dering threw down her brush, and ran to embrace him. Before he went to India he had acted as her guardian, and had treated her as a daughter.

"It is so delightful to have you back, uncle!" she cried.

Dering felt a little jealous of his wife's uncle: as, for that matter, he felt jealous of his mother-in-law, and even of his children. It seemed to him as if they all, to some extent, interfered with his right of property in his wife.

"I hear you have become quite famous," he said to the husband. "Our colonel gave me a commission for you on behalf of his brother-in-law, Sir Jasper Redditch. I saw one of your pictures in his dining-room. He thinks very highly of it—said it was cheap at two hundred pounds. Why, Annie, that one on your easel is exactly like it! Is it *you* who are the genius? I said it wasn't a bit like your old style, Alec. 'Sunset on Loch Etive,' I think they called it."

In one moment Annie Dering understood it all. Two or three unimportant, but puzzling, circumstances occurred to her mind; this explained them completely. She glanced at her husband, and his sullen face, covered with a deep blush, told her all she wished to know.

Without a word she moved towards the door. Her husband involuntarily looked up at her, and for one instant their eyes met. Her face was very white, and her lip was curled in inexpressible contempt. That look stung Dering like the lash of a whip; the pain of it was intolerable.

The major had been examining one of the pictures, and had noticed nothing. Dering forced himself to talk for a few moments; then, saying that he wanted to know what his wife was about, he begged the major to excuse him, and ran downstairs. Meeting a servant in the hall, he asked her to tell her mistress that Major Franklin was alone, and hurried out of the house.

Whither he was going he neither knew nor cared. If he could only avoid his wife—the whole world, if possible—he would be satisfied. He walked on and on, till the dreary streets were left behind, and the wide highway stretched away before him.

The morning found him haggard and tired to death. He ate and drank something at a coffee-stall, then crawled into a railway-station, and fell asleep in the third-class waiting-room. In the afternoon he awoke, and an irresistible impulse drew him towards his home.

When he came opposite to it, he noticed that there was no light in any of the windows; and the darkness seemed to strike a chill to his heart. He went up the steps and waited long, but could hear no sound. The door, however, was not locked. It yielded to the touch of his latch-key. He went in, closed the door, and stood alone in the great empty house.

On the hall table there glimmered something white. He lit a wax vesta and examined it. It was a letter, addressed to him in his wife's handwriting. In a few brief words—without date or address—it told him that she could pity him, and would try to forgive him, but could no longer either respect or love him. She had taken refuge, with her children, in the house of an old widowed governess, whither he need not attempt to follow her.

A bitter laugh rose to Dering's lips as he read the last sentence of the note; but it died away before the vesta he held in his hand had burned itself out. Groping his way into the dining-room, he sank into a chair, and sat there the greater part of the night, too exhausted, too utterly miserable, to attend to his bodily wants.

But the next day he suddenly remembered that he must stay there no longer. His wife, or some messenger of hers, must come soon—might come at any moment. He got together a few clothes, a few colours, a paint-brush or two, and some small canvases. Then he went out, and closed the door of the house behind him, never to open it again.

III.

FOR five years Dering was not seen by anyone who knew him. Some said he had done something disgraceful, and had "gone under." Others hinted at foul play; a few suggested domestic troubles; the majority supposed he had gone to Italy to study. No one suspected the truth; and there were no more "Derings" in the market. During these five years the artist wandered not only over England, but half over Europe. He would stay for a day or two at a country town, make sketches of the church, or any interesting place in the neighbourhood, sell them for a few shillings, and then move on somewhere else. He earned only bricklayer's wages; but then he lived as bricklayers live. His old ambition was dead; his pride was killed. Sometimes he would give an involuntary cry or gasp, and cover his face with his hands, when he thought of his children. But the next moment he would stifle his emotion, remembering that his wife could feed them and he could not. Therefore it seemed just that they should belong to her, not to him.

One day, towards the end of autumn, Dering found himself once more in London. Avoiding the districts where he was known, he took a bedroom in a mean street on the Surrey side. Late one afternoon he caught sight of Major Franklin in the Strand. He thought, however, that he had not been noticed, and made the best of his way home.

But on the following day, when he went home after dusk to his cheerless hearth, he fancied, on opening his door, that he heard a slight sound in the room.

"Who is there?" he called out.

There was no answer.

"Is anybody here?" he asked again: this time with a voice that trembled from some hidden cause.

A form stole towards him in the darkness. The soft rustle of a woman's garments fell on his ear, and a woman's arms were thrown around his neck.

"Alec, my own husband, you will forgive me?"

He stood silent, trembling with emotion.

"Forgive *you?* You mean—you mean——?"

"I mean that I beg you to forgive me my cruel desertion of you, and especially that cruel look. Oh, Alec, how often I have remembered it! How often I have cried in the middle of the night, to think that you were wandering alone among strangers, and that the last sight you had of me was——"

"But, Annie, you know what I was guilty of. I have repented; but the shame of it remains."

"Don't say that, husband, or I shall fear that you cannot forgive me. I think I would rather have your fault on my conscience than my own."

"Indeed, Annie, you wrong yourself. I thought you only felt towards me as I deserved. But in any case, I can never go back to my old life."

"Why not?" Then, sinking her voice, she whispered, "*No one knows.*"

"Nobody knows? It is impossible! How? Why—?"

"That is my revenge, Alec—to keep the matter a secret between our two selves. Uncle Franklin may guess, but he can only guess; and he can hold his tongue. I insist on it, dearest, that you tell no one. I won't have my husband's name breathed upon; remember, it's my name too."

"But I can never paint pictures, Annie; I know it now."

"Then you shall earn a living for us in some other way. But you will be our bread-winner: I am certain of it. You took a wrong turning when you became a painter; but soon you will find the right turning. And, Alec, you will come home with me now?"

He tried to speak, but it was in vain. The regret, the shame, the gratitude that filled his heart to bursting could not be spoken. She gave him her hand, and side by side, in silence, they left the room.

SEPTEMBER.

DURING the weeks of September that intervene between the outgoing of the summer season and the arrival of the autumn, to chronicle a "new style" in the millinery department were an anachronism; therefore it will be with a keen interest we shall grasp the novel details of next month's designs. At present there remain to us many that may be recommended as possessing a charm for some time to come: in these it is noteworthy that the tendency of broad-brimmed hats is to turn upwards around the edge, resting with becoming effect on a bandeau or coronet of velvet and small rosettes. The crowns, if small, are assertive in form, one peculiar exception to the round-shaped crown being arranged to form four peaked sections. As an example of what is now worn in large hats, I will quote two strikingly handsome specimens in pale lemon-coloured straw trimmed with black velvet and tips—one with the wide brim caught up in front by two bands of black ribbon velvet to a centre group of three lovely white ostrich tips; the other of shallower brim encrusted with tiny jet sequins, raised all round and caught in at intervals by black velvet rosettes, black tips gracefully placed at one side, and a knot with ends of pink miroir velvet set in front of the crown.

TOQUE IN BLACK AND GOLD.

(From a photograph by Walery, Limited, Regent Street, W.)

Those to whom the colour brown is becoming, would be easily won over to admire a pretty round hat in fancy straw of English manufacture, with its crown of exquisite velvet roses in varying shades of gold and red with a lovely effect of mist upon their petals. Pale green and white rustic straw, having the crown fringed with delicate rosebuds and foliage, and knot and ends of silk in a corresponding shade of green silk, suggested a becoming head-gear for a blonde.

Toques are worn to advantage, and make a pretty variety on the bonnet, by some being preferred as more suitable on the score of having no strings. Every flower has been copied with marvellous success and culled to form an embellishment to the charming shapes of woven straw, from the delicate lily of the valley, or velvet-petalled primula, to the beautiful rose of varying hue.

The accompanying picture (p. 791) illustrates a stylish toque of black and gold, a golden straw crown, with turned-up brim of black chip, with three golden straws fingered into a pretty beading edging the outer line, and trimming of pink roses and black satin ribbon and lace upstanding, with two roses shaping the brim in front.

This design had an equal fascination when made in pink straw and black ribbons and roses with golden centres. Warmth of colour and brilliancy of effect were attained in a toque of wallflower-red velvet with jet and wallflowers in red and gold; whilst cornflower-blue satin ribbon was utilised, with a jet accompaniment, to trim a toque of black fancy straw with pretty brim turned up in a waving line.

EVENING GOWN OF SILK AND CHIFFON.

Evening Gowns and Frocks.

At a social gathering it is not difficult to form a correct surmise as to the favourite colour of the season, so many are its votaries. At the present moment, although pink is the acknowledged colour that gives date to a dress, yet it certainly shares the honour with white and silver, and black, particularly in satin and chiffon. These two fabrics being much worn prove a good investment, and both are decidedly charming.

Evening bodices are cut without a basque, and terminate a little below the waist-line, where they are encircled with a twist of velvet of a colour in marked contrast to the gown, and usually agreeing with the hue of the flowers that are worn in a bunch and fastened on one shoulder. Satin ribbons form scarf belts terminating at the back in two rosettes and very long streamers, and rosettes or bows ornament the shoulders. The round neck just to the throat and the V-shape are both worn, also a very pronounced square.

Sleeves reach to the elbow either in puffs or frills, and long gloves are worn over the elbow to meet the puff.

A pretty type of evening dress is represented in our sketch, the skirt and low bodice being of white silk patterned in two shades of pink, and pink accordion-pleated chiffon mounted on white net arranged to fill in the square neck and sleeves; the pink ribbons have a border of silver sequins.

The centre back of the skirt is made in a full width of the silk with two gored pieces to either side and a shaped front width, the trimming a puff of silk at the hem slightly raised at one side; and a second and narrower puff, ornamented with fan groups of bows at intervals, follows the same line at a distance of seven inches.

The skirt is made without a foundation, but each width is lined with soft muslin with a stiffened hem of nine inches. At the back the bodice is cut with a centre seam on the bias, and the front is slightly draped and fastens invisibly to the tight-fitting lining. Ribbon girdles the waist, and is fastened with a fan bow and ends depending to the border of the skirt; and a ribbon crosses the bodice back and front finished with pretty bows.

A singularly successful reproduction of this design for a dark girl could be arranged in plain black satin and poppy-coloured—red or golden—chiffon and ribbons with jetted edge; or in favour of a blonde, an entirely pink skirt with cream-white gauze and pink ribbons with silver sequins.

Beautiful in colouring and simple in design is a chiné silk trimmed with a cape frill of fine lace and rosettes of pink miroir velvet, the grey silk background enhancing the beauty of the blue, mauve, and

EVENING FROCK FOR CHILD OF NINE YEARS.

pink flowers which in the chiné or blurred effect appear to melt into the grey.

Perfectly plain, the skirt sets well out at the feet and tapers to the waist, where the bodice is clasped with a silver studded belt fastened with rosettes of the velvet. Rosettes also stud the lace frill around the shoulders, very full puffs of silk to the elbow fasten tightly below the elbow with a rosette.

Youthful simplicity was evident in a pretty frock of pale lemon-yellow satin, the skirt slightly full, with a round full bodice and graceful sleeves setting out wide, and drooping away from the shoulder. A long scarf of white gauze, fastened around the waist and knotted at the side, formed two long ends embroidered and fringed with sequins in mother-o'-pearl. A large butterfly bow and ends of the gauze fastened the bodice at the neck. The gloves and shoes were of yellow-tan suède. For evening, as for day, the hair continues to be beautifully waved and coiled, with the soft curls slightly drooping in the centre of the forehead, and the coils or knot of hair worn low at the back of the head and standing out slightly. Few or no ornaments are worn by young girls in the evening.

For children's frocks the fashions are becoming more elaborate, the skirts having ruches, narrow frills of lace, and ribbon bows and rosettes, to relieve their simplicity. As with their elders, pink and white are the prevailing colours, and bright ribbons of satin or glacé silk compose the sashes.

A pretty design for a child of nine is shown in our sketch, made in rose-leaf pink wool crêpe and very fine cambric embroidery, with ribbons of satin in a darker tone of pink. Fine cambric is drawn up around the neck and, cut square, has a deep piece of embroidery set in frill fashion; the upper puff of the sleeves is in crêpe, the lower half in cambric fastened with rosettes of ribbon. Festoons of narrow embroidery caught up with ribbon loops, ornament the skirt, and a pink bow fastens the hair, and cut steel buckles clasp the white kid shoes, the stockings also being white.

Effective Accessories.

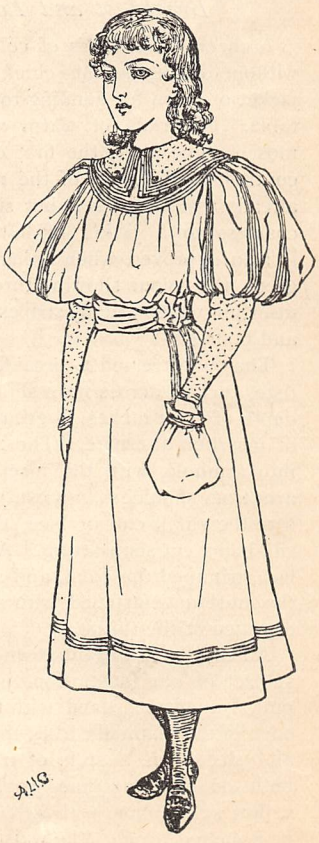
An important item in the fashionable costume is the belt of ribbon, or the belt of silk or velvet. Suitable to a long-waisted figure is one in broad satin ribbon, folded to two inches and a half, and fastened at the back with a windmill rosette of four bows and a tight centre knot; and in front, placed some two inches apart, two similar rosettes of half-width ribbon.

A rich tone of cherry-colour, amber, or turquoise-blue are the leading colours; appropriate also is black. The draped belt of silk on the bias is particularly useful with the tennis or boating shirt, with its fan-bow of loops drooping downward from the waist at the back, and very slight point in front. Here let me recommend all to whom neatness in appearance is of value, to affix the patent hook-and-eye grip, it so effectually unites skirt and bodice or skirt and belt.

Broad ribbon belts are also decorated with small rosettes made of one-inch silk on the bias, with centres of jet, also scarves of gauze and chiffon are gracefully twisted around the waist twice and knotted at one side. Colour and texture individual taste decides.

The favourite turned-down collar may be worn alike by those who possess a full throat—the curves being gracefully revealed by the deep collar bordered with lace or tiny frill—and also by others who wear with advantage the stylishly high collar of two inches, with its turned-down piece of lace, embroidery, or velvet. The pretty neck ruches of net or lisse, mounted on a shaped piece of net, form a pretty "setting" to many a fair face, and are at present very generally worn. One of the prettiest I have seen had an inner ruche of pale blue with a bordering of black.

Shirt vests are particularly fascinating, worn with open jacket or Bolero, a style I have treated at length in the special Summer Number. Lovely are those made in chiné silk and lace, double-breasted, opening V-shape, and fastened with miniature painted buttons set in steel. Or again, the cross-over shape in cloth of turquoise-blue or chrysoprase green with outline of very narrow gold galloon and knob buttons, and tie of accordion-pleated silk.



AUTUMN FROCK FOR GIRL OF TWELVE YEARS.

Child's Autumn Frock.

Study the colourings employed by Nature in the autumn foliage and blossom, and dress your children in corresponding tints, be the fabric of wool or linen, and success is ensured. The brilliant red of the poppy and the rich deep blue of the cornflower stand out in prominent contrast in the range of dyes, with soft hazel green or the golden brown of the horse chestnut.

The two first-mentioned colours are chosen for the accompanying design (p. 793), with lines of narrow black braid as trimming. The simple skirt has four rows of this braid sewn close together at a distance of four and a half inches from the hem. A piece of the blue cashmere on the bias is draped in fulness to a tight plain bodice lining and forms the upper sleeve, the latter having braided straps, looping it into the armhole. A curved yoke piece has lines of braid, and the deep turned-down collar and half-sleeve are of red cashmere, with lines of braid repeated. A fanciful pocket of blue is lined with red, and depends from the draped belt of blue cashmere.

The back of the bodice is in every way similar to the front, with the exception of its being less full; the stockings are blue and the shoes black.

Another suggestion for colouring is cream-white cashmere collar and half-sleeve, dark blue braid, and skirt and bodice of a quiet tone of green.

Breakfast and Lounge Gowns.

A cheerful freshness of colour and material should, without doubt, be the chief characteristic of either jacket or gown for donning to appear at the breakfast-table. Materials of warm woollen texture are the most sought after, the first chill of early autumn in contrast to the glow of the mid-day and later hours already asserting itself, but silk linings give an added cosiness to a jacket of lawn and lace; the effect is also improved when lining is in rose pink or pale green, the colour showing through the butter-coloured insertion which usually stripes horizontally both sleeves and bodice.

Thus was treated a breakfast-jacket of white baptiste, tucked across from shoulder to shoulder to the depth of eight inches, in groups of five tucks and rows of insertion alternate. The sleeves were set very full into armhole, with the insertion in lines across the arm from shoulders to wrist, where five tucks confined it to the small cuff of lace, the underneath lining of silk being cut semi-fitting. A jabot frill, edged with lace, trimmed the front, and a soft belt of silk girdled the waist and fastened with a large rosette; this was repeated at the throat.

An easy and elegant gown for an invalid forms the subject of our illustration, in a lovely tone of flesh-pink Indian silk, lined with wool. The pounced-out edge of the plain silk frills, that add grace to the front and sleeves, is a style of treatment often employed both on silk and fine woollen fabrics. Very pale yellow silk ribbon, with a hair line of white crossing it, is belted around the waist, and passing under the two front side pieces crosses back and front; a pretty, yoke-like appearance is given to the front of the bodice by the ribbon being drawn through a casing and tied in a square bow to the front of the bodice, and this is made on a loose lining of woollen material. Probably this bow is made up to simulate a tie, and fastened with hook-and-eye.

A very narrow ribbon in loops ornaments the extreme edge of the deep collar and open sleeves, with small rosettes at elbow and wrist. Extra fulness is inserted at the centre of the back at the waist, to prevent an accumulation of pleats at the back of the neck. Many lovely materials readily suggest themselves for this gown, and also the homely crépon, either crimped or patterned.

An exquisite robe of dull green silk with chiné flowers in softened colourings, had a square drapery from the shoulders back and front, bordered with soft rose-pink velvet, and opening at each side over an under-skirt of accordion-pleated pink chiffon. The front fulness was girdled at the waist with a sequined elastic belt, and the full bishop sleeves were in the chiffon with sequined wristlets.

A. LL. GRIFFITHS.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence each, and one shilling in the case of the child's costume. Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

LOUNGE GOWN FOR INVALID.

THERE is little that is new in the world of books just now, and the attention of readers is chiefly given to handy and portable editions of works which will make good travelling companions in holiday hours. Of these I shall have more to say, for I have several good examples before me. But, while I am speaking of holidays, I would say a few words about the first of a new series of handbooks issued by Messrs. Longmans, and devoted to "Climbing in the British Isles." This little work is given up to the consideration of climbing in England; it is written by Mr. Haskett Smith, and illustrated by Mr. Ellis Carr, both members of the Alpine Club. "When any young and active Englishman sees a rock, and is told that the ascent of it is regarded as a kind of feat," says our author, "there is no doubt what he will want to do." He will obey what has been the instinct of the race at any time this forty years. But lately there has been a change. What was formerly done casually and instinctively has for the last dozen years or so been done systematically and of set purpose, for it is now recognised that hill-climbing in these islands may form part of a real mountaineering education." For convenience of reference, the whole of this "guide" is arranged in alphabetical series, and anyone who is contemplating a holiday in Cumberland or Cornwall, Derbyshire or Devonshire, would do well to include this little work in their outfit. English climbing is not free from danger, and its centres have a sad death-roll; but it is safe to say that preparatory training in uphill work, and the exercise of such common-sense as our author advises, would materially lessen the risk of accidents, and open up a wide field of enjoyment to many who cannot, for one reason or another, make the journey to more famous and more dangerous "climbs."

The third volume of "The Story of Africa and its Explorers" (Cassell), by Dr. Robert Brown, brings down the tale of the opening-up of the Dark Continent very close to our own times. The records of missionary enterprise, and of the travels of Selous and Johnston, of Holub, Hore, and Thomson, make thrilling reading. Here, too, will be found a succinct account of Mr. Stanley's last African journey to the relief of Emin; and that, as well as the other chapters in the work, is well and abundantly illustrated with portraits and views of the highest order.

Of stories for holiday reading there is no lack this month. Mr. Fisher Unwin sends us, in his "Autonym Library," a story by Mr. S. R. Crockett, under the title of "Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills," fresh in style, as is all its author's work. Then Messrs. Longmans' "Silver Library" is growing in a manner which places handy and pleasant stories within reach of a wide circle of readers. One of the latest additions to its ranks is "The World's Desire," the tale upon which Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Rider Haggard co-operated. Another work in the same list, though it is not a story, is Sir Edwin Arnold's "Seas and Lands," a pleasant series of chapters on travel and foreign residence, which has already achieved popularity in other and more expensive forms. Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have sent us a copy of the single-volume edition of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marcella," a powerful story which has thus reached a popular form before the first interest in it is exhausted. They also send us a copy of the new edition of the second series of Prebendary Harry Jones's "Holiday Papers," one or two of whose chapters were originally published in CASSELL'S MAGAZINE.

Another volume of that handy encyclopædia, "Cassell's Storehouse of General Information," has been issued, and carries on the references in the work from "Morlaks" to "Rubeola," both of them words whose significance comparatively few general readers would grasp without the aid of a work of this kind. Like its predecessors, the new volume is concise, clear, and comprehensive.

Of books for girls there is no end. Messrs. Longmans have recently added four new volumes to their series of uniformly bound works specially intended for girls. First is Mrs. Grey's "Last Words to Girls," an invaluable book that deserves to be even better known than it is. Then there are three more stories which girl-readers will gladly welcome in this cheap and portable guise. "Sydney," by Mrs. Deland, is one; "Neighbours," by Mrs. Molesworth, is another; and "Keith Deramore," by the Author of "Miss Molly," is the third. All are good stories and certain of added popularity from a fresh circle of readers.

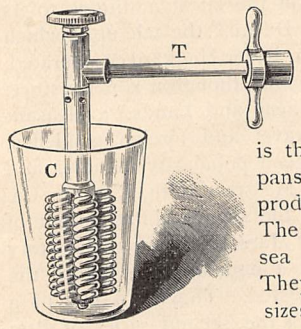
BOOK-MARK.

The GATHERER
An Illustrated record of Invention Discovery & Science

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Simple Cooler.

The little device shown in the figure is intended to cool beverages and other liquids without the use of ice or freezing mixtures.



The cooler, C, is placed in the liquid and the tube, T, connected to a steel bottle of compressed gas. The valve is then opened, and the expansion of the gas in escaping produces the required cold. The coolers will be useful at sea and in hot countries. They are made of various sizes, and the gas bottles are supplied with them. — We may also mention that a small and convenient aërator for making aërated drinks, which in fact is a domestic mineral water-works in itself, has recently been brought out. The machine is about four feet high and twelve inches square, and contains a cylinder of carbonic acid gas which is pumped into the beverage. One model is capable of filling three bottles at once.

A Tree Well.

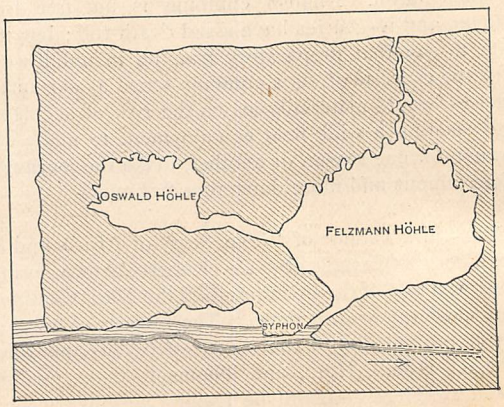
The "Traveller's Tree" of Madagascar is of great service to thirsty travellers. According to Professor W. G. Stebbins of Richmond, U.S., it has no branches, the leaves growing from the trunk and spreading like a fan. There are seldom more than twenty-four leaves, varying from six to eight feet in length and four to six feet broad. At the base of each is a cup holding about a quart of cool water. To save the trouble of climbing the tree the Malagasy traveller throws a spear which penetrates the cup, and catches the water as it falls.

A Clever Spider.

Mr. Phillip of Buenos Ayres has observed a spider employ a small stone to ballast its web which extended between two trees about ten feet apart. The web also carried a single fibre which hung towards the ground, and was weighted by a stone about the size of a pea. When this stone was lifted on the finger the web swayed in the breeze, and it had evidently been used to steady the latter.

The Lur-Loch Cave.

The cavern of Lur-Loch, which was the scene of a dramatic episode in real life not long ago, is situated in the escarpment of a calcareous plateau bordering on the valley of the river Semriach, about nine miles north of Graz in Styria. The river enters the mouth of the cave by a passage 18 feet wide and 2 feet broad or thereabouts, which extends 210 feet from the entrance, and forms at one part a kind of natural syphon, as shown in the accompanying section of the cave. The water then flows on through a subterranean channel to Peggau, about two miles distant, where it issues to the light of day as a spring. The explorers who so nearly lost their lives entered the cave on Saturday evening, April 28th, a little before midnight, intending to remain there 24 hours, but a violent rain swelled the stream and submerged the entrance. They discovered the fact on Sunday about 1 p.m., and took refuge in the Felzmann Höhle, a chamber reached by

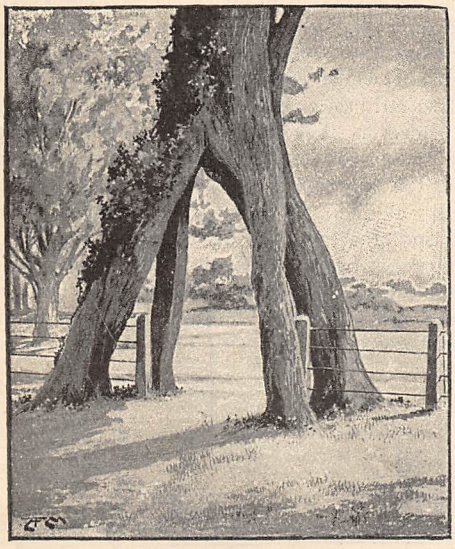


THE LUR-LOCH CAVE.

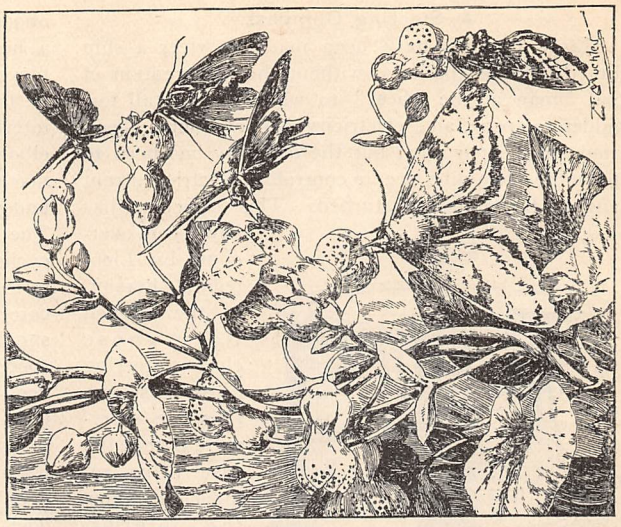
a kind of shaft which had been discovered on April 15th. Here they might die of hunger or go mad, but not for want of water or of air, because the chamber communicated with the top of the plateau by a narrow fissure or vent, as shown in our illustration. Another shaft also led from it into a second chamber, the Oswald Höhle towards the edge of the escarpment. Their food and candles could only last until the following Tuesday, but a box of provisions was floated through the syphon to them; and they were ultimately rescued after an imprisonment of 206 hours, or about 8½ days. The misadventure was all owing to their imprudence in exploring the cavern in the spring, and not waiting until the summer drought.

A Living Arch.

Another curious tree-growth is reported from America, where two beeches over a foot in diameter and twenty feet apart are joined like the Siamese twins by a nearly horizontal branch, which appears to have grown out of one trunk and united itself with the other in such a way that it is impossible to tell the tree from which it sprang. This bond is twelve feet from the ground, and near its middle a smaller limb springs almost vertically downwards towards the ground. Our illustration also shows an arch between a private park and a public road at Middleborough, Massachusetts, U.S. It is formed of three trunks which coalesce, and a fourth



which has been added for symmetry by the owner of the park; but whether the trunks are independent trees, or have sprung from one root, has not been ascertained. Such a curio from the hand of Nature is certainly more interesting than an artificial entrance.



THE CRUEL PLANT.

The Cruel Plant.

Our engraving illustrates a Canadian climber the *Physianthus albens* which has received the name of "Cruel Plant," from its ill-treatment of butterflies. It flowers in the month of August, and the butterflies, attracted by the perfume, hover round it in large numbers and push their trunks into the corollas to sip the honey. A pair of sensitive vegetable pincers in the heart of the flower grips the delicate proboscis, and in spite of struggles to get free the butterfly hangs suspended as shown until it dies. Apparently the plant has nothing to gain by the death of the insect, as it is not "carnivorous" like the Venus fly-trap. In fact, if the butterfly were allowed to come and go it would tend to foster the species by assisting cross-fertilisation. It appears, however, that the "cruel plant" came originally from Brazil where the butterflies are much stronger and extricate their suckers from the trap. We may add that another Canadian plant the *Cnicus discolor* is charged with cruelty. The flower has a gland which secretes a viscous liquid capable of liming insects which are fond of it. Moreover, they seem to be stupefied and poisoned by it, and no reason can as yet be assigned for the deadly consequence.

An Electrical Quilt.

Mr. C. T. Snedekor has devised a quilt for beds, especially those of hospitals, which is warmed by an electric current passing through resistance wires inside it. The wire is, of course, properly insulated and covered with a cement which is unaffected by heat. Such a coating is made by mixing ground magnesia, talc, and asbestos with liquid glue, glycerine, and bichromate of soda or potash, and after applying it to the wire, tempering it in a solution of silicate of soda. Cloths thus heated can also be used as fomentations and poultices, or for Turkish baths, and will be useful where the electric current is supplied for lighting purposes.

A Steering Compass.

Many attempts have been made to steer a ship directly by the compass, without the intervention of that "man at the wheel" to whom we are all forbidden to speak, and electricity has, of course, been tried for the purpose; but the difficulty has been to make the trembling needle control an electric current without being itself disturbed. This difficulty has now been overcome by Lieutenant Bersier, of the French Navy, whose electric steering compass we illustrate herewith, part of the case being removed to show the interior. The compass card, B, Fig. 1, carries a light metal pointer or wire, C, just over its "rose" or north division, and this wire is in electrical connection through the pivot of the card, with an induction coil, at a safe distance from the compass. The current from the coil passes through the wire, C, and sparks across to one of two metal plates, D, insulated in the case of the compass to right and left of a mark which indicates the axis of the vessel. These plates form part of the electric circuit of the induction coil, which also includes an electro-magnetic contact maker or key by which another current is sent through an electric motor controlling the steering motor of the rudder. When the rose of the compass card deviates from the axis of the ship to right or left a spark passes from C to the right or left plate D, and works the key by which the electric motor governing the steering gear is actuated. In this way the ship is brought back to her true course, and the rose of the card to coincide with the axis of the ship. Fig. 2 illustrates the arrangement of the circuit where A is the induction coil, B the compass, C the key, and M the electric motor of the rudder. If desired, the deviations from the true course can be recorded by allowing the spark to pierce holes in a sheet of paper, A, Fig. 1. The course is readily changed by a simple adjustment of the compass case, and by means of four Geissler vacuum tubes illuminated by the spark orders can be signalled from any part of the ship. The new compass has been adopted in the French Navy.

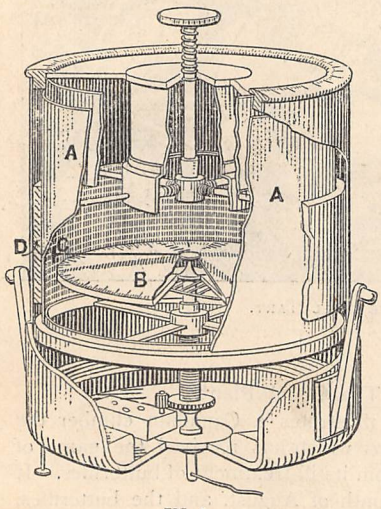


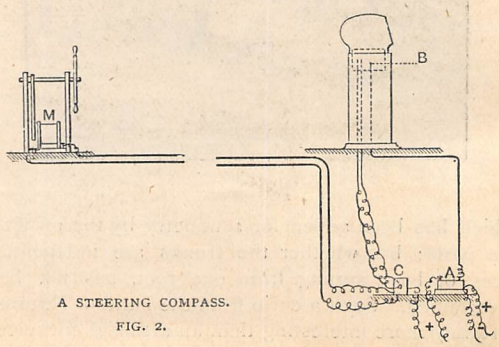
FIG. 1.

A Sailing Cycle.

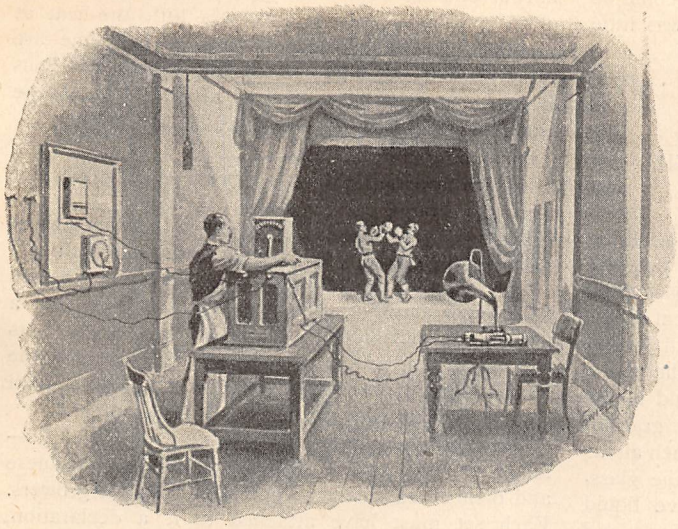
Mr. C. D. White, of San Bernardino, Cal., has invented a "sailing bicycle"—that is, a means of adding a sail to a bicycle. He employs a ten-foot mast and an eight-foot boom to hold the sail, which weighs about seven pounds. The end of the mast goes into a head block, which can be removed, leaving the bicycle for ordinary footwork. The block must not be fastened to the handle bars or tubing, else it will interfere with the steering, but to the joint below the elbow, and the boom should be secured not to the machine but to a small pulley fastened to the spring under the seat, letting the cord run freely through it. The device is easily rigged up, and is a help to cyclists when they are tired. The sail should be kept furled until outside the town and used on quiet roads, care being taken not to frighten horses. The pedals should be used until the sail fills, and the regular speed is acquired. The best attitude for the cyclist is to keep one hand on the handle and another on the boom, if it is close enough. When the sail swings out of reach control it by the cord, which should run quite freely through the pulley. Keep the feet on the pedals, which had better be of the "racer" pattern. The highest speed is made at right angles to the wind, and twenty to thirty miles an hour can be achieved.

Edison's Kineto-Phonograph.

It is well-known that if a series of instantaneous photographs of a moving object be taken in quick succession, and subsequently re-combined in a zoëtrope, the image they give appears to be animated like the object. Mr. Edison, however, seems to have been the first to think of adding the phonograph to such an arrangement and make the pictures appear to utter characteristic sounds or speak. Since 1887 he has been at work on the problem, and has achieved a certain amount of success. He is now able to take no fewer than 46 photographs of a moving object in a second, or 165,000 in an hour. These impressions are made on a highly sensitive strip of celluloid, which travels past the camera by mechanism, but stops for an instant whilst each image is taken. From the negative strip thus obtained a positive strip is made, and placed in the combiner or photo-kinetoscope, which works on the zoëtrope principle, and compounds the images into one which is apparently endowed with life. A phonograph charged with the words and other ejaculations of the object is connected to the system by an electrical circuit in such a way as to utter them at the right moment, so that words and gestures are in harmony. Our illustration shows a puppet theatre, or stage, with the kineto-phonographic



A STEERING COMPASS.
FIG. 2.



EDISON'S KINETO-PHONOGRAPH.

apparatus in front and the moving image of two boxers visible on the dark background of the scene. The kinetoscope is on the right and the phonograph on the left. An electric motor and accumulator battery is used to work the mechanism and actuate the strip. A public exhibition of the apparatus has been opened in Broadway, New York, and a "nickel," or penny, dropped in a slot is sufficient to start it. Time alone will show whether it can be developed into a fully-developed peep-show or imitation drama. In connection with this subject we may mention that Mr. J. Munro, C.E., has suggested the institution of "phonograph halls" in conjunction with public portrait galleries and museums to preserve the voices of our great men and women to future generations, and also the cries and calls of animals. Mr. Edison and Colonel Gouraud have already formed private collections of phonograms, and public collections will undoubtedly follow. The voice and its manifestations, both in men and animals, is characteristic of individuals and races, and deserves our attention and even scientific study like the physical appearance. Thanks to the phonograph this can now be done in a proper manner, and some curious as well as important results will be the consequence. Even as a matter of sentiment, it is as natural to wish to preserve the sounds of a friend or benefactor's voice as his likeness.

A New Hood for Perambulators.

A new hood for perambulators which has the advantage of allowing the fresh air to enter, and the child to see out by the sides if desirable, while warding off the rain or sunshine, has been brought out. To this end the sides of the hood can be detached or rolled up, if need be; and we may add that curtains are attached to the front of the hood.

The Twin-Elliptical Pendulum.

This ingenious device of Mr. Joseph Gould draws figures of wonderful beauty, no two of which are exactly alike. The card, or Bristol board, on which the figure is drawn is placed on a table carried by a wooden pendulum about eight or ten feet in length. Under the table is a short elliptical pendulum, capable of adjustment and of considerable weight. This pendulum also moves the table, and the combination of motion produced by the two pendulums moving the card under a stationary pen over the card gives rise to the complicated figures which are so much admired.

A Side Sash Fastener.

The sash fastener shown in our woodcuts prevents the window from shaking or rattling, and also allows it to be opened two or three inches for ventilation. It is also burglar-proof open or shut, and can be worked when the blinds are down. The angle pieces, A, in Figs. 1 and 2 are fixed to the upper sash, the piece, B, carries a screw, C, whose head or shoulder-piece screws into a counter sunk in the jaw piece, D, which is fitted to the beading of window-frame, F. A small stud, E, holds the fastener back when out of use. These fasteners are made in two forms, that shown in Fig. 2 having a sliding rod, G, enabling the window to be fastened while open to a width of as many as three inches.

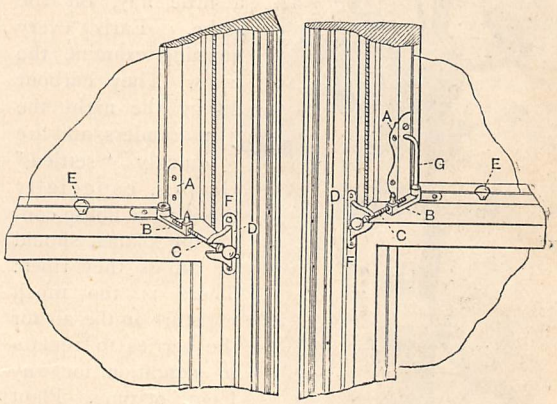


FIG. 1. FIG. 2.

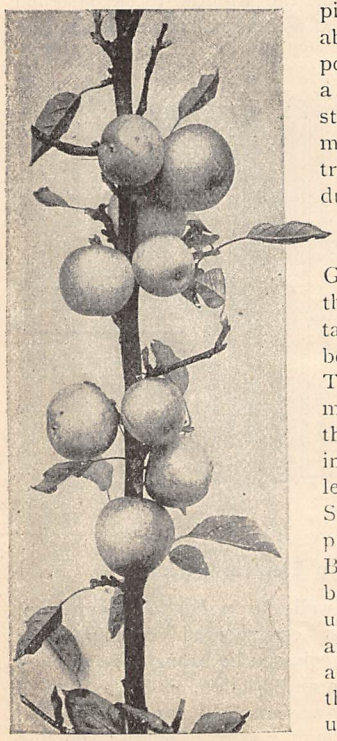
Curing An Electric Shock.

M. d'Arsonval, the well-known French electrician, has shown that persons "electrocuted," or apparently killed by an electric shock, can be brought back to life by artificial respiration and friction, as in a case of drowning. His theory was recently confirmed at St. Denis, Paris, where a man was accidentally shocked by an electric lighting current, and although half-an-

hour elapsed before the means of restoration could be applied, he was able to walk in an hour, and was little the worse for his experience.

GARDENING IN SEPTEMBER.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS must not be crowded too closely. Give them ample room to develop, and about the middle of the month house them in the greenhouse. It is not safe to leave them in the open after this time, as one sharp early frost will destroy the results of a year's labour. Never let the plants become dry at the root. A check of any kind to the growth is fatal to a good display of the graceful flowers. When housed give the plants as much air as possible, and a position not too far from the glass, otherwise the growth will get leggy. Give liquid manure three times a week. Plant Carnations, and if the directions given in respect to layering were followed, there will be good stock to put out now in loamy soil from which wireworms are carefully eradicated. One of the greatest pests to the Carnation is wireworm. It is an insidious foe that wrecks fairest promises of a beautiful display. Weeds must be kept down, and a good "weed killer" will soon remove blemishes. A dressing of salt on a dry day will work wonders; but be always careful not to let such materials, especially the advertised "weed-killers," touch plants or grass verges. To get rid of earwigs on Dahlias, place pieces of bean stems about the plants, or a pot, in which there is a little hay, on the stake. Early every morning examine the traps. They harbour during the night the marauders, and are quickly "settled." Grapes, especially those in a house containing plants, should be cut as they ripen. There is too much moisture in the air for the berries to remain in condition for any length of time. Plant Strawberries in well-prepared soil. The British Queen is the best variety, but too uncertain. President and Sir Joseph Paxton are more reliable, although the fruits are unfortunately without the rich, piquant flavour of those of British Queen. Towards the end of the month, if possible, put on a little fire-heat at nights in the greenhouse. Plants at this time are rapidly going to rest. Such flowers as Tuberous Begonias must not receive so much water as the foliage dies down. It must be withheld gradually.



COX'S ORANGE PIPPIN.

CHRYSANTHEMUM COMPETITION.

NO flower is more popular than the chrysanthemum in the autumn and winter months; and of recent years cultivators of the gay Eastern plant have greatly multiplied. We feel sure that a garden competition of this kind amongst our readers will be welcome; and to further the love for the chrysanthemum we offer prizes to embrace both classes of cultivators—professional and amateur.

We offer two prizes—1st Prize, £2; 2nd Prize, £1—for 12 single blooms of different varieties: 6 Japanese and 6 incurved, distinct; open only to trade growers. Each set must have attached to it a declaration, signed by the competitor, to the effect that the chrysanthemums were grown entirely by the sender. The twelve blooms must be packed in a box (preferably of tin), and reach the Editor by the first postal delivery on NOVEMBER 10th, 1894.

We also offer two prizes to be competed for by amateurs—1st Prize, £2; 2nd Prize, £1—for 6 cut blooms of different varieties: 3 Japanese, 2 incurved, and 1 pompon or single; or a mixture. By amateur we mean those who do not trade in flowers or plants of any kind. Each set must have attached to it a declaration signed by the competitor, and countersigned by some responsible person, to the effect that the chrysanthemums were grown entirely by the sender without professional assistance. The six blooms must be packed in a box (preferably of tin), and reach the Editor by the first postal delivery on NOVEMBER 17th, 1894.

All flowers must be clearly and as far as possible correctly named; quality to be the point to decide the awards; and should be addressed to *The Editor of* CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.*

The exhibits will be judged by one of the leading authorities on the subject. All other details are governed by our General Rules for Competitions as published last December, p. 80.

SIX-PART STORY COMPETITION.

THE FIRST PRIZE of £50 in this Competition has been awarded to

LILIAN IRENE TURNER,
Lindfield,
Milson's Point Railway,
Sydney, N.S.W.

Owing to the large number of MSS. received, the Award is not yet quite completed; but we hope to be able to announce the names of the winners of the Second and Third Prizes in our next issue, the contest for the Second Prize being unusually close.

CONFIDANTS.

(*From a drawing by* PERCY TARRANT.)

SUN-RISE IN THE MOON.

BY J. MUNRO, AUTHOR OF "THE WIRE AND THE WAVE."

I AM alone and seated upon a rock, but I know not where. It is night, and the sky above me wears a strange aspect. There is no shining moon and lustrous clouds; no familiar planet beams like a golden lamp; no brilliant star flashes a living gem in the blue and limpid depths of ether.

I see only an immense black vault—to all appearance, hard, and fretted with pale blue points of light. It is a dead funereal sky; and to compare small things with great, it reminds me of a coal-mine studded with corpse-candles. All about me is buried in darkness that would be absolute, save for the faint glister of the starlight on the white and frozen surface of the ground. Not a living thing is to be seen; an awful stillness reigns; not a breath of air fans my cheek; and the cold is more than Arctic in its rigour.

Suddenly a splendid meteor shoots athwart the sky, its head blazing into green and blue, and its long trail sparkling with fire. It seemed to strike the earth quite near me, for I could hear the shock and the rattle of splintered stones. After a time another followed, and I began to grow alarmed for my safety, when a peculiar light in the distance attracted my attention. It appeared as a bluish-white glow revealing itself in the darkness, like an emanation of some aurora borealis. Dim and vague when first seen, it slowly and surely became brighter, more extensive, and more definite.

At the same time, I was sensible of a growing illumination around me. Spires and pinnacles of hoary granite, tinged with the same blue radiance, stood forth weird and ghostly in the blackness. One might have thought that day was breaking on the mountain tops but for the electrical blueness of the light and the changeless pall of the heavens.

The luminosity in the distance began to assume a crescent shape, but not like that of the moon; for it was horizontal, not vertical. Moreover, I could now see not one, but several, patches and crescents of the bluish lustre which ere long waxed into complete rings, and appeared to float in the darkness, like purple isles and atolls in a shoreless sea of molten pitch.

Shoreless did I say? No: that was only for a space. Beyond the atolls I began to discern a curving band of light, which broadened imperceptibly until it resembled a wall of high cliffs forming the coast-line of a continent, illuminated by the rising sun and trending away into the gloom. In keeping, too, with the effects of sunrise were the long and luminous beams that shot through great gaps and passes in the mountain range on which I now perceived that I was sitting, and fell in purple splashes on the flood of darkness. I knew from the constellations, however, that the light was coming from the west, and, moreover, its colour was neither the amber tinge of sunrise nor of sunset.

How strange and funereal was the spectacle of that black sea, with its purple archipelago enshrined beneath the black sky and the eternal stars! Funereal, yet magnificent beyond all power of language to express. Even the imagination of a Doré could not have conceived the awful sublimity of that Valley of the Shadow of Death. It seemed to me that I was gazing upon the bier of a dead world within the hushed and solemn sepulchre of the universe.

By-and-by a golden light appeared in the east

"IT SEEMED TO STRIKE THE EARTH QUITE NEAR ME."

"IT SEEMED TO SHED NO RADIANCE AROUND IT."

behind the distant line of cliffs, and a vast orb, resembling the moon, but many times, larger, rose with serene majesty into the heavens. Unlike the moon, however, it seemed to shed no radiance around it, for the sky remained as black as ever. The light from its poles was of a dazzling lustre—owing perhaps to the polar ice-fields—but that from the middle zones was dimmer and more shadowy, and varied in tint from a pale green to a ruddy brown and a clouded blue.

The blue patches were probably seas, the brown and green ones continents, with their deserts and vegetation ; and I fancied I could trace a configuration like that portion of the earth comprised between America, Africa, and Europe, even to such details as the British Isles.

The light around me had grown so much brighter that I turned to see where it came from, and beheld a still more marvellous sight. Away to the westward rolled a wild chaos of darkness, commingled with bluish light, which I can only compare to the waves of a stormy sea when tipped with lilac phosphorescence ; and above the distant horizon in the funereal sky a strange and glorious meteor was blazing like a comet. Its disc was equal in size to that of the sun, and of blinding intensity, but its colour was a kind of lavender blue, inclining to purple ; and a silvery white radiance, like that of the Milky Way, extended from it far into the night. What was that brilliant luminary which reminded me so forcibly of an electric arc-lamp when its carbons are burning blue?

I turned once more to the prospect which had first engaged my attention ; but I need not linger on the succeeding phases of the dawn. It is enough to say that as the splendid star mounted up the sky the illuminations became stronger, until a grey-blue daylight showed all the features of the landscape. I then saw that what I have called a sea of darkness was in reality a vast grey plain, and that its purple islands were the peaks and craters of volcanoes. The high cliffs beyond were not the shores of a continent, but part of a stupendous wall of rock, which encircled the plain like a rampart. I discovered that my own station was near the verge of this tremendous precipice ; and my brain sickened when I found that its crags dropped sheerly down to the plain, many thousands of feet below.

The summit was jagged with lofty pinnacles of rock, standing as towers along the wall, and enormous gaps like the embrasures of a battlement. It cast a long, sharp, pointed shadow as black as jet athwart the grey plain below, on which the craters of the extinct volcanoes, as yet unpenetrated by the light, resembled wells of ink ; but as the meteor ascended higher and higher the shadows by degrees drew back or became lighter. Not a vestige of human occupation, or animal life, or vegetation could be seen anywhere. Apparently, there was not a drop of water, stagnant or running, and the rise of a sort of mist from the ground here and there was the only sign of energy.

Although it was broad daylight, the sky, except in the neighbourhood of the luminary, remained as black as ever : or at least an indigo-blue so deep as to appear black ; and the stars had a cold, harsh, bluish aspect.

When I looked in the opposite direction I saw a still more unearthly prospect—a weird and rugged

wilderness of serrated mountain ranges, extinct volcanoes, conical peaks, isolated hills and bosses of rock, walled plains and cindery deserts, traversed by streams of solid lava, or cleft by deep wide cañons, and interspersed with the cones of exhausted geysers, or the basins of dried mud and mineral springs, like the terraces and "paint-pots" of the Yellowstone. The earth and rocks were of all colours, from the white of a deposit like snow, and a species of granite or milky quartz, to the yellow of sulphur, from the red of a vermilion to the green and blues of other natural pigments of volcanic origin; but the prevailing tint was grey, and the light of the sky so chequered the scoriæ and blistered surface with black shadows, that it seemed to be carved out of ivory and ebony.

Here, too, I could see no trace of life, unless some splintered columns on a hill-side were the petrified trunks of an ancient forest; and again the idea came to me that I was looking on the rigid lineaments of a defunct planet.

Dead, perhaps, but not absolutely free of life, for as time went on I began to observe that low forms of vegetation, such as lichen and cacti, were shooting from the arid soil in the growing heat of the luminary, and even imparting a ruddy or green tinge to the grey plains and mountains. Nor was that all: for I was nearly frightened out of my wits on discovering a huge serpent gliding past me as I lay upon the ground. Another and another followed; and not snakes alone, but monstrous toads and flying insects, as gigantic as crocodiles or the winged dragons of past geological eras.

They were of all colours and patterns, to match the earth and rocks, but the majority were black and white. Occasionally a serpent gobbled up a toad, and a toad snapped at a dragon-fly; but still the legion marched on, like a great army. I wanted to run away, but I was rooted to the spot; and—horror of horrors!—an enormous snake glided over my prostrate body. In an agony of fear I struggled to escape from its bloated and slimy folds, but all in vain. I yelled aloud, and—I awoke.

At first I did not know where I was, for the trail of the serpent was still over me; yet I became aware of my identity, and that I was not really where I had thought myself to be. For a moment it flashed upon me that I was crazed, and then I recollected that I was in bed, and that my gruesome experiences were only a dream, evoked, perhaps, by the rays of the dawn falling across my face.

I believe it was a case of what is known as "double consciousness," in which the brain seems to be conscious in two different centres. The Ego had awakened while the rest of the mind was under the influence of sleep. The mystery of my dream became clear to me, for I remembered that before going to bed I had been reading about the moon in the pages of Proctor, Sir Robert Ball, Mr. A. C. Ranyard, and other eminent writers on astronomy. I found, moreover, that there had been a creative method in my dream—that it was, in fact, a vision of sun-rise in the moon, such as it would appear to an observing eye, placed in the moon itself, and not to an astronomer upon the earth.

My point of view had been on the south-west wall of the great crater, or "walled plain," of Clavius, in the third or south-east quadrant of the moon, and the time was that of sun-rise, when the "terminator" or fringe of daylight was creeping over the surface, and illuminating its salient features.

The azure of our sky on the earth is due to the dispersion of the light in the atmosphere; but if the moon has any atmosphere, it is extremely rare—as rare as that some fifty or sixty miles above the earth. Hence both by night and day the lunar sky appears black. On the summit of Mont Blanc there is a decided darkening of our own blue sky. Again, the golden red light of sun-rise and sun-set on the earth is owing to absorption of the blue rays by our atmosphere, such as may be observed in a gas lamp, which appears redder in a fog.

Seen beyond our atmosphere, the sun would in reality be of a blue colour, like Herschel's lavender, tending to purple, as Professor S. P. Langley has found; and hence, as the moon has little or no absorptive atmosphere,

"MY OWN STATION WAS NEAR THE VERGE OF THIS TREMENDOUS PRECIPICE" (*p.* 804).

the sun-light there will show a purple tinge. The solar disc will also appear to be enveloped by the chromosphere and white corona with its meteoric extensions, including the zodiacal light.

The crater of Clavius is over 142 miles in diameter,

"AN ENORMOUS SNAKE GLIDED OVER MY PROSTRATE BODY" (*p.* 805).

or twice the area of Wales ; but the absence or purity of the atmosphere favours length of sight. It is surrounded by a bulwark of rocks, in some places attaining a height of more than 17,000 feet above the floor, which comprises about ninety craterlets. Even from the earth a sun-rise on Clavius, when viewed with a good telescope, is a very sublime spectacle. At first the sun lights up the western wall of the crater, which remains in shadow, and appears as a dark bay encroaching on the bright part, or southern horn. As the sun rises higher his rays strike on the craters of the plain, and makes them shine as "golden atolls in a sea of ink."

The eastern wall of the crater catches his fire, and shafts of light dart through the gaps in the western wall into the bottom of the crater : an effect employed by Mr. Rider Haggard in his celebrated romance to enable "She" and her companions to reach the flame of immortality in the caverns of Kôr, which was also a "walled plain," similar to those on the moon. At last the sunlight reaches the plain, the long black shadows are forced to shrink away, and the entire floor is illuminated.

The moon may be regarded as a mummied world which has died young. The earth is much older as a planet, and many traits of its fiery youth have disappeared ; but in the aspect of the moon we are able to read what it has once been like. On the volcanic surface of our satellite we see long mountain ranges, but none so high as the Andes or the Himalayas. Those of the moon are evidently the works of Plutonic forces.

The Andes and the Himalayas, on the other hand, are built of rocks which have been deposited under water, and upheaved by the sinking in of the neighbouring areas. In some terrestrial ranges, however, the original core or back-bone is volcanic, and comparable to the ranges of the moon, but it has become overlaid by sedimentary materials : just as a primitive trait of human character is sometimes disguised by later habits or experience.

There are few great craters, rings, or walled plains on the earth, and these are not so large as some on the moon. Probably those of the earth have nearly all been denuded away by wind and water, frost and fire ; but examples can still be seen in Java and elsewhere, and the crater of Kilauea, in the Sandwich Islands, is one still active, where the molten lava is forming a ridgy floor or grey plain, dotted with craterlets which are the last vents of the expiring volcano. The so-called "seas" of the moon, such as the "Sea of Serenity," the "Lake of Corruption," and the "Bay of Rainbows," are apparently dry flats or deserts, like the prairies and the pampas of America, and their greenish-grey or reddish hue probably comes from the earth and ashes, or from vegetation.

The "pits" or cup-like depressions are perhaps old craters which have lost their rings ; the "clefts" are long narrow gorges or cracks remaining open, and the "faults" are doubtless closed cracks, both the result of shrinkage as the moon parted with its internal heat.

The "bright streaks" which radiate from some of the craters across valleys and mountains are perhaps frozen lava streams, and the "long banks" are probably intruded lavas similar to the "trap dykes" of our own planet. The sulphur plains, extinct geysers, and mineral springs which I saw in my dream have not yet been recognised on the moon, because, of course, they would be difficult to discern; but we can hardly doubt that such-like products of volcanic action are present there.

The seeming absence of air and water in the moon has been accounted for in several ways. It is more likely that the particles of air have stolen away into space during the lapse of ages—as Mr. S. T. Preston has supposed—than that it has frozen in the extreme cold or been absorbed by the crust. The water may have been absorbed or frozen out rather than evaporated, but there is a growing tendency amongst astronomers to believe that both an atmosphere and water exist in the moon, though in a diminished quantity. During the long night, lasting two weeks, this water would undoubtedly be frozen, and the peculiar whiteness of the moon's surface, especially at the poles, may be caused by ordinary snow, as well as by frozen carbonic acid or chemical salts, such as borate of lime. If there be some air and water on the moon—and this is the view which I have taken—the long day of two weeks would, of course, vaporise it; rains would follow, and probably the lower species of plants would flourish. That vegetable and animal life of the higher grades once existed on the moon is questionable. Probably there was never any man in the moon, although the likeness of a very beautiful woman and a very ugly man have been traced by some astronomers.

There is no reason to doubt, however, that many of the lower kinds of animals once haunted the grey plains and wooded slopes of the mountains, and it is even possible that some of these yet linger on in more or less modified types, and migrate with the sunshine, like our swallows, thus elevating my awful nightmare to the rank of a prophetic vision.

THE CLEARING OF THE MIST.

By FRANCES HASWELL.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

THE PERVERSITY OF THINGS.

ATURDAY came; with it, the hero in person, and two other guests whom Mrs. Ross had invited by way of a little surprise, without saying anything to Emily—namely, Mrs. Holroyd and Violet; Maud had left home on a short visit. They all came by the afternoon train.

It very soon became apparent to Emily that Violet was in one of her naughtiest moods. Within ten minutes of entering the house she rushed into Emily's bedroom to ask "how the courtship was getting on," and for a moment the poor girl felt quite taken aback; she had been so pre-occupied all the week with her own little tragedy that Mr. Somers' supposed admiration for Mabel had almost faded from her memory. She recovered herself, however, shook her head, affected to sigh, and said—

"Ah, Sprite, that was quite a delusion!"

"A delusion!" cried Violet indignantly. "Just when I was looking forward to the most thrilling developments! The instant I caught sight of dear Grenville on the platform, I made joyfully sure your dream was a genuine one, after all. I carried it on—the dream, I mean; I saw her bidding farewell to the Firs—farewell for ever—in a shower of rice: never was rice flung with more hearty goodwill."

"Violet! how can you be so absurd?"

"We arrived. The young couple met on that beautiful terrace under the window here; I fixed hawk's eyes on them, of course, and it was all I could do to refrain from remarking aloud—'Love among the roses.' And now to have *you* the very next minute—you who discovered, invented, created the whole thing—to have *you* come down upon me all at once, and unblushingly tell me it's nothing—it's a shame, Emily! It's a sell!"

"Don't use such horrid slang!" Emily curtly retorted.

"Very good, madam; I withdraw the word; and I withdraw the thing. It shan't be a sell. The affair shall proceed. I'll light up the dying spark. I'll fan the feeble flame. See if I don't!"

"Violet, how can you go on like this? It's most—I don't know what word to use—most unbecoming and low. What would mother say if she heard you?"

"She would say, 'Oh, Violet!'"

"She'd say something stronger than that. But don't let us be silly. Can't I make you understand? There is no spark; there never were any flames; there never was anything—nothing whatever. It was all pure myth. If I were you, I'd simply forget all about it."

"Forget, indeed? Not I. I won't have you blowing hot and cold like this. Here have I been working myself into a glorious state of sentimental expectation these many weeks, and to have the cup dashed from my lips in this way!"

"Just try to be serious, please, for once in your life. It's time you learned to treat grave matters gravely. Don't you see how you might pain and embarrass people by turning them into vulgar jest?"

"By turning *whom or what* into vulgar jest, if you please?"

"You understand me perfectly well; by turning love affairs into jest. Nothing's in worse taste than that."

"Ha, ha, Emily! The wind's gone round again. The thing that never existed at all has turned once more into a serious matter that has to be treated gravely. My hopes revive. We may have the Firs to ourselves again before we die."

"We won't talk about it any longer," said Emily, with angry impatience. "But just look here, Violet; you enjoy teasing me, and I hope that's the extent of your malice. I trust you have some faint trace of proper feeling left; but if you give Mr. Somers a single hint or a single look implying any of this absurdity, I'll go straight to mother, and appeal to her—so mind."

Violet pursed up her lips in a mischievous fashion, and left the room singing—

"Tell me the tales that to me were so dear
Long, long ago, long, long ago,"

and Emily, in some perturbation, followed her downstairs to the garden.

It was last Saturday afternoon over again—with differences. The sun shone as hotly out of as cloudless a heaven; the faint haze whispered just the same suggestions of refreshing coolness through umbrageous limes and elms; from across the hollow lane came the same bleating of flocks. But to-day the air seemed to Emily heavy with a secret of her own, darkened with regrets and self-reproach.

"If only I could be pleasant and natural!"

Yet, how could anybody be natural who found it impossible to utter one syllable or to make one movement that did not seem to herself constrained and awkward? When Mr. Somers offered her the sugar-basin, she listened to her own voice, saying, "No, thank you"; and it sounded so conscious that she felt sure everyone must notice it. She avoided meeting his eye, though she would have given much to know exactly what he was thinking. He, on his side, betrayed no embarrassment so far as she could perceive; had he forgotten? That, of course, was out of the question; yet how could he avoid showing *some* symptom of recollection?

Had he rued? Was he already aware that he had made a great mistake?—that at the bottom he had never really loved her? This appeared the obvious explanation.

"It's all for the best—all for the best," Emily kept saying to herself. "Now I need blame myself no more. The whole thing's over. Now we shall just be friends. I should like to be his friend; I want to wipe out the memory of the pain I gave him. I wonder, though, how he does feel towards me—whether he does feel like a friend? There's something cooler than cool about his manner. I knew it the first moment we met. I felt it in his fingers when we shook hands. Perhaps *that* kind of thing can't change into friendship any more than fruit can change back into blossom; perhaps when it's rejected it can only wither away to nothing, or else turn into bitterness."

But if Emily was rather taciturn that midsummer afternoon, Violet made amends for all with a most abundant flow of merry nonsense. Mrs. Holroyd was a talker also, and couldn't help slily encouraging the sallies of her youngest-born when not too outrageous—nor was silence Mrs. Ross's foible; so perhaps no one missed Emily's contribution to the stock of conversation.

After dinner Mrs. Ross, as usual, proposed that the active members of the party should go out and explore the beauties of the neighbourhood. History was repeating itself, except that the addition of Violet changed the couple of last Saturday into a trio, and Mr. Somers proposed to walk down the valley instead of ascending the hills.

The tall clipped elms cast immensely long shadows across the turf; the hedges were fragrant with the rich honeysuckle; the fields from which the hay had just been carried lay brilliantly green. A mile away, on the wooded hillside, rose the church, behind it that same peaked hill which Grenville and Emily had climbed last Sunday night; it made a conspicuous figure in the landscape from Mrs. Ross's house, and Emily had never looked at it since without a curious thrill—was it regret, was it self-reproach, or the mere memory of a vivid and strange sensation?

"Emily," said Violet suddenly, "what *does* all this mean?"

"All what?" responded the elder sister, with some confusion, as if her companions could have divined the train of thought that question had interrupted.

"This gloom—this silence."

"I don't know what you mean. Why should I be gloomy?"

"Why, indeed? That's what I want to know. Has one of your castles in the air tumbled down?"

"I resent the imputation. I don't approve of gloom."

"Ah, Emily! I know you too well to be put off like that. You've got something on your mind—haven't you, now?"

"Lots of things. I take pride in possessing a well-filled mind," said Emily, attempting to laugh.

"I don't want to hear the lots of things; I shall be quite satisfied with the one very particular thing that has made you so glum all day."

"Then I'm afraid you'll just have to remain dissatisfied."

"Oh, but I object to being dissatisfied, and glum, and silent—and I object to other people being so. Mr. Somers, you're nearly as bad as Emily. Can *you* throw any light on her peculiar frame of mind?"

"I fear I haven't the honour of her confidence."

"Then I must do my little best to sustain the burden of conversation alone."

"What a heroic resolve!" said Emily.

"If I only knew what you two would care to hear! Come, Emily, say something; never mind what. I never knew you like this before. I'll give you a start.

Set to work now, and trot out some nice quotations this sentimental summer evening. I'm sure you must know something appropriate to time and place. Out with it! Let's have something about that romantic hill up there, with the sharp point like a crochet-needle."

The sisters had amused themselves often enough with trying who could bring out the neatest quotation to fit this thing, that or the other, but why, oh! why, should the *enfant terrible* choose Airey Hill on this particular occasion?

"Nothing occurs to me," answered Emily, in chilling tones.

"Fix your eye on it, my dear, and think hard. Doesn't it look like the very place for something romantic to happen, Mr. Somers?"

"Don't be silly," said Emily in an undertone.

"I'm afraid I'm a bad judge of something romantic," said he; and there was an indescribable something in his tone which reduced Violet to silence, though, not having the slightest clue to the situation, she was far enough from guessing what it meant.

Love to her was merely a word in a book, and as for a love affair in connection with one of her own sisters, nothing was less likely to enter the head of any member of the Holroyd family.

"SHE RUSHED INTO EMILY'S BEDROOM" (*p.* 807).

"Very good," she said; "I'm not going to waste my sweetness on the desert air any longer. I'm going to gather desert flowers, for the wilderness hereabouts appears to blossom like the rose;" and she turned aside to break a piece of woodbine from the hedge, at once piqued and puzzled by the sharp answer Grenville had just given her.

Grenville himself was tingling all over with indignation. That Emily should go about telling the whole

story to the whole world! It was plain, then, that to her there was nothing sacred about the thing at all. Was it possible that all women were like that? Had they no natural feelings, no pride, no reserve? For him that hill with the crochet-needle point was associated with the keenest pain he had ever known, and Emily could make an amusing story out of that pain to enliven her friends!

His wrath burned all the more hotly because it was a smothered fire. After a while he forced himself to talk in an ordinary way, but the remainder of the walk was anything but pleasant to anybody, and the two more immediately concerned went to bed that night tolerably miserable.

Sunday had to be got through somehow. The walk of yesterday evening having turned out such a dismal failure, it seemed hardly likely that any one of those who had taken part in it would suggest a repetition. Mrs. Ross, however, had a notion that young people ought to be always going about.

"Grenville," she said that afternoon, "Violet has never seen Hazel Lane or the view from the top of Long Ash Wood. Suppose you three go up there before tea? Or stay—Mabel, couldn't you try a little walk, my dear? You were out in the lane yesterday."

"Yes, and my back's been aching ever since."

"You need practice, that's all. You must try to walk a little further every day."

"We won't go out and leave poor Miss Townsend alone," said Grenville, with superabundant courtesy—whereat Violet pinched Emily's arm severely.

But as he spoke there sprang up in Emily's mind a foolish unreasoning wish to see Hazel Lane once more in his company.

How pleasant it had been up there upon the hills once upon a time—a long time ago, when thrushes had sung and cuckoos called, when the air had been so sweet, and yet so cool, under the solemn lights and shadows of evening. Oh that the hours could but slip back!

At the worst, the constraint that spoiled all intercourse—the constraint which made *now* so different from *then*, could not be more painful out in the open than in this hot shut-in garden, where it was an effort to breathe. Emily longed to climb the hill and smell the soft south-westerly breeze. Only it was plain Grenville did not want to go, and *she* could not urge it on him.

Mrs. Ross returned to the attack.

"No, no. Mabel wouldn't like to feel she was keeping other people at home such a splendid afternoon. The heat makes you lazy, Grenville, but you mustn't give way to it. Now, don't look so lackadaisical. In my day young men had more spirit. Away you all go, and bring me home a lot of ferns."

Once more, therefore, Emily found herself in that deep-set lane under the moving shadows of the trees, but if she expected to find the joyous feelings of a week ago waiting for her there, she was disappointed.

She kept wondering what Mr. Somers was thinking. Last Saturday as they walked up this very hill she had asked him straight out what were his thoughts?—whether he was happy? She could be frank and free with him then. Now there was nobody in the world she was less at ease with. They had covenanted to be friends: but how could friendship live with no freedom of speech?

Her self-consciousness kept growing and growing. She could not tell, for she dared not turn her head, whether he were looking at her or no, and yet she had a sense that he was taking stock of her all the while, doubtless judging pretty severely the woman who could be vain enough to announce that no one but a hero was good enough for her. She must do something, must plunge into conversation on some subject, never mind what. It was easier to address Violet than Mr. Somers; so to Violet she turned.

"I don't want to miss another lecture. I wonder whether I could go to Royston to-morrow afternoon, and get back at night? Yes, of course I could."

"Oh, the ardent young enthusiast!" cried Violet, who in speaking to her sisters commonly affected the *rôle* of a sage and sober elder—"the hero-worshipper! I wonder whether you've ever seen the object of this devoted worship, Mr. Somers?"

"You mean Professor Nicholson?"

"He's a dear little man, but as for a hero—he would certainly succumb at once if boldly assaulted by a cock-sparrow."

"I'm not aware that I ever called him a hero," said Emily.

"Oh no; all you do is to sit watching him as if wisdom not only dropped from his lips—which it does—but radiated from every inch of him—which it does not; for his figure, attitude, and clothes are villainous. It's really a touching sight in these irreverent days to see the disciple hanging on the master's words as Emily does on the dear professor's. Why, she won't even take notes, for fear of being obliged to move her eyes off him."

"You know very well why I don't take notes. I can follow the lecture and the readings so much better if I don't bother myself with notes."

"Is it possible, Emily? Are you growing ashamed of your hero-worship? I always thought you took a pride in it, as arguing some greatness of soul, some high perception in yourself."

"Of course I'm not ashamed. But you needn't lay on the paint quite so thick. Mr. Somers doesn't know your gift of exaggeration."

"Ah! sits the wind in that quarter? You imagine your friend here will laugh at your peculiar taste in men?"

Once more in justice be it said that Miss Violet was innocent as a babe of any covert meaning in her words; she was merely an incorrigible tease, and any symptom of embarrassment in her victim stimulated her to fresh efforts.

"Miss Holroyd has a right to her own private tastes," said Grenville somewhat stiffly. "She knows I should not presume to criticise them."

"You talk like a printed book," said Violet, going

on to tell one or two anecdotes supposed to illustrate Emily's admiration for the professor ; Emily felt they made her look uncommonly silly and school-girlish, but she hardened her heart to endure without wincing.

Only *why* must Violet be so absurd? Why could she not be satisfied to look round her and enjoy the great circle of hills, and the sky, and the sea without chattering about all manner of absurd little incidents that happened in smoky Royston streets or dull lecture-rooms? A week ago they had been well enough content to walk in silence under the same ashes and hazels. Oh, dear! what a midsummer night's dream that Saturday seemed now!

"If I had him alone—only for five minutes," Emily kept thinking—"I do think I could explain matters ; perhaps I could put things on a more friendly footing. This is miserable. It seems cruel that she should be here just in this place just at this moment. If I were Violet, I'm sure I should want to run down that steep bank and gather a lot of those splendid ferns. She might take herself out of the way for a *very* little while——"

But Violet showed not the smallest intention of taking herself out of the way.

"Has the girl *no* tact?" thought Emily, who was rapidly losing her temper and even her self-possession. "She might see—I'm quite sure anyone else would see—that I've got something on my mind—that I have something particular to say to Mr. Somers."

"Violet," said she at last, "don't you remember Mrs. Ross wanted us to bring in flowers and things? There are such lovely broad-ferns down there in the old quarry, and lady-ferns. I feel rather tired ; I think I'll sit here on the bank and wait for you, if you wouldn't mind going into the wood."

"I can get them," said Grenville.

"Thanks," said Violet, "if you would be so kind. And then I can be lazy—like Emily."

Emily bit her lip. Was ever fortune so perverse? Why had she not proposed to gather those ferns herself?

Violet threw herself down beside her sister on the warm sward.

"This youth seems to have no great flow of conversation," she observed.

"Everybody doesn't always want to be talking," said Emily, with some emphasis.

"I've not met such a short-tempered person for some time ; he really tempts one to provoke him."

"Why can't you let people alone when you see they wish to be quiet?"

"I don't see how to explain his glumness, except by our old theory—love, Emily, love."

"Oh, do be quiet!" said the elder sister angrily. "If you only knew how silly it sounds, you wouldn't talk like that."

"Oh, yes! I do know how silly it sounds. Love makes people silly, and talking about love and thinking about love also make people silly. My silliness is only at third-hand, I'm thankful to say. But I consider silliness in one's friends rather amusing and useful as a topic for conversation—like sea-sickness—or dentistry."

"You know nothing about love, and it would be more rational not to air your ignorance."

"Where ignorance is bliss, *et cetera, et cetera*."

"Talking of ignorance, Sprite, have you written a paper on 'Fra Lippo Lippi' for to-morrow's lecture, and prepared properly for your Latin class?"

"Yes, my dear, I always prepare properly. And I've written a neat little paper for the professor, of about two pages, short and sweet, chiefly quotations, like

> "'Flower of the clove,
> All the Latin I construe is *amo*, I love.'"

"You may be disappointed in love yourself some time, Violet, and then you'll find out whether it's amusing or not."

"Very possibly. But, my dear Emily, are you aware that you've just executed another masterly change of front? Yesterday there was no love-affair in the wind at all ; so what I want to know is where the disappointment comes in?"

"Well—I never said there was a disappointment, did I?"

> "'Flower of the quince
> I let Mabel go, and what good in life since?'"

"Hush, hush! He'll hear you——"

For at this moment Grenville emerged from the old overgrown quarry, with his hands full of ferns.

"Now," said Violet, "don't you think we've walked far enough to satisfy Mrs. Ross? Emily and I are both completely exhausted ; likewise our tempers have given out ; and you—perhaps you're tired, too? I don't think you're *quite* in your usual spirits?"

"Oh, I'm not so very tired," said Emily hastily ; "I don't want to go back. But if *you* had rather go home, Violet——"

She paused, on the forlorn hope that Violet might propose to return to Ashfield Grange alone.

"We'll take Mr. Somers' vote," said Violet.

And the three went home together.

That evening Violet said to Emily—

"I'm going to begin a great work, my dear. I'm going to insinuate myself into Mabel's confidence. We can't get on without it. Our schemes have no chance while we work in the dark."

"Much good may it do you!" said Emily curtly.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

A TURN OF FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

IT was a dull September evening. Emily Holroyd had been at a little assemby—a literary club—of girls, that met fortnightly at each other's houses to read essays and discuss the affairs of the nation. Maud was also a member, but to-day Maud chanced to be otherwise engaged. The meeting had ended rather later than usual, and it was cloudy. Emily found herself alone on the open down in the fast falling twilight, with nearly a mile's solitary walk before her, for none of the other members of the Girls' Literary Society were going her way to-night.

But Emily was not by nature a nervous person, and it never occurred to her to be afraid as she entered a footpath that led across the grass ; there was still light enough to see her way with sufficient clearness, so she was at leisure to indulge reveries on various things that "might have been."

"I wonder," thought she, "what has become of Mr. Somers? We have never once met since those miserable days at Ashfield, except that time when he pretended not to see me. He must have been away. It's very painful. If he had only done as I asked him, and as he promised—yes, he promised, and he has broken his promise—he said we should remain friends always. It's just like when I was a little girl, and found a four-leaved clover in a field one day. I wanted to take it home, but nurse said 'No—wait ; we'll come back the same way : you can pick it then.' But, of course, we didn't come back the same way; or if we did, I never found the clover—and I've never seen a four-leaved clover since. I suppose they are rare ; and great loves are rare too. If only the thing hadn't ended so uncomfortably ! Mrs. Ross is coming to-morrow ; we haven't seen her, either, for a long time, and I suppose she'll know something about his movements."

As Emily approached the point where the footpath cut across a regular road, she was startled out of her abstraction by a shout. Looking up, she perceived a man apparently drunk.

Now Emily had always had a peculiar horror of drunken men since, half-a-dozen years ago, she and Violet had had a rather similar adventure. Many a time had she dreamed of such encounters since, and the reality now seemed like an ugly dream. She stopped short. To go on was to rush straight into the lion's mouth, so to speak ; to go back was equally hazardous, for, should he take it into his head to follow her, she would be worse off in the darkness and solitude that lay behind than on the road, where there was a chance that somebody might come along.

Promptly she formed her resolution ; and, without appearing to take any notice of the man, turned to the right, somewhat off the footpath, intending to enter the road about forty yards from him. She quickened her pace, but would not seem to run. Her heart beat fast, for, without turning her head, she could not help being conscious that the enemy was moving in the same direction ; and then, to her immense relief, she caught sight of another dim figure some hundred yards down the road. She hurried on.

"Good-evening, Miss Holroyd."

Emily stopped short ; it was Mr. Somers.

"Oh, good-evening," she said. "I have just had such a fright—a fright from a drunken man. I was awfully glad to see *anybody* coming ! I had no idea who it was, though, till you spoke."

"You shouldn't be out so late all alone. Let me walk home with you."

Emily could not decline the offer; and having got safely past the foe, the two moved along together for some minutes without exchanging more than a few commonplace words.

Emily's heart was beating quickly still, under the double stimulus of sudden fear and sudden excitement ; yet there was something curiously natural, too, in being taken possession of, in being taken care of, in this fashion. It was as if she had of late passed through a great empty tract of time without interests, without events, and now found herself once more among things familiar ; it was as if the last three months had been the dream, as if these moments were the reality. The fancy dissolved rapidly, as such fancies have a knack of doing ; and then she remembered how she had through long weeks hoped and longed for some chance of speaking confidentially to Mr. Somers, of knitting up the broken ends of friendship.

Emily had been called upon at the little essay meeting she had just left to open the debate—on phonetic spelling ; but to open this debate was a very different matter. Still, if she could only get a start, it ought not to be so difficult to go on.

"We are having wonderful weather, aren't we, Mr. Somers ? I don't remember such a fine summer since the Jubilee year."

The weather was a subject she was used to despise as an introduction to conversation ; and the fact that she fell back upon it now proved her to be in sore straits.

"Yes. People have had less excuse than sometimes for complaining of the climate."

As usual ! That stupid topic led nowhither, though they struggled on with it for some time. The long-continued west winds, the drought, the heat—on all these points they agreed entirely, but Emily had effected nothing as yet towards breaking the ice.

"Have you had a holiday ? Have you been away anywhere ?" she finally asked.

"No ; nowhere."

"Oh ! I'm sorry. It must be so tantalising to be cooped up among grimy streets when the skies are so blue and the air so summery."

"Yes. Unfortunately, there are many things in life which *are* tantalising."

"So, then, like a model man of business, you stick to Royston year in year out ?"

"I don't think I shall stick to Royston much longer."

Emily felt startled.

"Do you intend to go away *for good ?*"

"Yes ; in about three weeks."

"I—we—shall be sorry to lose you."

"Thank you."

To go away for good ! It seemed to Emily impossible to realise that the plans and projects she had been making had the bottom knocked out of them. She and Grenville subsided into silence. It was growing darker ; the twilight was almost gone by the time they turned off the rough grass of the down upon the public road that was edged with villas and lighted with gas. Home was not very far off now, but Emily could think of nothing more to say ; all her faculties were taken up with regretting that she had made so little of her opportunity ; and yet she knew she should be a hundred times sorrier, a

hundred times more vexed with herself, for this stupid failure as soon as they had parted.

But there was no time to be lost; she must make another effort, must break the crust once for all, at whatever cost, and find out what really lay beneath. It was foolish, most unnecessary, to feel so nervous about discussing matters with her rejected lover; she determined to be natural.

"It's a long time since I saw you to speak to. At Ashfield, wasn't it?"

As if she could have forgotten time or place!

"Look here," said she, plunging desperately into the midst of things: "I've been wishing to speak with you for a long while. Of course I saw quite plainly last time we met that you were angry with me; I was completely puzzled, and very much pained. I tried then to get a chance of asking you what it meant, but you never gave me one. I thought—I mean I think—there may be some misunderstanding."

Emily hesitated, and stopped. That word was rather a

"SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF ANOTHER DIM FIGURE" (*p.* 812).

"Yes; at Ashfield."

"I think I saw you in Carnarvon Road one day; but perhaps you didn't recognise me. You were a good way off."

Like Brutus, she "paused for a reply"; but no reply coming, she went on—

"I thought, *perhaps*—you didn't *wish* to see me."

They had pledged themselves to be friends, and Emily felt that compact gave her a right to clear up any awkwardness that might have come between them. This was, in fact, a duty.

"I beg your pardon; I didn't mean to be rude. I saw you, certainly; but I didn't know you noticed me."

Why would he give her no opening for any of the pleasant friendly things she wanted to say? She almost hated him for his reticence. If he would find fault with her, if he would get angry with her, it would be a relief—instead of "keeping on saying nothing," like Brer Fox.

"It's very good of you to come with me all the way like this. I'm so sorry to take you out of your way."

"Oh, it's very little out of my road; and I'm glad to have the opportunity—my last opportunity, probably—of doing anything for you."

The words were a shade more cordial than anything Grenville had yet said; so, though the tone in which they were uttered was chilly enough, Emily resolved to take heart of grace, and to accept them as indicating some little softening.

convenient one; but at the bottom of her heart she believed Grenville's severity of manner to be entirely due to wounded love and pride—wounds that might be mollified with kind words, however: wounds that deserved gentlest handling.

"A misunderstanding! There has been no misunderstanding that I am aware of."

It was really cruel of him to remain unmoved by the little speech which had cost Emily such an effort; but she could not afford to stop and take offence: this was her one chance of putting things straight before their final parting. So in her own mind she expressed

it, and yet, in spite of reason, she could not, did not somehow believe that there was going to be such a final and sudden farewell.

"I don't call this friendship at all," said she earnestly. "Have you forgotten what you promised once at Ashfield? and now you seem——"

Instinctively she had lowered her voice, because there was someone just in front; but it was a painful shock to perceive that someone to be Mabel Townsend. At this moment it seemed difficult to realise that there were extraneous people in the world, that the figures passing on the pavement were flesh and blood—beings who had to be reckoned with, not mere shadows. Never before had she been so vexed to see anybody.

"Mabel! I wonder you like to be out by yourself—in the dark—so late!"

For, indeed, it almost seemed to Emily that it might be near midnight; she had lost count of time.

"No. You see, I'm not so fortunate as yourself. I haven't the advantage of an escort."

"Miss Holroyd no longer needs an escort," said Grenville, raising his hat; "so—if you will excuse me—I am afraid I am late already for an appointment."

He vanished into the darkness as suddenly as he had emerged from it twenty minutes before.

"So you're trying to bring the old friendship to life again, eh, Milly?"

"I didn't know it was dead."

"No, of course not. You've got more *nous* than I gave you credit for."

"What do you mean, Mabel?" responded Emily impatiently.

"Oh! I see. I perceive. You're quite unconscious. You were always so innocent, don't you know? It's a very good thing to be innocent sometimes, very convenient."

"I haven't the most distant idea what you're talking about."

"Oh! Then this meeting with Mr. Somers is only a curious coincidence? Curious coincidences do happen, you know."

"I don't see anything so very curious about it."

"Oh, no; you rather object to talking to men. They have so little mind, Milly—they're so unintellectual."

"I don't know whether you consider this style of thing humorous or not, Mabel. People have such different ideas of humour. I can only say that it doesn't happen to amuse me."

"No; I presume not. It isn't amusing to be wise too late."

"You must be labouring under some absurd delusion or other; and as I have absolutely no key to it, it seems hardly worth while to continue the discussion."

By this time they had reached the Firs, and Emily rushed up to her own room. To Mabel's nonsense she gave hardly a second thought. Mabel was always rather silly, and rather vulgar in the matter of love affairs. Who cared what Mabel thought? But she had something substantial to trouble herself about. Something had happened—or rather, something was going to happen—which changed the aspect of the world to her, and it puzzled her to understand why it should make so much difference.

Grenville Somers had never been a factor of practical importance in her life; all her interests, her occupations, would go on perfectly well without him. For months she had never so much as spoken to him; what was it, therefore, to her whether henceforth he lived in Royston or in the ends of the earth?

It was that she could not bear to let him go away like this. Mabel had interrupted them at the very instant when they were coming to an explanation, and now he would never see her again; he had said so; he misunderstood her, he was angry with her; and it was hard, for she had always liked him so much. Now he would for ever go on "fancying horrid things about her."

And all for want of a few words! She racked her brains to find some way out of the perplexity; she could not sleep that night for thinking of it.

Mrs. Ross was coming to-morrow to spend two or three days at the Firs; and from this quarter it seemed just possible something might turn up.

"To-morrow" dawned at last. Mrs. Ross arrived before lunch, and after lunch settled herself with Mrs. Holroyd and Emily in the long sunny drawing-room. Mabel, who had a headache, went upstairs to lie down. Maud and Violet had occasion to go down into the town for some shopping; Emily was not likely to have a better opportunity for getting at what she wanted to know.

Nor was there any reason whatever why she should not put a direct question on the subject. Only she preferred to wait till there was a momentary lull in conversation. What a long time one has to wait sometimes for a momentary lull in conversation! Mrs. Ross, who had just returned from Switzerland, appeared bent on giving her listeners an exhaustive description of all the romantic places she had visited, and the extremely interesting people she had met; it was endless. Maud and Violet would be back long before Mrs. Ross got safely landed at Dover.

She had not reached Basle when Mrs. Holroyd was called out of the room to speak to the cook. Emily snatched at her opportunity.

"We seem to have hardly seen you since that delightful visit to Ashfield. We did enjoy it so much! And it did Mabel ever so much good."

"Oh, nothing like country breezes for setting sick people on their feet again. Miss Townsend looked extremely blooming at lunch, in spite of her headache. Does she paint, Emily?"

"No; of course not. That is to say—I never thought of such a thing."

"I never saw such flagrantly painted people as the *Parisiennes;* they need it all; they're so sallow. I thought at first everybody we met was ill."

The poor girl could have groaned aloud. Mrs. Ross had flown once more across the Channel; and who knew how long she might linger under the shadow of Notre Dame? A diversion must be effected, and that

at once. Emily jumped up, poked the fire vigorously, threw on a few lumps of coal, and remarked, with her back to Mrs. Ross—

"Talking of those old days at Ashfield, do you know Mr. Somers is leaving Royston?"

"Why, of course! He was not very likely to stay here under the circumstances."

Emily was uncommonly thankful her face was hidden. "Under the circumstances"—did Mrs. Ross know? Had Grenville told her?

"I don't know what circumstances you refer to," she said, in a tone of uneasy *hauteur*, which she meant for indifference.

"Haven't you seen him lately?" said Mrs. Ross, with some surprise and more curiosity, for she had often wondered during the last three months what had been the fate of the little love-affair whose beginnings she had fostered.

"Only once. And he told me nothing about himself, except that he was going away."

"I thought you and he were such friends?"

"Yes; I always liked him."

"I'm very fond of the boy myself. I was delighted to hear of his good fortune."

"Has some good fortune befallen him then?"

"Really? Don't you know *anything?* You remember that story I told you about him?"

"Yes; I remember."

"Then the wicked cousin is dead, and his daughter has insisted on making full restitution to Mary Somers—Grenville's mother, you know. I heard from her the other day; she's staying in Royston now with her daughter, and this Beatrice Harker is with her. A fine sort of girl she seems to be; I should like to know her."

"Yes," said Emily.

"I was thinking of going to-morrow to call on Mrs. Somers; she has taken lodgings in Melville Crescent. Will you go with me?"

"Oh, that would be very interesting. Miss Harker must, as you say, be a remarkable girl. Only—I don't know Mrs. Somers. I have no excuse for calling."

"Why, my dear girl, what excuse do you need if you go with me?"

"It would look forward, perhaps. Mrs. Somers—Miss Harker—might not care to make acquaintance with an entire stranger."

"Really, Emily, this is absurd. And it will be much pleasanter for me to have a companion. So *that* matter's settled."

Mrs. Holroyd re-entered the room, and conversation slipped back to the Continent.

Emily passed another sleepless night, which she set down to an unaccustomed cup of strong tea just before bed-time (Mrs. Holroyd's tea must have been badly made just about this time). It was a night full of imaginations, eight hours passed in living over and over by anticipation the half-hour to be spent next day in Melville Crescent. She speculated a little on what Mrs. Somers would be like, wondered for one moment how the heiress would strike her; but chiefly her thoughts dwelt on the chance of seeing Grenville once more. Yes, once more. Come what might, she would force him to give an answer to that appeal which Mabel had cut short.

On one pretext or another Mrs. Ross was induced to put off her call to the latest possible hour, because Emily thought that increased the likelihood of finding him at home.

They asked for Mrs. Somers, and were ushered upstairs into a rather large double drawing-room. The lady by the window in a cap must, of course, be Mrs. Somers, though she looked very young to be the mother of a grown-up son. Emily liked her face. A girl of seventeen, very plainly dressed, was preparing to make tea at a small table; and through the open folding-doors Emily distinguished a familiar voice. He *was* at home, then; here was her opportunity. Courage! she must not let it slip through mere weakness.

Affectionate greetings between the two old friends took up a minute or two; then came introductions. The plainly-dressed girl turned out to be "My daughter Helen."

"Grenville, here's your friend Mrs. Ross!" said Mrs. Somers; adding: "He's giving his cousin some hints about a sketch she's making from that back window—a study in roofs, I imagine. She belongs to one of these drawing-classes by correspondence."

Which explanation was interrupted by the entrance of the young lady in question, followed by Grenville. Emily went mechanically through the form of introduction without taking any great notice of the stranger; she was almost trembling with anxiety to know how Grenville would greet her. She resolutely met his eye as they shook hands.

"Helen," said the mother, "will you pour out the tea?"

And sitting down again to talk to Mrs. Ross, she left the four young people grouped round the tea-table.

"Have you been here long—in Royston, I mean?" said Emily, with a sudden sense that courtesy required her to make conversation with Miss Harker.

"Three weeks; long enough to appreciate it. What a beautiful place it is! *That* I had often heard; but," added she, smiling, "the half was not told me."

Emily was struck by something in the voice—struck all at once by the personality of the speaker.

Beatrice Harker was in deep mourning; but the blackness of the dress served only to heighten the fairness and whiteness of the wearer of it. "I have seen a white crane bigger"—Browning's description of his duchess clung persistently to Emily's mind for a long time after, in thinking of Beatrice; not that she was in actual inches so remarkably small, but that she gave the impression of something slight, fragile, aërial—no; these adjectives did not in the least describe her. Was it a certain fineness of proportion, or what was it which produced the effect of a miniature?

Everything about her was perfect; the delicate complexion, the beautifully-shaped hands, the soft clear tones, the fit of the gown, the coils of fair hair; the expression of the face was at once sad and

"THEY ALL ADMIRED THE WORK OF ART IN WHICH GRENVILLE CLAIMED PARTNERSHIP" (*p.* 817).

gracious; it all made Emily feel big, and blowsed, and incoherent, and untidy. Unconsciously she put up her hand to feel how rough her hair was.

The bravery with which during the last twenty-four hours she had been priming herself oozed out of her all at once. Where was the use of trying to force friendship on an unwilling friend? She wondered at herself now for ever having been stupid enough to attempt it.

But she made a pitiful effort to talk. She talked about drawing; though she was no artist herself, her sisters did a little in that way. Might she see Miss Harker's sketch?

She was doing her best, but the right words wouldn't come; the sentences refused to finish themselves off properly; never in her life had she felt so awkward; it seemed impossible even to speak grammatically.

"I'll bring out our water-colour for inspection, shall I, Beatrice?" said Grenville.

How pleasantly he spoke to his cousin, thought Emily; but then, nobody could possibly speak otherwise to such a spiritual creature. Spiritual; yes, that was the word for her.

"If Miss Holroyd would come to the window and see the point of view from which the sketch was taken, the glimpse of distant cathedral towers, and the purple

hills behind, then she would at least see what the outlines were intended for, and be able to make allowance for shortcomings."

So they all went together into the back drawing-room, and criticised, explained, or admired the work of art in which Grenville claimed partnership, though his share of the work (so Beatrice declared) had consisted chiefly in discovering faults; and then they discussed the pretty neighbourhood and the fine weather till Mrs. Ross gave the signal for departure.

"Well, Emily, and what do you think of them all?" Mrs. Ross inquired, when the two were fairly in the street. "How do you like the heiress, to begin with?"

"She is quite different from anyone I ever saw before. I like her, and I don't like her. She makes me so horribly self-conscious."

"I can't say I saw anything at all alarming about her. She seems to me a charming little person. And Mrs. Somers is evidently very fond of her."

"Oh, yes; so do I. I mean—I see she's very charming. But don't you feel yourself that when people are so awfully perfect, doesn't it ever make you feel uncomfortable?"

"Oh, but people never are perfect: that's a happy provision of Nature. No one cares for dead perfection: 'Faultily faultless, icily beautiful, splendidly null,' you know. But Miss Harker isn't that type of woman by any means. She looks all feeling, all soul."

"Yes, I know. She makes me feel as if I were all body and no soul."

"What an odd fancy you have taken up! Emily, dear, I never knew you so irrational before. You don't look well, either. Do you feel faint? Shall we turn into a shop and get you a cup of coffee, or something?"

"No; I'm quite well," said Emily, trying, as the saying is, to pull herself together: "that is, I shall be all right directly. Really, it's nothing; perhaps the room was rather warm."

Mrs. Ross changed the subject; but she did not dismiss the matter from her mind. Something had come between these two young people. Well, they should have another chance.

When she and Emily were nearly back at the Firs again, she said casually enough—

"I've asked them all down to Ashfield next week for a day or two. I want you to come too, and help me to make them enjoy themselves."

"I don't know," Emily hesitated.

"Oh yes, you do. I can't dispense with your services. You shall make all my flower-pots, and show them about everywhere."

END OF CHAPTER THE TENTH.

A TALK ON ACHES AND PAINS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

ONE of the commonest signs of being out of sorts is a feeling of discomfort which may become so intense as to cause actual pain. Very frequently we cannot localise it, but usually it settles at some particular spot—a neglected tooth begins to ache, or we suffer from pain in the ear. The more general feeling of weariness and aching is almost considered inevitable to man's existence in this world. It may be induced by comparatively trivial causes, such as unaccustomed exertion, exposure to cold, or indiscretion in diet. A distinction is made sometimes between an ache and a pain—an ache being the name applied to a feeling less acute and more lasting—but the one merges into the other, so that it is often very difficult to decide which is the more appropriate term to use in a particular case. There is reason to believe that the sensitiveness of a people to pain depends on the degree of civilisation and education which prevails. Among savage races men and women often voluntarily, and without flinching, subject themselves, as proof of their fortitude, to painful mutilations the very mention of which makes us shudder. The introduction of anæsthetics into general use seems to have increased our sensitiveness to pain, and we often hear people declare that they are unable to bear the pain of the most trivial and momentary operation without chloroform. As a general rule, men bear pain badly, while women, and even children, are more patient. Whether this greater patience is due to a higher degree of fortitude or to less sensitiveness is a question upon which I dare not express an opinion.

The meaning of aches and pains will be better understood if we consider for a moment the exact significance of pain. Everybody knows that pain is associated in some way with nerves, and people are often heard talking learnedly about nerves when in reality they know very little about them. Every part of the body is abundantly supplied with nerves, which are of two kinds—motor nerves, which carry messages from the brain to the muscles, and thereby enable us to move; and sensory nerves, which convey impressions to the brain from the sensory organs, such as the eye, the ear, and the skin. The brain receives the impressions and interprets them, turning them into what we call sensations, and according to the nature of the sensation we call it pleasurable or painful. We thus see that in many cases the nerves themselves have only a subsidiary share in the matter; they correspond merely to telegraph wires, and transmit

messages from one part of the body to another. If the connection be broken at any point, messages can no longer travel—for example, if the nerves of the arm are cut, we should feel no pain, even if the hand were completely burnt and destroyed. We are now in a position to understand how pain may originate. It may depend upon an unhealthy state of the brain, upon injury or disease of a sense organ, or sometimes it may depend upon the condition of the nerve itself. In many instances the difference between pleasure and pain depends simply on the amount of stimulation which is applied. There may be only a comparatively slight difference between the heat which warms us pleasantly and that which scorches us, giving rise to a distinctly painful sensation. The eye is specially sensitive to such differences. It is stimulated by light, and when the light is too intense or glaring, as when the sun shines brightly after a recent fall of snow, we soon begin to suffer from aching and pain in the eyes.

There may be actual injury, as when we cut ourselves ; or there may be disease, as a decaying tooth or a chronic ulcer or an abscess. Pain may also depend upon the condition of the nerve itself. If a sensory nerve be injured somewhere in its length—as, for example, when we strike the elbow on a particular spot and stimulate the underlying nerve—we do not refer the sensation to the point struck, but to the end of the nerve, and we feel our fingers tingle. The brain has always been accustomed to receive messages from the fingers by means of that nerve, and consequently interprets as usual the message it receives. For a similar reason, after amputation of a leg, pain is often felt as if it were in the toes. The brain occasionally makes a mistake ; the nerves branch very freely, and it sometimes happens that the message is attributed to the wrong branch. Thus a very painful ear-ache is often really due to a decaying tooth, and in hip-joint disease pain may be felt in the knee, though it originates in the hip.

At times a pain is felt for which a local cause cannot be found. This is true neuralgia, and is due to the nerve itself being slightly inflamed. The word is too often used as a synonym for toothache or other ailments for which a definite curable cause exists. Lastly, pain may depend upon the condition of the brain. As long as it is healthy and well nourished it is able to value correctly at their proper worth all the messages it receives. It pays no attention to many of them, others it remembers, while it promptly replies to a few. If it is overworked, confusion results, and we hear of people "losing their heads" in consequence. If it is not sufficiently occupied it pays too much attention to the many trivial messages it receives. It is well known that when people who are martyrs to neuralgia are enjoying themselves they forget all about the pain, but as soon as they find time for introspection, as the habit of closely considering our own feelings is called, the pains return. Many *malades imaginaires*—a polite name for people who fancy themselves ill—are always analysing their own feelings.

It is obvious that the treatment of pain depends upon its cause. If it depends upon injury or overwork, rest is absolutely necessary. Pain is often Nature's way of enforcing rest. The agony experienced when a man attempts to walk with a sprained ankle is a sufficient command for him to keep it at rest. Local irritations must be carefully looked for and avoided, and decaying teeth stopped or removed, ulcers healed, etc. I have in previous papers referred more than once to the benefit and well-being which depend upon useful occupation and regular exercise. I mention these factors again, for in no condition are they more beneficial than in the vague pains, real enough in most cases, included in the word "neuralgia."

MUSICIANS.—II.

HEADS OF THE PROFESSIONS.

TO most people Sir Arthur Sullivan is the high prophet of the lighter school of music. He is that—and something more. He had made a name for himself before he wrote a note of comic opera, and his name would remain although as Mr. Gilbert's partner he should be quite forgotten. "The Lost Chord" and the spirited tune that has made "Onward, Christian Soldiers" popular, are certainly known to thousands who have never had the opportunity of hearing a Savoy opera.

Sir Arthur's early career as a musician was entirely associated with the church, and with the composition of what must perforce be termed serious music. When quite a little fellow he conceived the notion of being a Chapel Royal choir boy ; and so he got his father to take him to Sir George Smart, the organist. Sir George heard him sing, was satisfied, and sent him off to Helmore, the master of the choristers, for a final decision. But the Helmores had left the address given to the elder Sullivan, and the new tenants did not know where they had gone.

"They must have eaten when they were here," said the boy to his father ; "let us ask at the butcher's shop."

The butcher supplied the information, Mr. Helmore was found, the boy was heard, and the following day he made his *début* in the duet of Nares' anthem, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy."

Arthur Sullivan remained at Whitehall for two years, when he succeeded in carrying off the first

Mendelssohn scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music. The choir boys were boarded under Mr. Helmore's care; and the composer has still among his juvenile sketches a little madrigal upon which one may read the following note:—"Written while lying outside the bed one night, undressed, and in deadly fear lest Mr. Helmore should come in."

At the Academy Sullivan worked under Goss, whose influence may easily be seen in his sacred compositions; and as Goss and Helmore and Thomas Carlyle were all neighbours in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, the young musician spent many of his evenings in the best of good company. At Cambridge in 1876 one of the most interesting sights was to see the aged Goss leaning on the arm of Arthur Sullivan when the latter was being made a Doctor of Music.

In his early days Arthur Seymour Sullivan—he prefers to drop the middle name—held the post of organist at important churches like St. Michael's, Chester Square, and St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens. At first he took pupils like other musicians, but, fortunately, he wrote songs—good songs—and published most of them on the royalty system. "The Lost Chord" alone has brought him a good income for years, and what the others have done in that way may be guessed from the fact that Chappell paid £700 down for "Sweethearts." Sir Arthur has given us works in every style: symphonies, oratorios, cantatas, songs, anthems, and —comic operas. He cannot compose when he is fatigued, and he cannot compose, in London at any rate, unless when postmen have ceased from troubling and omnibuses are at rest. He says he can do more between twelve and four a.m. than he can do in a whole day, and as he is not obliged to rise early it seems as convenient a time for working as any other. In music as in other things he believes in England for the English, and he as little understands as he approves our curious preference for the "musical foreigner." In short, "in spite of all temptations to become an Englishman" he would have the foreigner remain on the other side of the Channel.

Like Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir John Stainer affords a good example of a choir boy who has risen to the top of his profession. Known at first chiefly as the organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, Sir John, though now living and working in the quiet atmosphere of Oxford, is probably still thought of by the majority of people in connection with St. Paul's. To be sure, he served for only ten years in the Cathedral organ loft, and in that respect broke the precedent of his predecessors. It has been said that the best way to secure a long life is to get appointed to St. Paul's; and there is something in the idea.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

John Jones, who became organist in 1755, held the post for forty-one years; Attwood, his successor, reigned for forty-two years: and Goss was organist for thirty-four years. For substantial reasons, too, St. Paul's is worth holding. To Sir John Stainer the berth brought in, we believe, £750 a year; and, besides that, the organist's house, No. 1, Amen Corner, is one of the healthiest residences in the whole City of London.

John Stainer became a choir boy in St. Paul's when he was only seven. This was in 1847, and he remained at the Cathedral in that capacity till 1856, during which period

SIR JOHN STAINER.

he was often heard as a composer, besides being allowed to play the organ occasionally. Miss Hackett—here as elsewhere the chorister's friend—took an interest in him, and paid his fees to study the organ with George Cooper at St. Sepulchre's. He also had lessons in counterpoint from Dr. Steggall, and hence it happened that at the age of twelve he was singing the soprano part in Steggall's degree exercise at Cambridge. When he was fourteen he took his first organist's appointment at the church of St. Benedict and St. Peter, Paul's Wharf. After serving at St. Michael's, Tenbury, he went to Oxford as organist of St. Magdalen's College, took his Mus.B. degree when he was nineteen, and followed it up in due course with B.A., M.A., and Mus.D.

In 1872 he was back at St. Paul's as the successor of Goss. It chanced that the organ was being rebuilt at the time, so that there was an entirely fresh start, and very soon St. Paul's became as notable for the high character of its musical services as it had formerly been for its dulness and its slovenliness. Sir John could tell of wonderful changes he has seen at the Cathedral. As a choir-boy he remembers standing by the grave of Turner, at a time when the crypt was without windows and the floor was all in puddles; and he likes to recall the amusing story of the Dean's verger being called out one Sunday evening by a policeman, who was convinced that there was "something up in the cathedral as didn't ought to be." There was actually a light in the building!

But Sir John's eyesight began to fail him, and he was obliged to give up St. Paul's for a quiet residence in Oxford where, since 1889, he has been the Professor of Music. Though most people thought he had gone into retirement when he left London, he is still one of the foremost active musicians in the country. In proposing his health recently his friend Professor Higgs celebrated him as "one of that band of distinguished musicians who have done so much to raise the standard of musical education in England, to raise the position of musicians, and to procure for them the recognition they are beginning to enjoy."

Sir John is more or less intimately connected with nearly every musical institution in London, and he is, besides, the head Government Inspector of Music in Elementary schools. As organist of St. Paul's he was held to be unsurpassed by any musician in the metropolis; and when Gounod came to conduct the Albert Hall Choral Society in 1872 he selected Stainer as its organist.

As a composer Sir John Stainer is widely and favourably known, particularly by his services and anthems, and his "Daughter of Jairus" and "Crucifixion" cantatas. His contributions to the literature of the art have also been very considerable. Every musical student in the country knows him as the editor of Novello's long list of "Music Primers," for which he has himself furnished works on Harmony, Composition, and the Organ. Long ago he combined with the late Dr. Barrett in "A Dictionary of Musical Terms," and what he modestly called at first "A Theory of Harmony" has now gone through some seven or eight editions. His "Music of the

Bible" is the standard work on its subject, and his article on Music in Spottiswoode's Variorum Bible has made his name known to millions. Happiness, according to an old author, means a successful activity in all your undertakings. If that be so, then must Sir John Stainer be indeed happy.

Professor Villiers Stanford is a comparatively young man, with a reputation that might serve for a veteran. Some fifteen years ago, when he came out second in a competition for the best symphony held at the Alexandra Palace, his name was practically unknown, although, as a matter of fact, he had already written some chamber works, an orchestral overture, and one or two vocal pieces.

Now he has attained the distinction of being a University professor and a composer of high repute both in his own country and on the continent. Dr. Stanford is an Irishman, having been born in Dublin in 1852. His musical life has been bound up with Cambridge from the first, for although he had some lessons from the late Sir Robert Stewart, of Dublin, he matriculated as a choral scholar at Queen's College, Cambridge, became organist of Trinity College, and was appointed conductor of the Cambridge Musical Society.

At that time the society was solely composed of male vocalists, but Dr. Stanford set on foot a new order of things and had ladies introduced into the chorus at once. In this way he has been able to do some admirable work, where only very poor results had hitherto been obtained, and to rescue from oblivion many good things —such as Gluck's *Orfeo*—that had long been lost sight of.

Having perfected himself for his profession by a three years' study in Leipzig and Berlin, Mr. Stanford began by composing, at the request of the Laureate himself, the incidental music to Tennyson's "Queen Mary," produced at the Lyceum in 1876. But "Queen Mary" did not bring him into fame; nor was his own country the first to give substantial encouragement to his high abilities. A three-act opera, "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," was in 1881 actually produced at Hanover, while three years later the composer was being called several times before the curtain at the close of each act when his "Savonarola" was given for the first time at the Stadt Theatre, Hamburg.

In the meantime our opera-going public had refused to "enthuse" over his "Canterbury Pilgrims"; but the Leeds Festival of 1886 gave Dr. Stanford the opportunity, and he literally had his "Revenge,"—a work which a critic of the day declared to be typical of true British manhood, breezy and hearty. Since that time Dr. Stanford has been busy composing without giving us anything of outstanding excellence—anything to make us talk. He has great facility in writing, and can fill up a score as quickly as could Handel or Mozart. He always aims high, and he has so little respect for the commonplace as to have had it said of him that "a *rococo* cadence is to Stanford like holding out a red rag to a bull." A vulgar bit of melody for "bringing down the house" he regards as the abomination of desolation.

DR. STANFORD EXAMINING.

MR. FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Dr. Stanford succeeded to the Cambridge Chair on the death of Macfarren in 1887 : and before this he had been appointed conductor of the Bach Choir and a Professor of Composition and Orchestral Playing at the Royal College of Music. As a teacher he is said to be somewhat sarcastic, but that may bring excellent results by preventing his pupils from thinking more highly of themselves than they ought to think.

At Cambridge he is rigorous, and insists on a very high standard in the examinations for degrees. Indeed, he is generally thought to go too far in that way : he expects all his Bachelors of Music not only to compose with technical accuracy, but to show soul as well—which is expecting more than he can ever get. At the same time he believes thoroughly in English music, and his cordial help is always at the service of any young man who may show traces of the divine fire.

Fifteen years ago a London weekly placed Mr. Frederic Hymen Cowen amongst its "Coming Men." At that time Mr. Cowen had made his mark, and had gained successes ; but he had to do more and better before it could be said that he had actually "come." Mr. Cowen has now demonstrated to us that at this early period his fame was but in its infancy. Nowadays it is doubtful if he would try, as he tried then, to give us an intelligible expression in orchestral music of the emotions and feelings created by the daisy, the lilac, and the sunflower. He has conceived a greater loftiness of aim and a more earnest endeavour, and stands, as a critic has put it, "one of those excellent sons of Apollo who love and respect their art and labour to the best of their means for its advancement."

Mr. Cowen's father was private secretary and confidential adviser to the Earl of Dudley, and he also held a position of trust at Her Majesty's Opera. The composer is thus an English-born subject, but he is not strictly a native, for he was born at Kingston, Jamaica.

There are people who profess to find in his works the influence of the tropical climate in which the first four years of his life were passed ; but that is just because they know Mr. Cowen was not born at the North Pole. Brought to England, he was set to study with Goss and Benedict ; and in 1865 he began a roaming course of instruction on the Continent, which ended in his speaking four languages fluently and acquiring a useful experience of European Schools of Music.

He started composing when quite a lad. His first

success was with the cantata, "The Rose Maiden," a very pretty work which choral society conductors have taken to their hearts. That was in 1870 and two years later he was being heard in a "Festival Overture," at Norwich, followed by an Orchestral Symphony at the Crystal Palace.

By this time Mr. Cowen had discovered that the popular song may have very substantial charms, and "The Better Land," "The Children's Home," and other successes of the kind were the result of the discovery. Another result was that Mr. Cowen gave up the drudgery of teaching, being resolved to venture on composition alone for a livelihood—a resolve which no other prominent English musician but Sir Arthur Sullivan has so far made.

Mr. Cowen has always had plenty of work ready to his hands. He has conducted Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden; has tried concert giving at his own risk; and quite lately as the composer of the opera "Sigma," has achieved fame (and been the indirect cause of a duel challenge) on the Continent, as well as at home. What he may yet do, it would be unwise to prophesy. It is enough that even now he is one of our most popular and successful composers.

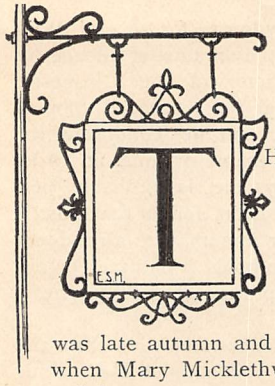
Dr. Charles Harford Lloyd was for several years best known to musicians as the organist of Gloucester Cathedral and the conductor of the Gloucester Festivals. At the Cathedral he succeeded Samuel Sebastian Wesley in 1876, and he conducted the festivals till 1882 when he became organist at Christ Church, Oxford. Nowadays he is probably best known as the Precentor of Eton, for as that post is worth more than £1,500 per annum, with a residence in the cloisters, the man who holds it naturally enjoys the distinction which the capturing of such a prize in the profession involves.

Dr. Lloyd was born in Gloucestershire in 1849, and was educated at Rossall and at Magdalen Hall, taking his Mus.B. (Oxon.) degree in 1871, and his Mus.D. degree twenty years later. Conducting the Gloucester festivals for some years he had excellent chances as a composer, and the cantatas "Hero and Leander," "Andromeda," and "The Song of Balder" were the result of these chances. At Eton Dr. Lloyd has proved himself a worthy successor of Sir Joseph Barnby; and although music suffers by not being a compulsory subject he has yet done capital work, which in time must bear good fruit.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

DR. CHARLES H. LLOYD.

A TRAGEDY OF DUTY.



THE little village of Daignton lies inland from the coast about two miles, and the high ground that runs westward by the sea is a favourite walk in summer time for the villagers. It was late autumn and a misty evening, however, when Mary Micklethwaite took her way thither, and there was no one on the road but herself.

The sun was already nearing the horizon as she came in sight of the sea; in the grey mist it hung like a ball of fire, making a red pathway across the water. The girl turned in among the furze bushes out of sight of the road, and, seating herself on a pile of stones, absently watched the ball drop towards the sea line.

She was a perfectly unromantic figure, with a broad, good-humoured face and a thick waist, dressed in a purple gown, with red flowers in her hat. Presently, at the sound of a footstep brushing through the furze, she got up, and turned to meet a young man who a moment after came in view.

They shook hands awkwardly by way of greeting, and the young man said—

"I'm sorry, my lass; I'm afraid that I'm a bit late."

"Don't name it," said the girl. "I knew it was a chance if you'd get off."

They moved slowly towards the stones, and sat down side by side in an embarrassed silence; the young man made holes in the ground with his stick, and the girl pulled off her brown thread gloves and rolled them up into a tight ball in the palm of one hand. The young man spoke first.

"Well, Mary," he said, clearing his throat, "has your father anything different to say to-day?"

"No, Jack, it's just the same—it's all no use," returned the girl. "I suppose we must grin and abide."

"You told him about the place in Birmingham and all?" said the young man.

"Yes," said the girl sadly. "I put the best face on it I could, but he wouldn't let me say much. He's that mad to think I should want to have you at all, and when he's like that you can't change father, not if you was to crown him with gold."

"You told him we didn't mind waiting?" persisted the young man. "I dare say he'd think he couldn't do without you in the shop first off, but we're not to a few months, eh, Mary?"

"I never had the chance to tell him that," was Mary's reply. "He commenced calling me for what I'd done, and said I wanted to disgrace him. He says I needn't think to go to the choir any more; he puts it all down to that. I shan't mind that much when you are gone."

"Mary," said the young man, suddenly and earnestly, "will you come in spite of your father? I don't see but what we should think of ourselves as well as of him. I'll go to Birmingham and get things ready for you, and I'll put up the banns, and you can come there to be married."

"Oh! Jack!" cried the girl, in great distress. "I couldn't go again father like that. Why, he'd never hold his head up again! You see, he's only got me now that mother's gone, and I don't know what he'd do in the shop. I thought we could get one of my cousins and I could show her about things, but to leave on a sudden like that——"

Jack was not easily to be turned from his point; he was slow-witted, as was the girl, but the pain of this had pricked him to a keener insight than hers. Mary was aware of nothing but the dull pain of parting; Jack had a forecast of the years to come. He put it to her bluntly, with the unconscious brutality of his class; they were young, her father was old—was he to spoil their lives in this way? A few years and he would be dead, and it would concern him no more, but they had two-thirds of their lives to live, and was it right they should be spoilt for an old man's whim?

Mary had no logic wherewith to meet this cogent reasoning; she had only a blind sense of duty to guide her. It had never come in her way to question her obedience to her father, and the idea now only frightened her.

"Doesn't it stand to sense?" cried Jack, in a last despairing appeal.

"Well, yes, it stands to *sense*," the girl allowed; "I don't know as I can rightly say all as I want. There's sense *and* sense, Jack. When father talks it's sense, and when you talk it's sense; and it's as if I'd like to do one thing and my conscience tells me to do another. I can't go again father, Jack—I can't indeed!"

There was little more said between the two as they took their way homeward. Outside the village they paused by common consent.

"Then I suppose it's good-bye, Mary?"

"I suppose it is, Jack."

They shook hands again awkwardly and separated.

Jack left for Birmingham early next morning without having seen Mary again.

Simon Micklethwaite was a person of consequence in Daignton. He was the owner of a small piece of land, on which were half-a-dozen cottages and the shop he himself occupied, the only piece of freehold not attached to the manor for miles around. There was no other shop in the village, and besides having a thriving drapery and grocery business "Micklethwaite's" possessed the only spirit licence, and was the district post-office. Simon himself was a hard-headed business man, much respected by his neighbours.

He had been elected poor-law guardian for the

district, and folk said that, since he had sat on the board with the squire and the clergyman, he held his head higher than ever. If he had been the squire himself he could not have been more indignant at the idea of his daughter wishing to wed with the son of one of his own cottagers.

Jack Saunders had been a schoolmate of Mary's at the village school. For some years past he had been away, first serving his apprenticeship as a carpenter and then working as a journeyman at the same trade. Chance had given him a few months' work near his old home, and in that time the friendship between the two had been renewed.

After Jack had gone Mary went back to her old life uncomplainingly. It never occurred to her to neglect her duties, or be "saucy with her meals" as a protest against the hardness of her lot; there was no shadow on her broad and kindly face to touch her father's compassion. Once, about a month after she had parted from her lover, there came a sore trial to her obedience.

She was stamping and sorting the morning letters, when she found one among them addressed to herself. It bore a Birmingham post-mark, and Mary thrust it into her pocket with a guilty look towards her father. All through the day it lay there unopened, a heavy load upon her conscience, it is true, but a joy deep and thrilling as well, the like of which she had never known before.

When evening came, and she could leave the house for an hour or two unnoticed, it was towards the sea she went, to read her letter on the same spot where she and Jack had parted. It was then Mary felt that her father had laid a tax upon her harder than she could bear. If she might have letters such as this now and then life would be very easy, she thought, but there was no need to ask her father's consent to that; she knew too well what his answer would be, and to get them unknown to him would be well-nigh impossible.

Mary was simple and truthful by nature, and deception of any kind would have been painful to her; yet, perhaps, if it could have been done without her father's knowledge, she might have consented to this correspondence, for the gleam of hope that it held out was very sweet to her. But when she thought of the inevitable discovery, and the tempest of wrath she would have to face, she could not hesitate. That night in her room she wrote her answer to Jack, repeating that she could not "go again father," and begging him to write no more.

"'WILL YOU COME IN SPITE OF YOUR FATHER?'" (*p.* 824).

After this the monotony of her life went on unbroken. She formed a habit of walking out towards the sea on fine evenings, and sitting on the pile of stones where she and Jack had sat together for their last talk. Sometimes she brought her knitting with her, but more often she sat watching the changing colour of the sea, and the white-winged vessels passing to and fro.

It would have surprised her very much to be told that she was romantic, yet it is true that when she was not thinking of her schooldays with Jack, or of their shy courtship and brief spell of happiness, she was weaving impossible day-dreams of how her father might relent, or how Jack, become suddenly wealthy and famous, should come to claim her, with credentials that not even a landed proprietor and a poor-law guardian could deny.

It gave the girl a curious pang now and then to be shaken out of her dreaming by the passing of a pair of lovers in their evening stroll. She could not have told why the sight of this made her own trouble more present to her, nor why it was so impossible to take up the broken thread of her reverie. She knew nothing about self-analysis, and could only dry her eyes and hasten back to the village to get her father's supper, hoping the while he would not notice how the even red of her cheek had spread over nose and eyebrow.

Micklethwaite, for his part, was pleased with his daughter's obedience in his own hard way, and was at no trouble to consider moods and feelings.

Ten years had passed since Jack Saunders had gone to work at Birmingham, and many changes had come about. Jack was a good workman, and, after being foreman for three years, had been taken into partnership by his master. The firm was at work on some cottages they had had built outside the town as a speculation, and one of these Jack was finishing for his own occupation, for he was about to be married. He had only been home once in the ten years, on a five days' trip in Whitsun-week, and then he had not seen Mary, who was away visiting some cousins. Since then his parents had died, and his connection with Daignton had ceased.

Jack hardly knew himself how his marriage had come about; it was not altogether through his own volition. He had been lodging for some three years with a widow about ten years older than himself. She had been from the first almost embarrassingly kind to him, and Jack had resented many of her ways with the impatience of a man who likes to be independent. Fate had at last given him helpless into her hands with an attack of typhoid, and only her unremitting care had pulled him through.

The doctor was very emphatic in telling him that he owed his life to his nurse, and somehow it came to be understood that when he was well again they should be married. The new house was nearly ready, and if Jack lingered a little over the final details it was not from any real reluctance to fulfil his promise, but because his illness had left him disinclined to exert himself more than he could help.

At length, however, the house was finished and furnished, and Jack awoke one morning to realise that it was his wedding-day. There was a flower in the glass on the table which he was to wear in his coat, and his new clothes were ready on a chair, laid there by the careful hands of the widow. A loud, cheerful voice hailed him from below; it was the foreman of the works, who was to be best man, calling to him to get up.

Downstairs, the parlour was already being set out with the wedding breakfast, and Jack had the kitchen to himself for his hasty meal. There was a letter on the table which had been brought from the works: the hand was unfamiliar, and he let it lie there till he had poured out some tea and helped himself to some rashers of bacon from the oven. Then he opened the letter, and propped it up against the teapot while he read:

"DEAR JACK" [it ran], "I write to tell you about father, for I suppose you won't have heard. He had the influenza very bad, and was buried three weeks come Friday. I would have wrote before, but my time as been took up with the lawyers. It all comes to me—there is very near ten thousand invested and three hundred in the bank. If you are of the same mind, as I hope and believe there is nothing in the way now, you can come and help me manage, I can't get on without. I wouldn't have wrote in such a hurry only they keep saying I must have a man. Father says nothing about it in his will—about marrying, I mean. I think he maybe thought better of it.

"Your ever constant

"MARY MICKLETHWAITE."

The widow had donned her wedding-gown, and the party was ready to start for church. She came bustling into the kitchen, and cried out in dismay when she saw Jack's untouched breakfast.

"Why, deary me! What ails the man? It might be his own funeral he was going to!" she said, in real concern, when she saw how pale he looked. Jack pulled himself together, and protested he was all right but he did not feel hungry: and as it was too late to make any further delay the widow had to be content with thinking that she would make him have a substantial meal afterwards.

Towards evening, when the wedding party had dispersed, and the newly-married couple were left in possession of their new home, Jack had half an hour to himself, while Mrs. Saunders helped the little maid to prepare tea. It was then he answered Mary's letter. This is what he wrote:—

"DEAR MARY,—Your letter came too late. It came on my wedding-day. God help us both! I cannot say any more.

"Your sorrowful

"J. SAUNDERS.

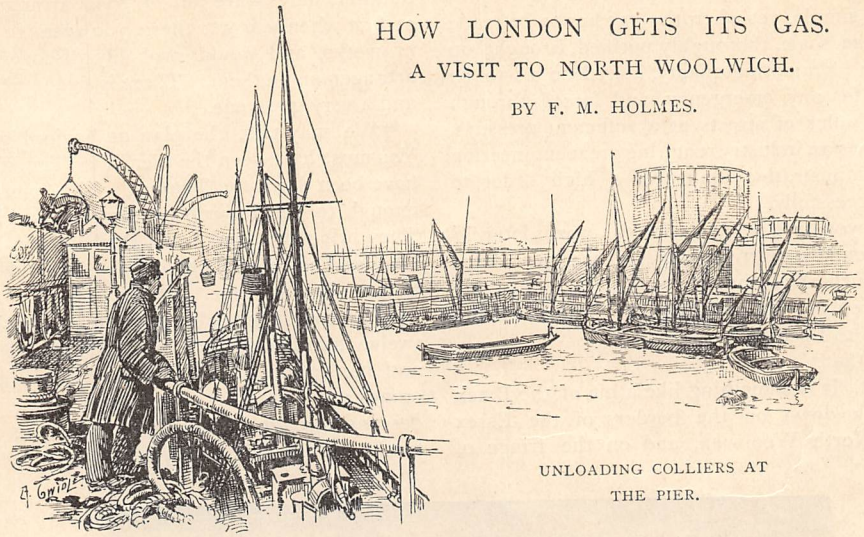
"P.S.—My wife is a good woman."

J. T. KINGSLEY TARPEY.

HOW LONDON GETS ITS GAS.

A VISIT TO NORTH WOOLWICH.

BY F. M. HOLMES.



UNLOADING COLLIERS AT THE PIER.

QUENCHING COKE.

"THERE is one thing about gas I never can understand," said Miss Tomkins.

"Yes?" replied I interrogatively.

"When you burn coal at home, no gas comes; but when it is burnt in a gas-works, they get the gas. What makes the difference?"

"Air," I answer.

"Air?" queries the lady incredulously. "Rubbish!"

"No, it is not rubbish; it is air."

"Oh, you provoking man! Do explain."

"Well, when you burn coal in your fire at home, it is open to the air, and the gas burns in the fire. I have myself seen the gas, and sometimes the tar also, burning in an open coal fire. But at the gas-works the coal is enclosed in red-hot retorts, from which the air is excluded. Consequently, the gas does not burn, but escapes through a pipe provided for the purpose."

"And does the other part of the coal burn?"

"No; what is left in the retort is called coke. You can make coal-gas, if you like."

"Nonsense!"

"I have done it when I was a boy. You get a churchwarden, and fill his head with small coal——"

"Oh, *rubbish!* What will you say next? Do you think I am stupid?"

"By no means. Nevertheless, you get a churchwarden pipe——"

"*A pipe!*"

"Certainly; what did you think I meant? You get one of the old-fashioned long-stemmed churchwarden pipes, fill the bowl with small coal, cover the mouth quite closely with clay, put it in a clear fire, and then presently you can light the gas at the end of the long stem."

"Yes, I think I used to do it when I was a boy," said Colonel Tomkins, settling down to an after-dinner nap.

"And when the gas goes out?" said Miss Tomkins.

"You can remove the pipe, take off the clay, and find a little coke inside. That is what chemists call the destructive distillation of coal."

"Don't use those horrid long words! Some people pretend to understand them, but I don't."

"Well, the coal is destroyed—as coal. Some portion passes off in the form of gases, and the other becomes red-hot coke. And the method pursued in a big gas-works is just the same."

"They do not have large churchwarden pipes?"

"No; but they have thousands of big cylinders of fire-clay, called retorts; these answer to the bowls of the churchwarden pipes. And from these at each end rise upright pipes—called ascension pipes—to carry off the gas to a huge box of water, spoken of as the hydraulic main, where it is cooled."

"And then it is sent up to London?"

"Oh no, not yet. It has to be condensed and purified, and brought up to Parliamentary requirements of illuminating power before it is pumped into London."

"Pumped, did you say?"

"Certainly, in some places. An immense portion of the gas supplied by the Gas Light and Coke Company is manufactured at their big works at Beckton—perhaps twenty miles away from some parts of London they serve, say in the north-west district—and it has to be forced at a certain pressure through two huge pipes, each four feet in diameter; and this is done by steam pumps of a suitable character."

"Oh, well! after all, gas-making is easy enough."

"On the contrary, though the principle of just producing it is simple, yet when the gas has to be made on an immense scale, thoroughly purified, brought up to an uniform illuminating quality, stored so as to be in readiness for any emergency, and forced through hundreds of miles of streets at a sufficient pressure, then it becomes an industry requiring great engineering skill and administrative ability of a high order to conduct it successfully."

"I suppose you have been to some gas-works lately?" said Miss Tomkins, a trifle maliciously; "you seem to know so much about them."

"Yes," I replied, not noticing her little sarcasm; "I have been to Beckton."

"Where is that?"

"Beckton? It is something like a bit of the Black Country stuck down on the borders of the Essex marshes in North Woolwich, and on the fringe of eastern London. The ground is frequently black, and heaps of strange-coloured dirt and slag lie about, while busy little engines, drawing long trains of coal and coke, are hurrying hither and thither in all directions—even overhead, on an iron-built railway."

"Overhead? What is that for?" asks Miss Interrogation-point.

"To take the coal direct to the top of the retort-houses. There it can be run out of the coal-trucks just in front of the openings to the retorts."

"What a good arrangement!"

"Yes, all the works—and they cover about three hundred acres—are full of good arrangements. But at first when you get there, you seem in a wilderness of works, and would probably discover no plan or arrangement in them. There is a general plan, though, and a very good one.

"We may take the plan as beginning at the pier. You must have seen the pier, Miss Tomkins, when you have been down the Thames. This pier is extensive enough to berth four big steamers and one small one. They bring the coal from Durham and Northumberland, and some of them are large enough to carry two thousand tons a time.

"The coal is unloaded in huge iron buckets, holding twelve hundredweights each. They are swung into, and hauled out of, the holds of the ships by steam cranes; and so cleverly are they managed that they descend through the hatchway and swing over the iron trucks almost without any outside arrangement.

CHARGING THE RETORTS.

"A man at the truck knocks aside the 'dodger,' the huge bucket turns a complete somersault within its handle, empties out every atom of coal at once into the truck, is caught in its place again by the 'dodger,' and before you can say 'Matilda Jones,' is being swung into the hold for a fresh supply."

"'The dodger!'" exclaimed Miss Tomkins. "What names they use! What is that?"

"A piece of forked metal working on a hinge at the top of the bucket. The fork falls so that there is a prong on both sides of the handle. The man in charge knocks up the 'dodger' at the right moment, and round swings the bucket; and then, when it comes upright

again and empty, the 'dodger' is pushed down, and the bucket is fixed firm for its next load.

"Now, the railway runs from the pier over the river bank, and soon passes between two long lines of retort-houses, six on each side, with sidings running off from the line into the houses. Should they be full, or the coal not required in them, the company have huge storage places for reserves.

"What has to be borne in mind is this: that on the other side of this big gas-works is an immense district of a hungry city burning up the gas almost as fast as it is made, and no one knows from day to day what extra demands may arise. Consequently, adequate reserves of men and materials, and of apparatus also, have to be in constant readiness for any contingency.

"Well, now, let us follow the train of coal into the retort-houses. They are the centre and nucleus of all things in a big gas-works.

"They are wonderfully well arranged for their purpose. They are divided into three stages, or floors. That on the ground contains the long line of furnaces which heat the retorts—the *ree*-torts, as the men call them—to a glowing red, and here also the coke drops when raked out of the retorts above. A man quenches it with water; and on a railway running its length, a train of trucks can be drawn by an engine, the coke filled into the trucks, and then whirled away.

"In the next floor above are placed the retorts, and this floor is, so to speak, the vital centre of the works. It is here that the gas is actually made.

"Imagine a long, long building with a black wall on one side full of small round doors, and from near these doors black pipes arise for some height, and then bend backward to a square black box running along the top of the wall.

"Opposite lie huge heaps of coal, where it has fallen from the floor above. A railway runs on that top floor, which indeed does not extend wholly across the building, and through trap-doors in the top floor the coal falls at once from the trucks with a minimum of manual labour, ready to be shovelled into the retorts.

"Ever and anon the long black line of the retort wall is broken by flames playing round the tightly barred doors; but so well is the building ventilated at the roof and sides, that though the furnaces are glowing with heat considerably over two thousand degrees Fahrenheit, no excessive warmth is experienced unless you happen to stand close to an open retort door.

"The wall in which these doors are placed is not the wall of the building, but of a solid structure running almost the entire length of the building, and in which the retorts are embedded. Within this structure, below the retorts, glow the furnaces, and above runs the hydraulic main, into which the pipes from the retorts conduct the gas. The retorts run right across the structure, which is called the retort-bench, and are closed with doors at each side. They are, so to speak, double retorts, and are made of the most refractory fire-clay, three inches thick, and though always at a nearly white heat, never give way.

"'Would you like to go on the beds?' says someone; and up an iron ladder he springs to the top of the retorts, where runs the hydraulic main.

"'This is called the bed up here,' he remarks; and on following him, we find we are about on a level with the top floor where runs the railway on either side.

"He kicks away for a minute a thick piece of fire-brick, and we can look down into the furnace flue below. The white hot heat is intense—'about two thousand two hundred degrees Fahrenheit,' says he.

"'How can you tell that?' we ask.

"'By letting platinum weights down into it and transferring them at once into water, and then taking the rise in temperature of the water with a thermometer. We can tell approximately in that way.'

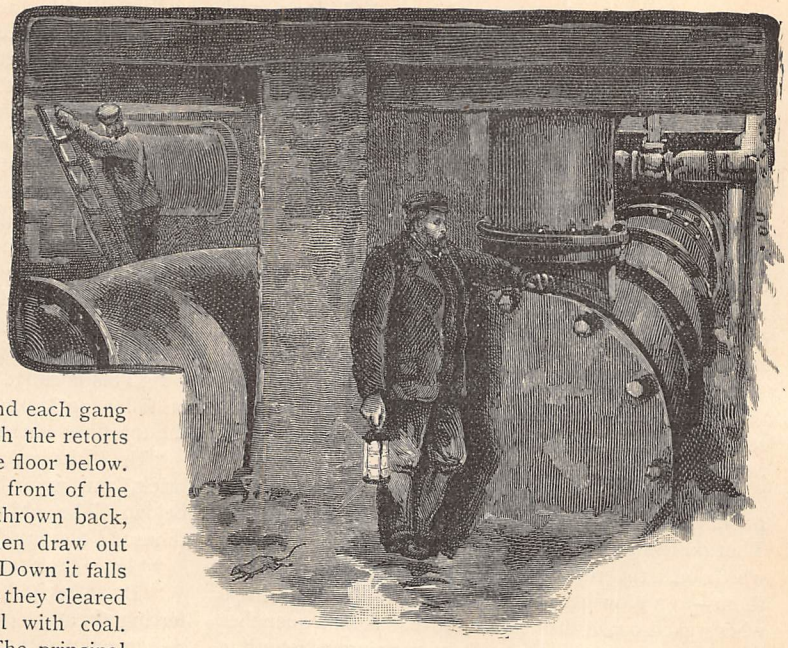
"Hark! there is a whistle. The overseer is summoning another shift of men to work.

"The furnaces and retorts being always hot, the men work in shifts of eight hours—there being thus

DRAWING THE RETORTS.

three relays of men. But in addition to this, the eight hours shift is divided more or less into turns of half-an-hour each: that is, half-an-hour's steady continuous work at the retorts, and then a short time of rest. And half-an-hour's strenuous work at the open retort doors is enough at a time.

"We go below from the dusty and somewhat sooty 'bed' to the retort-bench floor. The retorts are all fixed in sets of nine, three upon three, and each gang of men consists of three. Beneath the retorts are openings, leading to the furnace floor below. A long sheet of iron is placed in front of the openings; three retort doors are thrown back, great heat belches forth, and the men draw out the red-hot coke with long rakes. Down it falls to the floor below. No sooner have they cleared out all the coke than they re-fill with coal. They proceed like clock-work. The principal implement used is a long scoop, something like a wide gutter to the roof of a house.



ONE OF THE GREAT MAINS TO LONDON.

"While the door-opener whirls in shovelful after shovelful to the white-hot retort, causing flame and smoke to belch forth—for so hot is it that the coal begins to burn at once—the other two men load the long scoop with coal as it lies beside the coal-heaps. The leader, or 'scoop-driver,' gives the word, and each man throws in with unerring aim two shovelfuls each; then the leader grasps the long cross-handle of the scoop, and the other two place a bent iron rod under the middle of the scoop, and the three push it into the retort; the leader turns over the scoop, and draws it out again with a flourish. This business is gone through once again, and the retort is full and its door closed.

"Every retort is loaded in the same way—two big scoopfuls and about half-a-dozen shovelfuls—and then the door is closed. By this means of rough measuring, the same amount approximately is always placed in each retort—an amount well within its capacity—and it is ready for drawing (*i.e.*, discharging) in six hours' time.

"The long gloomy thoroughfare, with its forest of clustering pipes, its lofty roof, its darksome corners, its bursts of smoke, lit up by occasional flashes of huge flames, and here and there adown the long lane its groups of men working with dash and go, forms a weird and striking scene. And from here goes forth the gas that will light thousands of homes and thousands of thoroughfares.

"In some of the houses machines are used for charging and drawing the retorts, the scoop and the rake being worked by steam. And in all these immense houses the work goes on just the same, the retorts—and there are more than seven thousand of them—built on the same plan, and filled and emptied in the same way. From the water-box at the top the gas is drawn by revolving fans (called exhaust pumps) through a network of cold pipes, known as condensers, where the coolness causes it to part with its tar; then it is purified from ammonia and sulphuretted hydrogen, and other unpleasant and unsuitable ingredients, by passing through large tanks filled with fresh slacked lime and other materials. Finally, it is measured in gigantic water-meters and then passed on to immense gas-holders—one of which, at least, is 200 feet high—where it is stored and mixed."

ELEVATED RAILWAY SYSTEM FOR DISTRIBUTING COAL TO RETORT HOUSES.

"Mixed? With what?" exclaims Papa Tomkins, waking up from his after-dinner nap.

"Oil-gas and water-gas."

"Nonsense!"

"Quite true. That gas you are burning there is a mixture of coal-gas—chiefly that—oil-gas, and water-gas. The oil is Russian petroleum, and its gas enriches the coal-gas in illuminating power. Something like the coal, the oil is passed

through red-hot retorts, and the water-gas is produced by sending steam through highly-heated coke."

"That is why our gas is often so poor," exclaimed Miss Tomkins: "it is the water-gas in it."

"Not at all. A paternal County Council and a fatherly City Corporation are constantly testing the gas to see that it is up to Parliamentary requirements. If your gas is poor, your burner is more likely to be in fault than the gas itself."

"Oh, well, I suppose gas will soon go out before electricity?"

"The company do not seem to think so, for they are building an additional pier and two additional retort-houses. These will contain six hundred and thirty more retorts, which can produce more than three million cubic feet of gas a day. You see, gas is used so much for heating and cooking purposes, as well as for lighting."

"Oh, yes, I suppose it is. And how many million cubic feet do they send out now?"

"From Beckton alone, fifty millions a day, in round numbers."

"An almost inconceivable quantity," yawned Colonel Tomkins.

"Well, well," said I, "suppose we do not burn any more of it to-night. It is getting late. Good-bye."

A SIX WEEKS' WOOING.

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER, AUTHOR OF "RICHARD JENKINS, MASTER," ETC.

"CAN you come to tea with me this afternoon, Muriel?"

"No, thank you, Lily dear. I'm awfully sorry, but my brother from India is coming home, and I shouldn't like to be away, you know."

"But Tom is gone to Andridport to play in the match."

"Oh, *Tom!*" said Muriel Clifford, with fine scorn. "Boys have no feelings. Arnold would not go. He and Gertrude are meeting Hugh at the station, and I want to be back as soon as they are, so I must hurry."

"But I can walk with you to the turning, can't I? Do tell me about your brother. Is he a soldier, or in the Civil Service?"

"He has something to do with forests," said Muriel vaguely. "He lives in a bungalow all by himself, and puts out jungle fires. He hunts, too; and I don't quite know what else he does."

"I suppose he rides on elephants and shoots tigers, doesn't he? How awfully interesting it must be! Good-bye, darling. You'll be sure to tell me all about it, won't you?"

"Oh, yes; good-bye;" and Muriel swung her strap of books over her shoulder and quickened her pace.

She had been rather later than usual in leaving the High School that afternoon, and when she was out of Lily Jardine's sight she forgot the dignity of her sixteen years sufficiently to run up the road for some distance, thus succeeding in reaching home before the arrival of the party from the station. Half an hour later she was seated at the tea-table, observing her newly-returned brother silently, but keenly, through her spectacles. The family were all present, with the exception of the heartless Tom, who had not yet returned from his cricket-match. At the head of the table sat Gertrude, the kind, wise elder sister who had mothered the rest ever since they were left orphans; at the foot Arnold, the young master at the Grammar School. Hugh, the brother from India, who came between them in age, sat at the side opposite Muriel, tall, brown, and muscular, with a square, honest face. The first flow of eager questions and answers had subsided when he caught his younger sister's earnest gaze fixed upon him, and asked her pleasantly—

"Well, Muriel, is there anything more you want to know?"

"Yes," said Muriel promptly. "I was wondering whether you meant what you said in your letter to Gertrude: that you were going to pay this flying visit home in order to find yourself a wife."

"Of course it is true," returned Hugh. "I shouldn't say a thing like that in joke."

"Hugh, you are not in earnest!" cried Gertrude.

"You expect to prevail upon some unfortunate girl to marry you in six weeks, and go back with you before the end of your three months' leave?" exclaimed Arnold.

"It is someone you have met in India, and you are going to look her up. Isn't that it?" asked Gertrude anxiously.

"No, it's not that. I'm not thinking of anyone in particular," said Hugh placidly. "I do want a wife, and I want you to help me find one, Gertie."

"Oh, Hugh, you are too delicious!" cried Muriel.

"It seems to strike you all as very funny," said Hugh, "but it's no joke to me. I can tell you it's tremendously lonely out there in the jungle, with scarcely anyone to see or talk to from one year's end to another."

"Selfish thing, to want to take a girl out there!" said Muriel.

"Oh, she would have me, you see," said Hugh ingenuously. "And I should be sure to tell her all about the life first, so that she might know what she was coming to. I'm not going back to my work

"OPENING IT, DISPLAYED A WEDDING-RING."

alone if I can help it, and I knew old Gertrude would lend me a hand."

"But do you really expect to get married in six weeks?" queried Gertrude.

"I hope to. Why not?" asked Hugh. "To show you I really mean it, look here;" and he took a tiny packet out of his waistcoat pocket, and, opening it, displayed a wedding-ring.

His family almost screamed.

"Oh, Hugh! but why not an engagement ring?" cried Muriel.

"Well, you know, I thought that *she* might prefer some particular stone," said Hugh, "so I decided to wait and see."

"But you would be sure to have time to buy your wedding-ring," said Gertrude; "so why bring this?"

"To assure us of the honesty of his intentions," said Arnold. "Don't you see, Gertie, this incident is not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith? You're a lucky chap, Hugh, to be able to marry at your age. I only wish I was sure of your income by the time I'm as old as you. And not to have any choice, either!"

"Well, how could I?" said Hugh. "I knew old Gertie would do her best for me, and I'm prepared to abide by her advice."

"Hugh, you cannot be really serious," said Gertrude despairingly.

Hugh assured her once more that he was solemnly in earnest.

"Then let us be practical," she went on, taking out her note-book. "What are your tastes in the way of eyes and hair, Hugh?"

"I am indifferent," said Hugh. "I only rely on you not to let me in for anything very ugly."

"But you must have an ideal," persisted Gertrude. "Do tell me what it is. It would be some sort of a guide to me."

"Oh, just a nice girl," said Hugh vaguely. "I don't think I'm hard to please, Gertie. As I tell you, I am quite ready to follow your guidance. If you will only find the young lady, I will do my part."

"And supposing she won't have you?" snapped Muriel, in whom her brother's matter-of-fact tone had caused a loss of patience.

"Then we'll try another," was the calm answer, at which Arnold and Muriel both exploded.

"You have very little time, Hugh," said Gertrude

meditatively, biting the end of her pencil. "There are six weeks and two days before you sail, aren't there? I suppose we must leave one day for the wedding, and one at the beginning on which to look for the lady——"

"Oh, that'll be to-morrow! Gertrude has some one in her eye," burst out Muriel, in an ecstasy of interest.

"Hush!" said Gertrude. "That leaves you three weeks in which to make her acquaintance, Hugh, and three weeks for the banns to be read. You could be married by licence, of course, but it would look so hurried, and——"

"And besides, if the lady refuses him after his three weeks' courtship, he can use the next three weeks in finding another, and be married by licence after all," said Arnold.

"Did you take two tickets back to India, Hugh?" asked Muriel.

"No; I didn't happen to think of that," he answered. "I could wire to secure the other to-morrow, though."

"Better wait," counselled Arnold. "It is just barely possible, you know, that you will not be able to find anyone to take you, after all, and then the ticket will be wasted. The wedding-ring might do another time, but the passage would be lost."

"Yes," acquiesced Hugh, "it is possible;" and the subject dropped until the hero of the evening had gone to unpack, and Arnold and Muriel fell upon Gertrude in the drawing-room.

"Don't you think that Hugh must have had a touch of sunstroke, Gertie?" Arnold asked anxiously. "You seemed quite to fall in with all he said, but he talks in such a very strange way."

"No, I don't think so," said Gertrude. "I think it is just what he says—that he is terribly lonely, and longs for someone to go back with him. And you know he used always to come to me for help and good advice, and I don't want to fail him now."

"But, Gertrude," cried Muriel, aghast, "I call it horrible, the way he talks! I'm not romantic—I hate it—but being an old maid would be nothing in comparison with being married in that way. It isn't fair to the girl."

"I don't want to sacrifice any girl to Hugh," said Gertrude, "though I am sure he will make a very good husband. As you say, Muriel, he does look at the whole thing in much too prosaic a light, but I have a plan which will, I hope, show him what he lacks. I should like it all to happen as though we had never had that talk at tea, and so I want you not to allude to the matter again."

Considerably mystified, Muriel went away to prepare her lessons, while Arnold lingered a little to talk over his own hopes, which were at present very distant and shadowy, with his faithful confidant. Gertrude was always the family confessor, and she knew just the kind of comfort that each person needed. To-night Arnold was a little inclined to be envious and bitter when he compared his own lot with Hugh's, but a few minutes' talk with Gertrude restored his cheerfulness, and sent him upstairs to help his brother to unpack. Later in the evening Gertrude heard their voices as they walked up and down together in the garden.

"Dear boys!" she said to herself. "I do hope it may be well with them. But this is an experiment which Hugh is bent on—a terrible experiment."

Hugh was much in his sister's thoughts the next morning, but she did not recur to the subject which filled her mind until the afternoon. Several people were coming to tennis, and just before the hour at which they were to arrive she called Hugh into her own sanctum, where she was wont to dispense stores, make up her accounts, and mend the household linen.

"Hughie dear," she said anxiously, looking at her tall brother as though he were still the small boy who had been wont to bring his school troubles and his returned lessons to her in this very place, "you are sure you are really in earnest? I don't mean to doubt you, but it would be such a dreadful thing if you were to change your mind after taking a fancy to a girl. You still wish what you said last night?"

"Still," said Hugh. "Poor old Gertie! What a shame it is to bother you like this! Don't be frightened about me. I don't think I'm very inconstant. Only show me the right girl, and I'll stick to her."

But Gertrude was not listening to him. She had risen abruptly, and seated herself again in the window.

"Stand here, Hugh, behind the curtain, and watch to see who comes in. Don't show yourself."

Hugh obeyed, in some surprise, as the garden gate opened and two ladies entered—one matronly, absent-minded, and gentle-looking; the other a girl in a white skirt and coat, which showed a rose-coloured silk shirt beneath. The girl looked up, saw Gertrude at the window, and smiled and waved her hand. Hugh drew a long breath. Ah, wily Gertrude! She had given him no lectures on love, but her neglect was more than supplied by the teaching of a pair of deep grey eyes, a pale clear skin, a glimpse of soft brown hair coiled into a knot under a sailor hat, and a smile. The smile came as a revelation to Hugh, teaching him in one instant that there were more things on earth than had hitherto been dreamt of in his philosophy. Gertrude looked round, to find him gazing at the spot where the vision had disappeared.

"Who is she?" he asked.

"Netta Woodvil, my dearest friend," said Gertrude. "Oh, Hugh, may God deal with you as you deal with her!"

This time her doubt aroused neither resentment nor mirth in Hugh.

"I've been a fool," he said, "but I mean to be wise now."

"Hugh, dear," said Gertrude earnestly, "be gentle with her. You don't know what a girl's heart is like, how timid and romantic it is, and how it cares far more for love than for all the material advantages you can offer. I was young myself once, you know," she added smiling, though with tears in her eyes, "and I do beg you, dear, not to think of marrying without love."

"I shouldn't think of it—now," said Hugh promptly. "Don't you think she's got into the drawing-room yet, Gertie?"

After this very broad hint, Gertrude could do no less than betake herself to the drawing-room at once, followed by Hugh, who had eyes only for Netta Woodvil from the moment he entered the room.

"I must introduce my brother from India," said Gertrude; and Hugh felt the grey eyes scanning his face in pleased curiosity.

Netta was anxious to see whether Gertie's pet brother deserved all she had said about him, for the girl was like a younger sister to the capable middle-aged woman, and they held their respective families almost in common.

"I want you to do something for me, Netta," proceeded Gertrude, while Mrs. Woodvil sat silent, gazing into vacancy with her keen, preoccupied eyes. "My brother has scarcely ever played tennis before, and I am afraid to inflict him on any of the other girls as a partner, so, if you don't mind, I should be very glad if you would take him in hand and teach him. I'm afraid you'll find it very tiresome," she added, in a laughing aside, though feeling herself all the while a wicked schemer, "but I know you'll do it for me."

"Of course," said Netta merrily. "What's the good of my coming except to help you with one or two of your burdens, you poor dear thing? Mr. Clifford, I hope you are a docile pupil?"

"Try me," said Hugh; and Netta liked him because he had not responded with the compliment for which she had heedlessly given him an opening.

She led the way out to the lawn, imparting on her way various sound maxims respecting the game, much

"SHE LED THE WAY OUT TO THE LAWN"

to the amusement of Arnold, who was employed in adjusting the net. Other people arrived, and play began, and, alternated with tea and conversation, filled up one of the strangest and most exciting afternoons that Netta had ever known. Whitcliff is famous, even among South Coast watering-places, for the paucity in number of its male inhabitants ; and Netta had been accustomed, at all the tennis-parties and other social gatherings she attended, to divide with some twenty or thirty other pretty girls, each as well-dressed, as lady-like, and as agreeable as herself, the attentions of half-a-dozen gentlemen, who did their best not to appear proud or bored. But to-day she had a gentleman all to herself—this sturdy, sunburnt Hugh Clifford, who devoted himself to her exclusively. He was not selfish, for he insisted on her playing two good setts with Arnold as her partner, but he stood by and watched the games, and when they were over it was he who found her a chair in a shady spot, and insisted on bringing her tea. He took possession of her so completely that Netta could not quite make up her mind whether to be flattered or alarmed. She was not an exacting young person—she would never have chosen the position of queen of a circle of admiring men—but she had wished sometimes, as most girls have, not only to be something to a good many people, but to be a great deal to someone—someone who should "compass her with sweet observances" for love's sake. And now here were the sweet observances, but was Hugh Clifford proffering them for love's sake or for a whim ?

It could scarcely be love—such sudden and business-like love-making had never before come within Netta's ken—and yet she could not believe that Gertrude's brother was a flirt. In her shrewd but inexperienced way she set herself to study his character, and while Hugh flattered himself that he was learning everything about her, she was finding out a good deal about him. Still, she would not, could not, come to a decision as to his motives. After all, time would show, and time alone ; and for the present she would not let her thoughts dwell upon his possible intentions, but would think of him merely as Gertrude's brother and a pleasant companion. And putting this resolve into execution, she was able, when the long summer afternoon had worn itself away, to whisper in Gertrude's ear the answer to the question which Gertrude was ashamed to ask.

"He has a good face, dear. I think he is like you," she said ; and Gertrude knew that this was Netta's highest praise.

Then Hugh escorted the Woodvils home, carrying Netta's racquet and shoes, in spite of her remonstrating that they only lived just round the corner, while Mrs. Woodvil ambled along in silence, her eyes in the air, and her mind full of the pamphlet she was writing for the political party to which she belonged. But it appeared that Hugh had in some way found time to cultivate her acquaintance also, for when he had taken his leave she seemed to wake up, and astonished Netta by remarking, as they entered the house—

"Mr. Clifford is a very well-informed young man indeed. I find that his work lies in the district where your father was for several years, and he is coming in to afternoon tea to-morrow to tell me about things. He asked of his own accord whether he might look in, and of course I was pleased that he should."

Innocent Mrs. Woodvil ! Netta listened and wondered, then told herself that it was ridiculous in her to think so much about Hugh, and resolved to put him out of her mind altogether. But all through the evening she caught herself thinking of him, recalling things that he had said, seeing in imagination his brown face and steady dark eyes. And Hugh, on his part, was longing for the morrow to arrive, and at night he took the wedding-ring out of its case and looked at it critically, trying to imagine himself putting it on Netta Woodvil's finger.

"What a conceited beast I am !" he said, putting it back and shutting the case with a snap. "As if she could ever think of me !"

But he went to afternoon tea at the Woodvils' the next day, and talked to Mrs. Woodvil, with a vivid recollection of the fact that Netta was sitting by listening ; and the next day Netta came in to lunch at the Cliffords', because her mother had gone to London for a few hours, and the day after Hugh carried his Indian curiosities across to show them to Mrs. Woodvil, and so it went on. Gertrude watched all that passed with eager interest, and did her best to arrange for this succession of visits and return visits. Hugh insisted on this.

"I don't ask you to attempt impossibilities, Gertie," he said, mildly but firmly, "but I must see her once a day."

"Hugh means to do it thoroughly while he is about it, Gertie," put in Arnold, who found endless amusement in Hugh's love affair ; but Hugh himself could see nothing comical in it. It seemed to him that he had known and loved Netta all his life, and he had told her so much about his Indian home that the primitive life of the forest, with its stillness at noonday and its weird sounds at night, was almost as well known to her as to him.

Thus all went well until one fatal afternoon when Tom Clifford dashed into the Woodvils' garden, and found Netta sitting there alone.

"I say, Netta, sew this beastly thing on for me, there's a good girl !" he cried, hurling at her a cap, from which the Grammar School badge had been almost ripped off by some comrade better provided with leisure than with occupation. "Gertrude is out calling on people, and the Mule"—this was Tom's unflattering nickname for Muriel—"is cramming logic with her fingers in her ears, so there's no one at home to mend it, and I shall get kept in if old Toko sees it like this again."

"Fetch me my work-basket from the drawing-room, then," said Netta, who was well accustomed to requests of this sort from Tom. "How did the doctor happen to see it ?"

"A fellow threw it over the wall," said Tom, "and when I went to get it, old Toko was there, worse luck! He had picked it up, and was holding it out between

his finger and thumb; and he told me I was a howling young rough, and a disgrace to the school. Then he said that about keeping me in, and he looked as though he meant it, so I thought I'd better get it done."

"There's only just time," said Netta. "You have to be in at calling-over in a few minutes, haven't you?" and she set to work rapidly, Tom sitting by and looking on.

"I say, Netta," he observed presently, "I'm awfully glad about Hugh."

"What do you mean?" said Netta, looking up. "Why?"

"Oh, don't try and come the innocent dodge over me," said Tom with deep contempt. "About him and you, I mean. I'd a jolly sight rather have you for a sister than any other girl I know."

"Tom! how dare you?" cried Netta, starting up. "If you say another word I'll never speak to you again."

"All right; I won't," said Tom. "You needn't flare up; the old chap is awfully cracked on you. I say, though, wasn't it rum his coming home to look for a wife as he did?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Netta, growing pale.

"Why, hasn't he told you? He was so jolly lonely out there, you know, that he felt he couldn't stand it any longer, so he took this three months' leave and came home and asked Gertrude to look out for a wife for him. I wasn't there myself, but the Mule was, and she told me about it. He said he didn't mind who the girl was, or what she was like, and if one wouldn't have him, he'd go for another. And he came round to you after all, Netta! Pretty cool cheek, wasn't it? I hope you'll sit upon him enough, for he always thinks he can boss the show."

"Is this the truth you are telling me, Tom?" asked Netta, with whitening lips.

"I'll take my oath on it. Why, he brought out his wedding ring and showed them. He carries it about in his pocket, so as to be ready when he wants to pop, I suppose. Hullo, there goes the bell! Is that thing finished? Thanks awfully."

"You had better run, Tom, or you will be late," said Netta in a cold, hard voice, and Tom took her advice and left her.

Almost before the gate closed behind him, she rose from her seat and began to pace feverishly up and down the verandah, her hands clenched so fiercely that the nails left red marks in the soft palms. She could have sobbed aloud in the tumult of grief and shame that overwhelmed her; but her eyes were dry and tearless. This, then, was what Hugh Clifford's attentions were worth! She had given her fine gold for this counterfeit, and he knew it. The sharpest sting lay there. If she had been able to assure herself that she did not care for him, or even if she had felt that he had any doubt on the subject, she could have held up her head and met the world with an unmoved face. But she had watched for him day by day, had awaited his coming with pleasure, and he must have perceived it. Well, that was all over now, and he should know it. There should be no putting off the evil day; no weak lingering over past illusions. She had given him her heart, and could not recall it; but at least he should discover that such love as his would not be accepted in exchange. He was coming in after tea to bring Mrs. Woodvil a book he had promised her, and then he should find a difference.

Evening came, and with it Hugh. Netta did not appear, and he asked after her in vain. At last Mrs. Woodvil divined the cause of his preoccupation, and sent the servant to tell her that he was there. She came rustling in presently, and Hugh thought at first that it was the gauzy black dress she wore which made her face look so white and strange, but when she gave him two limp fingers, and, passing on to the window, established herself there with a book, reading diligently by the failing light, he felt convinced that something was wrong. In vain did he or Mrs Woodvil appeal to her; she answered briefly, and reverted to her book, and at last he returned home discouraged. Could he have offended her, or was she tired of his attentions? Not the latter, certainly; she was not the girl to lead a man on, and then drop him suddenly. She was tired, she was not feeling well, something had vexed her—his loyalty made for her excuse after excuse. She was to come for a long country walk to-morrow with Gertrude and himself; he would go round to fetch her, and find out what was wrong.

But in the morning, when he rang at the Woodvils' door, he was met only by a servant, who informed him that Miss Woodvil was very sorry, but she could not take the walk. Hugh was startled.

"There is really something wrong," he said to himself. "Can I see Miss Woodvil for a minute?" he asked the servant. "Is she at home?"

"Oh yes, sir," was the accommodating reply, for the servants had settled amongst themselves the object of Hugh's frequent visits, and approved of it. "She's down the garden, seein' to her roses."

"Then I will go and look for her," said Hugh; and he walked across the lawn and down the path, catching a glimpse of Netta's pink dress and white hat in the distance.

She heard his step—the step for which she had listened painfully all the morning—and braced herself to meet him. She was trembling from head to foot, but she retained her presence of mind sufficiently to greet him with a distant little bow, and not to offer him her hand. Seeing her now by daylight, Hugh was struck with the change in her appearance. People had been remarking lately how much Netta had improved, and how pretty she was growing. Even Mrs. Woodvil had noticed it, but the cause did not occur to her; and being engrossed in her magazine article on the Reform of the Marriage Laws, she forgot to ask Netta. But now the girl's eyes were red and heavy, and her face strained and pale, and her whole aspect was so pitiful that Hugh felt an instant desire to pulverise the person who had made her cry. Realising that he should receive no assistance from her, he plunged into the matter at once.

"I'm afraid I've managed to offend you in some

way, Miss Woodvil, though I can't for the life of me imagine how. I'm a clumsy fellow, I know, but I'm sure you feel that I would rather do anything than hurt you."

Netta tried to speak, but though her lips moved, she could not make the words audible. Hugh went on—

"Perhaps it isn't the best time to say it, but I think you know already what I mean. I should like to save you always from all possible trouble and worry. I want to ask you to be my wife."

"And that," said Netta, forcing out her words deliberately, "is the greatest insult you can offer me."

Hugh looked at her in amazement. Was she mad, or had anyone been slandering him to her? But his conscience was clear of anything that might even be twisted into the basis for such an attack, and of the former alternative he would not allow himself to think.

"I don't understand you," he said. "Perhaps the position I can offer you is not what you have a right to expect, but I scarcely think that this makes my offer an insult."

"It's not that," broke from Netta. "It is you—you! You came back from India to look for a wife; you asked Gertrude to find you one; you said that any girl would do, and that if one refused you, you would try another. That is true, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Hugh, "but——"

"You brought your wedding-ring with you." Hugh's hand wandered involuntarily to his waistcoat pocket. "You have it here now, I suppose? Most unfortunately, Gertrude fixed on me as the girl to suit you. She was mistaken. I can only advise you to try another."

"Let me try and explain——" entreated Hugh; but she interrupted him—

"No, I will not hear another word. You acknowledge that it is true, and that is enough. I never wish to see you again;" and she left him, and fairly ran into the house, that he might not perceive the tears which she could not repress.

He stood for a moment gazing blankly at the door through which she had disappeared, then slowly returned home and sought Gertrude. To her he told all his trouble, not expecting comfort, which indeed she could not give him, but sympathy. She was as much surprised as he was at this sudden termination to his suit, and when he left her, she pondered long and deeply over the possibility of winning back Netta. Arnold, to whom she confided the matter when she was alone with him, took it much less seriously.

"He has come a nasty cropper in his first attempt, hasn't he? But after all, as he said, he has only to try another. I tell you what, Gertrude, take him with you to-morrow to the Hainworths' tennis-party instead of me. Perhaps one of those girls will captivate him."

"SHE CRIED OVER HIS NOTES BEFORE SENDING THEM BACK" (*p.* 838).

"You don't think much of Hugh's grief," said Gertrude.

"Well, no, not much. How could I, considering the way in which he himself talked? He's such a practical, unsentimental sort of fellow, you know. And anyhow, it would be a pity to lose a chance of his heart's being caught at the rebound."

But when Gertrude mooted the idea to Hugh, he scouted it almost fiercely.

"Surely you are not going to cast that ridiculous thing in my teeth, too, Gertie? Why, when I said it I had never seen *her*. That makes all the difference. I don't believe I could speak civilly to any other girl, much less think of marrying her. Besides, I shall be busy."

"Why, what are you going to do?" asked Gertrude.

"I'm going to haunt the place," said Hugh. "I will not take this as final. She shall let me make what explanation I can. It's only just. I won't go back without speaking to her once more."

But this was easier to say than to do. Hugh called at the Woodvils' house, but Netta refused to see him. He wrote to her, but she returned his letters unopened.

He haunted the street, watching for her to come out, but she remained indoors and escaped him. Even Gertrude was repulsed when she attempted to say a word to her friend on his behalf.

"Gertie," said Netta, interrupting her, "I do not wish to hear of Mr. Clifford. What I had to say I said to him, and I have nothing to add to it. I don't want to quarrel with you, and so I think that perhaps it will be best if we don't meet till your brother has gone back to India."

"But it is killing you, Netta," said Gertrude incautiously.

Netta drew herself up.

"I dislike comments on my personal appearance, Gertrude," she said haughtily, and Gertrude thought it better to retire.

But if Netta's appearance had been piteous when she met Hugh in the garden, it was tenfold so now. She knew that she was pining for Hugh, that she listened for his footstep, that she kissed the notes which he sent her and cried over them before sending them back, that she watched him stealthily from behind the curtains when he walked down the street, and that she wept bitter tears when he had passed. She was fully convinced that she had done her duty, but there was no use in pretending to herself that it made her happy. Some girls, feeling this, would have snatched at any chance of a reconciliation, but Netta was not one of these.

"Netta," her mother said one evening, "it seems to me that there is some misunderstanding between you and Mr. Clifford. I don't know what it is, but I know that these things often wreck whole lives. If he has offended you, my child, don't be too proud to let him explain it if he can."

"There is no explanation. It is not a misunderstanding," said Netta, calmly but with trembling lips. "I am never going to leave you, mamma."

Mrs. Woodvil sighed and went back to her writing, and the subject dropped. But her mother's speech had shown Netta that her trouble must be very evident to those around her, and her pride rose. That people should be thinking of her as a pining love-lorn maiden was horrible, and she resolved to try and behave as though nothing had happened. She would not go away—that would look as if she were running away from Hugh—but she would take good care not to come in his way. In pursuance of her valiant resolution, she got out her sketching things the very next morning, and set out towards the sea. She looked carefully up and down the road before starting, to make sure that Hugh was nowhere in sight, but she had scarcely gone a dozen yards before he came round the corner and saw her in front of him. His first impulse was to overtake her and insist on speaking to her there and then, but he reflected that she might take shelter in some friend's house, and so escape him. He did not like the thought of dogging her footsteps, and besides, she might chance to see him, and turn back, and finally he went back to Gertrude and asked her where Netta would most likely be going to sketch.

"Oh, at Ladywell, no doubt," said Gertrude, "that little village under the cliff, just before you come to Hautray Point. There is a favourite spot of hers there under a wall in a corn-field."

"All right," said Hugh; and he went off with long, swinging strides.

Netta walked slowly, for she grew tired easily now, and she found her paint-box heavy. On reaching the village she said a few words to a friendly coastguard, whose sick wife she had visited several times in company with Gertrude, and then went on to her post in the corn-field, which was now gay with brilliant scarlet poppies. She established herself close to the edge of the cliff, in the shade of the lichened wall, and set to work diligently. Her zeal soon flagged, however, and when Hugh, who had been directed to her hiding-place by the unsuspecting coastguard, found her, she was looking out over the sea with her eyes full of tears. But at the sight of him she dashed the tears hastily away, and did her best to speak unconcernedly. The weather was the only topic which occurred to her, and she seized upon it hurriedly.

"It is a beautiful day," she remarked.

"Yes," said Hugh, and added abruptly, "I sail on Monday week."

"Oh, indeed!" said Netta, holding up her pencil to measure by. "And which day are you going to be married?"

"I am not going to be married," he answered shortly. "I shall go back to India alone."

"But that is a pity," said Netta. The extremity of her pain made her cruel, for she felt that if she did not say something dreadful she should burst into tears. "The wedding-ring will be wasted."

Hugh uttered an exclamation of disgust.

"Look here, Netta," he said, taking the ring from his pocket, "if you won't wear it, no other woman shall;" and he tossed it with all his strength over the cliff. "There! I have got rid of the detestable thing now. I suppose I shan't see you again, but I should be glad if you would do just one thing for me. Don't pretend that I am going to marry anyone else. I had rather go back alone and think of you than marry any other girl in the world."

He waited as if for an answer, but Netta was diligently painting in scarlet for the sea instead of the poppy-field, and said nothing, and he took off his hat to her and went on. He would not have done so had he been able to read her feelings. She longed to call him back, to beg him not to leave her, to tell him that she could not live without him, but her pride was stronger than her pain. She sat still and watched the tall figure mounting the steep slope above her. Presently it turned towards the edge of the cliff, whence a path led down to the beach, and something that the coastguardsman had said flashed into Netta's mind. There had been a fall of chalk at this place, and the path was unsafe. Part of it was broken away, and there was a mass of loose chalk overhanging near the bottom. The man had remarked that he supposed the path would be closed when two or three people had been killed there, and the vision came to Netta of Hugh as the first of these—Hugh lying crushed and

bleeding on the sands. As the thought came into her mind she dashed away her sketching things and ran up the slope after Hugh. She had no power to call to him, but terror lent wings to her feet, and she caught his arm just as he began to descend the path.

"Stop!" she gasped. "You mustn't go down. The path is not safe."

He stepped back, with a glance at her white face.

"Thank you," he said. "It was particularly kind of you to warn me, since I suppose you would as soon have had me killed as not."

A choking sob was Netta's only answer.

"SHE HAD NO POWER TO CALL TO HIM."

"You know you don't care a bit about me," he observed coolly.

"I—care——" sobbed Netta, and stopped.

"Netta," he said, taking her hand, "do listen to me. You care for me and I care for you, and yet I am to go back alone to India, and you are to stay on here alone, because you won't listen to what I have to say. It isn't kind, it isn't just. You can't believe that the silly things I said when I first came home represent my feelings now. You know I love you, and yet you have no mercy for me."

"Beg pardon, sir," said the coastguard's voice, "but 'ave you or the young lady dropped hanythink over the cliff in the way of a trinket-like? I see this fall on the beach just now, an' I run an' pick it up out of a 'ole in the rocks."

It was the fateful wedding-ring that he held out, and Hugh claimed it promptly. The coastguard went away somewhat richer than before, and Hugh turned again to Netta.

"Here it is, you see, Netta. I said that no other woman should wear it if you would not, so it is for you to decide. Shall it go over the cliff again, or shall I put it on my watch-chain and take it back to India as a memento of a cruel girl who was too proud to forgive a silly thing that I said before I had ever seen her? Or will you let me put it on your finger one day next week?"

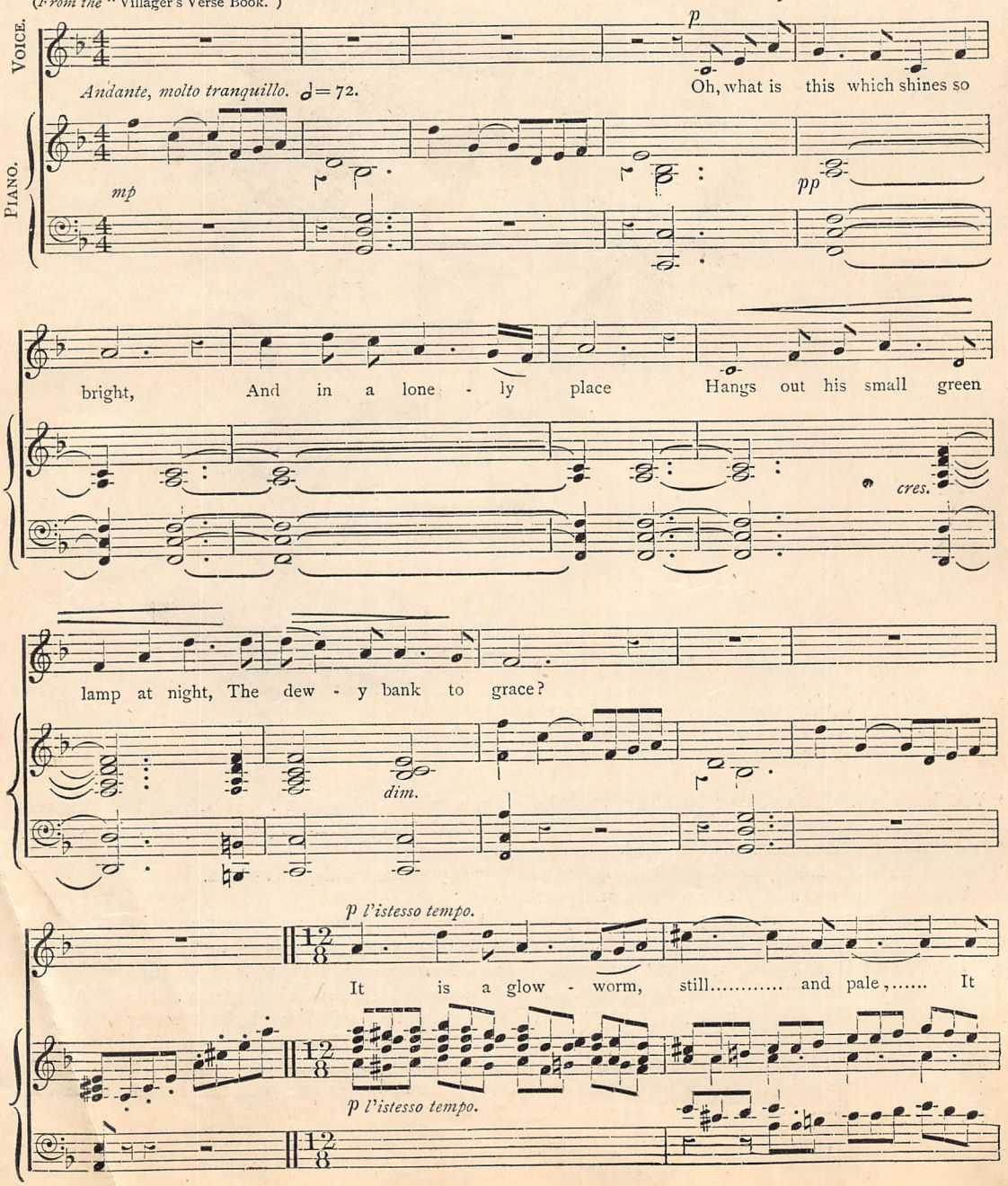
"If you like," whispered Netta.

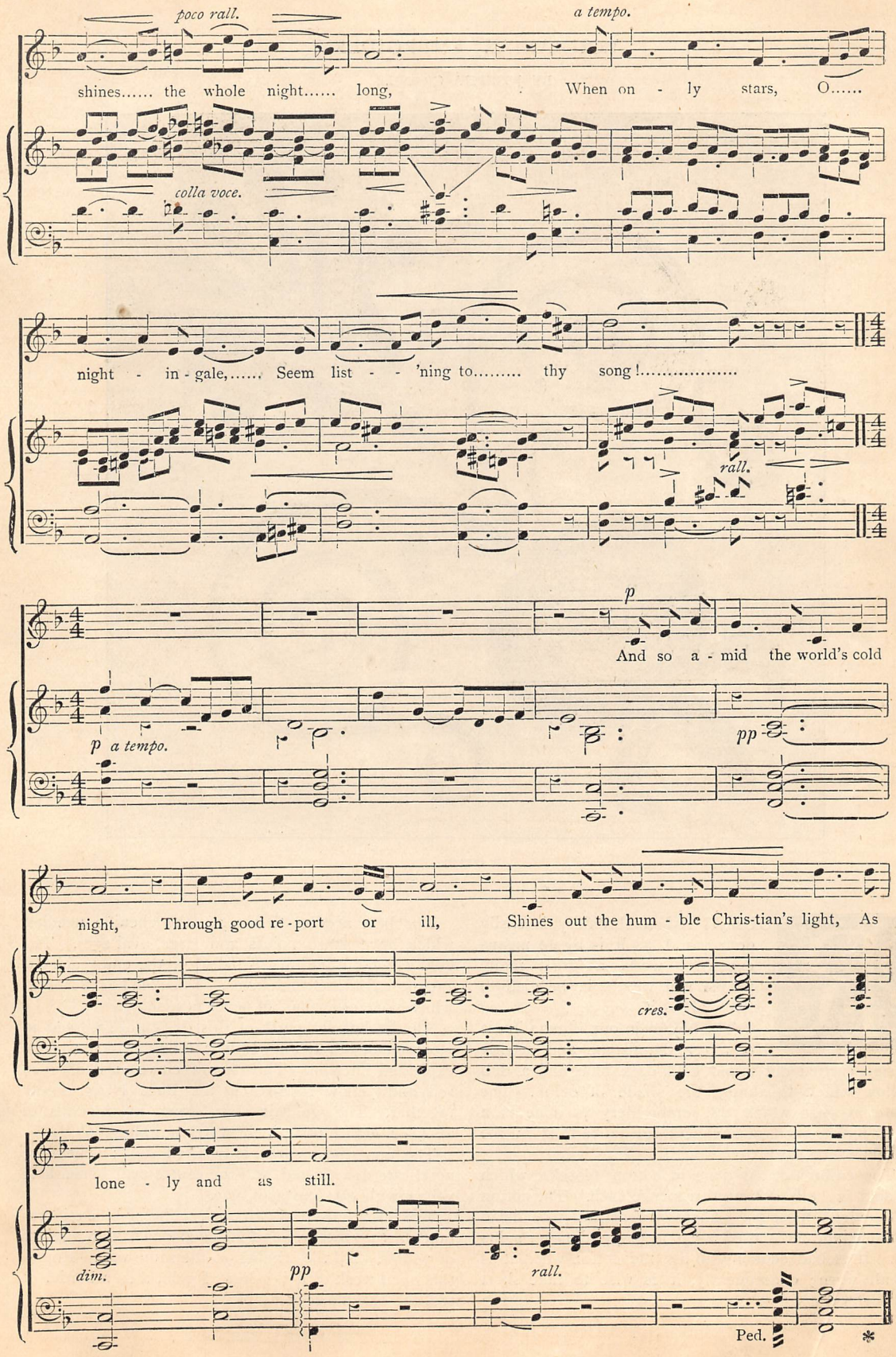
"Such a wretched wedding!" said Muriel in disgusted tones a fortnight later to her friend Lily, who had been away from home. "No proper wedding-dress, no bridesmaids, and so few presents! And, do you know, they sailed for India the very same day! But Netta looked sweet, and—wasn't it funny?—the wedding-ring was one which Hugh bought before he had ever seen her, and brought home with him."

The Glow-worm

Words by BOWLES.
(*From the* "Villager's Verse Book.")

Music by R. ERNEST BRYSON.




poco rall.
a tempo.
shines..... the whole night..... long, When on - ly stars, O.....
colla voce.
night - in - gale,..... Seem list - - 'ning to..... thy song!.....
rall.
p
And so a - mid the world's cold
p a tempo.
pp
night, Through good re - port or ill, Shines out the hum - ble Chris-tian's light, As
cres.
lone - ly and as still.
dim.
pp
rall.
Ped.
*

ROUMANIAN EMBROIDERY.

BY JOSEPHA CRANE.

BLOTTER.

ROUMANIAN embroidery is easily done; and, as it is by no means expensive work, a great many people will, we think, be glad to know about it.

The blotter in our illustration is of a very handsome and artistic design carried out in old gold, dark blue, and a dull yellow which is almost the shade of ochre. The material upon which this embroidery is done is a thick brown linen, of sufficient substance to stand the weight of the work.

The embroidery is done in cotton filoselle, which is sold in balls costing threepence each. The cotton is like silk filoselle. There are several threads in the one, and it is used as it is cut, and never splits up. It is bad economy to use the cotton when it is at all worn; consequently, it is wise to take short needlefuls.

The best needles to use are the chenille needles, which have sharp points and large, oval eyes. The gold which outlines a great deal of the embroidery is Japanese gold, sold in skeins. This gold has the merit, which none other has, of never tarnishing.

All the heavier parts of this design are worked in Roumanian stitch and Indian filling, which will be explained later on. The narrow curves are done in red and yellow rope-stitch, the lines lying closely together. The gold is sewn down at intervals of about an eighth of an inch in red and blue filoselle.

The uppermost spray is worked thus: The nine petals are done in red, and the centre oval beneath is yellow with side leaves of blue.

The lower flower has an open centre of blue stitches taken across the oval and fastened down with a stitch of yellow. All the stitches go the same way. Round this open work oval is a line of gold, then a border of red, the outermost being blue.

Two red leaves come from the flower, with a blue one between them.

All the designs for Roumanian embroidery are conventional, and have a character of their own. Those desiring to try the work, can obtain a price list if they send a stamped envelope to Miss Baker, 5, Clifton Gardens, Chiswick, whose are the designs for this blotter and bracket. She furnishes all materials for this work at very moderate charges, and her designs, as will be seen by these examples, are characteristic and excellent.

The bracket border is very handsome, and worked in the same way, with the addition of some satin stitch, herring-bone, and a V-shaped stitch called *point natté*.

French knots are also introduced in the lower open leaves of the centre flower. The way in which the whole is worked can easily be seen by examining the illustration, and I will now proceed to explain the stitches and how they are worked.

Fig. 1 is *point natté*. When you draw out your needle in the middle of the V, you then take it across under the material, as seen in illustration. The stitches should always be of the same length and at equal distances.

Fig. 2 is simple satin or flat stitch. This is never padded, and is worked simply by laying the long stitches, taken across the petal, or whatever you are working, side by side. The satin stitch should never be too loose, nor should the stitches be drawn tightly. The edge of all satin stitching should be quite clear and true; if some stitches project beyond others, the effect is very bad indeed.

Fig. 3 shows French knots. You should bring your needle up from the back of the stuff, holding your cotton between the left thumb and forefinger. Then twist the cotton once or twice round the needle according to the size of the knot you wish to make. I sometimes use the cotton double, and that answers very well.

Fig. 4 is herring-bone stitch done very closely.

Fig. 5 shows how gold is sewn down. If you put two rows close together, then let the stitches lie between the ones in the foregoing row, not one stitch under another.

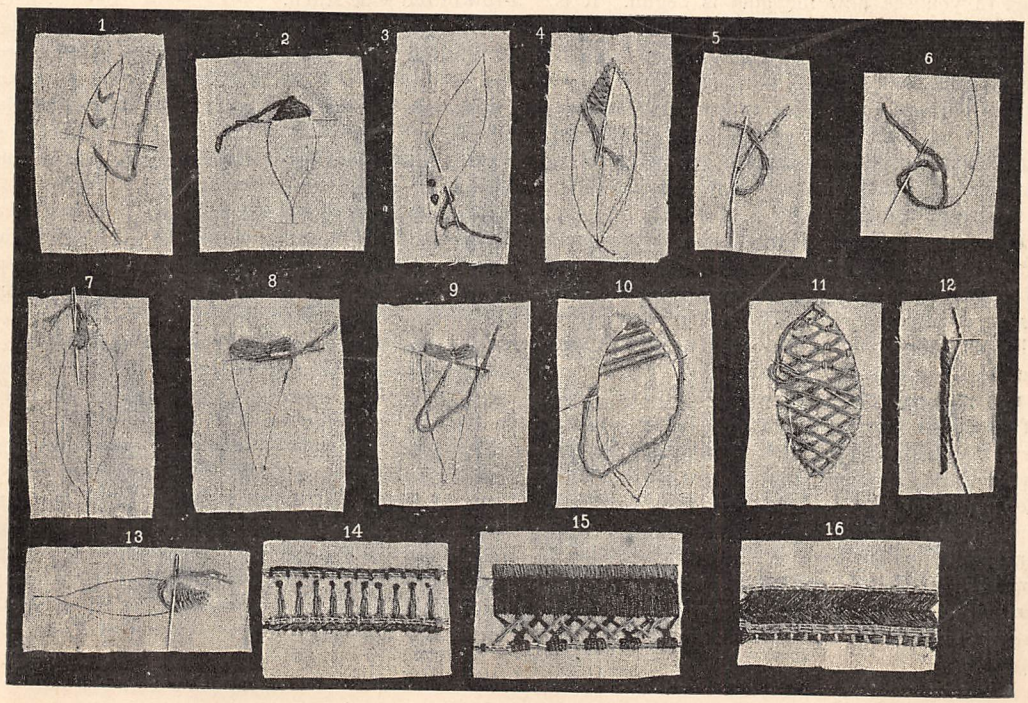
Fig. 6 is rope-stitch. Work as if for chain, only placing your needle at the back of the loop made, and keeping the thread under the needle.

Fig. 7 is plait-stitch. Always bring your needle out a little to one side of the last stitch, as then they cross and form the plait, which is so effective.

Roumanian stitch is seen in Figs. 8 and 9; and, as this is easy when once the knack of doing it is caught, I have given two illustrations of how it is done.

To work this stitch, you should bring out your needle on the left, a few threads beyond the line of your embroidery design. Of course, the number of threads must depend upon the space to be covered, and the quality of your material. Put your needle in on the right, the same distance before the line as before, and then bring it out in the middle of the stitch, as you see clearly illustrated in Fig. 8. You then pass your needle over the first stitch, as you see in Fig. 9, and put it in again a few threads before the point where it came out, then draw it out close to where the first stitch began.

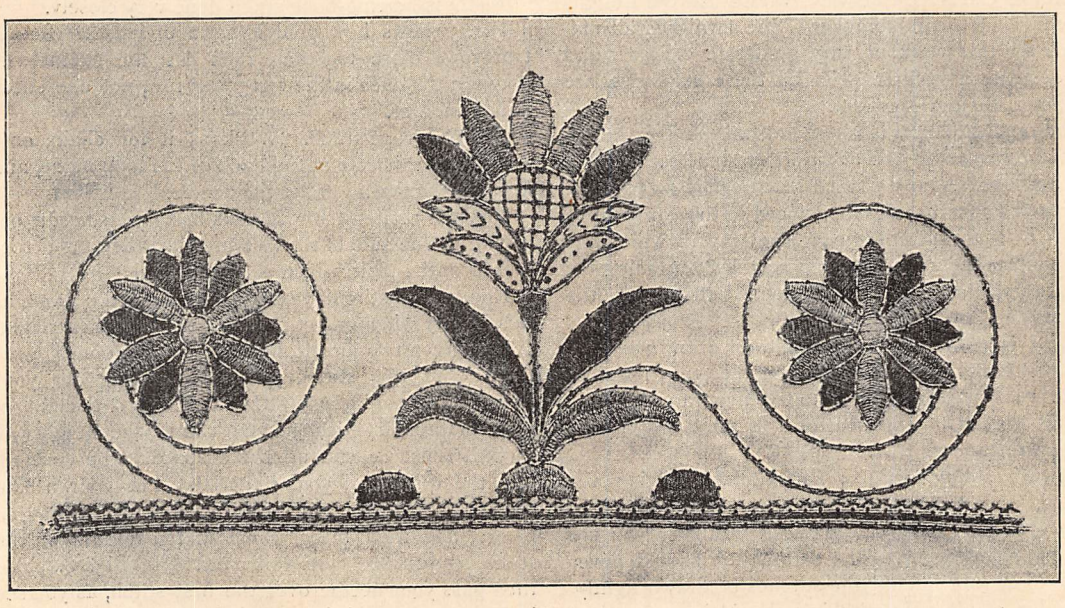
Figs. 10 and 11 show the trellis-work in both stages.



STITCHES FOR ROUMANIAN EMBROIDERY.

The spaces between must always be left at equal distances, and the stitch which crosses the long stitches must always go the same way, and be in a contrasting colour. It looks very pretty sometimes to take the stitches across in fine gold thread, and secure them at the thread you are holding down. Then draw your thread up, and put the needle down through the material a little distance under the chain.

The next row is of two rows of gold, done like the upper row, only this time with blue cotton. This is



BRACKET.

the crossing with a coloured stitch. If you want the trellis to have thick bars, then double your cotton.

In Fig. 12 you see how the gold is begun. It is always well in beginning or ending the gold to thread it into a very large-eyed tapestry needle, and push it through to the back of the material. Then leave about the eighth of an inch on the wrong side, and secure it. In working the Japanese gold, it must be borne in mind that the gold paper is apt to uncurl in working, so that with your left thumb and finger you should twist it as you go.

Fig. 13 is Indian filling. Having your needle placed as you see it in the illustration, you draw it out; then keep your thread to the right, and take a small stitch towards the edge of the leaf. Then keep your thread to the left as before, and put in your needle as you see it in the illustration.

Fig. 14 is a fancy border. The upper edge is of two rows of gold, sewn down with button-hole stitch taken at intervals. This is done in red. Then there are red French knots over spikes formed of picot stitch. This is a loop as if for chain-stitch, only secured with a stitch holding down the loop at its broad end. Bring up your thread from the back of the stuff, then hold it down with the left thumb, and put the needle in to the right and close to where it came out. Then bring it out the eighth of an inch below, in a straight line, over done before the picot loops, which come from the line of blue cotton which lies under them. Then follows a row of red rope-stitch.

In Fig. 15 there are two rows of ordinary flat or satin stitch worked side by side. The upper narrow row is yellow, and the deeper under-band is red. Under the red band is herring-bone in red and blue. Do the red very wide apart, and then the blue crossing it. Next come two rows of gold, button-holed down in blocks of stitches at intervals.

Roumanian stitch forms a wide red band in Fig. 16. On each side of it are two rows of gold, sewn down with blue; in the upper row the stitches are simply done at intervals as in Fig. 5, and in the lower they are button-hole stitched down. A double strand of red is sewn down below the gold with blue cotton.

Roumanian work can be adapted to very many uses. For plush curtains or table-covers a band of the work is very effective.

Tea-cosies, and borders of all kinds, are pretty in it; and book-covers, time-table covers, work bags, and all kinds of fancy and useful articles can be decorated with it. Of course, the worker can choose any material she likes for a foundation, but to carry out the true idea of the work, it is far better to do it on this coarse brown linen, the very roughness of which throws up the colours and gold in a very satisfactory way.

THE PARLIAMENTS OF THE WORLD.

BY ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

II.—OF THE FRENCH AND GERMAN PARLIAMENTS.

ENTRANCE GATEWAY TO THE SENATE, PARIS.
(*From a photograph by L. Mercier, Rue Ponthieu, Paris.*)

"IT is manifest," said a constitutional writer in the time of George II., "That Parliaments have been the Basis of all the *Gothic* Governments, from remotest Antiquity; That hitherto no other Expedient hath been so effectual to keep the Rage of Prerogative within due Bounds, and that they are to be traced by their Ruins, in *Germany*, *France*, *Spain*, etc., at this Day." Powerful, indeed, as the French National Assembly and the German Reichstag at this moment are, the decrepitude of Parliaments in those lands was accustomed, up to the time of the French Revolution, to be the pitying scorn of the English politician. James Howel, in his quaint "Londinopolis," published while Oliver Cromwell was Lord Protector, could complacently observe that, although all the best-policied countries of Europe had a Parliament, and France its Assembly of the Three Estates, the latter had been for many years discontinued. But Algernon Sidney not so many years later could put the point much more bluntly. "The *German* Diet is still on Foot, rather encumbered, and clogged, and puzzled, than destroyed. The Parliament of *France* seems quite antiquated and subdued; the Ghost and Shadow of the defunct has appeared three or four Times since *Lewis* the XIth; but to revive that Assembly in its full and perfect Vigour, requires a Miracle like the Resurrection. It is in *England* only, that the antient, generous, manly

Government of *Europe* survives, and continues in its original Lustre and Perfection."

Happily for the peace and liberties of the world, not

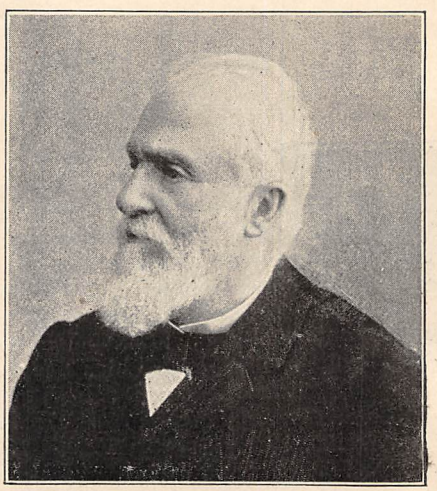
M. DUPUY, PRIME MINISTER OF FRANCE.
(From a photograph by Ch. Ogerau, Paris.)

even the most patriotic Briton would repeat that last reflection now. This is not the place to detail the history of the miracle which, more than a century after the head of Sidney had fallen in the cause of freedom on Tower Hill, revived, and expanded, and strengthened the Parliament of France, and which assisted the resurrection and even the creation of Parliamentary Government throughout the world. But it is useful to recall the fact that, while this country can show an almost unbroken succession of Parliaments for over six hundred years, our great-grandfathers could survey Europe and not find a single truly representative national assembly outside these islands.

The old Law Parliaments of France—the meeting of which could be dismissed with a crack of the hunting-whip, and the declaration of Louis XIV. that the State was himself—had faded into practical insignificance by the time the Assembly of Notables was convoked in 1787 for the first time for 160 years. Hard upon the heels of that luckless gathering came the portentous assembling of the States-General. This was early in May, 1789; on the 17th of the next month the Third Estate declared itself to be the National Assembly; three days later, excluded by the Court officials from the Salle des Ménus at Versailles, their original meeting-place, the members repaired to the Tennis Court and swore never to separate until they had made the Constitution. This was the beginning of the modern system of Parliamentary government in France. It would require a volume to tell how the Constituent Assembly passed into the Convention, and to describe the ramifications of the Council of Five Hundred after the Terror and the Senate and Assembly of Napoleon Bonaparte. Another would be needed for the development of the Chambers of Peers and Deputies under the Restoration and the Orleans monarchy; the Constituent and National Assemblies of the Second Republic; the Senate and the Legislative Body of Louis Napoleon; the National Assembly which legalised the Third Republic, and the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies which have continued its existence. All that can here be done is to tell something of these last.

The French Parliament as it is to-day was constituted by a law of February, 1875, which established the Republic upon its present basis. It was not, however, until the following December and January that the Senate was first elected, or until February and March that the Chamber of Deputies was chosen; and March 8th, 1876, was the date upon which the two bodies first assembled, their original meeting-place being Versailles. There the National Assembly of 1871, and subsequently the Senate of 1876, sat in the theatre of the Palace, while the Chamber of Deputies of the latter year gathered in a wing hard by; and it was not until November, 1879, that the two Houses of the French Legislature returned to the national capital, though, by an oversight in the Constitution, they still go to Versailles to vote as one body in choice of a new President, as in the cases of Grévy, Carnot, and Casimir-Périer.

In Paris, unlike the British custom, the two Houses sit in separate buildings, and these at some distance from each other. The Senate is located in the Palace of the Luxembourg, built for the widow of Henri Quatre, the white-plumed Knight of Navarre, whom Macaulay taught every schoolboy to know. Like all the older buildings of Paris, it is saturated with a grim collection of historical memories. A royal residence until the Revolution, it was a state prison under the Convention, through which Danton and Camille Desmoulins, Hébert and Robespierre passed on their way to the guillotine, and Josephine Beauharnais on hers to a throne. Occupied in turn by the Directory and the Consulate, it was successively the home of the imperial Senate and the monarchical Chamber of Peers. Then it became the meeting-place of the

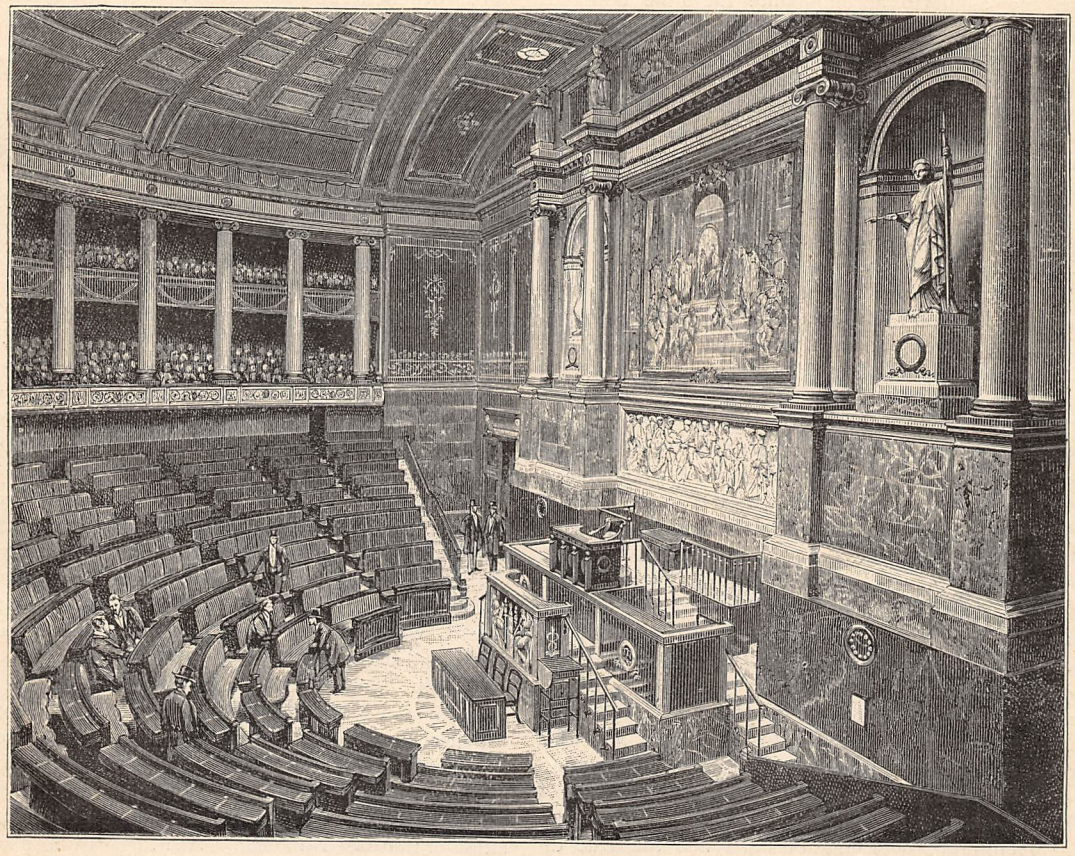


M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH SENATE.
(From a photograph by Ch. Ogerau, Paris.)

Socialist experimenters of 1848 and the Second Republic, and of the scarcely more successful Senators of 1852 and the Second Empire. Spared by the Communists, it was the office of the Prefecture of the Seine from 1871 to 1879, and then once more it was made to serve as a Senate-house.

Here, amid pictures glorifying with a certain impartiality Merovingian and Carlovingian, Capet and Valois, Bourbon and Bonaparte, the French Senate of to-day, under the presidency of M. Challemel-Lacour, meets and deliberates. It consists of three hundred members, all of whom must be forty years old. The term for which a member sits is nine years, and one-third of the total retire annually, to be elected by a special body, which is composed of the deputies, councillors-general, and district councillors of the several departments, sitting with delegates chosen by the municipal council of each commune in proportion to the population. When the Senate was created, it was enacted that a quarter of the whole number should be chosen for life by the two Houses acting together; but that system lasted only nine years, and the Senate is now a purely elective body, though, as has been indicated, constituted by a system of indirect election.

From the Palais du Luxembourg, it is a good walk to the Palais du Corps Législatif, which looks across the Seine and the Place de la Concorde to the fine façade of the Madeleine, which closes the view. It is here that the Chamber of Deputies sits; but, just as one finds in a handful of silver change in Paris, coins of king, and emperor, and republic, or sees upon an official placard in a railway station the decrees of Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon mingled with those of Grévy and Carnot, so "the Palais Bourbon" is the name most commonly given to the building in which the directly representative assembly of the Republic sits. The Council of Five Hundred was the first legislative body to occupy it, after it had taken a turn of revolutionary service by being made a storehouse for ammunition wagons. Bonaparte continued its better use by allotting it for the meeting of the Chamber of Deputies; and this continued under the Restoration, though only upon payment of a rent to the Prince de Condé, from whose family the Palais Bourbon had been taken at the Revolution.



INTERIOR OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, PARIS.
(From a photograph by Neurdein Bros., Paris.)

Then came two changes in its history which the superstitious might consider significant. Not long before the final fall of the Bourbons in 1830, the

chamber in which the deputies sat was found to be falling into decay. While it was being renovated, they moved into a temporary room erected in the garden; before they could return, Charles X. had fled and Louis Philippe was on the throne. In his turn, and in 1848, the "Citizen-king" had to take a journey to which the later French monarchs had become accustomed. Then it was found that even the new chamber was too small to accommodate the nine hundred deputies summoned to the Constituent Assembly of the Second Republic. Once more the use of a temporary structure was invoked; and, ere the deputies went back to their accustomed chamber, the Second Republic had gone the way of the Monarchy of July, and "the pasteboard room," as it was contemptuously called, was destroyed after the *coup d'état* of 1851. Then for eighteen years the Chamber of Deputies sat in the old place, until on September 4th, 1870, the Napoleonic dynasty was overturned in the national uprising after Sedan; and not for another nine years did its walls echo to the sounds of political passion, it remaining empty until the return of the Republic's Chamber of Deputies from Versailles.

But these are not all the memories of the Palais Bourbon, which possesses many more dramatic associations than the Luxembourg. Outside the latter, it is true, Marshal Ney—the bravest of the brave—was shot by the restored Bourbons as a traitor; but it was to a deputation from the former that Napoleon Bonaparte presented the banners taken at Austerlitz. The military glories of the First Empire and the shame in which they closed were thus typified, but it has been in connection with revolutionary outbursts that the Chamber of Deputies has witnessed its most noteworthy scenes.

It was on the morning of February 24th, 1848, when Louis Philippe was preparing for that flight in a cab which Thackeray immediately immortalised in scathing satire, that the king's daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Orleans, entered the Chamber of Deputies with her young children, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, both of whom still live. In favour of the former the old king had abdicated, and, standing near the tribune, she came for confirmation of the deed which made the Comte de Paris King and herself Regent. Alarmed at the increasing tumult, her friends besought her to go. "If I leave this Assembly," she prophesied, with an accuracy she little guessed, "my son will never enter it again." Proceeding to the upper benches, she essayed to address the turbulent crowd of deputies and spectators; but her efforts were without avail; and although she preserved a magnificent courage to the last, scarcely faltering even when muskets were levelled at her little ones and herself, she had to leave, never with either of her sons to see the Chamber of Deputies more. And while the Chamber of Peers was sitting at the Luxembourg, specially preparing to receive her, she recognised that the Palais Bourbon had spoken the irrevocable word, with the consequence that she left Paris the same evening, and the present result that the Comte de Paris remains to this day an uncrowned king.

HERR VON LEVETZOW, PRESIDENT OF THE REICHSTAG.
(*From a photograph by Jul. Braatz, Berlin.*)

Not three months elapsed before the Chamber of Deputies witnessed another violent scene, but it was not then the representatives of the people declining to give effect to a deed of abdication—it was a turbulent mob endeavouring to expel the legislators. For a few hours the mob triumphed. Out went the Deputies and in came the Communists, whose spokesmen, amid shrieks of delight from their friends, declaimed from the tribune, and proposed and carried revolutionary resolutions to their hearts' content. But the National Guard, which had proved a broken reed to Louis Philippe, stood loyally for this moment by the Assembly. They ejected the mob, arrested the leaders, and reinstated the deputies, who were later to be expelled, imprisoned, and even massacred when Louis Napoleon had fashioned his *coup d'état*.

By what can only be considered a dramatic fate, the Chamber of Deputies was the scene of the deposition of that last Napoleon. A sitting had been summoned for the midnight which closed the fateful Saturday in September, 1870, when the news of the crowning disaster of Sedan was gradually becoming known in Paris. In the earliest hours of the morning the Imperialist Ministry asked for time to think, and Jules Favre announced that at the next assembling he would demand the Emperor's deposition. On the Sunday afternoon the end came. The galleries of the chamber were crowded and noisy, while the chamber itself was nearly empty and wholly excited. Deliberation was impossible, but Gambetta proceeded to the steps of the Palais Bourbon, and there proclaimed the dethronement of the Emperor and the establishment of the Republic. And the next day the Senate was abolished, and the Corps Législatif dissolved. There has been no such scene since then; but neither Paris nor history is likely to forget December 9th, 1893, when the Anarchist, Vaillant, threw a bomb among the assembled Deputies, whose courage in face of murderous outrage was equalled by the calmness of their then president, M. Dupuy, who had occupied the

SIDE VIEW OF THE NEW BUILDING FOR THE GERMAN REICHSTAG, FROM THE BRANDENBURG GATE.

chair only a few days, but who proved himself a worthy successor in that position of Grévy, Gambetta, Brisson, and Casimir-Périer.

The membership of the Chamber of Deputies is nearly double that of the Senate, being 584 as against 300. While a Senator must be forty years of age, a Deputy needs to be no older than twenty-five, qualifications which are more in fashion in Continental countries than our own, where twenty-one suffices for entrance to both Lords and Commons. Candidates are elected by universal suffrage for a term of four years, but they must secure an actual majority of those voting, and, within a fortnight before the poll, must make a declaration that they are contesting only one constituency. Members of the Chamber receive a salary of 9,000 francs (£360), the Senators having 15,000 francs (£600), and all possessing certain privileges of free travel on the State railways. In both Senate and Chamber the speaker of the moment addresses his colleagues not from his place, as with us, but from the tribune, which is placed immediately under the President's chair, and overlooking the official secretaries, or clerks-at-the-table, as they might be called at Westminster. And this position is the more favourable to the orator, in that the other members face him, seated in an amphitheatre, to the Left of which sit those of the most advanced Radical views, to the Right those of extreme Conservative opinions, and those shading into moderation towards the Left Centre and the Right Centre respectively.

The cry "À Berlin" so heedlessly uttered by the Parisian crowd in July, 1870, can be echoed at this point to denote the transition from a view of the French to one of the German Parliament. But there is a double discrimination to be made. In France there are simply the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies; in Germany exist not only the Bündesrath and the Reichstag for imperial purposes, but various Parliaments and Councils for the separate kingdoms, grand duchies, duchies, principalities, and free towns which form the Empire. That is not all. French parliamentary history is filled with stirring changes and picturesque events, but that of Germany has been largely exempt from both.

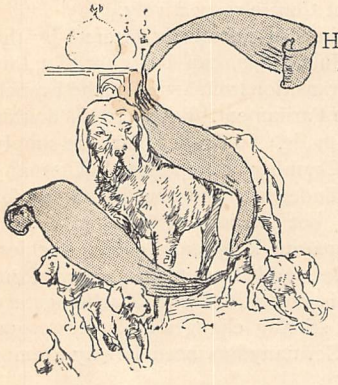
It was amid derision on the part of its enemies, and disappointment on that of its friends, that the first German Parliament expired. Called into existence early in 1848, "the year of revolutions," it was elected by universal suffrage, and was recognised by the Bündestag or Confederate Diet of the day. But its meetings at Frankfort-on-the-Main proved abortive, and it passed out of sight. Not until the spring of 1871 was the idea of a German Parliament revived, and then it was the outcome of that pledge among the several states, under the leadership of Prussia, to "form

an eternal union for the protection of the realm and the care of the welfare of the German people."

The Bündesrath, or Federal Council, consists of fifty-eight members appointed by the Governments of the individual states, and allotted proportionately among them, according to population. Its members, who are unpaid but are allowed travelling expenses, may take a seat in the Reichstag and claim to speak in support of the views of their Government; and while the Reichstag cannot be convoked without the Bündesrath, the latter can assemble while the former is out of session. It is presided over by the Reichskanzler or Imperial Chancellor, formerly Prince Bismarck, and now Count Caprivi; and it has special powers of its own, clearly laid down in the Constitution of the Empire. The Reichstag has 397 members, whose personal privileges are the same as in the Bündesrath, and who are elected by universal suffrage for five years, unless there intervenes a dissolution, which can be voted by the Bündesrath, with the consent of its President.

The Reichstag meets at present in a temporary Reichstags-Gebaüde or Hall of the Imperial Diet, hastily erected in 1871 on the site of an old porcelain manufactory; but it is not in its own home that it is addressed by the Emperor at the opening of each session. Then the members proceed to the White Saloon of the Royal Palace in which the old United Diet of Prussia used to hold its debates; and it is in this noblest of all rooms in the palace, and surrounded by the marble statues of the twelve Prince-Electors of Brandenburg and eight colossal figures representing the provinces of the Prussian monarchy, that the representative embodiment of Germany yearly assembles to greet its Emperor. The permanent home of the Reichstag, which has been in course of erection for some years on a site formerly occupied by the Reczynski Palace, promises to be the most striking building in Berlin. Its splendid main entrance facing the Königs Platz will be surmounted by a colossal equestrian group, representing Germania, from the chisel of Professor Begas, the nation's foremost sculptor and a great favourite with the Emperor. The legislative chamber is to be arranged on the French semicircular plan, each member being provided with a seat, while the representatives of the Press will be placed immediately under the President's chair, a splendid position for both seeing and hearing. The external effect, however, is not likely to be at all as imposing as had been hoped. The building stands low; it has for neighbours some ugly tenements, and the patriotic German will admire it the less because it has already earned the unconcealed dislike of the Emperor. It is, however, as a symbol of the national unity that the new German Parliament-house will chiefly be remarked.

HANOUM: A MONGREL OF STAMBOUL.



HE lay in the middle of the Galata Road, surrounded by half-a-dozen sprawling, mouthing, blind things, which had come to light an hour previously. It was dusk, and I stumbled over her, giving her huge body an acute shock, and causing her to raise herself feebly on her haunches, as if to ward off further ill-usage. She was about the size of a mastiff, and belonged to the multitudinous Constantinople dog-waifs that live out their strange life in her streets and waste places, away from the human protection and love their fellows know so well how to win and appreciate. She was sandy-coloured, but her upturned face was pure white, and reminded me in the twilight of the visages of the women of the harem I had just quitted. The Sultana and her companions would have no lamps lit in the enshrined and carpeted hall. They declared that they preferred chatting in the penumbra with their European visitor, and I was obliged to be content with a very unsatisfactory glimpse of their charms. The Turkish colloquialism for a mistress of the house is "hanoum," and I straightway adopted the name for the pale-muzzled down-trodden creature whom I had stepped upon unthinkingly. The dog did not seem particularly shy, but rolled her head in my skirt, as if to assure me that she was fully aware of any kindly sentiments I might entertain towards her, and would be glad of some practical proof of this good feeling. My house happened to be situated very near to the spot, and I was able to wheedle my new acquaintance into squatting on the grass-plot at the back, together with her brood of speckled pups. For about a fortnight Hanoum did me the honour of remaining within sight of the house. The young dogs throve on succulent beef-bones and kitchen scraps, and were soon as vigorous as their mother.

But one morning I was very disappointed not to see the big fawn-hued shape, with its "awkward squad" of pups, on my grass-plot. I walked all round Galata, but though I met very many dogs, I saw nothing of my tawny friend or her family. She came back, however, three days later in a deplorable

condition, limping and whimpering, her poor back covered with bites and her tail raw at the tip. She was followed by only two of the puppies, and I never knew what had happened to the others. We nursed the three dogs back to life, but after they were well they disappeared again as suddenly as they came.

The nomad instinct, hereditary in the Constantinople four-footed scavenger, drives him forth into her thoroughfares, and will not let him rest for long under the civilised roof-tree.

This time, however, I came upon Hanoum an hour or so after her departure from the house. She was surrounded by two or three of her species, who were attacking her tooth-and-nail, and would certainly have been torn to pieces had she not managed to dodge through the legs of her tormentors into the open door of a mosque. At this I closed the door from the outside, regardless of the double row of Turkish worshippers I displaced in the process, so that the dogs, seeing pursuit unavailable, slunk off, and soon vanished from view.

Hardly a single worshipper looked up as I entered the outer court of the mosque, so absorbed were they in thoughts of Allah; but Hanoum crawled to me, waggling her head apologetically, as if asking to be taken back into favour, in spite of her gipsy-like departure from my house.

"Where are your puppies?" I muttered. "Bad dog! Ah! where, indeed?"

Hanoum did not seem in the least disconcerted by my question, but squatted down on a strip of bright-coloured prayer-carpet, long ago worn to stringiness by the knees of the faithful, and I, seeing that nobody troubled to look at us, seated myself beside her, and was soon lost in thought.

The mosque was old, shadowy, and iridescent with pearly lights from the inlaid and mosaic woodwork suspended from the wall. It had been built in the reign of Irene, and had known the archaic grandeur of the early Church. To-day, in place of the strange seraphim with folded wings, the Byzantine pendentives, above which soared the conical dome, hung great shield-like pieces of wood, limned with verses from the Koran. Silver lamps, blackened with smoke, dangled from the dome. They had held the office since those distant days when the pious empress hurled defiance at Haroun al Raschid, Caliph and Conqueror, and convoked the Council of Nice to maintain the supremacy of that orthodoxy which had received the Eucharist direct from the hands of the fishers of Galilee. But Hanoum would not have been permitted to enter the sanctuary in those days; now, however, no worshipper may take on himself to thrust her out of the door.

How long I should have remained in one position I do not know, had not Hanoum begun to get impatient for the open air and freedom to which she was accustomed. She began sniffing the garments of sundry cross-legged Turks whose faces were set Mecca-wards, and fearing that there must be a limit even to Moslem patience, I made my way out, Hanoum following placidly.

"Where are your puppies?" I said again, half soliloquisingly; but when I turned to look for my canine companion, I saw her not. She had turned into one of the narrow streets which start from the Galata Mosque to the lip of the Horn, and I did not attempt to follow her. When she turned up again, it

"ROLLED HER HEAD IN MY SKIRT" (*p.* 850).

was in the company of two ugly yellow pups, sole survivors of the brood. One of them seemed very rickety on its legs, and its mother left it with me when she next started on a voyage of discovery. For a long time I was puzzled, because she invariably returned maimed and miserable from these peregrinations, but at last I recollected that the Constantinople street dogs possess a wonderful organising faculty. Each parish owns its canine contingent, and if a dog from another quarter enters its precincts, it is attacked and often killed by the natives. These dogs are for local government and the rights of Jack-in-office; and who shall say that they understand less of the science of government than certain politicians?

A member of their tribe, too, who has slept under a roof-tree for a few consecutive weeks loses caste and becomes a pariah, and its life is often forfeited to its temporary revolt from the free habits and instincts of its kin.

This was the case with poor Hanoum, for the sole of whose foot there was whilom no rest outside of my back garden. Vested interests and canine red-tapeism had spoilt all her chances of converting even the least unappropriated gutter corner at Galata into a kennel. "The place which had known her knew her no more."

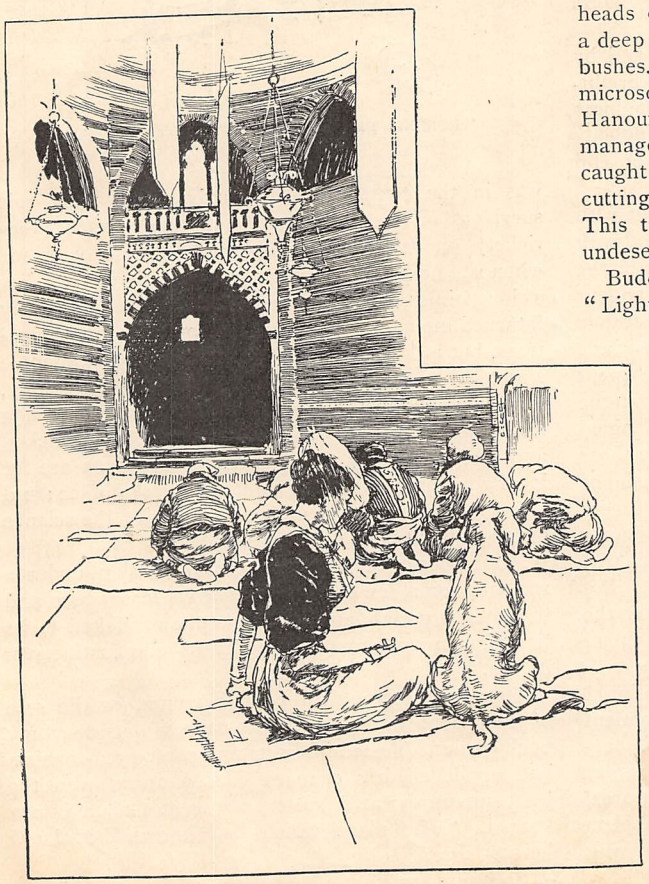
Both puppies went off on their own account shortly after the sickly one recovered strength, but they made

me periodical visits, though never in each other's company or with their mother.

I had been very successful in teaching clever tricks to dogs of different species, but I utterly failed in instilling the most elementary accomplishments into the thick heads of these youthful mongrels. Atavism has much to answer for, and in all probability the absence of assimilative intelligence and mimicry in these dogs was due to the non-development in their forbears of virtues and qualities usually fostered by the congenial atmosphere of hearth and home and the contiguity of their human fellow-creatures.

This was all well and good, but Hanoum's pups disappointed me by their stupidity; and although I was willing to make allowances for educational and hereditary disadvantages, I did expect Karaddah and Shabit to do me a little credit, after I had taken infinite trouble to teach them to beg, sleep to order, and other of the evergreen accomplishments usually imparted to their kind.

Karaddah was the fiercer and stronger of the two; he was also more astute. Perhaps, were it not that madness is almost unknown among the Stamboul street dogs, I should have concluded he had a tendency that way, for if he met with the slightest opposition, he would foam at the mouth and act otherwise strangely. Shabit, on the other hand, was apathetic and unsociable. He stayed rarely more than a couple of hours at a stretch in my company, while his visits were few and far between. Strangely enough, neither of these young animals seemed to be at variance with their canine comrades at Galata. Probably the latter knew better than to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, or else they had forgotten their relationship to Hanoum.



"I SEATED MYSELF BESIDE HER" (*p.* 851).

She, poor forsaken beast, was my most constant visitor of the three. She would devour a lump of bleeding offal upon my doorstep, and then come and deposit a friendly lick on my wrist. I remonstrated occasionally, though I knew long ago that Hanoum and manners were at daggers drawn, and it was useless to talk to her as to a home-bred dog. The whip as an agent of warning remained, but I rarely cared to take it into my hand. The hounded look that arose in the poor brute's eyes, and the evident recollection of kicks from Christian heels—for no pious Mussulman ever misuses an animal—deterred me from even a threat of castigation, and my queer Turkish vagabond continued to make depredations in my back garden, as she had done in the early days of our acquaintanceship.

Nothing in the floral or vegetable line ever consented to grow there since Hanoum had grubbed up a hole in the mould as big as a trough, had bitten off the heads of the peonies and southern poppies, and dug a deep moat with her huge fore-paws round the rose-bushes. I bethought me at last to entrench the microscopic garden with a strong palisade which even Hanoum would not attempt to throw over, but she managed to squeeze herself through the bars, and I caught her unearthing my newly-planted bulbs and cuttings with all her old industry and adroitness. This time she received a sound whipping, and not undeservedly.

Buddha is reported by Sir Edwin Arnold, in the "Light of Asia," to have allowed a famished tiger to feast upon his flesh. This act of renunciation has been immemorially admired by his followers. I, however, in spite of my partiality for Hanoum, did not care to emulate his example, and sacrifice my plot of bloom for her convenience.

She did not desert me, though, but with much ingenuity set about preparing a straw couch in the big disused drain-pipe which ran parallel with the gutter in the road. She would squat therein in a cramped position every evening, her legs tucked under her, and her yellow breast and white human-like countenance projecting above the rim of her impromptu sleeping-place.

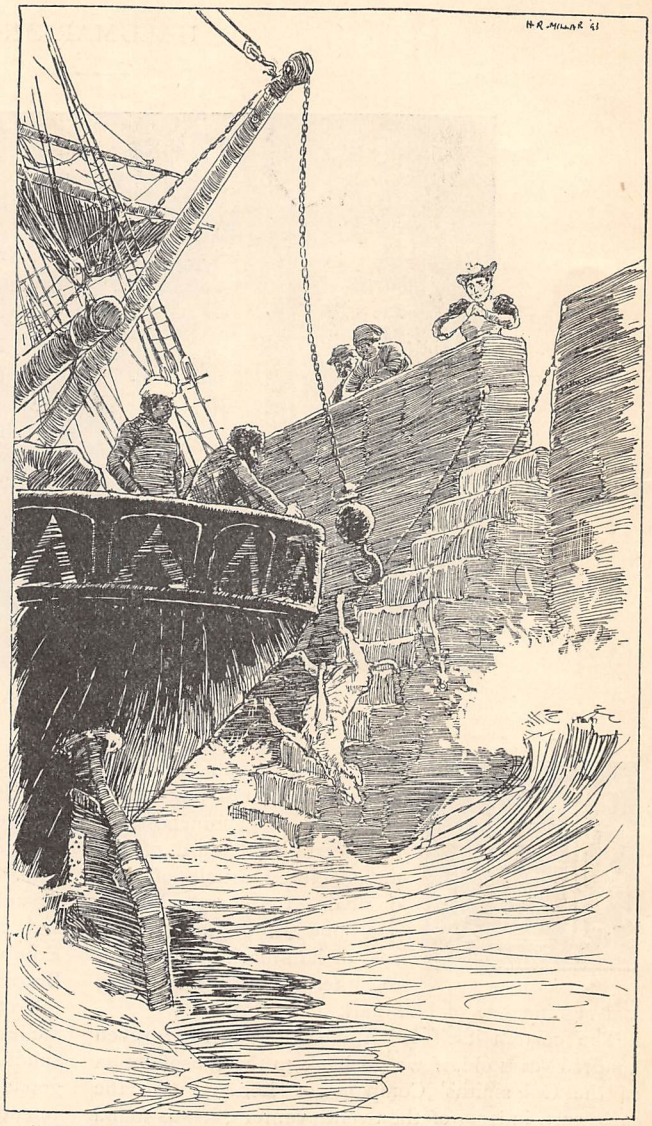
During the daytime, too, she would take to accompanying me in my rambles more and more, until finally I began to feel as if I really had a dog of my own. Curiously enough, the scavenger mongrels of her own parish, and even those of the others,

recognising her as a pariah by some marvellous instinct of freemasonry, did not seek to molest her in any way. She had passed out from among them: that was all.

At the top of the Galata faubourg stood an ancient convent, inhabited by dancing dervishes. I would often sit under the grey walls during summer evenings, and listen to the discordant shrieks and pitter-patter of the unquiet feet of these fanatics. Hanoum would listen too, with ears pendent and brown muzzle upon the ground; only when a louder scream than usual broke the stillness, and the sudden thud of a heavy body betokened the fall of a wearied dervish, she would rise, sniff anxiously the masonry of the ramparts, and give vent to a series of plaintive and excruciating howls, as if she too felt and dimly understood the climbing impulse which prompted the mingled despair and religious enthusiasm of these men.

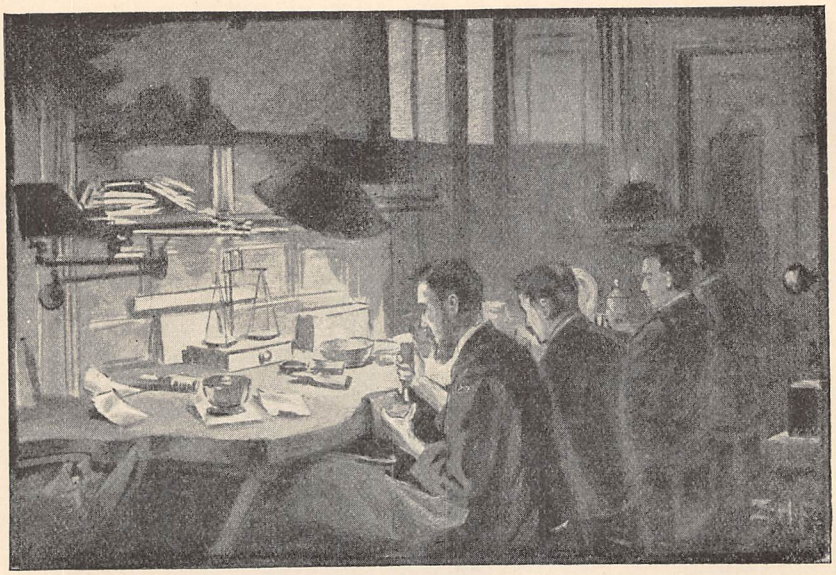
Another of our walks was in quite a different direction. With Hanoum in tow, I would take the quays from the Fana to the Sea of Marmora. Before us spread the vast panorama of the Golden Horn, with its moving pageantry of ships and feluccas; behind us, out of the chaos of *serails*, cupolas, and minarets in miniature, and isolated clumps of cypress growth which go to make Constantinople, arose the seven-towered structure, Yedi Koulé, which was built by John Zimesces, the Citerna Basilia, with its myriad granite columns, and the great parti-coloured mosque wherein the standard of the Prophet reposes, upheld by crossed scimitars and sacred scarf-knots, and which the Sultan visits tremblingly prior to his accession to the troubles of a throne.

One morning we had wandered to the point of the Seraglio at the entrance of the Sublime Porte. A Russian brigantine, deeply laden with red winter wheat, rocked fitfully at anchor on the waters, and an old-fashioned crane, poised above her deck, was hoisting a straw-enclosed wheatsheaf—one of the principal Turkish imports—on to an enormous dray which stood close to the sea-wall for the reception of the cargo. Just at this point there was a break in the continuity of the wall; steps, weed-grown and slippery, led down into the dirty water, and rusty chains with well-worn grapnels dangled therefrom. The great crane descended slowly, perilously grazing my head as I stooped over the wall in my examination of the cargo. Lower and lower it crept, and as it swung for the final dip into the hold of the vessel, knocked Hanoum with a sudden sharp shock over the steps into the water. Two of the Odessa sailors leant from the stern of the brigantine and tried to save her; I myself, holding frantically by the chains, strove to catch the poor dog as the current swept her out into the sea, but our efforts were in vain. She must have been stunned by the bulky machine, for she lay like a log on the water before she sank altogether. As I mounted the steps, my face streaming with tears, an old ragged Mussulman priest, or imaum, who had witnessed the catastrophe, whispered to me consolingly, "There is a place for beasts in Paradise: thus hath Allah decreed, whose name is the Eternal!"



"KNOCKED HANOUM WITH A SUDDEN SHARP SHOCK OVER THE STEPS INTO THE WATER."

HALL-MARKING.



AT GOLDSMITHS' HALL.

EVERYBODY knows the theory of the hall-mark—that it is a guarantee of genuineness, up to a certain standard, of any manufactured article of gold or silver. But everybody does not know the origin and process of hall-marking, nor how to interpret the true value and significance of hall-marks.

The custom itself is an old one—at least seven hundred years old, if we go back to the consolidation of the Goldsmiths' Company of London. In the early part, indeed, of the twelfth century, it was found necessary by the workers in precious metals to take steps for the protection of their trade and the public from dishonest workers and fraudulent traders. Thus was formed a Guild which was the germ of the great Goldsmiths' Company—which continues one of the wealthiest and most powerful trade corporations of London, but was not gifted with a charter until some time after it had been in useful and active existence. This Guild instituted marks on gold and silver plate as a protection for the public, and so made it necessary for all makers to take their goods to Goldsmiths' Hall to be officially stamped, after assay.

This custom, first established in London, was afterwards adopted by all the Goldsmiths' Companies throughout the kingdom. Some of the provincial towns have very old records. York, for instance, as an assay town, dates back to 1423 ; Newcastle-on-Tyne to the middle of the thirteenth century ; and Chester to the fourteenth century. At one time there were twelve assay towns, with authorised offices for the stamping of gold and silver plate—viz., London, York, Exeter, Chester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Norwich, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Sheffield, Bristol, and Birmingham. But of late years the offices at York, Exeter, Bristol, Norwich, and Newcastle have been closed, and now the assay towns are these: London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Chester, Sheffield, and Birmingham.

To the Guardians and Wardens of the several companies belongs the duty of selecting experienced and suitable persons to make the necessary assays of goods submitted for marking. The Wardens superintend, and have to take oath before a Justice of the Peace on election, that they will faithfully discharge their duties, and not disclose the pattern or design or other secret relating to any plate brought to them for assay. The Assay Master has to take a similar oath, and also to give sureties that he will discharge his duties faithfully and not engage in the buying or selling or manufacture of plate.

But why is it necessary to test the quality of gold and silver plate? Because "gold" and "silver" in the arts are not always the definite and exact terms that they are in commerce and finance. In dealing with currency matters, for instance, gold and silver means bullion—the actual precious metals themselves. But in the arts, gold and silver are terms that may be applied to composite metals of widely differing values.

Take gold, for instance. In the arts, pure gold is rarely used, and pure gold contains 24 parts, or carats, to the ounce. (A carat is not a weight, except

as applied to diamonds, but a proportion.) What is called "standard gold" contains 22 carats of gold and 2 carats of alloy to the ounce, and any gold articles hall-marked 22 carats are worth their weight in sovereigns, apart from any added value as works of art. But besides this "standard gold" there are five qualities recognised by official markings—viz., compounds of 20 parts of gold and 4 of alloy; of 18 parts of gold and 6 of alloy; of 15 parts of gold and 9 of alloy; of 12 parts of gold and 12 of alloy; and of 9 parts of gold and 15 of alloy—to the ounce.

These qualities are called respectively 20-, 18-, 15-, 12-, and 9-carat gold. And one object of hall-marking is to protect the public from paying the price, say, of 22-carat gold for an article made of 9-carat gold.

Once upon a time the term "fine gold" was applied by jewellers only to pure (*i.e.*, 24-carat) gold, but now it is applied indifferently to all gold above 12 carats (*i.e.*, 15 carats and upwards), because modern art is enabled to give the appearance of the pure to the alloyed article. By extracting the alloy from the surface only, the skilful worker can leave a thin crust of pure gold upon even a 10-carat article, and the buyer has nothing but the hall-mark to show him what he really is buying.

There is not a more wonderful mineral in the world than gold, and it is no wonder that it dominates society. Only platinum exceeds it (and that but slightly) in specific gravity, and yet it can be beaten into leaves of which it would take 200,000 to make an inch of thickness. If a half-sovereign be beaten out, it can be made to cover a surface of 3,294 square feet. With a metal so ductile one can do almost anything. Hence its unrivalled value in the arts, and hence its adaptability to the arts of the swindler.

The method of assaying and determining the proportions of alloy is too technical for these pages. We will assume, then, that the working goldsmith or silversmith has sent his piece of plate, or ornament, or watch-case, to the assay office most convenient for him. He has bought the metal from the refiners of a given quality, and he now calls upon the appointed authority to testify that his finished work is of the declared quality.

If it is not "up to the mark" the authorities at Goldsmiths' Hall will break up the article and return the metal to him; and they will do this even if it is merely the presence of solder that brings the test below the declared quality of the whole. If the article is found by the Assayer to be "up to the mark," it is then hall-marked.

Each office has its own scale of charges for assaying and marking, and these charges are assessed not so much with a view to profit as to cover the expenses of the establishment.

A Parliamentary paper recently issued contains a return to the House of Commons of all these charges. It would take too much space to give them all, or even a selection; but as an example, gold watch-cases are charged for assaying and marking by the London Hall, 9d.; Birmingham, 5d.; Chester, 6d.; Dublin, 8d.; and Glasgow, 1s. Silver watch-cases are charged at London, 2d.; at Chester, 1d. per oz.; at Dublin, 6d. each. At Birmingham silver-wares, not exceeding in weight 5 dwts. each, excepting watch pendants, are charged 3d. per dozen; chains, 1d. per oz.; other wares, ½d. per oz. At Sheffield silver goods not exceeding 10 dwts. each in weight, are charged 3d. per dozen; and other wares, ½d. per oz. At Edinburgh a charge of 1s. per oz. is made for stamping gold, and of 2d. per oz. for stamping silver, with assay charges in addition of 1s. per gold article, and 3d. per silver article. These are mentioned merely as examples, and in the report of the London Goldsmiths' Hall, it is expressly stated that owing to the thorough examination made, "every single article, and every part of such article, being separately assayed," the expenses of the Assay Office have for many years exceeded the fees received. Appended to the schedule of rates of the London Company is the following note:—"Ordered by the Wardens that your name-mark be struck before sent to Hall, so that the same be perfect when the work is finished; and that the note for the delivery of goods sent to be marked be made out in the same manner as the notes sent with the work in the morning with a receipt at the bottom."

What then are the marks impressed on the articles?

First, there is the Standard mark, accompanied by an emblem which indicates the place or "Hall" of Assay.

Second, there used to be the duty-mark, the King's or Queen's head, denoting that the duty has been paid—but this mark is now abolished, as the duty was removed in 1890; it is to be found, therefore, only on plate made before that date.

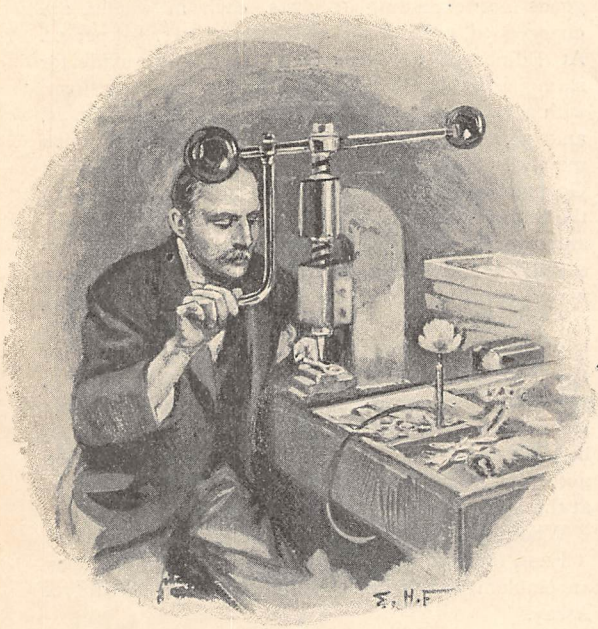
Third, the date-mark, which is a letter indicating the year in which the assay was made.

And lastly, the maker's initials or name, *i.e.*, the name-mark.

HALL-MARKING WEDDING RINGS.

The Hall-mark, *par excellence*, is the stamp of the town or assay office, and it indicates a great deal.

As we have said, five towns which used to have assay offices no longer possess them, and the hall-marks of these may be indicated first. The hall-mark of York was five lions on a cross, and the standard-mark



HALL-MARKING SMALL PLATE.

appended was a leopard's head ; but nothing has been marked there since 1857. The hall-mark of Exeter was, until 1877, a castle with three towers, but only 22-carat wedding rings and silver goods were marked there ; silver cups, etc., are in existence marked at Exeter in the sixteenth century with a capital letter X and a crown over it. The hall-mark of Norwich was once a castle and lion, and afterwards a leopard's head, The hall-mark of Newcastle-on-Tyne was, until 1888, three castles ; and this office also had a standard-mark for silver of a leopard's head. Bristol, although an authorised assay town, does not seem ever to have selected a hall-mark—at all events, no goods were actually marked there.

To come now to the existing Halls. So long ago as the year 1300, the leopard's head, crowned, was selected by the London Goldsmiths' Company for both standard gold and silver, the standard for gold being then 22 carats. The date letter was first added in 1436, and on old silver plate the date letter is now often the determining factor of value. In 1545 a standard-mark was adopted in addition to the hall-mark—a lion passant, stamped alongside the leopard's head on both gold and silver.

In 1697 was adopted the new standard of silver metal called Britannia ; for this the hall-mark is a lion's head, and the standard-mark the figure of Britannia with trident. The old silver standard was reverted to in 1720, with the old markings, but the Britannia standard and markings are still legal, though now little used.

When in 1798 18-carat gold was introduced, the standard-mark adopted for this quality was a crown with the figures 18. A change was made in the London hall-mark in 1823 by the removal of the crown from the head of the leopard, and from then till now the mark has been the uncrowned head, very like a cat's. In 1844 the old standard-mark for 22-carat gold was abandoned for a crown and the figures 22. Then, when in 1854 15-, 12-, and 9-carat gold was authorised by law, the following standard-marks were adopted for these qualities : the figures 15·625 for 15-carat gold, the figures 12·5 for 12-carat gold, and the figures 9·375 for 9-carat gold.

At Edinburgh, the hall-mark is a castle with three towers. The standard-mark for 22-carat gold is a thistle and crown with the figures 22 ; for 18-carat gold a thistle without the crown and the figures 18 ; and for 15-, 12-, and 9-carat gold, the figures only. For silver the standard-mark is also the thistle.

Dublin has for hall-mark the figure of Hibernia in profile, seated, with arm outstretched. For 22-carat gold the standard-mark is a harp with a crown over it and the figures 22 underneath ; but Dublin has the exclusive privilege of marking 20-carat gold, with a plume of three feathers and the figures 20. For 18-carat gold the standard-mark is a unicorn's head and the figures 18 ; and for 15-, 12-, and 9-carat gold the marks are the same as at the London Hall. For silver the Dublin standard-mark is a crowned harp.

At Glasgow, the hall-mark is the city emblem—the tree, with bird, bell, and fish. The standard-mark for 22- and 18-carat gold is a lion rampant, and the figures 22 and 18 respectively. The same mark is also used with the figures 15, 12, and 9, to denote the other qualities. The standard-mark for silver is also a lion rampant.

Chester is a very old assay town, and the hall-mark originally was the city arms. Since 1784, however, the mark has been three wheat-sheaves with a sword erect between the two uppermost. The standard-mark for 22- and 18-carat gold is a crown with the figures ; for the lower qualities the same as London. The standard-mark for silver is the same as London—the lion passant.

We now come to the more modern offices chiefly used for the stamping of silver. And here it should be noted that although there are six standards of gold, as already explained, there are only two standards of silver. These are what is called "sterling silver," being equal to coin, consisting of 11 oz. 2 dwts. of pure silver and 18 dwts. of alloy to the pound ; and "Britannia silver" (now little used), consisting of 11 oz. 10 dwts. of pure silver, and 10 dwts. of alloy, to the pound. Technically the standards are "925" and "959" respectively—1,000 representing pure silver.

The Sheffield office was established in 1773 for the marking of silver goods only, and an enormous business is done there in assaying silver-plate of all kinds. The hall-mark is a crown, and the standard-mark the same as London—the lion passant.

The Birmingham office was also established in 1773.

but gold as well as silver is assayed there. Indeed, this is the largest of all the provincial offices, and it stamps more goods than all the others put together. The hall-mark is an anchor, and the standard-marks for both gold and silver are precisely the same as London.

Now as to the date-mark—the duty-mark, as we have said, being no longer necessary. Each office has a letter to represent the year in which the article is stamped. The first twenty letters of the alphabet only are used in London, excluding J, represented in various types—a different letter for each year and a change of type every twenty years. Most of the other Halls, however, use the whole alphabet, and the round is the "cycle" of a date-mark.

In London the year-letter is changed on 29th May, in Birmingham on 24th June, in Chester on 5th August, in Sheffield on 24th June, in Edinburgh and Glasgow on 24th June, in Dublin in May. The present cycles began in London in 1876 with A; Birmingham in 1875 with a; Chester in 1884 with A; Sheffield in 1893 with a; Edinburgh in 1882 with a; Glasgow in 1871 with A; Dublin in 1871 with A.

We need not give the extinct offices, but complete tables are to be found in jewellers' guides, and other technical handbooks, of all the date-marks of all the assay offices for each year from the earliest marking to the present time. It requires a very long and large experience to read off the dates of old plate at first sight from the marks, and, indeed, some of the date-marks are so alike, though representing different cycles, as to easily mislead all but an expert. In modern plate the difficulty is not so great, although it has been suggested that, to prevent confusion, a larger number of types might be employed, and a longer interval permitted before the re-employment of a type once used.

The maker's name-mark is stamped at the place of manufacture, with a name, or initials, previously registered at the assay office. The stamp must correspond exactly with the device registered at the Hall; but a secret factory-mark, indicating a department or workman, is sometimes allowed in addition.

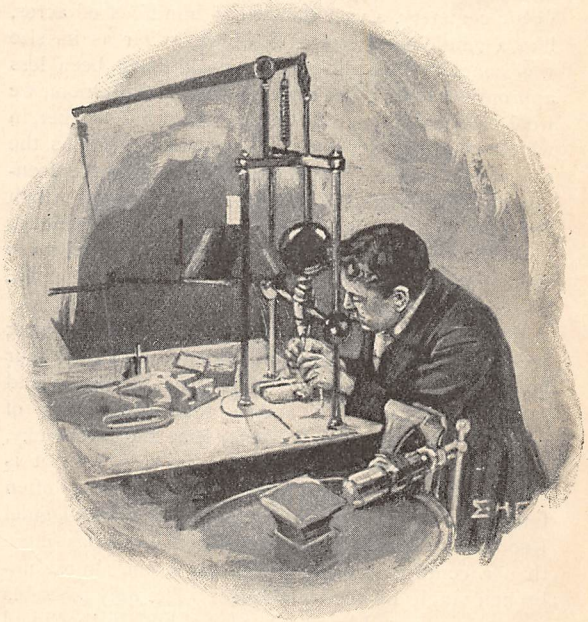
All gold and silver plate and watch-cases for sale in the United Kingdom must, according to law, be assayed and hall-marked. Watch-chains need not be so marked, but they sell better when they are.

The penalty on every dealer who sells or exchanges any ware of gold or silver having a forged or counterfeit or removable mark, is £10 for every article. The penalty on every dealer who erases or defaces or alters a hall-mark, is £5 for every offence. The penalty on every officer of any of the halls who marks as standard goods that are under standard is £20.

Some makers mark inferior articles as 9-c. or 10-c. These are not hall-marks, and should only be accepted when the maker's name is known and trusted.

With regard to foreign plate, the following is the process adopted, according to the Parliamentary paper above named. The plate is brought to Goldsmiths' Hall during business hours in securely-fastened cases (often of considerable size), in the custody of a Custom House official, to whom the Assay officer must grant a formal receipt. The cases are then opened, the contents weighed and sorted, each parcel being treated on its merits, so that the whole consignment may not be condemned for a defect in any single lot. The Assay officer prepares two lists of the articles, with the weights and prices marked against each, and then he proceeds to make a report in detail, after assay, of the various separate packets into which the contents of the case have been divided. His next duty is to place upon each article the name-mark of the importer. If the plate is "proved" of standard, it is reweighed and repacked for delivery to the importer. If it is "proved" below standard, it is repacked, and redelivered to the Customs, under seal. The cost of assaying and marking foreign plate includes all these and a number of supplemental services, and averages about 2½d. per oz. Practically the whole of the foreign plate imported into this country is dealt with at the London Hall.

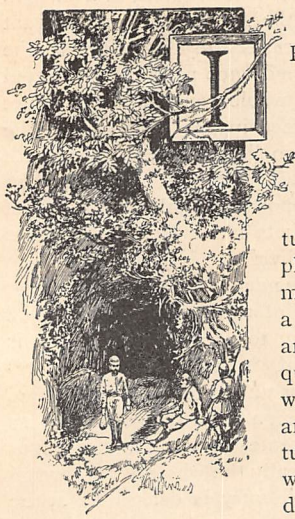
The following are the marks placed on foreign watch cases :—London, a full moon with rays; Birmingham, an equilateral triangle; Chester, an acorn with two leaves; Sheffield, crossed arrows; Edinburgh, St. Andrew's Cross; Glasgow, a bishop's mitre; Dublin, a shamrock. But as these marks differ so much from those on the British-made articles, foreign watchmakers seem to prefer, as a rule, to have their cases marked in their own country. On foreign silver watch-cases will be found, instead of the lion, two bears *rampant*, and the figures "0935"; and on gold cases the figures 18K., 14K., 10K., &c.



HALL-MARKING WATCHES AND CHAINS.

A VISIT TO THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY.

BY PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE, LL.D., F.R.G.S.

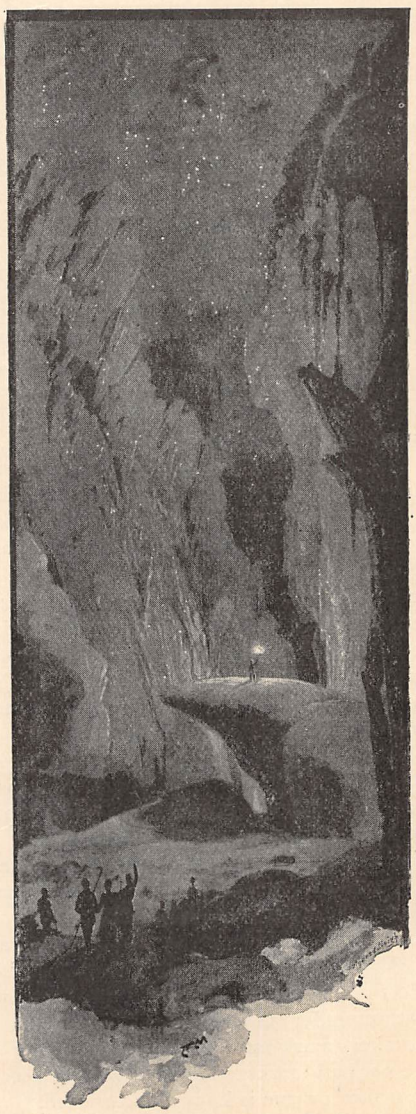


THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE.

I HAD always had a strong desire to visit the Mammoth Cave, and ever since I read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" I had felt a special interest in the State of Kentucky, the celebrated birthplace of that maiden—more a geographer than a theologian—who, in answer to Aunt Ophelia's question, "In what estate were you born?" promptly answered, "Down in Kentuck." I had to go a long way to accomplish my desire. Starting from Pittsburg, the great centre of the iron industry, a beautifully situated place, but horribly desecrated by volumes of smoke, our party spent most of a day on the railway, and reached Cincinnati in the evening. We spent next forenoon traversing that great city and its suburbs, admiring most of all its magnificent cemetery, a vast domain of hundreds of acres, like a gentleman's estate, to which, as far as its size was concerned, no designation could have been less appropriate than "God's Acre." In the afternoon we went on board a commodious and beautiful steamer, in which we sailed down the River Ohio, as far as the city of Louisville. The sail was enchanting, the evening charming, and the wooded valley through which the river cuts its way superb. The banks were so level and the steamer so constructed that no wharves or piers were needed at the places where it stopped. The vessel ran quite close to the bank.

Early next morning we reached Louisville, and after breakfast took the train for the cave. It took four hours to bring us to Glasgow Junction, where we had to leave the rail. We had a good opportunity of getting acquainted with the outer aspect of Kentucky. The name means "the wild bloody land," and it is said that though Indians never inhabited it, they often fought in it. Its Saxon explorer was one Daniel Boone, who came from one of the Carolinas more than a century ago. Boone found it an almost unbroken tangle of wood and reed. The only passages were those formed by vast hordes of buffalo, that liked to feed on the reeds. Boone seems to have been a born adventurer and pioneer, a man of great physical strength and daring. A story is told of a collision he once had with the chief of an Indian tribe. Boone had been swimming across a river, and on landing he almost rushed into the chief's arms—as powerful a man physically as himself. They fired at one another, and missed. The chief then sprang at Boone, and they had a splendid tussle. The chief was in the act of drawing out his knife to stab Boone when the latter turned over with the Indian in his arms, and they rolled down together to the bank of the river. Placing his foot against a sapling, Boone contrived to wrench himself away from the chief, who rolled into the river at a place where its current was very rapid, sank exhausted, and was never seen again.

Kentucky is still pretty much a forest, the clearings not being very extensive, and even the fields often presenting stumps of trees projecting above the surface, like an ill-shaven beard. The forest is of oak and other hard wood; not a pine is to be seen. The



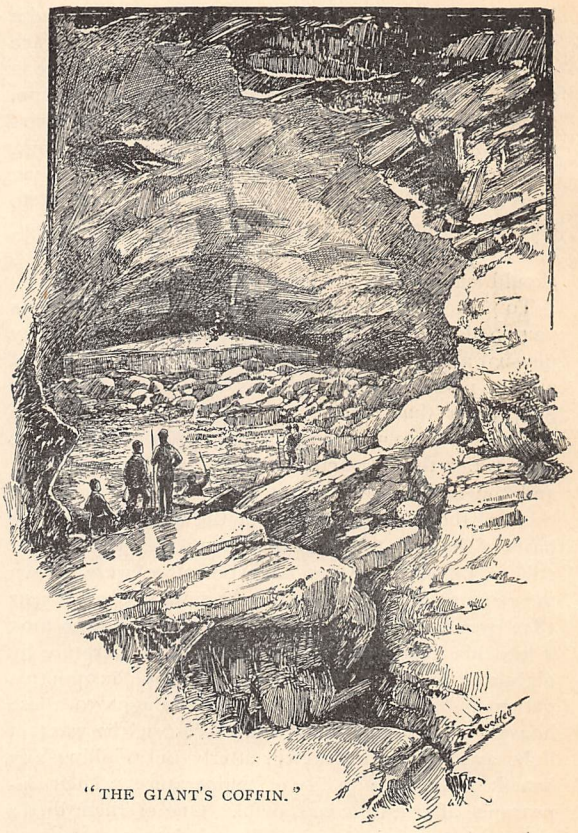
THE STAR CHAMBER.

underwood is often green and luxuriant, and occasionally you see a pretty flower—perhaps a rose in full bloom, twining round a tree to the height of ten or twelve feet. As we whirled along we got glimpses of a small plant with bright red flowers, but we could not make it out till, getting the chance of a nearer examination, we found it to be the wild strawberry, with its stem rising up into the air, and ten or twelve berries hanging on it like a cluster of rubies.

Glasgow Junction hardly maintains the fame or the proportions of the great city of St. Mungo. We found it a very primitive place, consisting of a shanty or two, and so wild and unfinished as to recall an American friend's simile—the housemaid had not had time to fix it up. We were yet seven miles from the cave, to which we had to be transported on coaches of some sort, but when we arrived no trace of our "transportation" could be seen. In a rough wooden house we came on something like a dining-room, with a table covered as for dinner. It being hardly mid-day, we had no stomach for dinner, and our time being extremely limited, we were most eager to push on. But the only person who seemed to have any authority took things very coolly, assuring us that the "transportation" would be ready in due time, and urged us to dine, as we should not have another chance. This was a new view of the case, and we tried to make the best of a steak as hard and tasteless as buffalo, and a custard tart, for which the charge was three shillings apiece.

By-and-by we got into a covered waggon, drawn by two horses and driven by a nigger. There were eight or nine of us in the waggon, and our journey was over a very primitive road, if you may apply that term to what was simply an avenue cut through the trees. The jolting was very amusing; occasionally we were tossed into each other's laps. But the day was splendid, and we did not want for beautiful companions. Butterflies with wings like a lady's fan, dragon-flies in stripes of all varieties, the blue-bird of the south, and the black-bird bright with crimson patches on its wings, darted hither and thither, to show us that above ground there was something bright and interesting even in the region of the cave.

We reached Cave Hotel about half-past two, and proceeded to inquire for a guide. We were told he would be ready soon, but getting suspicious, we asked some of the gentlemen who accompanied us whether their party was ready. "Oh no," was the frank reply; "and we cannot be ready for some time. We must wait for the baggage waggon, for the ladies have to change their dresses for the cave." This was beyond endurance, and we insisted that the clerk should provide a guide for those of us who were ready, appealing to his national pride by saying that in our country we kept time, and did not wait hours for stragglers. The appeal was successful; a guide appeared in a few minutes and took charge of the four who formed our party, so that we had the rest of the afternoon for exploring the cave. The time, however, was too short for the long round, which requires ten or twelve hours; but the three or four which we spent in it were sufficient to give us a due impression of its marvels.



"THE GIANT'S COFFIN."

The cave was not discovered till 1809, when, in pursuing a bear, a huntsman came upon the opening. In form it resembles a tree laid on the ground, with an irregular stem, and innumerable branches spreading out at random here and there. Some years ago a hundred and fifty miles of it had been explored, but this is far from the whole. The stratum of rock in which it occurs, as might be supposed, is limestone, and the excavations are of all varieties of form and magnitude, and often highly picturesque in appearance. Lakes and streamlets occur here and there, but these are all eclipsed by the great lake, Lethe, which is a hundred and fifty yards long and from ten to fifty wide. The Echo River extends three-quarters of a mile. These parts are not always accessible, and as there had been a great fall of rain shortly before our visit, access to them was cut off for the time.

The first appearance of the cave is that of a vast irregular tunnel, the walls, floor, and roof broken and blackened, and presenting an appearance more interesting than beautiful. Your first sensation is that of delightful coolness, for the temperature of the cave, whether by day or night, in summer or winter, is always the same—59° Fahr. Soon after entering you are furnished with a little oil-lamp, like a miner's. It is the only means of illuminating the profound darkness, save when, to light up some interesting spot, the guide makes a blaze of oiled paper, or even, on occasion, resorts to magnesium wire. As you proceed through the gloom with your poor little lamp, you

have a strange weird feeling, as if you had entered a world of darkness; but you are conscious of no trace of damp or anything offensive to the smell. There is a buoyancy in the perfectly dry air that braces you up, something like what one experiences among the Swiss mountains. As far as you can be happy in the dark, you enjoy yourself amid the novelty of the scene; yet now and then a gruesome feeling crosses you as to what would happen if the lamps should be blown out, or if the guide should take a fit, or, proving treacherous, should leave you in the inextricable labyrinth.

To prevent the excursion from becoming tedious as you go along, the guide needs to make the most of any unusual appearances that the cave presents. First of all, he points out the remains of a manufacture of gunpowder that took place in 1812—15, when the Americans were at war with Great Britain. To make gunpowder, they extracted saltpetre from the limestone, and the remains of the pits, with the marks of the hoofs of the oxen, the wheels of the waggons, and the parts of the rock to which the oxen were fastened, are still to be seen. At another point we were shown the remains of a cluster of houses, built about the year 1842 by a doctor, the then owner of the cave, who took it into his head that the uniformity of temperature by night and by day was the very thing for consumptive patients. A bevy of them were brought to these houses, but, as might have been foreseen, the want of light was a fatal drawback, utterly outweighing any benefit from the equality of temperature. Their appearance after a time was awful. One of them died; the rest wandered about like skeletons; the eye sank deep in its socket, and the pupil became so dilated that the iris seemed gone.

ON THE RIVER.

One chief interest lies in the resemblance of parts of the cave to other objects, natural or artificial, from which they have derived their names. The "Rotunda" is a round open space, about a hundred feet high and a hundred and ninety in diameter, with some slight resemblance to the well-known Rotunda of Dublin. The "Methodist Chapel" is some eighty feet in diameter and forty feet high, and is so named because Methodist services have actually been held in it. The "Giant's Coffin" is a huge block of rock that looks like its name. Sometimes the ceilings present rare appearances. At one point is a figure resembling the animal called the ant-eater; yonder is the appearance of a man, a woman, and a child, which one of them seems in the act of throwing at the other, reminding you of Punch and Judy; and there, again, you seem to see a canopy of floating clouds. But a really good sight is shown in what is called the "Star Chamber," an apartment sixty feet high, seventy wide, and five hundred long. The guide takes your lamps from you and retires, leaving you in Egyptian darkness. By-and-by in a different part of the cave, a dim light begins to dawn, as of the rising sun, and in a little while, looking up to the ceiling, you see it studded as with stars, and among them a fine comet. Then there is the "Wooden Boat Cavern," "Martha's Palace," "Side-saddle Pit" (of which the guide says sarcastically that no one ever saw the resemblance but the man who gave it its name), and the "Bottomless Pit." This last is a deep and awful cavern, the bottom of which is fairly beyond our vision. But man is fond of clearing away mysteries, and according to one authority it has been found that after all the bottomless pit has a bottom at the depth of one hundred and seventy-five feet.

There are many other wonderful places in the cave which we had no time to see. At one time the "Bottomless Pit" marked the extreme point of the excursion, but a bridge, named "The Bridge of Sighs," has been thrown over it, and many interesting features are to be seen beyond. "Fat Man's Misery" is of course a funny place, being a narrow passage in the route, through which a fat man can hardly squeeze himself. The "Bacon Chamber" cannot but be attractive to the lovers of ham and bacon, being a fine collection of limestone hams and shoulders suspended from the ceiling, as in a Chicago smoke-house. The Dead Sea and the River Styx represent respectively the two gloomiest objects of Bible and classical story.

But the Lake Lethe and the Echo River are of deeper interest. Our access to them having been cut off, we fall back on the description of another visitor. The boat on the lake being too small to take over the whole party at once, he waited for the second trip, and describes what he saw as the boat, with its phantom-like freight, moved slowly

over the water, the dim lamps throwing fitful flashes of light and shadow on the rippled surface, and up to the high ceiling above; the boat then passed entirely out of view round an angle of the rock, darkness reigning on the face of the waters as in primeval chaos; and after a brief interval the Charon of the stream returned with his solitary lamp at the prow of his boat for the remainder of his freight. The entrance to Echo River is a narrow channel only three feet above the ordinary level of the water. Of course much dipping and ducking of heads is necessary here, but the low passage is but a short one.

Here it is that those remarkable eyeless fish are found, with only a faint rudiment of an eye, but no optic nerve. The origin of the *Amblyopsis spelæus*, as Agassiz named them, and of the crawfish (*Astacus pellucidus*), a crustacean which in the cave is also eyeless, but not elsewhere, has been the subject of much discussion among naturalists. Agassiz himself was of opinion (but not dogmatically) that the animals were created eyeless. Other naturalists hold that they once had eyes, but that the organ died away when they were placed in circumstances in which it was of no use. And others, accepting evolution *à la* Darwin, maintain very confidently that, though the possibility of an eye existed, it was never evolved, because in the struggle of life fish with eyes could have had no advantage over those that were eyeless. Darwinism lays an awful load on that "struggle of life." The question is too difficult and demands too much professional knowledge to be dealt with here.

About seven o'clock we left the cave. On emerging from the entrance the light was very charming, yet we sustained a shock. The outer air was so hot that we seemed to have plunged into a furnace. We rushed back to the cooler atmosphere as if we had been burnt, and had to brace ourselves for the serious effort of traversing the quarter of a mile that separated us from the hotel. In the dark of evening the fire-flies were a beautiful sight, flashing brightly at every movement of their wings. Sauntering towards the cave, I saw what I took for a fire-fly of remarkable brilliancy, and as it was moving steadily towards me I went behind a bush, in hopes of catching it as it passed. When preparing for the capture, lo and behold, it was not a fly, but one of the guides from the cave, quietly waving his little oil-lamp!

I have been rather surprised to find that comparatively few Americans have ever visited the cave. It does not seem to impress them. It is too dark, too dull, too unsensational—an abode of death, not a scene of life. This is true, but at the same time it has an interest of its own. It reveals to us a world without light; it shows us what our world was like when darkness was upon the face of the deep, and what a glorious change took place when the Almighty fiat went forth —"Let there be light!" It shows, moreover, that Nature is never at a loss, that even in the dark it can fashion its materials into many a remarkable and interesting form. But surely its great lesson is: What a blessing for us that this is an exception, an anomaly: that it is no man's home—the very opposite of what God has made our home! And thus it leads us to prize the more the blessing of light, and all the glories that but for light we should never know.

THE MYSTERY OF BROADMEAD COURT.

BY LUCY FARMER, AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF CARDEW MANOR," ETC. ETC.

THE RESEARCHES OF MARY AMBUSH.—II.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

AN IMPORTANT QUEST.

"A TELEGRAM, miss, if you please," said my maid early one morning. "Waiting answer."

I turned from my toilette-table, glanced at the contents of the orange-coloured envelope, and tossed it aside.

"No reply," I said.

But though I thus summarily dismissed the message and the messenger, I knew quite well that my employers would not have sent such an early telegram unless some very important business were on hand.

Immediately after breakfast, therefore, I went up to town to see Mr. Howson, my "chief."

"Come in, Miss Ambush," he said, as soon as he heard that I had arrived. "I want you. That will do, Bob."

Bob, the "odd" boy, retired reluctantly, and Mr. Howson, having made sure that no one else was within hearing, pointed to a chair, and leant towards me.

"Now, miss," he began, "are you game for a big business? Take your time; but if you say 'Yes,' it must mean 'Yes.' If you say 'No,' very well; someone else may take the job."

"What is it?" I asked tentatively.

"I can't tell you: that's the perplexing part of the business. I mean, of course, that I am unable to give you any details. Read that letter," he concluded.

He tossed a note over to me from his desk, to which he had turned again. As he re-seated himself near me, I began to read. Mr. Howson waited patiently (for him) until I had finished.

"'WHAT IS THE MATTER, EMMET?' ASKED ONE OF THE LADIES" (*p.* 864).

The letter was short and to the point, as follows—addressed to the senior partner :—

"*Broadmead Court.*

"14*th September*, 189—.

"SIR,—Kindly come or send down a *very* trustworthy assistant, male or female, at once. I think that if you can find a *lady* willing to assist us, she would be the better. She must be able to mix on equal terms with my guests ; and to avert all suspicion, I need scarcely add that she will be received here as our guest. The utmost secrecy is necessary, for unless we maintain the absurd Ghost theory the circumstances will require the most delicate investigation, as you probably are aware. Send someone who will be most discreet and careful : one who will arouse no suspicion and who can play her part.

"Yours faithfully,

THOMAS BROADMEAD."

"What does it mean?" I asked, as I re-folded the note and handed it back to my employer. "Are you acquainted with all the circumstances?"

"Not with all, but I know enough to be aware of the extreme difficulty of the case. For some weeks a series of robberies have been taking place at the Court. Small, yet valuable, articles, jewellery, even some silver plate and money, have from time to time been missed, and no clue has been found."

"Some footman, of course?" I said.

"No. All the servants are old retainers, and they have also lost money and trifles. There was some nonsense about a ghost, but such a thing is absurd. For some few weeks the house has been watched, but no clue to the thief has been discovered. Boxes have been searched without result, and the Scotland Yard people incline to the opinion that a thoroughly practised hand is engaged in the job, but they cannot find him."

"Or her?" I suggested.

"No. No woman could manage the thefts. The gentlemen staying in the house are robbed as well as the ladies, and even the children. The mystery has become the talk of the country, and yet the fellow is not taken. The articles are removed, and some have been recovered in London from the pawnbrokers'!"

"Is that really the fact?"

"Yes ; the pawnbrokers have restored several valuable things. The whole business is a mystery. The thefts ceased a while, but with the shooting season have been resumed. Perhaps you know the faces of some experts?"

"Yes, I do indeed. I have an album at home full of characters ; but the police have failed!"

"Yes, so far. But no detectives have been in the house. One would be 'spotted' at once. I suggested a lady—a guest—yourself. If you go, you will be entertained as a guest, and have a perfectly free hand for a few days. Will you go? It is a risky, responsible business, and may be dangerous, mind!"

"I'll go," I replied. "It will be interesting."

"And lucrative," added Mr. Howson. "Very well. I'll telegraph that you are coming as Miss Bushe—can't be too careful. Keep your ears and eyes open. Here's ten pounds, and be off as soon as you can ; this afternoon, in fact. Good-bye."

"Have any suspicious characters been seen about the house?" I asked as I was retiring.

"Not seen, but footsteps have been heard and footmarks seen. There is a quantity of plate at the Court, and an attempt may be made some night unless the traitor be discovered. So it is most important that you

should be successful. Be cautious. These small thefts are 'pilot balloons'!"

With these words ringing in my ears I quitted the office, and took an omnibus to the railroad station. As I was leaving the omnibus a man almost stepped upon me in his descent. He muttered something, his eyes flashed into mine, and a dim, faint impression that I had encountered the fellow before seized me.

We parted, but on leaving the train, and on my way home, I experienced the sensation of being followed. Often as I had "shadowed" other people, I had never been conscious of being watched; but I could not discover anyone who seemed to be keeping me in view. I imagined the whole thing, no doubt; but the effect was just as unpleasant as if the cause actually existed.

Thrusting the idea aside, I made my preparations for departure, and studied my album carefully. No face struck me as like the man whom I had seen on the omnibus, yet he was connected in my mind with the trial of a lad with whose criminal career I had had some connection—a lad whose portrait I possessed whom I had taken out of the man's evil influence, and had sent to a reformatory. Was the man in the omnibus the same cowardly criminal who, Fagin-like, employed lads to pull chestnuts out of the fire for him?

When I had finished packing and all my investigations, I lunched; and while lunching and gazing from the window I became aware of a pair of bright Eyes watching me intently.

Instantly I jumped up and called for "Lion"; the Eyes disappeared from the palings, and by the time "Lion" and I reached the gate no one was visible even from the corner by Mrs. Ellis's house.

I confess that I shivered a little when I contemplated a lonely journey of many miles that afternoon, perhaps in gloom, at the mercy of the owner of the Eyes. That I was being tracked I had now no doubt, and I determined to take my little revolver with me; but I did not like the sensation of being shadowed by an invisible presence. However, duty must be done, and I set out on my journey with my baggage in a cab.

Nothing seemed to alarm me during the journey, and late in the afternoon I reached Holmsdale, the station for Broadmead Court. Here I found the carriage waiting, and was quickly driven up to the Court in the twilight.

Broadmead Court, in which so many mysteries were being enacted, is a square white substantial building, standing in an extensive park, through which and in view of the house, but at some distance from it, is a public footpath leading from the village of Broadmere through the park, across the mill-stream, by the shrubberies, to the further road.

The approach to the house from this road is extremely picturesque. The "drive" actually commences, one may say, upon the common, insensibly merging into the approach—an avenue of fine lime-trees—which leads to the gravel-sweep before the door of the mansion.

The hall is only raised one step from the gravelled terrace which is separated from the park by a ha-ha, or ditch, which partly encircles the house, and is protected by fencing. Upon the terrace before the door an elderly gentleman was pacing backwards and forwards, smoking, as he awaited the carriage.

He raised his soft grey felt hat as the landau stopped, and came forward to welcome me. I concluded that he was Sir Thomas Broadmead, and his first words assured me of his identity.

"How dee do, Miss Bushe? Delighted to see you. Hope you have had a pleasant journey? Lady Broadmead has a cold, or she would have met you. Here, Mary, take Miss Bushe's wraps and show her her room."

We ascended the wide staircase of easy steps. Some pictures of Sir Thomas's ancestors looked down upon us, and followed us with their eyes as we proceeded along a corridor, where Mary ushered me into a large apartment, suitable either for a sitting-room or bedroom, looking out upon the garden and tennis-lawn. I glanced out.

Some ladies were playing lawn-tennis upon the well-kept turf. The gardens were extensive, and seemed to extend to the mill-stream beyond the little wood. The sound of a heavy clanking was audible, so the mill was working. Nearer the house, some children, under the care of an extremely neat nurse, were playing romping games, in which the attendant joined with great delight, with considerable skill, and with much activity.

Just as I had finished my preparations for tea a servant came up with a kind message from Lady Broadmead, who hoped I would go to her boudoir before proceeding downstairs.

I followed the maid immediately, and on the way encountered two children, aged about eleven and thirteen—tall well-grown girls for their ages—with the nurse whom I had already noticed. She passed me respectfully, but something odd in her manner struck me. A something—nothing! In a moment the impression had vanished as the breath from the glass, but it left a stain—a smear, so to speak—upon my memory.

Lady Broadmead received me almost as an old friend. She was a stately elderly lady, with features, particularly a nose, which we are apt to call "aristocratic." She was most kind and affable; most polite and pleasant, keeping one at a little distance by her manner and speech. Her assent—indeed, her chief reply—was a gentle "Ye-es," drawn out softly, dreamily.

Then it struck me that the atmosphere of the whole house was soft and dreamy. There was a suspicion of almost inaudible footsteps in the corridors and on the stairs—a tinge of the mysterious in the rooms and a dim quaintness in the furniture, massive and solid, which prepared one for a mystic dance of chairs, as in Irving's "Adventures of my Uncle."

I was rapidly being charged with the mystical electricity of the place, and started when Lady Broadmead addressed me.

"Be seated, if you please, Miss Bushe—I wish to have a little chat with you. Of course you understand that we greatly require your assistance?"

"I am sure I shall be very pleased if I can serve you, Lady Broadmead," was my reply.

"Ye-es—thank you; ye-es. But has Sir Thomas informed you——"

"No. He has told me nothing."

"Then I will. There is a dreadful mystery in this house. Time after time valuables are missed, and even articles, outwardly showy, but actually not valuable things—valued by us—disappear. We have absolutely no clue. Our servants are sufferers, as well as ourselves and the children. Articles safe at night have disappeared by the morning, and not a door nor a window is unfastened: no one disturbed—but robbed."

"This is certainly a very curious state of affairs," I replied. "Have you employed the police?"

"Ye-es—ye-es. But they have found no trace of any entrance to the premises. We have set a watch, unknown to the servants, in the nursery, but nothing has been discovered. Indeed, on one such occasion a brooch disappeared from one of the rooms. Ye-es. We have even sent to Scotland Yard!"

"There was some talk of a ghost, I think, Lady Broadmead?" I said, after a pause.

"Oh, ye-es! Nonsense, every bit of it! There is no ghost, depend upon it. Now we hope you will be able to discover the thief, Miss Bushe."

"I must be permitted a perfectly free hand, if you please. May I press Sir Thomas Broadmead into the service?"

"Certainly. Only not a word to the servants or to our friends. You are expected as an old school friend of my late daughter Alice, at Cheltenham Ladies' College. Have you been to Cheltenham?"

"Yes, have stayed there."

"Most fortunate. Now, here is tea, and you will find that Sir Thomas will follow it. He is a perfect Chinaman in that respect."

He may have been in his wife's eyes, but in the eyes of ordinary mortals he was a pleasant, chatty, rather easy-going, elderly English gentleman. After tea he asked me to take a stroll in the garden with him, while he told me the story of the robberies, and indicated to me the surroundings and the premises generally.

"There is a traitor in the camp, Sir Thomas."

"No doubt, no doubt; but who is it? We have laid plans and plotted together, but the thieves still continue their practices. Have you any suggestions to make, Miss Bushe?"

"I must acquaint myself with all the members of your household, and inspect the premises to-morrow. You have noticed no suspicious characters about, I suppose?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, we have. I say 'We' because the servants and even the helpers are on our side in this matter. But we cannot connect anyone outside or inside with the robbery, systematic thieving, and pawning, so the thief must have associates. Several articles have never been discovered. It is a most serious business, I assure you."

Dinner-time came. I watched guests and servants as closely as possible, but nothing in the way of a clue was supplied. The ladies quitted the dining-room and left the gentlemen. Lady Broadmead went up to her bedroom, but hardly could have reached it when the bell rang violently.

We looked at each other and hastened out. A commotion upstairs was evident.

"What is the matter, Emmet?" asked one of the ladies of the butler.

"My lady has missed one of her rings, ma'am, I believe. It's gone since dinner."

"This is too barefaced," remarked a Mrs. Cherritone. "I am afraid a general search will have to be made in our trunks," she added, smiling.

But joking was deemed out of place. A search was made immediately, all the maids were closely questioned, and the nurse, even the children, cross-examined, to no purpose.

Then the words of my employer came into my mind. Mr. Howson was a shrewd man, and generally capable of discerning the interior of a milestone. He had warned me that these small thefts were only pilot balloons—were blinds, perhaps, to concentrate attention to the *inside* of the house while some valuable property was being removed from it.

Clutching my revolver, and without mentioning my suspicions, I secretly escaped by the garden door into the darkness. A few stars gave a dim light, but a few minutes had elapsed ere I could distinguish objects. Even the shrubs seemed to be mingled with the more distant hedge, and I walked carefully, silently, upon the grass.

Standing in the darkness, I examined the house, now brilliantly lighted up. The lamps from the lower windows threw a bright gleam upon the gravel round the mansion, but though activity reigned within, silence ruled without.

A crack of a stick alarmed me; the sound came from behind me. Shrinking into one of the bushes, I waited, my heart beating loudly. Suddenly the side door of the house was thrown open. A flood of light poured out, and a form, which I immediately recognised as that of a Mr. Eglington, who had arrived during dinner, appeared.

A creaking of dead wood, a rustling of leaves; I rushed out from my concealment, and fell headlong upon the grass over a wire.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

A LITTLE scream, which I could not repress, soon directed Mr. Eglington's attention to my mishap. He came forward and assisted me to rise, the light from the still open door aiding him to the place where I had fallen.

"Why, what business have you here?" he asked, rather sternly.

"As much business as any other guest," I replied quickly; "and what business is it of yours?"

He laughed gently, but rather scornfully, I thought, as if a superior person. This chuckle nettled me, and I stepped past him.

"Let me pass, please," I said coldly. "I do not require your assistance. It is unwelcome."

He stood aside and raised his cap. He was in evening dress, and *looked* like a gentleman. Very

Mr. Eglington, without demur, obeyed the baronet, and in a few minutes the men with lanterns came out, and a thorough search was made of the grounds. We found two lines of wire pegged down carefully, so that any pursuers of a burglar across the lawn must surely have fallen headlong in full career.

"Smart man!" remarked Mr. Eglington. "He laid

"APPROACHING VERY CAUTIOUSLY, I LOOKED IN" (*p.* 867).

fortunately, Sir Thomas Broadmead came out at this moment, and I joined him.

"Oh, Miss Bushe!" he exclaimed, "we have been alarmed about you. Lady Broadmead could not find you. What is the matter?"

"I have had a fall," I replied. "There is a wire stretched across the grass here. The men evidently intended a burglary to-night."

Mr. Eglington laughed again gently. I was beginning to *hate* that man.

"Really," replied Sir Thomas, "this is serious. Mr. Eglington, will you please call the men? We will search the grounds."

his snares well. What a pity Miss Bushe did not succeed in capturing him!"

"Miss Bushe is of the same opinion," I replied crossly, irritated by his manner. "If I get another opportunity, I will not let it slip."

He laughed gently again, and coolly wished me success.

"Not much in your line, I'm afraid," he said. "I have half a mind to challenge you, Miss Bushe."

Sir Thomas laughed this time, and said—

"Take him, Miss Bushe, take him. I will back you!"

"Very well," I replied coldly, for I was piqued by

the young man's impudence. "I will wager a pair of gloves that I succeed in tracing the thief before Mr. Eglington. That is the name, is it not?"

"Yes," he said, blushing as the lanterns flashed in his face, "that is my name. I am afraid that I shall lose the wager, but I am inclined, nevertheless, to give you odds."

"Take him, Miss Bushe, take him!" cried Sir Thomas delightedly. "Three pairs to one!"

"Very well, sir," was the young man's reply. "I hope they will fit. It's a bargain, Miss Bushe?" he asked, smiling pleasantly.

"Certainly," I replied.

But I did not smile. A curious suspicion had seized me, and I determined to watch him closely.

We strolled back to the house together. Two men with lanterns were in front, one lantern was carried behind us. The shades and the darkness swallowed up everything outside the paths of light, which wavered and flashed about upon the bushes and the sward.

On one of these light-flights I distinctly perceived an upraised arm with clenched hand threatening me, and fancied that I could distinguish the flashing Eyes which had already alarmed me at home!

An involuntary exclamation made the men turn. I halted for a second, but went on.

"Daniel," cried Sir Thomas; "here!"

The man behind me with the lantern hurried on, and for a moment I was alone, almost in the dark. As I proceeded someone came beside me out of the bushes, and whispered:

"Wait till I catch you, and I'll pay you out! Burn me if I don't!"

"Help!" I cried. "Here he is! Quick; this way!"

The men came back, servants who had been watching hurried out, but after a search, we found no suspicious character. The only person we had to look after was the little nursemaid, who, poor girl, was very much frightened at having been left alone in the dark by her escort, whom my cry had summoned to my assistance.

We laughed at her fears, and advised her to remain with her curiosity in-doors in future. Mr. Eglington congratulated me on my success with pleasing irony—as, no doubt, he thought it.

"I trust you were not alarmed very much," he said. "Tree-trunks are so deceptive in the dark."

"Do you mean to insinuate that I did not see nor hear a man, then?" I asked indignantly.

"No, no," he replied carelessly. "There are people who say they have seen ghosts, and believe that they have! My size is seven and three-quarters."

"And mine six and a quarter," I replied. "Don't forget, please."

"Not likely," he said, as we reached the house. "Sir Thomas, a word with you, please."

"Who is that forward young man?" I asked Lady Broadmead later in the evening, indicating Mr. Eglington.

"I am sure I cannot tell you," replied my hostess. "He has come on some legal business, unexpectedly, and I fancy Sir Thomas is not best pleased to see him. He is not a bailiff, I hope," she said, smiling, "nor a man in possession."

"He certainly may claim self-possession. Good-night, Lady Broadmead."

I went upstairs. I never have believed in ghosts, but certainly I think the Court would be apt to foster the belief. There was a curious sensation of mystery in the pictures, panels, and even in the furniture. Silence reigned upstairs. There was no banging of doors, no footsteps in the corridor; plenty of light, but no one was visible. Even the dogs did not bark; and then I remember that I had heard no barking nor had I seen the dogs all the afternoon.

My mind was fully occupied by two subjects—the intended burglary and Mr. Eglington. To my mind, it appeared singular that he should have come out so boldly, at the nick of time, seemingly, to warn the intruder. Why should he discredit me? Why did he sneer? Why was he not known to Lady Broadmead?

These were questions which required to be answered. But I was unable to find any satisfactory solutions for them. The cool impudence of the man was almost too much for me. His assumption of superiority savoured of conceit. He was, however, apparently a gentleman: good-looking, well-dressed, slight in figure, shrewd, and conceited—probably, as Lady Broadmead had said, a lawyer's clerk.

Then the numerous robberies and the arranged burglary occupied my thoughts until I slept, which I did until seven o'clock. I got up soon after, and as the morning was so fine, I thought I would look round the premises by daylight, alone.

No one interfered with me, and no one appeared surprised to see me down so early. Breakfast at nine was the order, and till then I was free. Passing across the lawn, I strolled in the direction of the stream and the wood. Near the little shallow stream was a dilapidated summer-house, built, I supposed, for tea-parties of children who are happy in such places:

> "Where friendly spiders and black-beetles drop
> On to your bread and butter with a flop,
> Where one can scorn the heartless world's attack,
> Though daddy long-legs may creep down your back;
> And smile at Society's contemptuous sneer,
> If caterpillars tumble in your beer!"

The stream hurried along in its shallow bed between me and the summer-house, which stood upon the farther bank, at the edge of a rather tangled and overgrown piece of woodland—or "brake"—swampy, reedy, full of coarse grass, desolate. A debatable land! A path led alongside the stream to the mill, where the current, there crossed by planks, moved a huge wheel, which revolved in a pit of its own with loud splashings, audible at some distance.

A single plank crossed the stream hard by where I was standing in contemplation, watching the trout heading up the stream or anon darting down, and turning sharply to feed again.

I crossed the plank, and sauntered aimlessly through the grasses which half hid the old track on the "debatable land," as I had imagined it. Some wild flowers attracted my attention. I picked a handful, and strolled on. Birds sang, the water rippled, the swallows made dipping flights ere their departure, and I was watching them and their marvellous dexterity on the wing, when a loud snore directed my attention to the dilapidated half-concealed arbour.

Approaching very cautiously, I looked in. A man, apparently a tramp, lay upon the rough wooden seat, sleeping soundly. He was a tall powerful fellow; I could not see his face, because one arm concealed it, but he looked a most unpleasant customer to deal with.

Was this the burglar? I thought. If so, I had already succeeded in my undertaking.

I paused, silent, watching him. He, under the strange influence which affects us unconsciously when observed, began to move. His arm dropped for a moment. I saw his face—Billing! the man who had ruined the lad whose photograph I have already mentioned as in my Prison Gallery Album.

As soon as I had made this important discovery I hurried away, but my rapid flight aroused him. He rose, and made an effort to pursue me, but I pushed the plank into the stream and fled, followed by his threats to "do for me" next time, if he "swung" for it!

"I'll find ye!" he shouted. "I'll pay ye the third time. I *will!*"

Then, with some other language, he turned and quickly disappeared.

I also made my way back to the garden, debating whether I would keep my own counsel or inform Sir Thomas Broadmead. If I did inform him, perhaps the lawyer's clerk would hear the news, and take advantage of it. So, unfortunately for myself, I said nothing of my adventure, and as no one was likely to go so far afield, the secret would be kept.

But ere the mystery was cleared up I had reason to repent of my decision many times.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE!

To my surprise, I found everyone seated at breakfast except Mr. Eglington, who had gone up to town as suddenly as he had arrived. We all chatted freely about the robbery, and the still more terrible idea of a burglary. Many questions were put to me, and I had some difficulty to retain my *incognita* under such a cross-examination, veiled in compliment.

"What do *you* think, Sir Thomas?" asked one of the gentlemen present.

"Think of what?" asked the baronet.

"Of the robbery last evening—the theft of the ring?"

"It has been found," replied Sir Thomas. "It was discovered in Lady Broadmead's glove-box."

A laugh was the general reply, and someone congratulated our hostess.

"Thank you. Ye-es," she said; "but it was not in the glove-box last night. It was placed there during the night or early this morning. The scent was getting warm."

"Then, do you suspect anyone?" was the next eager question.

"No; at least, we cannot fix upon the person. I am waiting for some further advice and some information. But I have little doubt but that the thief is in the house."

We had prayers after breakfast, and we made no discovery. Afterwards, I went out with Sir Thomas, and he told me that I was perfectly free to do as I pleased. Had I any clue?

"To the attempted burglary? Yes," I replied.

"Indeed! Then you mean to win your gloves! What is the clue?"

"I have encountered the man, the accomplice. He has an assistant in the house. I can say no more."

"I suspect so. In fact, we know as much already."

"And that accomplice is a boy—a lad."

"How do you know *that*, Miss Bushe? Who is he?"

"Ah! that last question I cannot answer fully. He is the step-son of the man whom I have seen—Billing. He has trained the lad to all kinds of evil, and he is certain to be about the premises. Let us search the stables."

"Certainly. We will go at once, without giving any hint of our suspicion. You would, of course, recognise the lad?"

"Oh yes; I have his photograph at home. He cannot escape, I think."

We searched the stables, the yard, the outbuildings. We examined the page-boy and a friend who had come to see him. None of them answered the description of "Jim" the burglar's son, and at lunch-time we felt disappointed.

"Where is Mr. Eglington?" I asked.

"Gone to London. He will return in a day or two, I dare say."

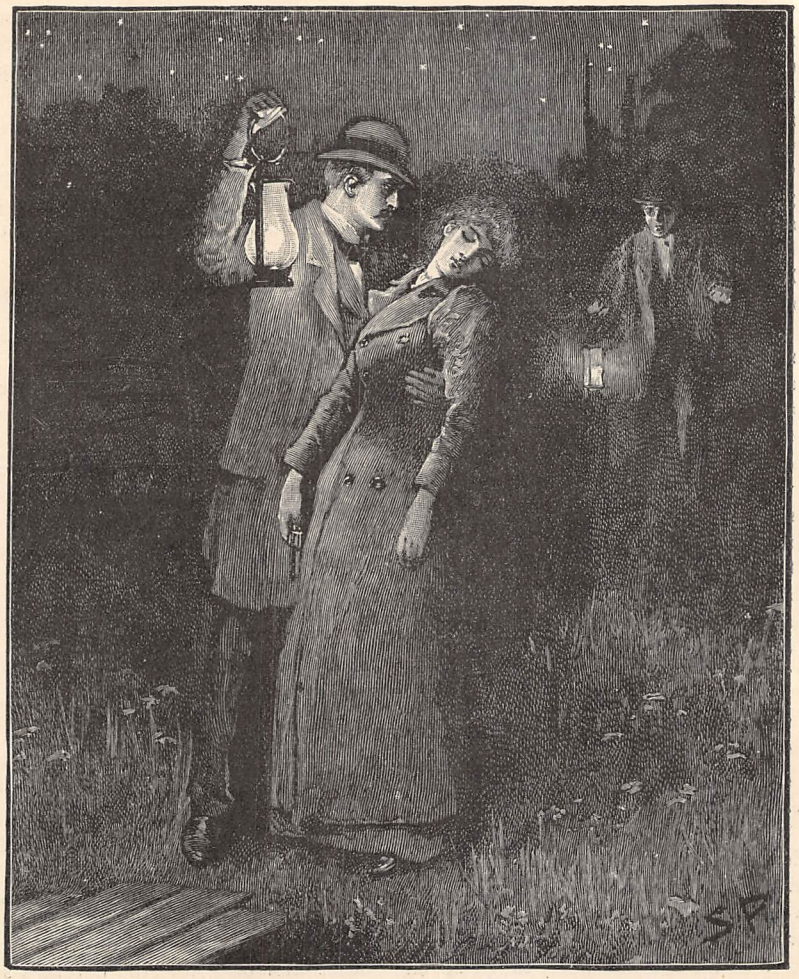
"He is above suspicion, I suppose?"

"Of course," replied the baronet, smiling. "But I am getting worried by these continuous alarms, and now that burglars are about, we shall have no rest. They will not try again soon, I dare say."

I made no reply. I suspected that Billing would not leave the neighbourhood without another attempt. So in the course of the afternoon I sent a telegram to Mr. Howson, in cypher, for Scotland Yard's assistance. But no reply came.

We did not dine until late, and I quietly carried on my investigations. As the day drew in I determined to explore the grounds. There was light still, people were about, and I apprehended no danger, as Billing would never imagine that I had not told of his whereabouts, and he would be absent for a while.

So I strolled out, wrapped in an ulster, my little revolver in my pocket for use or to give the alarm. The daylight had faded by the time I reached the



"I FELL GENTLY INTO HIS ARMS AND COLLAPSED UTTERLY" (*p.* 870).

railings near the end of the drive. But I went along the road and into the public footpath by the mill, with the intention to skirt the stream, and reach home by the lawns which I had traversed in the morning.

The mill was silent, the water ran over the weir. No one was about, but there were houses in the vicinity, and men would be coming home from work. So, though lonely, I went on, thinking of the business on hand.

No one molested me; no one would have molested any resident of the Court. The path was soft and yielding, the stream ran with me in the gloaming and rippled loudly. The trees whispered a warning overhead, rustling; but I went on—on into the grounds.

"At last I've got ye! Then your time's come, my lady! Ah! waggle if ye like; your time's come!"

"Who are you?" I gasped.

I was unable to scream; I could scarcely articulate. My throat was dry and parched. The man now grasped my arm and my neck with his cold hands. The fingers were smooth, but terribly strong.

"Mercy!" I gasped. "I never harmed you!"

"Hold your noise! Come this way, out o' hearin'. Ah! I've seen ye many a time, and ye nearly give me the slip in the train."

He spoke in a low fierce whisper, every word clear, and yet so faint that I doubt if one could be heard three paces off, even in the stillness. Dead stillness, I feared it might be called.

He gave me no opportunity to search for my weapon, and I did not try. What he intended to do I could not imagine. How had I injured this man? My brain in vain attempted to grasp the situation, but utterly failed. I could not believe it. Half-choked, I was compelled to submit: the slightest cry resulted in a compression of the windpipe which made me feel deadly faint.

He dragged me helpless in the direction of the little

stream which ran through the further boundaries of the estate. Did he, then, intend to drown me—and why? Who was this man? Why had he followed me? Why did he seek to be revenged? Surely there was some mistake!

It was impossible to ask him any of these questions then. My brain was in a whirl, my limbs dragged, my arms were held by the wrists with the brawny left hand of my captor, who walked behind (and beside) me, his right hand at my neck, ready to silence the least attempt at a cry for help.

In this manner he half-dragged, half-pushed, me along the path through the wood until we reached the mill-dam, and there he halted. The sound of the water rushing over the weir was almost a requiem in my ears. I knew I must die!

No one was astir there or thereabouts. All the village—a straggling one—was lighted up below. No wayfarer was likely to come along the path; and if so, I should not dare to call out. The darkness wrapped us as in a cloak.

"Come here!" the man cried savagely. "I'll learn you! Come here!"

He dragged me across a small plank-bridge and descended a slope to the water, which was there only trickling out. Here we were quite concealed. Above and behind us the weir and fall; in front the gigantic mill-wheel, and a pool, silent and deep—a watery grave indeed, faced with masonry and stone.

"Oh, don't drown me—don't drown me! I have never injured you or yours!"

"Haven't ye! Who hunted my wife's son to the jail—eh? Who broke his mother's 'art? Who gave evidence agin him, on a fortygraph—eh? Who done all that? Who informed agin me? Why, you!"

"I was compelled," I gasped. "Why did he thieve?"

"Why? acause he had no other way o' livin'! You and the p'lice hunted him."

"I never did! I only gave evidence. I have pitied and helped his mother."

"Much pity ye have! Well, you think I'm a-goin' to drownd ye—I ain't!"

I was thankful, but the reaction was so sudden that I could not speak.

"No, *I* ain't goin' to drownd ye," he repeated. "*I* ain't no murderer; but I'll pay ye out, I *will!* You'll just be tied to the inside o' that wheel, and when it goes round—round you will go with it in the morning!"

"Oh, you would never be so cruel! You couldn't be such a fiend!" I pleaded.

The fearful prospect of such a death almost paralysed me. I could do nothing now. He might have killed me unresistingly at that moment. Then a terrible fear shot through me for myself! Death would be preferable to torture. I found my voice and screamed for help.

In a second he struck me, and I staggered nearly into the water, falling upon the stone beside the wheel, half-senseless for the moment.

"Now's the time," he muttered, as he looked at me. "The time's come—I've got ye!"

He drew a stout line from his pocket, and passed it round my waist. I was rapidly recovering my senses and presence of mind. If he would leave my hands free, I could revenge myself. I remembered the little revolver. If I could disable my assailant and give the alarm, all might yet be well.

With these thoughts in my mind, I lay still. What I suffered during those few moments I cannot describe. The dim circle of the enormous wheel, with its great slimy wooden paddles, which in a few hours might be tearing and mangling my lifeless body: the drip, drip of the water, so soon, I thought, to be reddened with my blood.

The rushing and splashing of the weir behind me: the twinkling stars: and, worse than anything, the outline of my merciless antagonist, who stood silhouetted against the bank of the stream, scowling at the tangled line with those terrible Eyes!

The scene is photographed upon my brain. When I shut my eyes I can even now see the place, and fancy I can hear the drip and rush of the mill-stream which was to bear me into Eternity.

Not daring to move, I could not grasp the revolver in my pocket. My only chance of escape, I believed, lay in submission until an opportunity arose to act, and then to act decisively. So I lay still, thinking and praying for assistance.

"Up with ye!" the wretch growled at length, after several imprecations. "In ye go—stand up, you!"

He raised me easily, and I could not choose but stand; otherwise, I had fallen into the water.

"Step on the wheel," he hissed. "Step in, or I'll mash your pretty face."

I stepped upon the wheel. It moved, and no doubt I should have fallen but for my tormentor.

"Steady. It won't stir much with you. Now sit ye down there, and I'll tie ye up. In the mornin' ye'll have a merry-go-round! I'll come and see ye!"

"For mercy's sake, release me!" I cried. "Think of the crime—of the consequences! You will surely suffer for this cruelty. Vengeance will pursue you! For pity's sake—for Heaven's sake—release me!"

"Pity! Who ever pitied *me* and Jim! For Heaven's sake! Bah! what's Heaven to the likes o' me? We knows nothin' of it. No; if you're fond o' Heaven, ye can go there in the mornin'. I'm givin' ye time to repent. Quiet, can't ye? Go on!"

He aimed another blow at me, but I avoided it, and seized my revolver as I half-turned.

"Dashed if I don't do for ye myself!" he cried, with a fierce oath, suddenly drawing his knife. "I'll settle ye, and no one the wiser!"

My blood ran cold. All pity left me, and as the wretch opened the large blade of a clasp-knife I half raised myself, and drew the revolver from my pocket, keeping it concealed.

"Ain't ye afeard?" he hissed. "Ain't ye afeard o' me and the death awaitin' ye? Come out; there's enough o' this!"

He stepped upon the wheel, knife in hand. I raised

my tiny weapon, and fired. The ball struck him in the thigh, and he fell heavily backwards upon the stones, his head striking the coping of the weir.

A terrible oath escaped him as the knife flew from his hand. He made several vain efforts to rise, but pain and loss of blood prevented him from gaining his feet again. His cries and his language were terrible to hear, but I could not help him. When I approached he attempted to trip me up, and only by a rapid leap did I evade him, though I was near fainting.

I showed him the revolver, which I fired again into the stream as a signal, in the hope that assistance would arrive. I was too faint to go for help, so I was compelled to remain within hearing of the man's fearful language and imprecations for a while.

Then I scrambled across the planks and fired again.

Shouts answered me. Lights in the village were moving ; lanterns were flashing in the wood through which I had been dragged. Thank Heaven ! I had been missed, and was being searched for. I screamed for help.

Two men, apparently, were coming by the path in the wood ; the lanterns were bobbing about, one in advance considerably.

"Hold up !" shouted a voice, which even then I recognised with secret pleasure. "Hold up there ! All right !"

The man rushed up and flashed the lantern in my face. I fell gently into his arms and collapsed utterly. My rescuer was Mr. Eglington.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

CLEARED UP.

UNFORTUNATELY, I am unable to give any account of the events which occurred immediately after my rescue. When I again began to take notice of my surroundings, I found them composed of villagers and farm servants, conspicuous amongst whom were Sir Thomas Broadmead and Mr. Eglington. The latter was still supporting me, and, as I felt comfortable in his care, I remained quiet for awhile, listening to the conversation.

But I could make little of it. The voices were confused ; yet I discovered sufficient to lead me to the conclusion that a most daring plan to rob the Court had been discovered. Not only valuables, but papers, it seemed, were the aim of the thieves, and then the house would have been set on fire, and the inmates perhaps burned.

Such a horrible catastrophe had been averted, no doubt, by the capture of Billing the housebreaker.

Releasing myself from Mr. Eglington's arm, I stood upright, and was at once the target for the shafts of public sympathy. On all sides friendly faces, steeped in curiosity, pushed forward to gaze into my face, and to pass remarks thereon. Sir Thomas at once advanced and offered me his arm.

"Can you manage to walk home?" he said, "or——"

"There's our cart, Sir Thomas" ; "Lady's welcome t' our trap, sir" ; "Chaise'll be up di-rectly, sir," were some of the various offers which fell upon our ears thickly. But Sir Thomas declined them all courteously when he had ascertained that I could walk back with his assistance.

"How is the burglar?" I asked. "He is not dead?"

"Oh no ; unfortunately ! He's alive and—swearing. He would kick if he could, but you have spoiled his dancing. He's in custody, and is being attended to. How splendidly you behaved ! He has boasted of his intentions to rob."

I smiled. The kind-hearted baronet did not know what a fright I had been in, or my despair and terror, which somehow had resulted in a combination to produce courage.

"The whole house is alarmed about you. Mr. Eglington put us on the scent," continued the baronet. "There is someone on the premises who has been in communication with this burglar. Eglington has acted very well. Are you fit to go on, Miss Bushe?"

"Oh yes. I was greatly alarmed ; but my curiosity is as much excited as my nerves. Who is Mr. Eglington?"

"A rival of yours."

"A rival of mine ! What *do* you mean?"

"A detective from Scotland Yard. He came down unexpectedly, and I sent him back. You recalled him, it seems, by telegram."

"Then he was aware of Billing's presence in the neighbourhood?"

"Yes. The police had information from another captive who is at feud with Billing in consequence of a dispute about stolen property. A nice pair, I dare say !—'When thieves fall out,' you know. But we must fathom this mystery here."

We had by this time reached the house, and I was not sorry to go upstairs and lie down. My head was whirling, and my heart beat faster when I thought of Mr. Eglington. Had I recalled that cool young gentleman? Yes. He was a gentleman, evidently, and good-looking, and——

"Please, miss, my lady's kind regards, and will you take this beef-tea?"

The timid little nurse was standing by, tray in hand, a picture of neatness in the dim lamp-light. Her face was in shadow and indistinct in outline, but it greatly impressed me ; it touched the chords of memory, but no sound resulted—no note was struck.

"Thank you," I replied. "My compliments to Lady Broadmead. Leave the tray, please."

The girl placed it at my bedside and gently withdrew, respectfully. I watched her, and could not recall her features distinctly, yet I had met her in service somewhere.

The beef-tea was too hot and peppery for my taste, so I did not take much of it ; but I drank some water, and made preparations to retire for the night. To my surprise, I felt extremely sleepy and heavy even while moving about, and had I not bathed my face and hands and opened the window, I think I should have slept soundly.

The beef-tea! I thought—"Drugged!" Suddenly all my faculties were awakened. What was Lady Broadmead's motive in this? Suspicion chased suspicion. Who was the accomplice? Not the baronet! Were these people robbing themselves in order to replace real with sham valuables, and using the young nurse as a go-between? Was it possible? I had heard of ladies stealing their own diamonds, and pledging them. Was Lady Broadmead also an accessory to her own ruin?

My only chance seemed to me to lie in consulting Mr. Eglington. He was clever, and kind, and nice. Could I see him? I wondered. Half-past eight. Why not? I could dress and send for him. What would he think? Nothing, I was sure; he is a gentleman.

The bell was rung, and Mary, my first attendant, answered it. Meantime, I pencilled a note, and when she came in I asked her to give it to Mr. Eglington (to ask him to come up with Sir Thomas).

In five minutes they arrived in my ante-room, and I explained the incident of the beef-tea.

"Lady Broadmead never ordered it, I'm sure!" exclaimed the baronet. "But why Nelly should try to send you to sleep passes my comprehension. We can easily inquire. Her room is next to yours, here; the children sleep up on this floor. You see, we put the young ladies on the same stage," he added, smiling.

I understood his tact. He wished me to be on the level of his daughters, not with the nursemaid, Nelly.

"I don't see how this helps us in our search for Billing's accomplice, though," said Mr. Eglington: "and that is the idea conveyed in your note, Miss Bushe. We must have a thorough search in the morning. *Someone* is in our midst!"

"It's Jim, I am certain!" I exclaimed. "He's hanging about the house—Billing's boy."

"Has he a sister?" suddenly asked the detective.

"I believe so; I am not sure. I think——"

"Then she may be in the house, and he——"

"That's it!" I exclaimed. "That's it! the nurse Nelly!"

"Is his sister!" cried. Sir Thomas. "I see. We've been nourishing a viper all this time. But is it possible the girl was an only child?"

"The face struck me. I remembered it in an indistinct way," I said. "No doubt the girl wished to alarm me, or to lull me into sleep, while she escaped or moved about. This is fortunate."

"Let's parade the servants," cried the baronet. "We'll denounce the girl publicly."

"No; rather let us question her privately," said I. "She cannot escape, if she has not already got away. We may induce her to confess."

"To think that the children have been nightly and daily at the mercy of a housebreaker's daughter!" exclaimed the baronet. "If Lady Broadmead hears this, she will die!"

"All the more reason for secrecy," said the detective, Mr. Eglington. "We three can interview the girl. Propriety, Property, and Authority, all together: in other words, Miss Bushe, Sir Thomas, and myself."

We smiled. We could not help it; and the young man continued:

"I suspect I know the young villain Jim."

"I should recognise him in a moment, so if he calls we can arrest him. Perhaps his sister will turn Queen's Evidence. Shall we go? The girl will be in bed soon."

"Yes," assented Sir Thomas. "We *must* clear up this business. I am going mad!"

The first step in our secret investigation was taken. We quitted my apartment, and in a few seconds had halted before the door of the "sleeping nursery." There were four rooms in the *suite:* two nurseries, the maid's room, and the large room occupied by myself, each opening into the other.

The two young girls, well-grown lassies, were early to bed and early to rise, so when we halted at the door of their room we ascertained that they were already in bed. I returned for candles to my room; the baronet kissed his daughters, who sprang up, big as they were, to embrace him, and Mr. Eglington modestly remained without.

"We will pass into the other room," I said to him, in a whisper. "If you hear me call, come in without ceremony. I am sure the nurse-girl is the mainspring of the mystery."

But I was certainly not prepared for the revelation which succeeded.

Never shall I forget the scene which met our eyes as Sir Thomas and I entered the apartment of that tidiest of nursemaids. One box was packed and corded, and she was in the act of sewing some valuables in a small parcel into the skirt of a dress. Her clothes were strewn upon the floor, her hair was on the table! She sprang to her feet. I screamed. Mr. Eglington rushed in.

"Why, Jim!" I cried. "*How long have you been on this 'lay,' I wonder?*"

"Jim! Jim!" said Mr. Eglington, as he anticipated the lad's flight. "Ah, you are just too clever, Jim! Here's the Ghost, Sir Thomas. We've laid him!"

The boy, who seemed about thirteen or fourteen, stood motionless. He had been completely surprised; he had never calculated upon a late visit to the nursery: such a course being contrary to all precedents. His attempt to make me sleep so that his movements would not attract attention had betrayed him. Chlorodyne had been the medium of his attempt to give me a good night's rest. The mystery was solved, and explained to the household that night.

Jim was arrested and confronted with Billing. There was no doubt of their guilt, and both were again convicted. The step-mother, I discovered, was a "regular old humbug," who only kept up appearances the better to assist her son and her husband. 'Twas she who had suggested young Jim's *rôle* of nursemaid; and well he played the part! His fresh colour and boyish-girlish face had been in his favour, the kindly clergyman and the "pore widow" had imposed upon the worthy baronet, and Jim was in clover.

In all respects, save thieving and in abetting thieves,

Jim's conduct had been exemplary. He, or "she," had never even flirted with the servants (being, in fact, too young for that sort of thing), and had been even reckoned "stuck-up" by some of the domestics. Of course he could not mix much with them, and marvellously he succeeded in his *rôle*.

There is no need to add much more, except to say that Mr. Eglington and I became friends, and some day we may—well, never mind the future. As regards the tale of the mystery, I can declare that it actually happened, and was discovered as related; and I got my gloves.

OCTOBER.

New Millinery.

THE ancient German word *winter-fyllith* is peculiarly descriptive of the autumnal month of October with its odour of fallen leaves and morning and evening frosts, whilst a cheery sunshine enlivens the mid-day hours and throws into grand contrast the gold and red of the forest foliage and the dull browns of stem and twig. It is appropriate to the approach of winter that fur should adorn our garments for outdoor wear, and sable is this season chosen as bordering for coat or skirt, becomingly encircling the throat or enhancing the costliness of bonnet and toque.

Amid the new varieties in millinery that present themselves for our consideration, our attention is at once arrested by the display of beautiful colourings in velvets, rich deep orange that seems to blaze as you look at it, and purple in tones from light lilac to the darkest pansy, side by side with an exquisite shade of golden brown, and yet again a miroir velvet of brilliant cerise colour. Beautiful also are the successful harmonies of colours—brown and pink, brown and mauve-blue, purple and black, gold, sable and white; black velvet having a relief in the fashionable and much worn check glacé ribbon or shepherd's plaid.

The prevailing characteristic of the designs is decidedly squareness across the front, and the bonnets, and especially the hats, are worn more forward and raised off the face and droop away to the ears.

Velvet is extensively used, and the broad hat brims and high box-crowns are entirely composed of this beautiful fabric drawn in fine lines an inch and a half apart. The "Toreador" shape treated in this way is particularly fascinating. Sable tails are a favourite ornamentation, and no millinery is voted stylish unless it display *steel* in form of buckle, clasp, or pin ornament; jet is also as much to the fore as in seasons past, especially in the form of large slabs either round, oval, or pear-shaped; these are set into designs on the crowns,

A NEW BONNET.
(From a photograph by Walery, Limited, Regent Street, W.)

sprinkled with tiny beads, and pendant on the hair in large rings at the insertion of the strings on bonnets.

All the ribbons are either of satin or velvet, moiré having completely disappeared. Rosettes of velvet are worn in lieu of flowers.

Black wings are extensively used, and their suitability for autumn wear, when mists and light showers so effectually affect the pretty curling of ostrich feathers, is indisputable. Our scruples are overcome by the assurance that the winged warblers of the forest have not been sacrificed to supply these ornamentations, but that they are cleverly constructed in perfect imitation from the plumage of the common edible bird.

I will describe a few of the charming specimens of novel bonnets submitted to me; two especially won my admiration with their charm of good taste and perfect style. One extremely becoming to a middle-aged matron was round in shape and had a low crown, the brim curving slightly upwards in the centre of the front drooped to either side over half-concealed roses placed squarely in the front.

This bonnet was in black beaver, lined with a lovely shade of pale golden-tan felt, the crown encircled with a coronet of very small black ostrich tips upstanding, and a high group at the left side; the tie was of broad glacé ribbon fastened beneath the chin in a square bow.

Another, equally stylish, displayed a decided novelty in the straw-plait of strands of narrow satin and chenille whereof the brim was formed, in overlapping pill-like rows, into a most becoming outline, raised in front with a rosette of black satin, and a fan-shaped decoration of little feather tips at each side of the jet crown terminating in loops of satin ribbon with strings of the same. A handsome osprey was raised at one side of the front.

Exceedingly novel and becoming are the new velvet "sets" that hie from Paris; these comprise a toque, muff, and neck-band with pendant draped ends reaching to the waist; for this design a rich deep shade of blue velvet was employed, outlined with a narrow one-inch bordering of beautifully curled black ostrich trimming. The toque had folded crown and turned-up brim of velvet with a handsome jet ornament set in the centre of the front, and border of the feather trimming, with an upstanding aigrette of black tips at the side.

The folded collar of velvet and feather had two rosettes of feather placed three inches apart in front, from each of which elegantly draped ends were arranged with an outline of the feather trimming. The muff was designed to correspond.

Simplicity is quite out of date in bonnets, each design being more elaborate than the preceding one, and the softness and rich colouring of sable tails are placed in perfect harmony with velvet of a soft pink shade in rosettes and loops clasped with a wide long buckle of steel.

A beautiful bonnet with folded crown of orange-coloured velvet had black wings to either side and loops of black velvet fastened with handsome jet pins, and an osprey at the back, the strings being of black velvet (*see* illustration). Small closely curled feathers will be fashionable, placed low at either side of the bonnet at the back and drooping on to the hair. A design with black velvet crown had a coronet of handsome jet slabs and tiny black velvet rosettes spangled with gold sequins, with feathers arranged as described, and strings of velvet.

PELISSE OF CLOTH AND VELVET.

Hats for carriage wear and dressy occasions are large in dimension, and profusely decorated with soft plumes, broad ribbon bows, and large buckles of steel. A beautiful velvet in a rich shade of brown with sunshine lurking in its folds was minutely gathered on high crown and wide brim, setting squarely across the forehead and curving up to either side, and ornamented with exquisite plumes, the whole design recalling a fashion of a century since.

A black velvet broad-brimmed hat with box crown had a grand bunch of plumes at the left side, with broad satin ribbon bow and ends fringed, the front turning up from the face, revealing a bandeau of rosettes and ribbon, and strings to fasten beneath the chin.

Coats and Capes.

There are few items of outdoor apparel that impart so much elegance to the figure as the full-length pelisse, and we give a sketch of a very good example made in a dark shade of powdered-blue cloth, or if preferred a quiet tone of fawn colour, associated with sable-brown velvet and sable fur, or the less costly "Caracule," an astrachan exhibiting those lovely silken curls that impart a richness to the trimming.

Following the dictum of the latest style this pelisse is moulded to the figure, with robe front of velvet draped across the bust and fastened at either side with handsome buttons. Sable encircles the shoulders and gives a finish to the handsome epaulette frills of velvet that terminate in a point below the waist at the back. Large full sleeves of the cloth have elegant cuffs headed with fur and inner sleeves of Venetian lace, a knot of the same fastened at the neck with two rosettes of velvet. The skirt portion is cut with ample fulness and side trimmings of fur are carried up the two seams.

Accompanying this is a charming bonnet of cerise miroir velvet with folded crown, wide across the forehead, ornamented with rosettes and outstanding ends of lace, a steel buckle and high osprey at one side.

BRAIDED CLOTH COSTUME.

Varied and beautiful materials with figured surface in black and dark colourings reveal a background of a bright contrasting colour; of such are made the pelisse or mantle, whilst the plain cloths are reserved in most instances for close-fitting jackets with revers double breasted, cut away below the waist-line to the side seams, and long basque at the back somewhat in the style of a dress coat.

Shoulder capes are cut on the round and decorated with braiding and fur. An elegant example in Lincoln green cloth had a border of fur with deep turned-down collar of the same, and a five inch design of braiding in a bold pattern with ornaments of the fur at intervals imparting a handsome effect.

The linings of all the jackets, capes, and pelisses are of rich and brilliant colouring, the new magenta "Aubergine" of soft full tone frequently peeping out from beneath the quietest tints of stone fawn and dull brown.

Autumn Costumes.

For young ladies' wear these have a decided tendency to the Spanish in design—a cloth Matador coat, richly braided, with full epaulettes and an under-vest and sleeves of velvet, being a style much in favour that imparts a grace, in conjunction with a Spanish hat, to the plainest of cloth skirts.

We give a sketch as an example of the costume that will be worn throughout the month, should the weather prove propitious. As the colder days of Autumn approach the favourite face cloth will yield place to one of heavier make and more woolly texture. In these plain colours are dominant, particularly shades of blue and brown ; black and white, too, will have many admirers.

Either in these two last, or rich blue and red, our design would have a stylish appearance. We will suppose black cloth, braided with black braid and a narrow thread line of gold, large cut steel buttons fastening the over-bodice on which the braid is sewn in an ornamental design, with small steel beads interspersed with the gold.

The sleeves of black cloth are set in the new gathers at the armhole and fixed in tiny flat pleats ; a white cloth cuff, braided to correspond with the vest and collar.

On one side of the well-fitting skirt is inserted a panel of white, which is repeated on the other side when such an arrangement is becoming to the wearer, otherwise the steel buttons alone ornament the right side. The skirt opens on the left, and the back is set into three folds lined some nine inches below the waist with linen to set them out. Materials for the heavier style of costume for moor and mountain present a charming appearance of purple heather against a background of sunshine, and are rough and woolly on the surface, thus possessing the well-known advantage of being impervious to the mists of sea and mountain.

Plaids and large checks will doubtless gain in favour, and very cheery are they in appearance when clouds obscure the sunshine.

WALKING SUIT FOR CHILD OF SIX YEARS.

A workman-like costume in golden brown cheviot had a well-fitting jacket and short skirt bound with brown leather. The several pockets, revers, and collar are also cut in this "wear-defying" article; the gaiters, boots and gloves were in colour to correspond, and the cap was of the "Tam" shape, with a grouse pinion at the side.

It is a cheerful reflection for those who have purchased a thoroughly well-made tailor suit during the last few weeks, that for once Dame Fashion is true in her allegiance to that particular style, and, prophecy declares, will remain so until the spring fashions alter the mode.

Children's Autumn Frocks.

One of the most pleasing materials in charm of appearance and economy of wear for children at this season of the year is undoubtedly navy-blue storm serge, combined with flannel of red, blue or white stripe. Whether for home or school the picturesque little frocks to be seen at Messrs. Bland's are appropriate and exceedingly pretty, all their designs exhibiting character of purpose. For little girls of nine years they have a charming design of a frock in serge of a rich dark blue, complete as an overskirt and open coat with under-vest cuffs and large square turned-down collar of blue and white flannel, similar in design to those worn by the Basque peasants. Accompanying this is a pretty cap of serge; black stockings and shoes with broad buckles complete this costume.

For older girls there is a choice of red, white or blue cloth and serge, combined with plain white or striped flannel, and made with well-cut coat and skirt of irreproachable set, with entire under-blouse of the flannel, the deep cuffs and large collar turning out over coat sleeve and neck band. To be worn with this suit is a stylish boater's hat.

The little children of four and five years are catered for in a fascinating way, one dainty little fishwife costume of red serge is looped up with broad satin ribbons over a striped red and white blouse and skirt, under which peeps forth a red petticoat. A large sailor's collar opens out over the shoulders and is fastened with a bow of ribbon; accompanying this is a pretty brewer's cap of red and white silk.

Grey cheviot, with a wide check of red, and heather mixture tweeds are employed for capes and ulsters for stormy weather.

Outdoor Coats for Children.

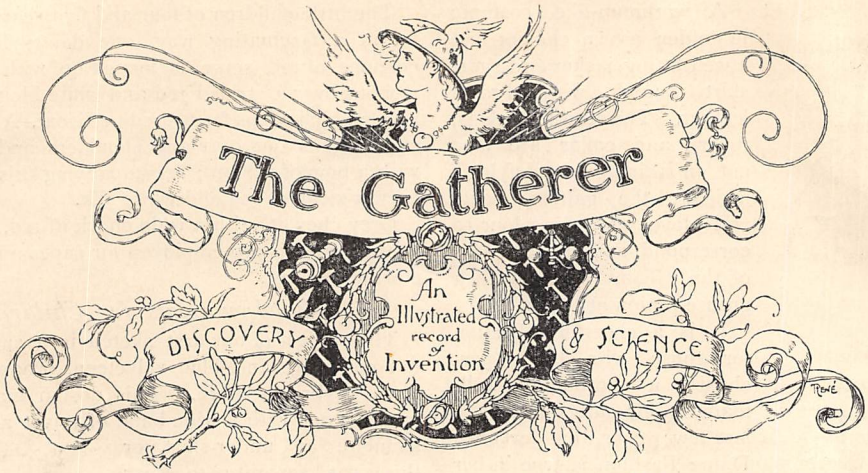
The subject of our first sketch is a suit in golden tan cashmere and blue velveteen, ornamented with lines of brown braid. This design may either be made in one with a wide band of velvet at the hem to simulate an under-skirt, or the coat separate to wear with any frock of silk or velveteen; it is double-breasted with sleeves of ample fulness. The cashmere hood, with bow of fancy ribbon tied in front, is ornamented with a handsome plume of dark blue to one side. The stockings and shoes are of brown, to tone with the colour of the coat.

COAT AND CAPE FOR CHILD OF FIVE YEARS.

The second design is a cosy coat of grey blue cloth lined with flesh pink silk made double-breasted, fastening with two rows of smoked pearl buttons, and hood, muff and cap of velvet in a beautiful bronze-green tint and trimmings of marten tail fur. The cuff is also of pretty velvet. Dark brown boots and stockings, or blue stockings and black boots, are alike permissible.

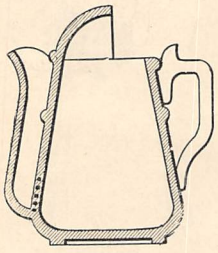
A. LL. GRIFFITHS.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence each, and one shilling in the case of the children's costumes. Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*



Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Froth Jug.



The jug which we illustrate in section is devised to overcome the drawback of having to waste time in pouring liquids apt to froth. The jug has a projection on its lip behind the spout, which catches the froth and holds it back. Needless to say that such a jug in pouring also prevents the contents from spilling over when it is very full.

Four Domestic Novelties.

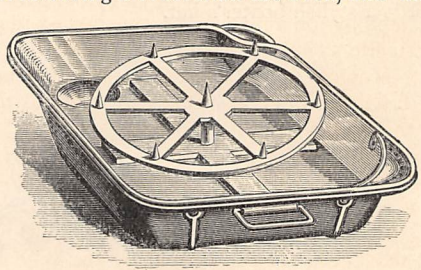
At a time of year when the question of fires becomes urgent, an improvement in coal-vases should meet with general approval. A new vase patented by Mr. Stroud has certainly a good deal to commend it, in that the lining is fitted with two small rollers at the back, which work on the bottom of the inside of the coal-vase, and so make the removal or replacing of the lining a very simple matter. No one who has not seen this improvement in operation would believe how great are its advantages.—Ladies will be glad to hear of a folding-box, which has lately been patented, for packing millinery, laces, flowers, or other articles. The box packs up flat, so that its thickness is not more than that of half-a-dozen sheets of cardboard, and opens out into a serviceable bonnet-box upon the pulling of strings provided for the purpose. These strings tied across the lid keep the box together, and make it a very useful article.—A sanitary sink strainer which has just been patented deserves the attention of housewives. It consists of a galvanised cage, which may be readily fixed over the grating of a waste pipe, and, retaining all refuse, allows dirty water to run away freely, and so avoids stopped drains.—Another patent which will appeal specially to mothers has just been brought to our notice. It is a simple arrangement for securely holding the bedclothes on sleeping children, who, as mothers know only too well, have a special aptitude for kicking themselves free when in bed. One end of the fastener is attached to the bars at the head of the bed, and at the other end is a spring clip in which the bedclothes are gathered. These fasteners have the merit of keeping a child quite covered, and that without putting the slightest restraint upon its movements.

Shortsightedness.

In the public schools of France 24.2 per cent. of the scholars are shortsighted, in those of Germany 35 per cent., and in those of the United Kingdom 20 per cent. The percentage of myopy is highest in the classes of rhetoric and philosophy. The hygienic condition of the school does not seem to affect it, but in the opinion of Dr. Martin, a French authority, want of physical exercise is the chief cause of it. By modifying the work of the classes, and allowing reasonable spells of exercise between them, the proportion of myopy in the College of Giessen fell from 26.6 to 17 per cent. in five years.

A Revolving Grid.

The simple device shown in the figure obviates the need of removing a roast from the oven, and also the



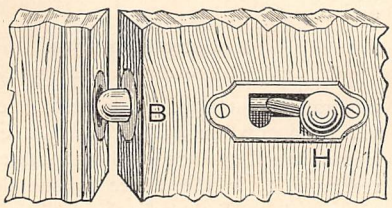
use of the fork in turning the meat. The grid is made in the form of a wheel of various sizes from 8 to 12 inches in diameter, suitable for pans of various dimensions. It rotates on a pivot, and the spikes on its upper surface hold the meat in position.

Microbe Photographs.

Professor Marshall Ward, F.R.S., has invented a new kind of photograph, which is based on his discovery that sun and electric light, especially the blue rays, destroy microbes. He covers a plate of glass with a gelatine culture of microbes, and exposes it to the landscape or person to be photographed. A picture of the object in light and shade gradually forms on the gelatine film, owing to the light developing the microbes more or less, according as it is dark or bright.

A New Bolt.

The "Paragon" bolt, B, which is shown in the figure, will be understood without much description. It is very simple, easily shot, by means of the handle H, and not liable to get out of order. There are no springs or screws about it, and it is very strong in action.



A NEW BOLT.

The Wind in Geology.

The part played by the air in geology is turning out to be more important than was generally believed. It is not only that it shifts the sands of the desert or the shore, and abrades the rocks with a kind of natural sandblast, and conveys the ashes of volcanoes to great distances. By the friction of the atmosphere it fuses meteoric stones, and scatters their dust far and wide. A peculiarity of this meteoric dust is that it contains numerous little hollow pellets and tubes as well as scales and angular fragments of vitreous matter. These pellets are discovered in ordinary air by the microscope, on the towers of cathedrals, and on the snows of the Alps as well as in the Arctic regions. Moreover, they are found in the ooze at the bottom of seas and oceans, and also in the sedimentary rocks which have been deposited by ancient seas. They are formed by the air acting on the melted surface of the meteoric stone, and are, in fact, a kind of air-bubble of microscopic size. A meteorite which fell in a partially fused condition at Pultusk in 1888 was found to have them sticking to its surface. M. Daubrée has also proved by experiment that granite perforated by a blast of nitroglycerine gases develops such pellets on the fused lining of the blast-hole; and quite recently M. Meunier, another French geologist, has found that the lava-wool formed by the wind blowing on the molten lava of the Hawaiian volcano Mauna Loa, after the manner of "slag-wool," consists chiefly of such mineral tubes and pellets. It is curious to reflect that with every breath we draw we are, perhaps, inhaling the products of some volcanic eruption on the earth or the dissipated fragments of some wandering comet's tail.

An Electric Log.

Admiral Fleuriais of the French navy has brought out an ingenious electric log for telling the speed of a

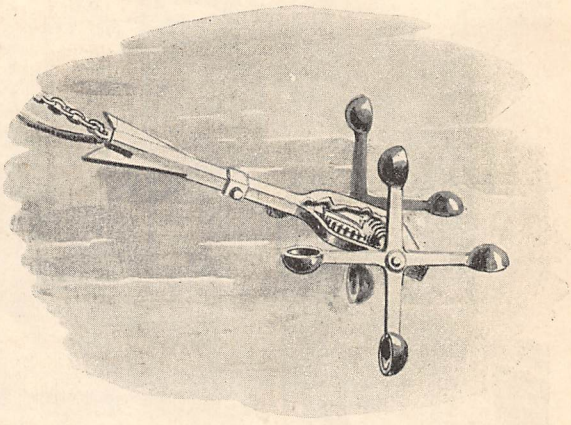


FIG. 1.

ship on board at any time without having to remove it from the water. It consists, as shown in our illustration, of two sets of dishes, Fig. 1, mounted on cross-arms and revolving on the same axle, like the wind cups of the Robinson anemometer. The axle in revolving makes an electric contact every twenty-four turns, and sends an electric current through an electric bell on board the vessel. By counting the number of seconds between two strokes of the bell the speed of the ship is at any time ascertained. The electric circuit is formed by a battery, B, Fig. 2, an electric bell, T, a commutator, R, to change the direction of the current at will, and a cable, L, containing insulated wires.

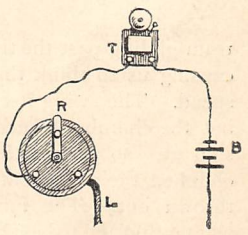
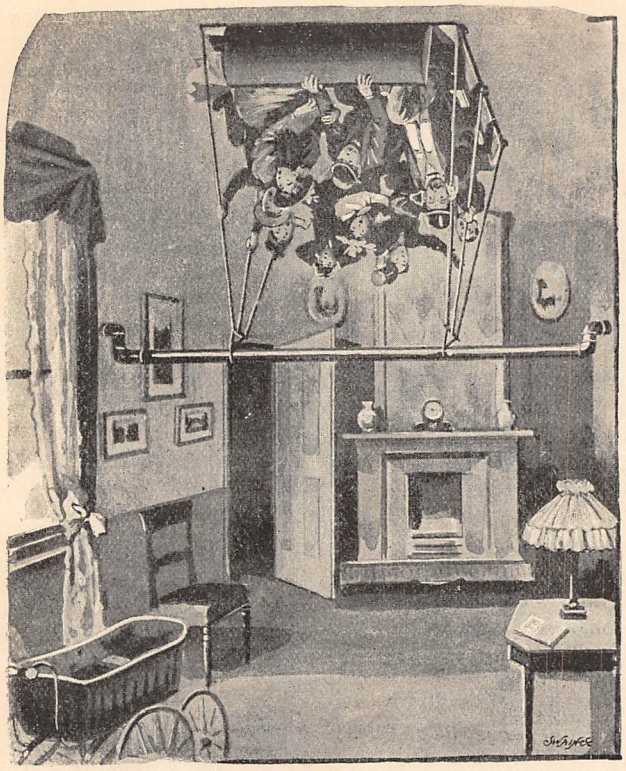


FIG. 2

A Magic Swing.

A magic swing attracted much attention at the last midwinter fair in San Francisco. The visitor was ushered into a chamber which contained the swing, a kind of platform with seats hanging from a bar let into the walls, as shown in our illustration. When the seats were all occupied by visitors the attendant closed the door and gave a slight oscillation to the swing. Presently the oscillations grew larger and larger, until at length the swing mounted to the ceiling and went right over the bar, as pictured. The passengers, however, felt no discomfort of any kind, and their surprise was the greater in that between the bar and the ceiling there was apparently no room for the swing to pass. At last the oscillations diminished, and the swing came to rest. The effect was really an optical illusion, similar to that experienced on seeing a railway



A MAGIC SWING.

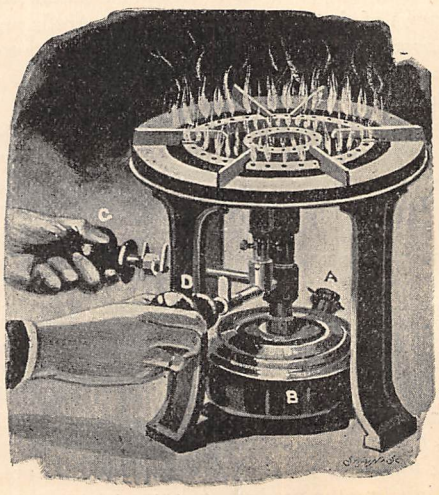
train gliding past the train in which we are seated, and causing us to think that ours is moving at the same speed. The swing itself did not turn round the bar, but the chamber turned round the swing, and the illusion was so perfect that the occupants involuntarily clutched their seats at the turn-over to avoid being thrown out. The furniture of the room, including what purported to be a kerosene lamp, but was in reality electric, and could be inverted without danger, was all designed to keep up the illusion, which was further helped by a baby's perambulator, and a chair with a hat on it.

The Perfect Man.

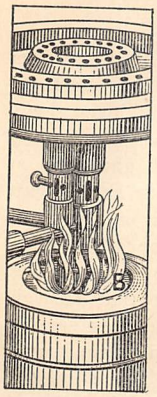
Dr. Topinard, the well-known French anthropologist, has been giving the world his ideal of the "perfect man" from the standpoint of science. According to the naturalist pure and simple, the perfect man is he who, with the highest sense of his own personality, can best adapt himself to circumstances, and has personal advantages which in the struggle for existence assure to him a pre-eminence over his fellows as well as over other animals and the powers of Nature. The perfect man, in fact, is he who possesses the soundest mind in the healthiest body, and is best able to estimate the importance of his actions and make them conduce as far as possible to the satisfaction of his necessities, his interests, and his pleasure. So much for the ideal man of natural history—that is to say, the perfect man as a mere animal. The picture, it must be confessed, is sufficiently selfish and unamiable; but there is another side to it. From a social point of view, the perfect man, in the opinion of Dr. Topinard, is he who is best adapted to the social condition of life; who possesses in the highest degree the sentiments of fellowship, of justice, of altruism, of duty, of the distinctions between good and evil which have been bequeathed to him by his ancestors and form the essential basis of our social organisation; who regards these as articles of faith and makes them the invariable rule of his own conduct. Again, from a psychological point of view, the perfect man is he whose brain is the sanest, the most philosophic, the most capacious, the most active; who comprehends and retains most, and who can with the best effect draw upon his storehouse of knowledge at a moment's notice.

A Petroleum Fire.

The petroleum fire, or furnace, which we illustrate, is intended for domestic use, and is fed by a mixture of air and gas extracted from mineral essence in the apparatus. The reservoir, B, in the figure is supplied with essence through the mouthpiece, A; and two handles, C and D, serve to regulate the supply of air. The mixture of gas and air burns in the jets above as shown. The oil is gasified by putting a little alcohol into the saucer on the top of the reservoir and lighting it. This heats the interior of the reservoir, and the gas given off is lighted while regulating the supply of air by the handles C and D.—While on this subject we may mention a useful little oil engine for home use, which can be started by a lady. It is shown on the next page, and only occupies a space 33 inches square and 15 inches thick. Nevertheless, it gives from one-half to three-quarters horse-power at its normal speed of 375 revolutions a minute, and is useful for driving small



A PETROLEUM FIRE.



OIL ENGINE.

dynamos, pumps, lathes, punkahs, fans, and so on. The consumption of oil is about a pint per hour, and the total weight of the engine is 200 pounds.

Carbon in the Universe.

Nearly thirty years ago Dr. S. Johnstone Stoney, F.R.S., suggested that the luminous clouds of the sun's photosphere are composed of carbon in a boiling state. If so, their temperature is probably the same as that of the voltaic arc, between 2,000° and 3,000° Centigrade; for, as M. Violle has recently shown, the fixed temperature of the electric arc is apparently due to the fact that the carbon is boiling in it. Everyone knows that the temperature of the water in a kettle remains the same when it boils, no matter how long it continues on the fire, because the "boiling point" of water is a fixed temperature, and the heat supplied to the water goes to make steam, not to make it hotter. In the same way the temperature of the arc remains constant, because the carbon is boiling in it. The luminous clouds of the photosphere are, therefore, comparable to the voltaic arc in point of temperature and luminosity, if not in their electrical condition. Sir Robert Ball, the well-known astronomer, has recently drawn attention to Mr. Stoney's suggestion, and shown the part played by carbon in the Cosmos. We all know its importance in our own planet, since it enters largely into animal and vegetable life, and supplies us with coal and petroleum. M. Moissan, a French chemist, has also proved that at the temperature of the voltaic arc in an electric furnace (2,000° C.), carbon combines with the metals of the alkaline earths, such as calcium, sodium, and potassium to form carbides, which, however, break up at lower temperatures and yield ethylene. It is, therefore, highly probable that in the development of a planet, the carbides, which formed whilst it was incandescent, break up and yield petroleum. Carbon gas in a closed space, suddenly chilled from a high temperature, is also found to crystallise into graphite and the diamond, a fact which may account for the diamonds found in certain meteoric stones.—While upon this subject we may mention that Professor Redwood has examined the petroleum found in a well on the estate of Ashwick, Somerset, and found it to be of superior quality, with a high flashing point and a straw colour. He recommends boring with the diamond drill to a depth of 1,200 feet, at which the limestone beds containing it would be reached.

An Artificial Island.

An enterprising American, Mr. Charles Coen, is about to make an artificial island in the Atlantic Ocean, about ten miles off the coast of Long Island, where the water is seventy feet deep. The foundations will be made with sixty iron caissons, each fifteen feet in diameter, and the island, which is to be called "Atlantis," will contain a first-class hotel in its own grounds. As the new land will be outside the jurisdiction of any nation, the proprietor will be a nineteenth-century Crusoe, monarch of all he surveys, paying neither rent nor taxes, and able to make his own laws.

A Speaking Watch.

The repeating watch that strikes the hours has now a dangerous rival in one that speaks them, and thus saves time. It is the device of M. Sivan, and is illustrated herewith. A disc of vulcanised indiarubber is impressed with the words to be said whilst it is soft, by means of an Edison phonograph, and mounted in the watch as shown in Fig. 1. It

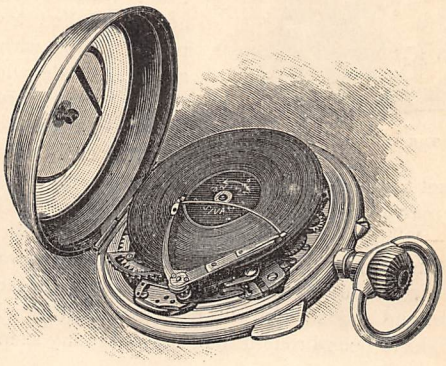


FIG. 1.

carries impressions corresponding to the hours and quarters, and in turning round its axis vibrates a stylus carried by a framework placed over it as shown. The stylus in turn vibrates a drum, or tympan, fixed in the inner case of the watch, and the words become audible. The disc can be started and stopped at will by pressing on a small push-pin. Fig. 2 shows the disc removed and the mechanism on its under side connecting it to that of the watch. M. Sivan has also devised clocks and alarms which call out the time and such commands as, "Now, then, get up!" "It is time to go to bed." These cries may be in the voices and dialects of personal friends, and possess a value as souvenirs. A plate is capable of giving several thousand repetitions without showing

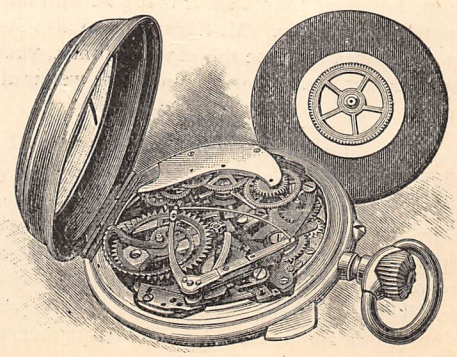
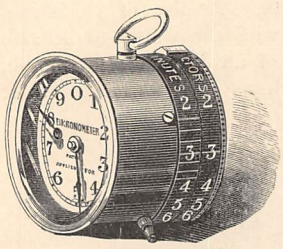


FIG 2.

signs of wear. Obviously when a house is supplied with these talking timepieces it will be necessary to keep them all in good order, otherwise there will be noisy disputes between them as to the correct time.

The Eckronometer.

The length of time necessary to develop a photograph is given by the "eckronometer" of Mr. Watkins, inventor of a well-known exposure meter. It is a small clock with a ten-minute dial, and a hand which is started at the instant the developer is poured on the plate. When the half-tones first appear the exact time is noted and multiplied by the proper factor, with the aid of a slide-rule on the circumference of the clock. An indicator on the clock face is then set to the total time thus calculated, and when the hand reaches the indicator the development is complete.—While on this subject, we may mention that "phototone spectacles," for translating a view into a monochrome, and thus producing the same appearance of light and shade which will be obtained in the photograph, have been brought out. A view may seem full



THE ECKRONOMETER.

PHOTOTONE SPECTACLES.

of interest to the naked eye, but prove tame in the photograph, owing to the different effect made by the coloured lights on the eye and the plate. The new spectacles—shown in the figure—will, however, help the photographer to select his pictures with a view to their photographic value.

Potatoes as Fodder.

M. Girard, a French agriculturist, has found, by experiments on cattle and sheep, that potatoes alone are more fattening than beet or mangold and hay, or than potatoes and hay. M. Cornevin has also shown that raw potatoes increase the supply of milk, whereas cooked ones diminish it, but augment the weight of the animal.

Colours by Electricity.

Mineral pigments are now manufactured by electricity much in the same way as metals are deposited in electro-plating. A bath of chemical salts in solution is prepared, and the current, sent through it between electrodes, decomposes the chemical and produces the colour. Thus vermilion, Scheele's green, mitis green, cadmium yellow, Japanese red, and other pigments, are produced of great purity.

GARDENING IN OCTOBER.

THIS is the month of fruit gathering. Remember to handle ripening apples and pears—as Isaac Walton did the frogs—as if you loved them. More fruit is wasted than one supposes not only by careless handling, but also through gathering at the wrong moment. A pear or any fruit should part readily from the stalk; otherwise, it is not ripe, and will either rot or shrivel. Some varieties of pears in particular want picking at the right moment —*Glou morceau*, for example: a fruit that shrivels very much when gathered before its proper season. Store them in a cool dry place, and in single layers, looking over them often to use those that show the least signs of decay. Fruit trees may be planted, and then they will get established before winter. It is a mistake to think that every leaf must fall before planting may be done. All deciduous shrubs and trees also plant, even evergreens; and "chill October" is the time to put in bulbs, the earlier in the month the better.

The golden rule is to get everything in its place before winter, when little growth takes place. The plants or shrubs, as the case may be, are then well-prepared to withstand the trials of frosts and hardships incidental to that season. If not done, plant carnations, and prepare for spring by getting into their places the primrose, polyanthus, violet, and arabis. Primrose and polyanthus are cherished favourites, and give a wealth of lovely colours, rich and varied, accompanied by sweet fragrance. Auriculas in frames should have plenty of air; and when dahlias, cannas, and such things, are cut down by frosts, clear away the stems, and store the roots in a dry airy cellar. Any geraniums that have given pleasure during the summer, and are to be retained, are not really safe after the few first days of October. Lift and pot them in ordinary garden soil, and place them in the greenhouse, where they will continue to flower. Celery must be earthed up when necessary. The object of this is to both blanch and protect it.

Keep the kitchen garden quite free from weeds. Greenhouse plants should have plenty of air on mild days; and prepare for frosts by heating with a boiler of the character recommended in our chat on "The Greenhouse."

CHRYSANTHEMUM COMPETITION.

WE would remind our readers of this Competition, full particulars of which were published in our last number. Prizes are offered to both Trade Growers and Amateurs for the best specimens of the different varieties named, and the Exhibits will be judged by one of the leading authorities on the subject. For the dates of sending in and the regulations governing this Competition, we must refer our readers to page 800 of the September number.

(*From a drawing by* S. NICOLET.)

AUTUMN.

DOWN AN OUBLIETTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," ETC.

CAST INTO THE OUBLIETTE.

ONE of the most uncomfortable features of a mediæval castle in Germany and France is the *oubliette*, a subterranean dungeon, down which it is said that those were cast whom the feudal seigneur wanted to be rid of speedily.

There is hardly an old château in France in which is not shown one or more such *oubliettes*. Happily, it is quite certain that the vast majority were nothing of the sort—were cisterns for the reception of the rain-water from the roofs.

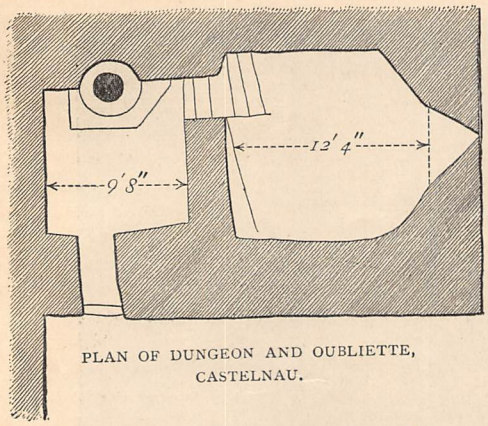
Many of the castles, if not most of them, are planted on rocky heights high above rivers and springs; and, in order to form a supply of water, there were spouts from the roofs conducting the rain that fell into a reservoir constructed underground or in the base of a tower. The wooden conduits have disappeared, and the imagination of the peasantry converts the openings of these cisterns into the mouths of *oubliettes*.

No man has studied mediæval military architecture more than M. Viollet le Duc; and he boldly asserts that, among the many castles he has explored throughout France, he knows of but three or four that are indubitably such underground forgetting-places for poor wretches.

In Germany there were unquestionably such horrible pits wherever there was an "Iron Virgin"; then, when the instrument unclosed, the mangled corpse was allowed to drop into an abyss where it disappeared for ever.

That *oubliettes* were employed in France cannot be doubted, though it is to be hoped their employment was rare. Bernard VIII., Count of Armagnac, cast his cousin, Gerald of Armagnac, in 1403, down one in his castle of Rochelle, in Bigorre. The unhappy man lingered in it from ten to twelve days. Bernard had also taken and imprisoned the two sons of Gerald. He

had the younger brought to the same dungeon; but the horror caused by the sight of the *oubliette* in which lay his father's corpse, and the fear lest he also should be



PLAN OF DUNGEON AND OUBLIETTE, CASTELNAU.

cast down, produced such a shock on his system that the young man dropped down dead on the spot.

The Château of Castelnau de Bretenoux lies in the ancient viscounty of Turenne, and is at the junction of the Bave and the Dordogne. It owed feudal homage to Turenne and the due of one egg every year.

The castle belongs to several epochs; the earliest portion is of the twelfth century, and comprises the hall in which Henry II. of England is said to have assembled the estates of Quercy in 1160, when he came to Guyenne to demand acknowledgment of his rights as the husband of Eleanor, the heiress of Duke William X.

The donjon is later—of the thirteenth century—and probably replaces a much earlier tower. It is quadrangular, whereas the more ancient donjon was circular. In the basement of this structure is the prison, a small chamber, twelve feet long by ten wide, lighted by a narrow slit through which no body could pass.

Admission to the prison is through an anteroom, eight feet six inches square, which has no window in it, only a doorway through the wall, which at this point is six feet thick. This anteroom is barrel-vaulted, but only six feet high in the middle; it is walled and paved with stone. The extremity is filled with what looks like a well, raised on a step above the floor. There is a low breastwork surrounding a narrow round hole, which is one foot eleven inches in diameter.

But of this prison and *oubliette* presently. Let us first see something of the history of Castelnau.

There are so many Castelnaux that this one is distinguished as Castelnau de Quercy, though it was situated in the viscounty of Turenne.

The seigneurs of Castelnau during the English domination seem to have served one side or other much as suited their convenience; indeed, one of them did not scruple to become a captain of a free company, which was much the same thing as being a common brigand. It was the practice of these ruffians to waylay merchants, even to capture poor peasants, and hold them to ransom.

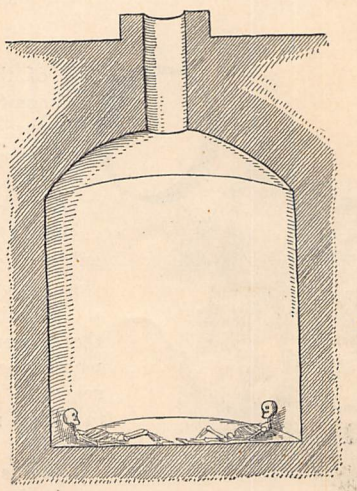
There was no town in the district of Castelnau, which is the head of a number of little hamlets, rather than villages; and the lord of Castelnau resolved to create a town for himself, and, what is more, a free town. The fashion for these had set in, and this was created in the following odd manner:—

Alonzo of Poitiers, brother of St. Louis, became, by marriage with the heiress of the Counts of Toulouse, the nominal suzerain to a portion of Guyenne, but actually possessed nothing save the bare title—not a castle, not a village, not a town. Even in the Rouergue, of which he was Count, he had not title to the feudal homage of Rodez, the capital, for that had been sold by Raymund IV. in 1095 to a family which thenceforth bore the title of Counts of Rodez. This was a very unsatisfactory condition of affairs, little relished by Alonzo.

He determined to create for himself what he did not possess, to form for himself a capital to his county. Accordingly, he set to work to build one on a piece of uninhabited land, and called it Villefranche de Rouergue.

At the same time in the Agenois he founded, with the same end in view, Villeneuve-d'Agen. Both towns he invested with great privileges. They were free from all taxes, except a small payment per house to himself.

Now these free towns proved a great success, and Edward I. of England founded a good many. Philip III., unwilling that the English should have large and prosperous towns sincerely attached to them by their self-interest, and drawing to them the trade of the country, established other free towns on portions of territory to which he could lay claim. The great



SECTION OF OUBLIETTE.

nobles and the bishops were not slow to perceive that the overlordships of such centres of prosperity gave them immense advantage, and they followed suit. The result is that in Guyenne there are a number of these old free towns built in the thirteenth century, and all on one determined plan.

All are as formal as an American western town.

Every street is parallel or at right angles to every other street. All the main streets are of exactly the same widths, and all the side streets the same. Not only so, but every house is precisely the counterpart of every other house. As the inhabitants were taxed by house, all were, in the eye of the suzerain, equals. Each of these *bastides* or free towns had a central market-place with an arcade on all four sides, and each a church, and one immense hall without pillars, a little aside of the market-place.

Each town was built either square or oblong, unless the ground would not admit of this stiff plan. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between one of these "new towns" and the old ones which grew up from hoar antiquity by a leisurely growth.

Now the lords of Castelnau, having no town of their own, and, indeed, no town near, determined to make one, and they manufactured that of Bretenoux on the Dordogne. It was granted immunities like the *bastides* of royal foundation, English or French, but never throve.

Now it is in a terribly tumble-down condition. A little shake from an earthquake, and it would go to pieces and fall into a heap of rubbish. What life it had in olden days it drew from proximity to the great seigneurial castle. Now that is in ruins, and the free town is in ruins also. There was in the reign of Louis XIV. a Castelnau who was great at court. He was given various offices and emoluments.

One night he played cards with the king, beat him and carried off such a prodigious sum that Louis was frantic; and to show his resentment against a man who chose to beat and plunder him, instead of graciously allowing his Sacred Majesty to do so, he deprived him of all his offices.

"I care not," said this Castelnau, "I will build in my castle on the Dordogne a staircase with the money I won of the king that shall be as fine as any he has at the Tuileries or at Fontainebleau."

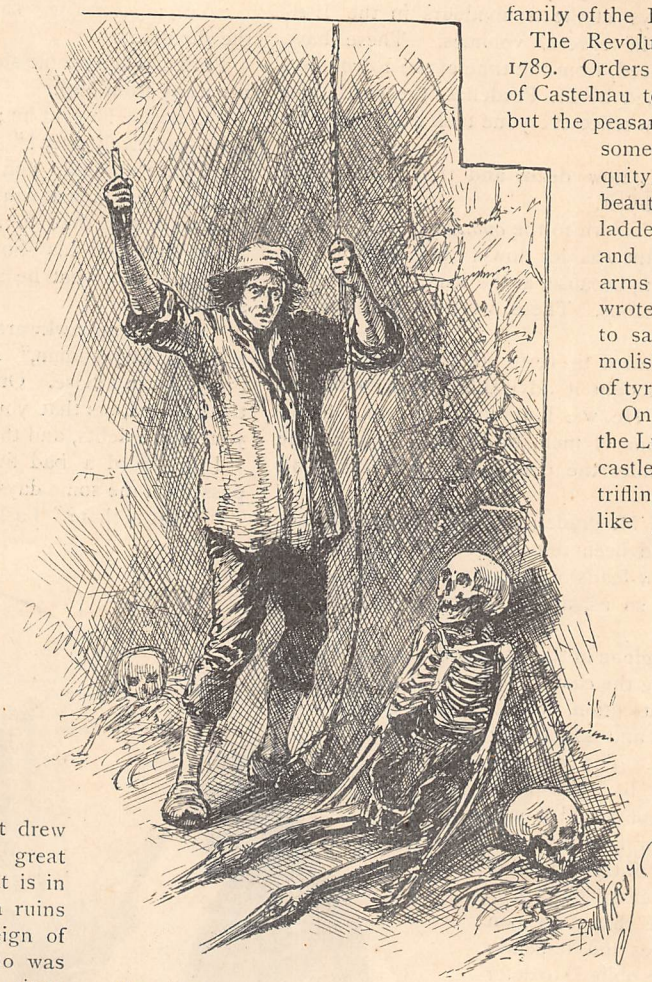
This was about 1690. He returned to his Quercy ancestral castle and fulfilled his resolution. That is the story, and there is the staircase; but the former owners had done much to decorate and lighten the sombre old château. In 1585 one whole façade was built in the splendid style of Francis I., and a gallery was constructed of wood, carved, gilt and painted, and hung with tapestry—that conducted to the Golden Hall, a ballroom, all the decorations of which were covered with the precious metal. This gallery was one of the glories of the province.

The last of the Castelnaux died in 1705, and then the castle and estates passed into the family of the Duc de Luynes.

The Revolution broke out in 1789. Orders came to the Mayor of Castelnau to destroy the castle, but the peasant was a man with some respect for antiquity, some love of the beautiful. He took a ladder and a hammer and chipped away the arms over the gate, and wrote to the Directory to say that he had demolished this stronghold of tyranny.

On the Restoration, the Luynes recovered the castle, but sold it for a trifling sum—something like £400. It passed from hand to hand, and was purchased about 1840 by an old registrar of Bretenoux. He endeavoured to make capital out of it by inducing the State to purchase the castle as a "monument historique."

The Council-General of the Department of Lot urged the purchase in 1844, but the Ministry considered the place was too far distant from Paris to spend money on it.



"THE FLOOR WAS STREWN WITH SKELETONS" (*p.* 886).

The proprietor had heavily insured the castle. On the night of January 28th, 1851, a fire broke out under the gorgeous Renaissance Gallery, where the proprietor had stacked firewood and other combustibles, and the whole neighbourhood for miles round was illumined by the great bonfire.

The insurance company refused payment, believing the fire to have been an incendiary one. The castle was again sold, and bought by the old curé of the place for a trifle. He lived among the ruins till his death, when it passed to his nephew, a boy, and

the trustees sold it again. It was bought by a M. Pradelles, who devoted his small income to the preservation of what remained of this splendid relic of mediæval times.

He lived in the old library of the château, collected about him the remains of furniture, and spent his time in effecting repairs, loving every stone of the venerable monument.

At one time the library contained a fine collection in MS. of the lays of the troubadours in the Languedoc dialect, in several volumes. These have disappeared. Indeed, from the time of the Revolution till it was purchased by M. Pradelles, the castle has served as a store whence everyone took what treasures he liked.

M. Pradelles is now dead, and the castle is the property of his brother.

And now let us return to the *oubliette*.

In 1817 a peasant was let down. He screamed to be pulled up again, because, as he said, the floor was strewn with skeletons. There were seven there, he asserted.

No one descended to verify this account till the late proprietor thought it advisable to do so two or three years ago. He was lowered into it, and found only four skeletons of men, three lying against the wall, and one under the opening by which he had descended.

The brother of M. Pradelles was uncertain whether these remains had been removed or not, but believed that some barrow-loads of earth had been thrown in on top of them, so as, at all events, to cover them decently.

I reached Castelnau in the afternoon, and spent some hours in exploring the castle. The *oubliette* naturally attracted my attention, and I greatly desired to descend into it and satisfy my doubts about it. The opening was suspiciously like that of a well, and I was convinced it was nothing more nor less than the well for the use of the prisoners situated in an accessible place.

It was too late that afternoon for me to get ropes and descend; accordingly I was obliged to defer the expedition till the morrow; and seek out an inn where I could spend the night. Where that inn was, for reasons that will soon be obvious to the reader, I will not specify with precision.

Suffice it that I found one—a very primitive, rude country inn it was. The season was winter—indeed, it was in December—and snow was falling. The *salle à manger* had not only no fireplace in it, but the window, consisting of four panes of glass, had two of these broken.

The landlord, an old, kindly man, somewhat sad, said he would do what he could for me; but, alas! he had lost his wife eight days ago, and he was left with a little girl of thirteen, who knew nothing of cooking. However, there was a hearty will to do what was possible, and a very respectable supper was served up.

When the landlord informed me that he had lost his wife, I replied that indeed the loss of a good wife was the greatest loss which a man could suffer in life.

"Yes, a *good* wife," said the host, with a shrug of the shoulders.

Presently the whole story came out. His wife had run away from him.

"Conceive!" said he; "she is old—forty-five—and ugly—positively ugly!"

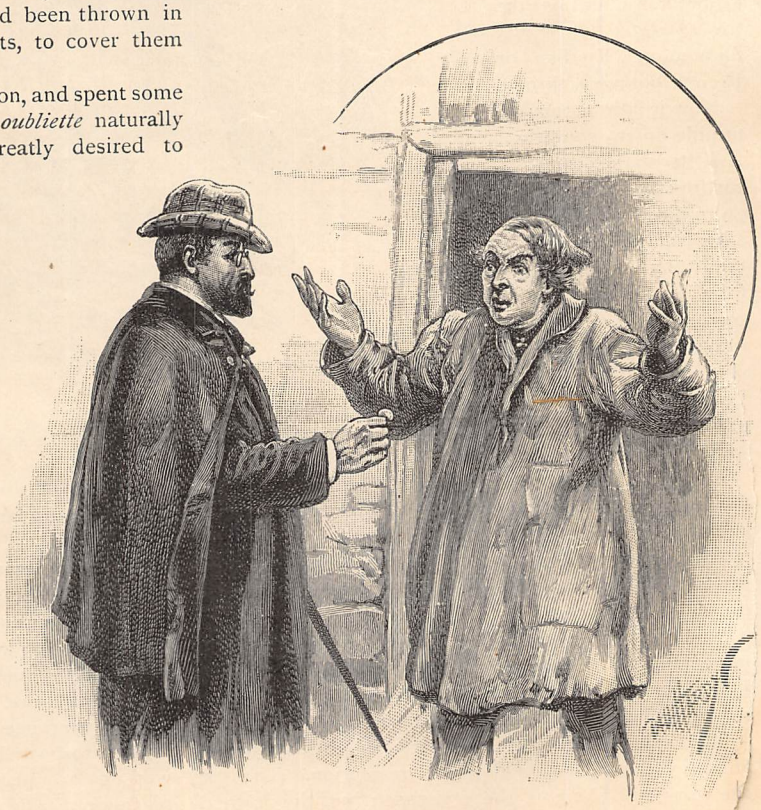
"I have no doubt you told her so," I replied, "and that has made her run away; naturally no woman likes to be told that she is either one or the other."

He shrugged his shoulders again, and asked my opinion as to what he should do under the circumstances.

"That is an awkward question to ask a stranger and an Englishman," said I; "but there are two things I can advise. One is that you at once insert in the local papers that you will not be responsible for your wife's debts, and the other——"

I produced a bad five-franc piece that had been passed on me some days previously.

"What is that?" I asked.



"'WHAT IS THAT?' I ASKED."

The host took the coin, tried it, turned it about, and said—

"It is bad—*elle ne vaut rien!*"

"Well," said I, "if you had that coin that is worthless, what would you do with it?"

With promptitude he answered—

"Try to pass it."

"*Eh, bien!*" said I. "Be content; you have passed the bad piece *qui ne vaut rien*."

Well, at two o'clock in the morning the old fellow came into my bedroom to get at his Sunday clothes; that he might be off to Figeac to insert his advertisement in the papers.

"Ah!" said I, sitting up in bed, "then you are really going?"

"Yes, and I shall return before you depart, I dare say."

So he went off.

In the morning, after breakfast, I drove to the castle, and a farmer was there ready, provided with ropes; and he and my driver let me down the neck of the *oubliette*.

As this neck is very narrow, and both hands were needed for holding the rope, I could not carry a light with me burning, but had a candle in my pocket as well as matches.

The contracted neck soon gave way, and I was in space descending, and finally my feet rested on a mound of earth that had been emptied in to cover the bones. I lighted my candle, and carefully examined the place.

I was in a vault thirteen feet square, arched over above, and with absolutely no opening that I could discern by which water could have come in. Indeed, had there been one, I am sure I should have seen it. I had, it is true, no magnesium wire, but I examined with my candle every side of the vault. If this had been a cistern, there must necessarily have been an opening through which the rain-water was conducted into it.

There was another alternative—that the place was for sewage, but in that case there would have been an opening for outflow; of that there was none. In the Castle of Chillon, on the Lake of Geneva, visitors are shown an *oubliette*, set with spikes, that communicates with the lake. It is not an *oubliette* at all, but is a part of the sewage system of the castle.

The vault in which I was could have been nothing but an *oubliette*, unless some opening exists high up that escaped my observation. The vaulted cell is not very deep—only about thirty feet. That four skeletons were discovered in it a few years ago is a fact.

These inaccessible vaults, or accessible only from above, have been known and used from a very early period.

This sort of horrible well was the barathrum of Roman prisons, often mentioned in the Acts of the Martyrs. In the Acts of the Scilitane Martyrs we read of the Proconsul giving sentence:

"Let them be thrown into prison; let them be put into the lignum till to-morrow."

The lignum was the place with wooden stocks round the deep hole which was the barathrum, and which received all the sewage of the prison. The heat, the stench of the lignum was bad enough. In the Acts of St. Pionius and others of Smyrna we read that the jailers "shut them up in the inner part of the prison, so that, bereaved of all comfort and light, they were forced to sustain extreme torment from the darkness and stench of the prison."

But the worst of all was the barathrum that opened by a trap-door in the floor of the prison cell. Sometimes prisoners were confined in it, sometimes they were despatched by being cast headlong into it through the opening. Indeed, those prisoners who were executed in prison were finally thrown down into this horrible hole.

It was into such a pit as this that St. Ferreolus of Vienne, in Gaul, was let down in 304. Stifled by the loathsome odours of the place, aching from the wounds he had received from the scourges, he dared not attempt to sit down, or he would sink into the foulness that came to his knees. He determined to make an attempt at escape; he succeeded in breaking the shackles off his feet, and he managed to worm his way through the outfall into the Rhone, which he crossed by swimming.

He succeeded in reaching the further bank; but his appearance aroused suspicion. He was arrested, led back to Vienne, and decapitated. Classic authors likewise mention the barathrum.

That the mediæval robber-knights and feudal tyrants should have employed similar dungeons is not only not improbable, but is almost certain. We have already seen how that the Count of Armagnac cast his kinsman into one.

The remains of old castles in France and Germany deserve much more careful investigation before we can say that *oubliettes* were a part of their stock prisons, and before we can say to exactly what epoch they belong, where they exist.

When I returned to the inn, I found the dolorous host there, in his Sunday suit, returned from Figeac.

"Well," said he, "have you been down the *oubliette?*"

"I have," answered I.

"Ah!" sententiously, "I wish there were *oubliettes* now, and we could drop into them certain misdoers."

"There are," I replied, "in our hearts such *oubliettes*. You have one. You cannot, indeed, drop into it the wrongdoer, but you can the wrong done. Let it lie there—forgotten—*in sæcula sæculorum*."

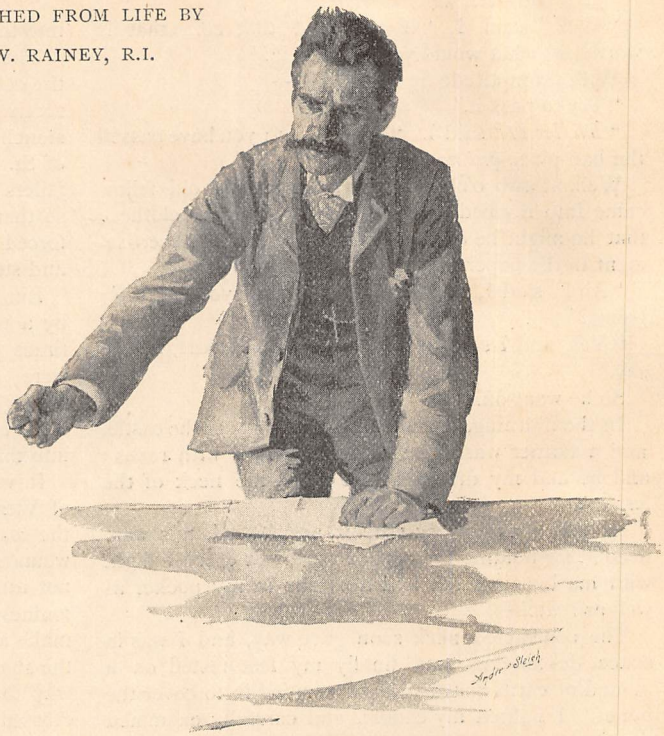
"Amen!" said mine host gravely.

A COUNTY COUNCIL.

SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY

W. RAINEY, R.I.

STATISTICS.



THE PROGRESSIVIST.

FINANCE.

THE REACTIONIST.

A COUNTY COUNCIL.

Continued.)

THE OBSTRUCTIONIST.

"GAS."

A POINT OF ORDER.

PARKS AND OPEN PLACES.

THE CLEARING OF THE MIST.

By FRANCES HASWELL.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

"SHE THAT WILL NOT WHEN SHE MAY——"

THE day before the Ashfield visit, Mabel Townsend solemnly requested Mrs. Holroyd to give her a private interview in the drawing-room. No sooner had the door closed behind the two than Violet burst out—

"'Tidings of exceeding great joy!'—Emily, *I know what this means!*"

"Don't be profane."

"All right; I won't."

Violet ostentatiously picked up a book, and for about three minutes pretended to read.

"Well, Violet, what *does* it mean?"

"I was just beginning to explain, but you cut me short; and I should be sorry to shock your pious ears again."

"I should think you might manage to tell me in plain words."

"Possibly. But if I avoided the ditch on one side of the way, I should only fall into the quagmire on the other."

Emily remained silent. Violet took up her book once more.

"Don't you understand my dark sayings, Emily?" she said, after a brief interval.

"Not in the least."

"The ditch is profanity, and the quagmire is gossip. Everybody knows that gossip and scandal are my besetting sins. I propose, just for once in a way, to resist temptation."

"Nonsense! What you really propose is to excite my curiosity, and then tantalise me."

"Elder sisters ought to help younger ones to fight temptation, instead of luring them to yield to it."

"I don't want you to talk gossip, or scandal either. There's no question of scandal. You said you knew why Mabel wanted to speak to mother. That's not scandal."

Violet carelessly turned over the pages of her book.

"I don't believe you know anything at all, Sprite, because if you did you couldn't possibly resist the temptation of telling the secret."

"Very good. That being the case, you won't find it so difficult to resist your besetting sin—curiosity."

Emily, in her turn, walked to the book-case and chose a volume. Violet threw herself at full length on the hearthrug, with her hands under her head.

"I do feel so happy!" she observed, after a pause.

"I'm glad of that."

"I do feel so grateful to somebody, who shall be nameless!"

"Well, gratitude's a virtuous frame of mind, and happiness a pleasant one; so the longer you go on feeling happy and grateful, the better pleased I shall be."

"Do *you* feel happy, Emily?"

"Not at all. Why should I?"

"Wait a bit."

"That's exactly what I am doing. In fact, I have no alternative. Happiness never comes when called for, so there's nothing for it but to wait patiently."

"I've waited five months for this particular happiness—more or less patiently—and now it's knocking at the door, and I could dance a Scotch reel all out of pure joy."

"I'm not going to yield to my besetting sin, Violet; so you needn't try to tempt me. You can keep your halfpenny secret to yourself."

"It happens to be a hundred pound secret; but I suppose as you're so virtuous you'd despise a thousand pounds as much as other people despise halfpence—not that I despise either."

"Quite so."

"That sounds very fine, but you're dying to know my secret, whatever you may pretend."

"I can go on dying for a considerable time yet; so you need be in no hurry to order my coffin."

"Now you're as bad as I was. I wonder at you, Emily!"

"As profane as you were, you mean? I was not aware coffins were profane. I shall know better in future. Please to excuse me this once."

Another pause.

"I'm uncommonly sick of all this nonsense," said Violet suddenly; "and I've no doubt you're equally sick. I'm going to tell."

"Pray don't, if you'd rather not."

"Oh, but I feel it's cruel to keep you on tenterhooks any longer! And it's selfish to keep good news to yourself—news 'which might have pleased the ears of many men.' Is it profane to quote Tennyson, by the way?"

"If you really have a secret, you may as well fire it off at once, without all this beating about the bush. Else I may find it out without your help."

"Very well, then. Make ready, present, fire! You're sure you can bear the shock? People *have* been known to die of sudden joy, you know."

"I feel as hard as stone."

"Then we're going to get rid of Mabel. She's on the point of entering the marriage state. At last! At last! At last!"

"How do you know?" said Emily, blenching somewhat. Her thoughts flew to Grenville Somers.

"By putting two and two together. Thanks to Mabel, I'm now an adept at that kind of arithmetic. If the Holroyd family owe her nothing else, they may thank her for giving their youngest sister her first taste of the tree of good and evil."

"Come, little Eve, what are the two and two?"

"To begin at the beginning, you must know that Mabel professes to have numerous admirers in Royston, and I have got into her confidence of late. I could run them all off on my finger-ends. Aren't men absurd?"

"Very likely. That's rather a wide question to discuss."

"Unfortunately, these admirers never come to the point: they always stop just one inch short of it. Perhaps that looks as if men had *some* glimmerings of sense, after all. Mabel always says she averts the crisis; and, of course, I'm too polite to contradict her."

"It's very wrong of her to talk like that to a child of your age!"

"Very wrong indeed. My innocence has got horribly smirched. But never mind: that's a minor detail. I've been praying for months that somebody *would* come to the point——"

"Violet!"

"I'm sorry to have given way to profanity again. But never mind. The nearest I ever yet came to getting an answer to the above-mentioned prayer was when Willie Marshall, a youth of twenty, proposed to correspond with Mabel—with a view to matrimony. I was obliged to advise her to decline his advances—did you ever hear anything so disinterested?—because I found he was seriously deficient—mentally, I mean; and after many pros and cons she consented to do so. But the last week or so we've begun to entertain high hopes of Reynolds White. He has his drawbacks, too—a voice that he can't raise above a whisper, and a tendency to liquor, which Mabel regards in the light of a manly grace—but he has expectations from a mother in very bad health. He sent Mabel a piece of music the other day entitled '*Le premier baiser*.'"

"Stop, Violet; how can you be so horrid?"

"I'm not going to stop *now*. I observed that she was holding an envelope tightly clutched in her hand when she led mother into the drawing-room just now; ten to one it was a written offer from Reynolds White, and she's pretending to ask mother's advice on it at this very moment. My heart tells me so. I'm resolved to be her bridesmaid, and that within three months; and my resolve goes a long way, I can tell you."

"But, Violet—is she—does she really care for him?"

"*That's* a matter of complete indifference to me; and also to herself, I'm thankful to say."

"How can you talk like that? It's wicked—it's awfully wicked!"

"Yes, I know it is. But people do get wicked when Mabel Townsend stays five months in the house."

"And it's a dreadful mistake to be always imagining love-affairs; it only leads you into awkward places. We did the same thing before, and it turned out to be a complete delusion."

"Yes," said Violet contemplatively, "that *was* a blow, I confess. It went to my heart to give up Grenville. He was so delightfully and frankly bad-tempered, I should have loved to see her tied to him for life; he would have taught her a thing or two."

"How do you know Mabel's letter isn't an answer to an advertisement? She's always talking about getting a situation as governess."

"You—innocent—thing!"

"Why so very innocent?"

"Because—because so many things, I don't know where to begin. Fancy Mabel Townsend working for her living—*Mabel*, who never even mends her own stockings!"

"Hush! Oh please, please, don't speak so loud."

The door opened. Enter Mabel, with importance written all over her face.

Violet got up from the hearthrug.

"Is it good news, Mabel?" said she, with an air of preternatural solemnity.

"Yes, dear. And I *know* you'll be kind about it. I'm *sure* you ll all sympathise. Mrs. Holroyd has been *so* good and *so* kind! Just like a mother."

"I understand it all; I congratulate you."

"Ah, you naughty Sprite! Well, you've guessed right. And you, dear Milly, wish me joy. This is Reynolds' letter, Violet: it came just after lunch. It was such a surprise—and yet not *quite* a surprise. You must both help me to write a pretty answer to it by-and-by."

"Delicious! I never had a hand in concocting a love-letter before. We'll make it very choice, Mabel; a great deal about flowery paths, and plighted troth, and eternal fidelity, and one or two neat quotations from the poets."

Mabel smiled indulgently.

"Reynolds' letter is such a devoted production," she said. "I've been showing it to Mrs. Holroyd, and there are parts—let me see. 'I venture to hope'—no, that's not it; it must be on the third page."

Emily interrupted her.

"But, Mabel, I really don't think this is right. He never meant anyone but yourself to read that letter; and if you care for him—— I'm sure if I ever cared for anybody, I'd never show his letters; it would be horrid!"

"You're a queer girl, Emily. You have such notions!"

"She can't help it, Mabel; they were born with her," put in Violet. "You must please to excuse her eccentricities."

Emily felt called upon to make a grave protest.

"Mabel," she said earnestly, "I must warn you—I really must—before it's too late. If I saw anyone sliding over the edge of a precipice, I shouldn't mind whether I vexed them, or whether I hurt them, or what I did, so long as I could save them. That's how I feel now about you. If you don't love this man—if you are only calculating the advantages of marrying him—stop. Think what you're doing. It's not a

casual thing to marry a man. Remember what it means. Think of all your whole future life, which you may be ruining, and *his* life, which you may be ruining too; think how wicked it is to make marriage a means of livelihood or gain."

Mabel laughed.

"My dear Milly, I really don't see why you need take such a severe view of the case. And I don't particularly see, either, how it concerns you. Thanks so much for your kind intentions, but I think you must leave me to manage my own business in my own way."

"If you were just going to be killed, I suppose it would be your business, and not mine; but for all that, I would save you if I could."

"You're very kind. Only, as I'm not going to be killed I can perhaps do without your help."

"But, Mabel, can't you understand? or is it that you don't want to understand? Marriage is quite as serious a thing as death——"

"Don't get so violently excited. One would suppose you wanted to marry Mr. White yourself."

"I don't happen to know him," said Emily, trying to speak as coolly as possible. "He may be the most fascinating of men, for all I know, and you may love him very much. I only wanted to warn you, in case—I only wanted to warn you against being influenced by considerations of a good match, considerations of worldly advantage, and all that kind of thing, which oughtn't to weigh one ounce in the scale. Of course, if you are quite sure you would like him just the same, and be willing to follow him through the world, as they say in books, however poor and miserable he might be——"

"It's a great mistake reading so many books. They merely turn your head, and fill you with all sorts of wild notions."

"Do you call the notion that a woman ought to love the man she marries a wild one?"

"I mean that a woman would be a regular fool if she believed everything she read in books; and so she would! And as for love, did you never hear of love flying out at the window when poverty walked in at the door?"

"I don't believe that," said Emily.

"Really, I don't see but what I have as good a chance of being happy with a man who can buy me bread and butter as with one of your beloved paupers."

"'Don't marry for money; but go where the money is,'" quoth Violet, who was not fond of acting listener for too long at a time.

"But," persisted poor Emily, "what I mean is that if you think of money at all, if money once enters into your calculations, then it can't be true love."

"That sounds all very fine, but I happen to know a girl who sent a man about his business when he was poor, and as soon as his luck changed—eh, Milly?"

"Well?"

"Don't *you* know her?"

"No. We hear very little gossip, I think; and we know so few of your friends."

"Nor the man either?"

"No; I haven't the least idea who you mean. I neither know the people nor—— Why do you smile?"

"Because you are so

"'REYNOLDS' LETTER IS SUCH A DEVOTED PRODUCTION,' SHE SAID" (*p.* 891).

beautifully unconscious. I admire you, Milly ; I really do. I didn't think you were such a first-rate actress."

For a minute Emily looked puzzled. Then a sudden light broke over her mind, illuminating (in the more literal sense) her whole face and neck with one red glow of colour. She fixed her eyes on Mabel bravely.

"Yes ; I guess your meaning now. Only it happens to be false."

"Oh, Milly, if you had only known three months back what was going to happen ! "

"As you don't believe what I say, I may as well be silent."

"So you don't regret being cut out by the heiress ? I'm glad you can take it so."

"Emily shan't be baited in this manner," cried Violet—"though it's such absurd nonsense that I know she doesn't care about it one little bit. Do you, Emily ? "

Flying conjectures, swift conclusions, were coursing each other through Emily's mind.

Had not Mrs. Ross suggested long ago that Beatrice's father had intended Grenville for her husband ?—doubtless she had loved him all along. That Mrs. Somers also desired the match was plain ; she had invited Beatrice to Royston on purpose to bring it about. The facts fitted into each other like the pieces of a puzzle.

What was more : Emily knew now that she had divined it—divined it without putting her thoughts into so many words, ever since she saw the two together in the drawing-room at Melville Crescent. Mabel had just put them into words for her.

"Yes," she said ; "it's a perfect little tale—like a tale in a book—real poetic justice, though you happen to be mistaken about my connection with it. I suppose the courtship will be going on at Ashfield ; it will be interesting to watch it."

Yes, very interesting ! But Emily was becoming conscious of a stupid senseless shrinking from the Ashfield visit. She would not give way to such folly ; she would forbid herself to think of it. In reality, she told herself, she was extremely glad to know definitely what to expect and what not to expect. She was in no danger now of besieging the happy lover with proffers of friendship which could not under present circumstances be specially welcome to him. Knowing the facts of the case, she would be content just to act as foil to the lovely and loveable Beatrice ; for lovely and loveable she was ; and any good-hearted woman must rejoice to see a friend—even though that friend were a rejected suitor—blessed with so perfect a wife.

"I know what I *ought* to feel," Emily said to herself, "and I'll hold fast to that. I'll put every other feeling behind my back. I *won't* care—I *won't* regard what I may seem to feel for the moment."

Enter Mrs. Holroyd, interrupting the discussion, to the great relief of Emily, who seized the opportunity of escaping to her own room.

Violet followed her thither.

"Oh, dear ! " thought Emily, hearing her step on the stairs, "here she comes to work the subject over again. But I won't let her fancy I care. Why should I care ? Come in ! " cried she, in tones almost hilarious.

"Mabel *was* horrid. The fact is, nothing will ever get it out of her obstinate little head that marrying is the one business of every woman's life. I was really sorry for you, Emily, though of course I knew it was all nonsense. She has such a disagreeable little way with her—and you have such fine feelings ; you always had. If it had been myself, I wouldn't have cared one straw. I let her say what she likes ; I just humour her. What else can one do with a person absolutely devoid of reasoning power ? "

"I suppose no one exactly enjoys having that kind of thing imputed to them," said Emily, conscious of fine self-possession. "It's unpleasant for the moment, but it makes no difference, really. As you say, it's just her way."

"Dear me ! why should anyone care about anything, she says ? I, for instance, am supposed to be setting my cap at everybody I bow to in the street. I just let her talk. It pleases her, and doesn't hurt me. The old heathen ! "

"Mabel wouldn't thank you for calling her an old anything," said Emily, willing to turn the conversation on to a side issue.

"She *is* a regular old heathen. No one ever told her the difference between right and wrong when she was young, and it's waste of time to try and teach her now. I don't blame her any more than a cat. Her brains probably weigh less than a large Persian cat's, Just fancy a rational person like you gravely going to work to convince a soulless creature like her to believe in love and the world well lost ! Don't trouble yourself about her any more, my dear ; she isn't worth it ! "

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

AT THE GATES OF DEATH.

EMILY HOLROYD travelled down to Ashfield by the six o'clock train on Friday evening. The Somerses, she knew, were going the same day ; they would probably take an earlier train, and she preferred to avoid too close a repetition of that past which was so very much dead and buried.

To go with them at three o'clock, and perhaps to walk up to Mrs. Ross's house through the fields with Grenville, would be to suggest recollections that were better ignored.

There was a crowd at the booking-office, causing some delay—a delay which left her only a minute or two to find a seat. She hurried along the platform, looking for an empty carriage ; a porter opened a door for her, and bade her make haste ; in fact, she had hardly got in when the train moved off. Then she found herself confronted with Grenville Somers.

Confronted is hardly the right word, perhaps, for they were both seated on the same side of the carriage, the only other occupant being a farmer's wife, who had evidently been doing her marketing in Royston.

"Good-evening, Miss Holroyd ; how far are you going ? "

"I imagine I am going just as far as you are," said Emily, doing her very best to hide the embarrassment she had no business to feel. "I am on my way to Ashfield. Mrs. Ross asked me there to meet you—that is—I mean, to meet your party, and help her to entertain them. I hope she is not counting too much on my assistance; she will find me but a broken reed to lean upon."

"You are not to be trusted; is that your judgment of yourself?"

"Well," said Emily—willing to "bandy badinage" (her own phrase) in order to fill up gaps and "keep out the strong wind" that might blow through any interstices in conversation—"I think I'm pretty trustworthy as a person: I speak the truth, and keep my word, and all that kind of thing—perhaps because I've never been tempted to do otherwise."

He moved to the seat opposite her, that they might talk without being overheard.

"How about keeping secrets?"

"I'm not so sure about that. I'm afraid I *have* let out things sometimes."

"And then repented?"

"Very heartily sometimes."

"Do you consider repentance wipes a fault clean out, as though it had never been?"

"I don't think that exactly. In most cases, you see, we can't get rid of consequences."

"Still, there *is* a grace in repentance. Some people never get even so far as that; some people betray their friends, and are 'all the sleeker for it.'"

"I hope I'm not quite so bad as those people," said Emily.

She discerned no hidden meaning in Grenville's words, and rather wondered what could have suggested them—some recent experience, perhaps, to which naturally she had not the key. He looked altered altogether, it seemed to her, from his old self; he had new and much better clothes on, yet he did not look well.

"I must try not to disappoint Mrs. Ross's confidence too woefully," she continued. "We must all do our best—you must exert yourself—to make things pass off well."

"Mrs. Ross seems fond of inviting you and me as fellow-guests; she must think we are congenial spirits."

The remark struck Emily as not in the best taste—under the circumstances; and then it came over her like a flash of lightning that illuminates the whole landscape with one blue glare what must have been in Grenville's mind before he could utter it. Her conduct doubtless struck him just as it had struck Mabel. She had rejected him with sufficient *hauteur* when he was poor and struggling; but times had changed, and she had changed with them. What else could be her motive for going to Ashfield now?—he probably thought he understood her little game.

This was a horrible notion. Why had it not occurred to her one hour earlier? There was no getting out of the shameful dilemma now. Oh, if she could but sink through the floor of the carriage! If there were anything she could do to escape—to wipe herself clean of that humiliating appearance of guilt! No retreat was open. She must face it out.

She was not blushing; that was something to be thankful for; nay, if she had known it, she had turned deadly pale.

Then at last an idea crossed her mind. With a pitifully unsuccessful struggle to be simple and natural, she forced out the words—

"I was glad of Mrs. Ross's invitation. She thought I should like to know your cousin, Miss Harker. Mrs. Ross has told me all about her—I mean she told me several things about her—and she struck me very much when I saw her the other day. I admire her. I should like to know more of her."

"She's a very fine girl. We are all fond of her. You know, I suppose, that our circumstances have changed somewhat? That's why I'm leaving Royston; and we owe it—the change of circumstances, I mean—to her."

"Yes; so Mrs. Ross told me. I was greatly interested, of course; and very glad to have an opportunity of congratulating you—on *every* aspect of the case. It sounds like a story—a romantic story in a book."

Emily smiled faintly, but at all events she felt a shade more comfortable now that she had said her say; she really hoped she had made Grenville understand. His next remark sounded neutral.

"I went to your church on Sunday night, but you were not there. I saw your sisters."

"No; I wasn't able to go. I generally do go to church in the evening, only last Sunday mother had a bad cold, and I thought perhaps it was more my duty to stay at home with her."

"You're very much behind the times if you think it necessary to make an elaborate apology for staying away from church. Our apologies are all the other way now, and so are our hypocrisies."

"I'm not sure that I understand you."

"Why, we don't pretend any longer to be more religious than we are; it takes us all our time to hide and cover up what little religion we have."

"I never looked at things in that light before; but perhaps you are right; perhaps we are progressing backwards to the days of the martyrs; we shall soon go to church in crypts and catacombs, slinking there in disguise with dark lanterns at dead of night. That would be rather thrilling."

"There's such a lack of thrills at this particular stage of the world's history, isn't there?"

"Oh, I suppose there *are* thrills, the same as there used to be—but they are of a different kind."

"Yes; stay-at-home thrills, pleasures sometimes, and horrible pains, but very few chances now to show off in any way; no dragons to kill, no two-headed giants, no maidens to rescue, nothing at all open to a man in the heroic line. Jesting apart, though, I was disappointed to miss you. I wanted to speak to you; I wanted you to finish what you were saying on Tuesday—Tuesday week—when Miss Townsend interrupted you."

"Oh—*that*," said Emily: "that was really not worth repeating. It was something that occurred to me at the moment, but the time has gone by; it is out of date."

"Do you mean that you have forgotten what it was?"

"What I was going to say is no longer to the point, no longer of any interest; circumstances have altered."

"What circumstances?"

"Well, moods change. Perhaps I should say my mood has changed."

"May it not change back again?"

"I think not."

There was a pause. Presently they pulled up at a wayside station, where the farmer's wife descended with her big baskets. Emily could not get out and move into another carriage, nor did anybody else seem disposed to get in and interrupt the uncomfortable *tête-à-tête*. Slowly the train moved off again.

The country alongside the line was all in night—very unlike the sunlit afternoon when they two had taken the same journey together before. Life does not repeat itself exactly, nor do we find the four-leaved clover under every hedgerow. In those June days Emily had been labouring under the stupid delusion that Grenville loved Mabel. Well for her (she now thought) that Mabel had saved her from a second and a more dangerous delusion—saved her from assuming that he was still in love with herself, Emily.

Dark as it was, she gazed out of the window as though it were possible to make out something more than the faint dividing-line between hills and sky; it was so awkward having Grenville sitting exactly opposite her; nor had she any book or paper that she could make a pretence of reading. Without turning round, she was vividly aware that he was taking stock of her all the time; she tried to look and feel serenely unconscious, tried repeating poetry to herself, and got through three or four "pieces," but in vain. Feeling at last that speech might be less uncomfortable than silence, she ceased her scrutiny of the murky landscape.

"'WE'RE ON THAT VIADUCT NOW'" (*p.* 896).

"I've got some news," she said. "Mabel Townsend's going to be married to Mr. White; perhaps you know him?"

"A little."

"What sort of man is he? I do hope it's an engagement her friends may rejoice over?"

"H'm! Tastes differ. If you can't congratulate her, you must congratulate him; you always had such a high opinion of Miss Townsend—such a good wife she would make, you once told me—just the woman to make a home happy."

"Well, she *has* some womanly arts and faculties—with the exception of being able to love a man," she added, by a sudden impulse.

"You've realised your ancient castle in the air, then, and found out, as most of us do, that such castles are apt to be a little disappointing."

"So they are! I've left off building them on principle; if one expects nothing, one can't very well be disappointed."

"You spoke just now of altered moods. Are you, too, learning to take a more cynical view of the world at large?"

"The world at large—that's a very vague expression."

"Of your own particular little world, then?" asked Grenville.

This was coming to closer quarters than Emily quite liked, but it would not be necessary to fence with him much longer; they had passed three stations, the next would be Ashfield.

"Oh," she said, "we grow older. And for that matter, *you've* made one or two rather cynical remarks this evening."

"Yes. As you say, we do grow older. I feel so much aged of late that I sometimes wonder whether it shows very conspicuously in my personal appearance. What do you say?"

"I don't know about *older*——"

"What then?"

"It's not a very flattering comparison, but it struck me, when I saw you first, you looked like Sintram, the boy in the German story, you know, after he had had dealings with the devil—you looked rather reckless."

For indeed he had impressed Emily very strongly as looking unlike the happy lover she had reason to suppose he now was.

"No," said he slowly, "I've not had any dealings with the devil—but——"

They suddenly became conscious of a peculiar jarring under their feet.

"Oh! what's that?" said Emily.

Grenville crossed to the other window and leaned out. Then he came back and sat down.

"If you happened at some future time to be in danger, would you rather know all about it, or have it mercifully hidden from you, as the saying is?"

"I'd rather know, of course. Tell me."

"There must be something wrong with one of the wheels, and it would be awkward to break down on that viaduct just on this side of Ashfield Station."

"But the cord of communication? On the right hand side, you know."

"It's not there; I tried. We can do nothing but wait. You look pale. Have I done wrong to tell you?"

"Certainly not. I should hate to have been kept in the dark."

And there came into her head, in the curious way such things do come, the lines Grenville had once quoted—

> "I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore,
> And let me creep past."

The jarring under their feet seemed to increase.

She looked at him to see what he was thinking; he also was looking at her.

"Finish *that* sentence of yours," said he abruptly.

It mattered little what she said now; they might just as well be frank with each other in these moments between life and death.

"I only wanted to say that as we had agreed always to be friends, it was unfair to break that compact without giving me a reason.

"You disappointed me first."

"But why? I didn't fail——"

"We're on that viaduct now," said he, taking her hand.

The circumstances of the case lessened the significance the act might otherwise have borne; it was but a piece of friendly encouragement, such as any human being might give another at such a time; yet Emily felt herself tremble, not entirely from fear.

Half a minute, and the danger was over; they were drawing up at Ashfield Station.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

"DO YOU REMEMBER?"

THE cheerful October sunshine was streaming into Mrs. Ross's dining-room. Breakfast was over; that lady had disappeared on household cares intent; Beatrice Harker, fresh and dainty as the morning itself, was writing letters at a side-table, while Grenville stood at the end window, gazing out rather abstractedly on blue hills and many-coloured woods.

Mrs. Somers addressed Emily.

"It looks very tempting out-of-doors; will you show me the garden?"

Emily ran upstairs for her hat, and the two went out.

It was one of those delicious mornings that sometimes tempt us to call autumn the most beautiful season of the year. Most of the leaves were on the trees as yet, but they were changing colour; already the tall horse-chestnut wore a mixture of green and gold; already the mountain ashes had turned purple-red; the beeches shone with all manner of russet tints. A few white clouds high up in the blue heavens did not prevent the sun from shining joyously into the terraced garden, while from height immeasurable a pale crescent moon looked down.

Thickets of mignonette scented the air. The flowers

"THE EXPLANATION THAT BEGAN IN HAZEL LANE ENDED IN HAZEL LANE" (*p.* 899).

looked gay still, and Emily paced up and down with her new friend, admiring the luxuriant sweet pea hedge, the great bushes of pale mauve daisies, the masses of white and yellow things, everlastings, sunflowers, marigolds, and what not.

"It's selfishness to be enjoying all this beauty by ourselves," said Mrs. Somers very casually, after a few turns; "shall I go in and call the others?"

"Oh! let me go."

"But there is something I want to do in the house; perhaps you won't mind being left here a minute or two?"

And Mrs. Somers disappeared, leaving Emily alone. Oh, how lovely everything looked this bright morning! How fresh and fragrant the air was! In one corner of the lowest terrace grew the plant from which lovers of herbs used to make balm tea in the good old times. Emily stooped down, and was gathering a piece, when a voice behind her made her start. Never in all her life will she smell balm again without being reminded of that moment.

"Very quiet, very safe, here in Mrs. Ross's garden, isn't it? No chance of the thrilling adventures and sensations you admire so much. Not a bit like the days of the martyrs. Yesterday was more in your line. I thought you and I were pretty near a sensation after our own heart."

"It makes me shudder to think of that, even now! I don't like sensations that end in being killed."

"Heroism and martyrdom often ended that way, I

believe. I congratulate you on the way you took your sensation. You showed up pretty well."

"I don't know what else I could do; one could but sit still. Did you expect me to faint or go into hysterics?"

"Well, I rather wondered how you would take the thing."

"I'm glad my behaviour earned your approbation."

"I wish mine could have earned yours. If we were to have an accident, why couldn't it have been that convenient kind which does nobody serious damage, and yet gives you a chance of doing something very brave, and fine, and remarkable?"

"Only, you see, we weren't to have an accident; and I believe I agree with that old saying about absence of body better than presence of mind in a railway accident. Re-assure yourself, though; you did as much as the case permitted; you 'looked unmoved in the gates of death'—quite as unmoved as could be expected."

"As to that, can't you conceive that death under certain circumstances might be preferable to life under certain other circumstances?"

"That's rather a hazy way of stating the alternative. One can imagine a great variety of cases, but I love my life a good deal, and should have been sorry to lose it."

"Ah! perhaps you never perplexed yourself with the question—is life worth living?"

"I've no patience with questionings of that stamp. Your life may seem horrid for a time, but you oughtn't to think so much about yourself—when I say you, I don't mean Mr. Somers, but the impersonal pronoun, you know. I always keep a stock of good moral advice on hand; when you feel miserable, you ought to make an effort to forget yourself, and only think about being good and all that kind of thing: that's what I call being a hero. It doesn't need a railway accident to make a hero."

"Yes. I know 'all that kind of thing.' But do you realise how hard it is to keep your hold on '*all that kind of thing*' when everything you trusted fails you?"

"We've had all this over before, haven't we, about looking at the bright side? There generally *is* a bright side. Things are painful sometimes, but they are also interesting. That's my philosophy."

"I don't think you know much about painful things. You told me once your worst troubles had been toothache and troublesome visitors."

"We live and learn. Life gets more complicated as it goes on."

"I'm afraid I've helped to complicate it for you. Or am I assuming too much importance to myself?"

"Oh, I suppose you have helped a little."

"There's no room here among these flower-beds," said Grenville, with sudden impatience. "You have to be turning round all the time like a lion in a cage. Won't you come out on the hills with me for a good long walk?"

"I don't know. Shall we go in and ask your mother and the others whether they would like to go?"

"They wouldn't, I know. Beatrice can't walk. Come, for the sake of old times—when we used to be friends, you know."

Emily could not avow that she was hesitating for propriety's sake. She compromised.

"We can walk a little way up the lane and get some flowers."

The hedgerows were as rich, after another fashion, as they had been in June, brilliant with hips and haws, variegated with the trailing red bramble.

"Now, do you like that landscape?" said Grenville abruptly, as they paused half-way up the steep ascent to look back over the wide luxuriant valley. "I suppose it makes you want to fire off quotations from the poets, as usual?"

"No; not at this moment."

"You remember going up *that* hill over there, once upon a time?"

"Of course I remember."

"And have you any other associations with it?"

"I don't know. I think not."

"Indeed! *I* have."

And he looked hard at her, but she would not look at him. She knew very well he was looking at her, but she kept her eyes resolutely fixed on the white-washed farmhouses, on the green and russet woods that lay basking in sober sunlight far below them.

"I'm going to have it all out with you," said Grenville at last. "I've kept the cruel thing in long enough, like the Spartan boy we used to read about at school with the fox gnawing under his cloak. Nothing I say can make it hurt *me* worse, while as for you, *you* know how to look on the bright side of everything; so I suppose you'll treat this particular thing with your usual philosophy. I hate philosophy!"

"You speak in parables," said Emily, wondering whether he meant to make her another offer, and shrinking, at all events for the moment, from anything of the kind. "But I'm sorry you hate my philosophy so. What's the matter with it?"

"I trusted you," he burst out, taking no notice of her question; "I believed in you; though you refused to love me, that didn't make me believe in you any the less. Yes, I could have borne that, if it hadn't been for the last unkindest cut of all. You've taken something from me that no time or anything else can ever give back."

"Have I? I'm very sorry."

Emily did not understand him; she could only suppose she had inflicted an incurable wound on his self-respect by telling him he was too commonplace a man to deserve her love.

"Yes. It's easy to be sorry—particularly easy to say you're sorry. If you'd fatally injured a man, would it make him much amends to go and tell him you were *sorry?* Look at that place there. I *hate* to look at it. Do you remember how your sister teased me on that horrible walk? *Such a romantic spot—just the spot for romantic things to happen!*"

He looked into Emily's eyes again, and this time she returned his glance.

"I was sorry—awfully sorry, if you'll allow me to

use the word; I was *miserable*. But really that was no fault of mine."

"No fault of yours? I didn't expect you to feel as I did—but I did think you might have had *some* feeling. You needn't have boasted of the pain you had power to inflict; you needn't have made a common joke of it to all your friends."

Emily looked him very full in the face this time—looked him all over, so to speak, before replying.

"You've helped me to understand several things that I didn't understand before. I've made some stupid mistakes about you, I allow, but I never harboured such an ugly suspicion as that. You once called yourself my friend; was it the act of a friend to condemn me like that, without giving me the chance of defending myself? Though I don't know that it's any use defending myself. Why should you believe anything I say? I suppose appearances are against me; I suppose you've got what you consider proofs, and seeing you believe I could do *that*—why should I stick at a lie, either? All I can say is that I never breathed a word to anybody about anything. There, there's the truth; you can take it or leave it."

"I take it. And I beg your forgiveness with all my heart."

"Thank you. And now we're quits: each of us has insulted the other: each of us has begged pardon."

So the subject dropped, and after a while they tried, rather feebly and by snatches, to talk of other things.

As they turned the corner towards the woods Emily remembered that sultry Sunday afternoon with Violet. She had disliked the thought of Hazel Lane ever since. Nor was the lane at its best in October: the birds were silent, the ashes were nearly stripped; only the sky and the great half-circle of hills remained the same as they had been "when summer trees were leafy."

"The place looks rather sad and solitary, in spite of the sunshine," she remarked, by way of saying something.

"I should have been sorry to die," said Grenville irrelevantly, "without that explanation. Otherwise—— When I took hold of your hand last night I thought how much sweeter it would be to die like that—with you, than go on living without you. Don't be angry. It relieves my mind just a little bit to tell you how I feel, and it can't possibly hurt *you*—being such a philosopher."

Emily answered nothing; she did not know what to answer.

"I've wondered several times what *you* were thinking then? People have strange fancies at such times, and it did occur to me at the moment to wonder—there was something about the feeling of your fingers in mine—never mind. How silly I am! Come, tell me, though—I want to know. We are friends; and friends may ask each other a personal question now and then."

"Tell you what I thought then? Lots of things."

"Did you think about me at all?"

"Yes, naturally."

"I'm glad you had a thought to spare for me. What was it?"

"Well, it's hardly a thing that ought to be repeated, perhaps, seeing that it concerns others besides ourselves. I had just heard a piece of news—a piece of gossip, rather."

"Gossip about me, was it?"

"Yes," said Emily, making an entirely unsuccessful attempt to laugh. "And it occurred to me, 'He doesn't, after all, intend to marry his cousin!'"

"My cousin! Miss Harker? I'm very fond of her, but I would as soon think of marrying a nun. Besides, how could you imagine—— But I know you never did or could imagine any such thing. You didn't, really—did you?"

"Yes."

"Were you glad or sorry when I undeceived you?"

"Oh well!—perhaps it's a form of selfish vanity; but when you've fancied for a long time that someone liked you very much——"

"Don't use that word," said Grenville impatiently. "Say *loved*."

"Then perhaps unconsciously——"

She paused.

"Unconsciously what?"

"You get to depend on it—I mean, you get to think it must always be yours."

"And you did feel just a trifle wounded when you found I had transferred my affections so very rapidly? Why don't you answer? Did you?"

"Something of the kind, perhaps."

"So you weren't angry with me yesterday? I was very much afraid of you; but, you see, I thought it might probably be my last chance in this world."

"So did I," said Emily, in some embarrassment. "The circumstances were peculiar, of course."

"I see. You mean that you would be angry if I presumed to repeat the experiment?"

"I wonder how you can turn such things—life, and death, and all that kind of thing—into a joke. That's the worst of you. It was so always. I never knew when you were in earnest and when you weren't."

"Then, I never was more in earnest in my life. And I never was so happy in my life but once. That happiness turned all to dust and ashes in two minutes; is this going the same way? Am I cheating myself again as stupidly as I did up *there?* Come, speak plainly; let's have no more ugly secrets or misunderstandings. Look at me: you have no right to turn away your eyes like that; tell me *exactly* what you're thinking."

"No; I don't think I could."

"Would it hurt me?"

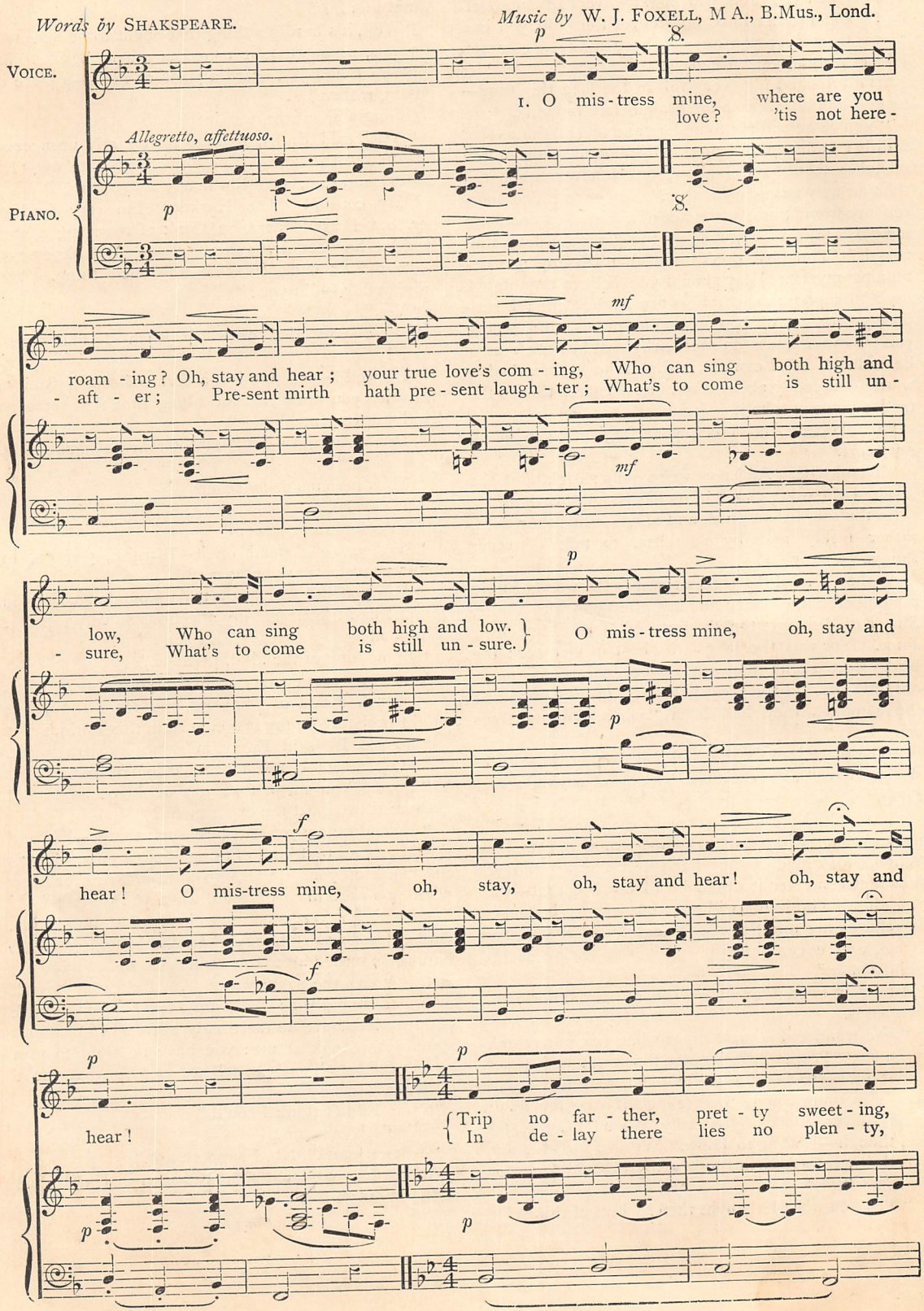
"I don't know. No, I suppose not."

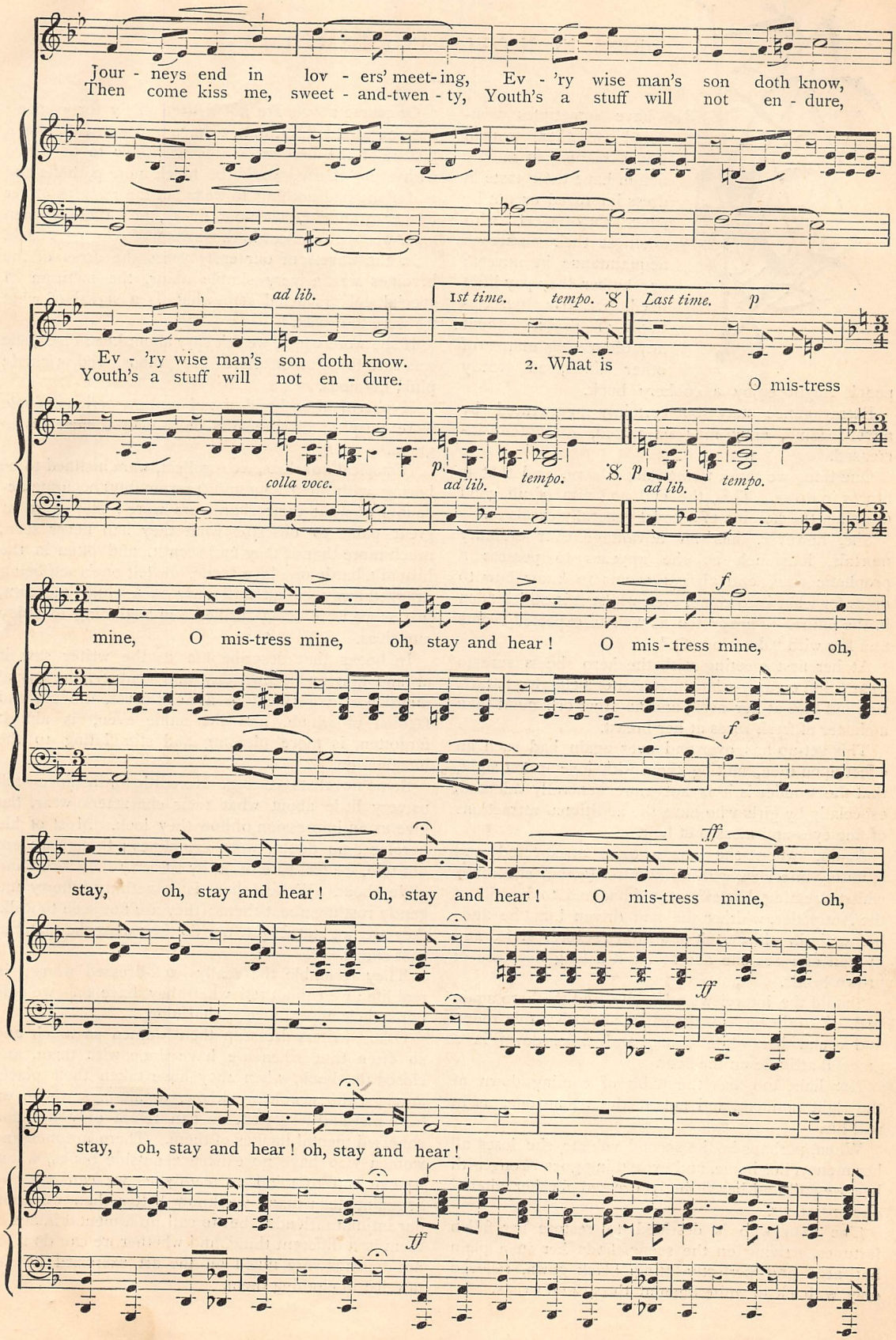
And so the explanation that began in Hazel Lane ended in Hazel Lane.

THE END.

O Mistress Mine!

Words by SHAKSPEARE. *Music by* W. J. FOXELL, M A., B.Mus., Lond.

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1st time. tempo. Last time. p
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2. What is
O mis-tress
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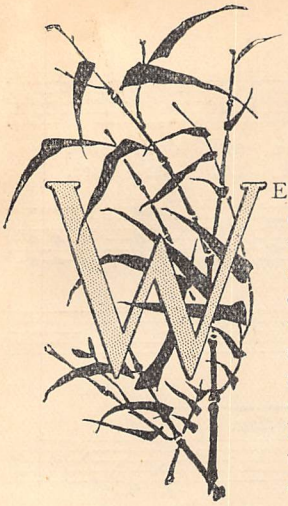


DRESS IN NOVELS AND REAL LIFE.

WE have sometimes wondered whether women whose reading is mainly fiction have their taste in dress improved or not by what they meet with amongst their numerous acquaintance in novels; or whether they pay little heed, preferring descriptions of dress without any distracting matter of other kinds, as greedy people might enjoy a cookery book.

Extravagance may be certainly aggravated by novel-reading, envy may be raised, discontent increased.

One thing we think women must learn, and that is fitness in dress. This, the end and aim of all good dressing, the heroine of a novel generally excels in.

She, however, has an advantage over ordinary mortals, inasmuch as she appears to possess a prophetic soul, and always seems to know how to dress for what is to come, even whilst it is still hidden in the future. Unexpected as well as expected events find her with "dressings fit."

At her first meeting with the hero she is sure to wear a soft creamy-white material of a clinging nature, rich old lace at her neck, and no other ornament than a cluster of fresh roses at her breast.

This get-up has over and over again had such an effect upon men, smiting them with love at first sight, that the wonder is it is not more generally adopted, especially by girls who have the additional attractions of fine eyes and masses of hair.

Again, when she has a quite unexpected and agitating interview with an admirer (whom she must, whilst dressing herself, have imagined to be still at the Antipodes, whither she had driven him) he finds her again in white stuff of a rather severer style, and instead of roses she has at hand a long necklace of brown beads.

Should the interview end badly, and the hero again rush off to the ends of the earth, she twists this round and round her white arms, and sinks down in a graceful attitude on the floor.

Her hair, too, has the habit of coming down at the right moment, and not at the wrong one, as in real life.

When, perhaps in the second volume, she loses all her money, her home, and everything goes wrong with her, we still find her fittingly dressed for her altered circumstances.

The man who is destined to restore her fallen fortunes, arriving on the scene, finds her in a plain but neat and perfectly-fitting black gown, relieved only with clean white linen at throat and wrists.

Of course novels are not written solely for women; but one would think that, to men and women alike, a picture of the heroine, whom we know to be gifted with every charm, would be much more pathetic and real if she had nothing to wear but the remains of her former grandeur, worn-out finery, and (here women *must* weep) gowns cut in the fashion of two years back.

In the novels of our early years the dress of the heroines was a very simple affair, the mention of special colours acted somewhat as a signal of what we were to expect.

If she wore white, we felt easy about her; black, she was sure to be unfortunate; grey, pious; red, wicked; pink, frivolous.

Hypocritical and underhand and mysterious people wore purple; disagreeable ones clad themselves in green.

Historical novelists, we recollect, were inclined to be boring with their long and (presumably) accurate accounts of what their characters wore; they were at great pains to describe what they had never seen, much more than if they had seen it, and often in the heat of a battle or a love scene, one felt one's self being dragged away by an antiquary to a chilly museum, just as we were being thrilled and beginning to enjoy ourselves.

In books that describe life as the writer saw it around him in his own day and century, the casual mention of a garment or a head-dress, the cut and fashion of which, and the name even, is almost forgotten, is more pleasing and stimulating to the imagination.

Some novelists—George Meredith, for instance—tell us very little about what their characters wear, but give us an impression of how they look. Most of his heroines, no doubt, wore crinolines; though we are not told, we feel sure of it, by the way they swim and glide about. We feel there is something billowy and gently rustling about them; they are not seen to walk, they are not statuesque, nor do they wear the material that clings.

They resemble the really well-dressed women in real life; we cannot tell what they have on—we only know their appearance is charming.

Other writers dress up their women so much and so often that when we have done with them, and closed the book, when they have taken their places amongst the people we know, or amongst those we have met and forgotten, we can retain only dim and confused mental images of them. There are men and women who have no existence outside books, whom we can call to mind as readily as we can our own acquaintance; many we know better than we know our intimate friends; but to call up a mental image of them is a different thing, and whether we can do it or not depends very much on the art exercised by the novelist in clothing them.

A thorough artist in this respect is George Eliot.

What vivid recollections we have of Maggie Tulliver's glowing beauty, set in the frame of her poor black frock; or of Rosamund Vincy in forget-me-not blue, matching her eyes. We feel as though eager, enthusiastic Dorothea Brooke brushed past us in her white woollen gown, that was so often washed, and "smelt of the sweet hedgerows."

Dress may be thought a minor detail in a novel, but it has the interest attaching to all the methods of an art, and is also one of those things in a book that help, in a small degree, to reveal the author to us. We guess at his or her personal taste in the matter; we ask what weight do they give it as indicating character; and so on.

If you have an extensive acquaintance amongst novelists of both sexes, it is amusing to take note of what is the man's and what the woman's treatment of dress.

There are women who dress up their heroines for the mere pleasure of it, as they dressed their dolls.

Some men we find at enormous pains to dress a charming creature of the imagination in a bewildering variety of wonderful and elaborate costumes, forgetful that the circumstances under which they have placed her—circumstances detailed as minutely as the toilettes—preclude the possibility of her having had a large amount of luggage and a maid.

Rudyard Kipling's many-sidedness, again, astonishes us when we find him making the women in his books speak of clothes exactly from the woman's point of view. For instance, take Mrs. Hawkshee's scathing description of "the Dowd's" "pink calico roses" and "the lace tucker in her riding-habit." He knows, too, what a powerful weapon of warfare women think they wield in dress, and how very quick they are to detect a weak point in another's equipment.

This weapon is used only indirectly in the conquest of man, we must suppose—its chief use being to clear rivals out of the field, to take all the heart out of them, and cause them to beat a retreat.

We were all more or less inclined to fall into the error of regarding dress as irresistible until Rhoda Broughton showed us how wit, individuality, spirit, and passion carried all before them, putting to rout the best-dressed beauties, in spite of the disadvantageous accompaniments of shabby gowns, old gloves, and bad boots.

It is well women should realise sometimes that they have not done all that is expected of them when they have dressed themselves to perfection.

It is only a "society" or a "ladies'" paper whose whole soul can be satisfied in this way:—

"Mrs. A. charmed visitors and residents alike by the multiplicity and good taste of her costumes."

Society itself, however, requires something more.

We are apt to feel amongst those whose ideal is thus reached, like one invited to a feast, finding only a table perfectly furnished, and leaving nothing to be desired in the show of gold and silver, flowers and crystal, wanting but meats to satisfy the hungry soul.

The quaint saying of an old moralist comes to our recollection, and we would it were writ large, "in letters all of gold," in many a dressing-room:—

"The body is sooner drest than the soul."

HANS OF THE HOOK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NORTHWARD HO!"

IN one of the Norwegian newspapers lately there was an amusing account of an old navy veteran named Hans. The man had been in a good many engagements, had fought against Nelson at the battle of Copenhagen, and, like that hero, had lost an arm in the service of his country. This damage had earned him the *sobriquet* of "Hans with the Hook," a piece of curved iron having now to do duty in the absence of the natural member; and its owner—no longer an A.B. seaman—retired from active business to a small island on the Christiania fjord, some sixty miles distant from the capital.

Hans was the sole proprietor of this domain, which reared itself a dozen feet above the sea level; it was but one hundred feet in length by forty in width, but that included, of course, possession of all immediately above as far as the zenith, and as far below as the centre of the earth.

On the highest ground stood the tenement—not a palatial structure, to be sure, but its two rooms afforded sufficient shelter for the "missis and the kids." Their daily sustenance was supplied by the produce of the sea and by a kitchen-garden—the size of a blanket—which yielded periodically an uncertain crop of potatoes. Besides the kitchen-garden, there was an orchard, consisting of a single apple-tree that one eventful year bore three apples—all of them sour! There was another tree, too, on the estate—a lilac—that once raised expectation to the highest pitch by putting forth a few sickly blossoms. The expectations were, alas! doomed to disappointment, and the tree, as if in conscious disgust at its unappreciated efforts, made no further attempts in the way of budding.

On the margin of the shore, a stake or post was driven into the ground, and to this post Hans moored his boat. Sometimes there came an ugly storm: as, for instance, in the year 1830, when there were six

inches of water in the house, and then the boat was moored to the staple of the front door.

And so it may be gathered that "Hans with the Hook," or "Hans of the Island," as he was sometimes called, was a poor man, for the tribute paid by the sea was a fluctuating factor in his small system of domestic economy. At the best of times it was a hand-to-mouth struggle for existence, and the old fellow was glad to supplement his gains by earning a trifle as pilot, although not licensed and certificated to that high calling.

It chanced that one day Hans was out in his boat not far distant from his island-home, engaged in fishing, when his eye fell upon a Danish sloop, high of stern and broad of beam, beating slowly up the channel, for the wind was but light. That she was somewhat out of the usual passage denoted two probabilities: first, that there was no pilot on board; and next, that she was a stranger. In either case it mattered little, as there were eighty fathoms of water beneath her keel; nevertheless, the shrewd Hans hoped to profit by trading on the ignorance of those on board. Drawing in his line, he pulled towards the advancing stranger.

Three persons were on the deck. The ample figure of the skipper occupied the stern; his face was like a full moon, his head was adorned with a scarlet night-cap, and in his mouth was a pipe of enormous length.

"'DO YOU NEED A PILOT?'"

Near him, and under his immediate supervision, a big boy lolled against the tiller, and steered according to instructions; whilst squatting on the windlass near the bowsprit was a mariner with a short clay pipe in his mouth.

Hans hailed the skipper, who, not deigning to turn his stolid countenance, grunted out an unintelligible reply. Nothing daunted:

"Do you need a pilot?" asked he of the hook.

"No, no, my man; this is neither the first nor the second time that I have been here. I am my own pilot."

"I expected as much," said Hans, "for I says to myself when I see you a-coming, says I: 'That there

craft ain't no stranger,' I says, 'to venture into this dangerous channel. The skipper,' I says, 'what has passed safely through the Krapdag Shallow, the Ketterang Shallow, and the Gobstad Shallow must a' been here a good many times afore,' I says. Howsomever, I asks pardon, and wishes yer good-mornin'."

There was a look of intense surprise on the face of the mariner, and he let his pipe fall from his lips; the lanky youth at the tiller stared in open-mouthed astonishment, and over the moon face of the Jutland skipper stole an expression of ludicrous bewilderment as he heard of the dreadful perils he had so luckily escaped, and which he had not observed as marked on the chart—for the very good reason that they were the invention of the one-armed man.

Hans pulled away in the direction the sloop was steering, and easily out-distanced her, the wind being, as has been said, but light. When he had got some way off, but well within sight, he proceeded to strategic operations.

His boat contained a quantity of mussel bait for the purpose of fishing; he now put a lot of these bivalves on his mussel-fork, and thrusting it over the side of the boat furthest from the sloop, so as to be unseen by the Jutland skipper, pretended to scrape the rocks for mussels. By-and-by he made an ostentatious display of his supposed haul, well knowing that he was intently watched by the inmates of the sloop.

"What are you doing?" shouted the Dane.

"Oh," returned Hans, "just fishing for mussels. This is a first-rate ground, as the rocks are so near to the surface, though not so good as the Scandinavibod Shallow"—and he pointed with his hook to a spot about twenty yards in front of the sloop; "but then," he added apologetically, "of course you know that: you who have been here so many times before."

The skipper, whose anxiety had been momentarily increasing in intensity, was now quite alarmed at the dangers that apparently environed him.

"Slack away the main sheet, and look lively!" he bellowed to the mariner on the windlass in a voice that made him jump, and hastened to exert himself in assisting the operation. Then, mopping his brow, he called to Hans, who was chuckling in his sleeve: "Hi, you sir! come aboard at once!"

He of the hook pulled quickly to the sloop, and soon stood upon the deck. Giving a rapid glance ahead, he yelled to the youth:

"Starboard! hard-a-starboard!"

And the order not being instantly obeyed, he put his own hand to the tiller. As the sloop's bows moved round he gave a sigh of intense relief.

"It was a near squeak!" he remarked, as he took a chew of tobacco, and added, as if to himself: "Sea-faring captains as thinks they knows, and don't, run all manner of risks to save a blooming dollar!" And then he continued in a warning voice: "Port yer 'el'm, my kiddy, if you don't want to go to kingdom come afore yer time!"

And so Hans kept steering a zigzag course from right to left and from left to right, and captain and crew were actively employed in hoisting the main sail and jib up and down as the exigencies of the occasion seemed to require.

Now and then the anxious Dane found a spare moment to gaze over the bulwarks, and vainly strained his sight to catch a glimpse of the perilous rocks and shoals. Good eyes, however, are required to see the bottom through eighty fathoms of water! And once the skipper ventured to remark that he couldn't see anything of the hidden dangers.

"Of course not," said Hans. "The river Dramm empties itself into the fjord just here; don't you notice how black the water is? Ye can't see for the muddiness. Hist that there jib!"

Altogether, the crew of that Danish sloop had a lively time of it for several hours, when at last Hans condescended to inform them that they were now out of danger, thanks to his skilful manœuvring. As he shook hands with the skipper at parting:

"You may thank your lucky stars that you fell in with me," he said, "or you might all of you have supped to-night in Davy Jones's locker!"

Then, with the air of an autocrat, he slowly descended the rope-ladder, got into his old boat, and pulled back the way he had come, every now and again pausing to give an inward chuckle, and jingle the silver in his pocket as he thought of the "missis and the kids."

Clever, shrewd Mr. Hans, one day you will over-reach yourself, my friend; for be very sure that all the world over, from the beginning to the end of time, "Honesty is the best policy," and "Ill-gotten gains seldom prosper!"

A. E. BONSER.

AN OLD WALLED TOWN.

THE visitor at Llandudno, when he has sufficiently "done" the parade, and has made the circuit of the Great Orme's Head, perhaps a little wearies of the attractions of this well-known seaside resort, and wishes to explore this part of Wales a little further. Should that be the case, he cannot do better than cross the broad estuary of the Conway and visit the town of the same name, one of the most interesting—perhaps the most interesting—of all old Welsh towns. If he pleases, he can make the run thither from Llandudno by rail in a few minutes, and spend a delightful afternoon amidst scenes far different from those of a new and fashionable watering-place.

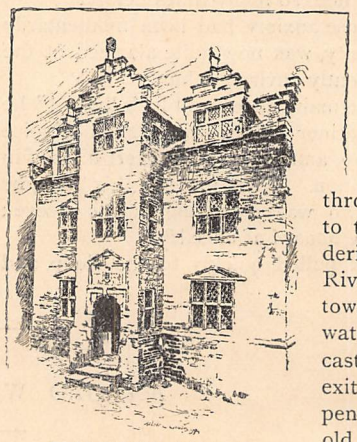
Mrs. Hemans, when visiting Conway in the early part of this century, lamented the construction of the

CONWAY RIVER, FROM CONWAY CASTLE.
(*From a photograph by J. Slater, Llandudno.*)

mail-coach road, and the arrival and departure of mail-coaches, as something which destroyed, or at any rate interfered with, the seclusion of the quaint old walled town and the solemnity of its grand old castle. What the good lady would have said to the "Wild Irishman" thundering and screaming along the iron road close by, four times in the twenty-four hours, we cannot say.

Nowhere else do we find the walls of a town—at least, in England—left so completely in their original state. At Canterbury, York, Chester, and elsewhere, the walls exist, but they have been re-built and altered until their interest is nearly gone. At Conway, however, this is not the case. Here we have the walls and gates pretty nearly—wear and tear, of course, excepted—in the state in which they were left by their original mediæval builders. And there is also another striking point about Conway: the walls contain, or nearly so, the town itself. Other cities and towns, the walls of which still remain, have stretched out far beyond their original limits, and the extra-mural suburbs have become part of the town. Conway—happily for the archæologist—is not a growing place, and so we have the harp-shaped town, for it has been often compared to a Welsh harp, still contained within its old boundaries. All its public buildings are inside the walls. The church and the chapels, the schools and the market-house, the town-hall and the police-station, and even the railway-station, are all to be found, though many of them are buildings of the present day, surrounded by the ancient fortifications.

The castle itself, as is almost always the case in a fortified town, occupies an angle. In this instance it becomes the upper angle of the harp, and the walls stretch away from this apex in an irregular triangle. The entrances to the town still preserve the Latin name of *porta*, continued in the Welsh *porth;* and of the five gateways which still exist, one at least is almost in its original state. The gates still keep their Welsh designations. The most inland one is *Porth Uschaf*, the *Highest Gate*, from which Upper Gate Street leads to the market-place. Then from the farther side of this centre the High Street leads to the *Porth Isaf*, or *Town Gate*, through which we pass to the little quay bordering the Conway River between the town wall and the water. Underneath the castle walls a modern exit leads to the suspension bridge, but the old *Porth Vastell* is only a few yards to the north.



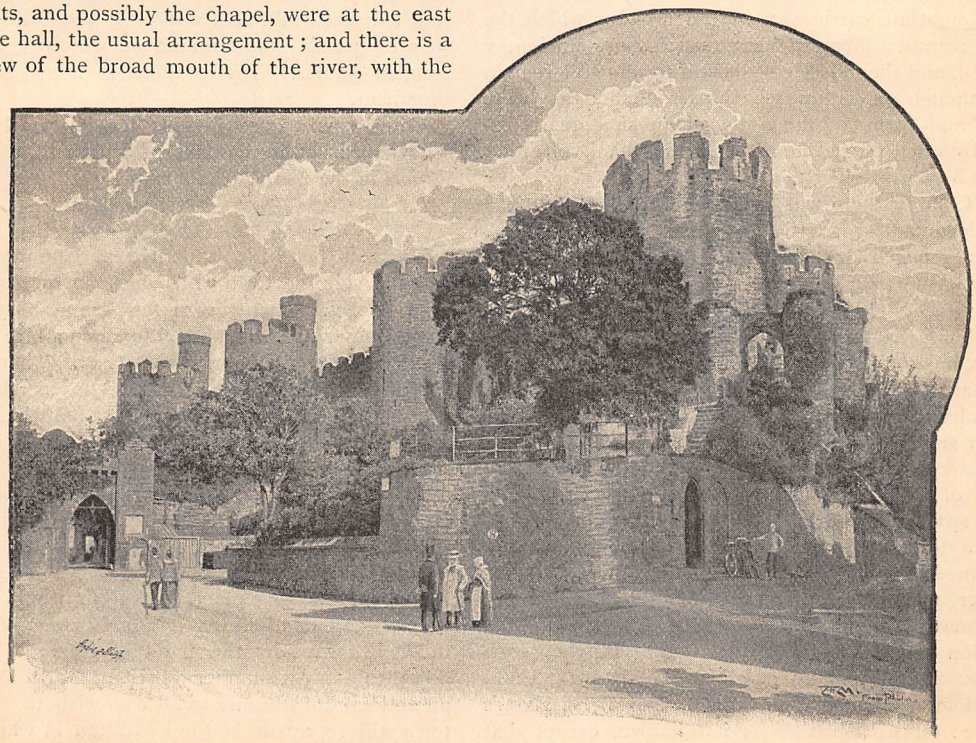
PLAS MAWR, CONWAY.
(*From a photograph by J. Slater, Llandudno.*)

We do not know how long Conway may have been a fortified position, but the site of the castle—a rock, protected on one side by a broad estuary and on the other by marshes and by a smaller stream—must have, even in the earliest days, been seized upon as a splendid situation for a work of

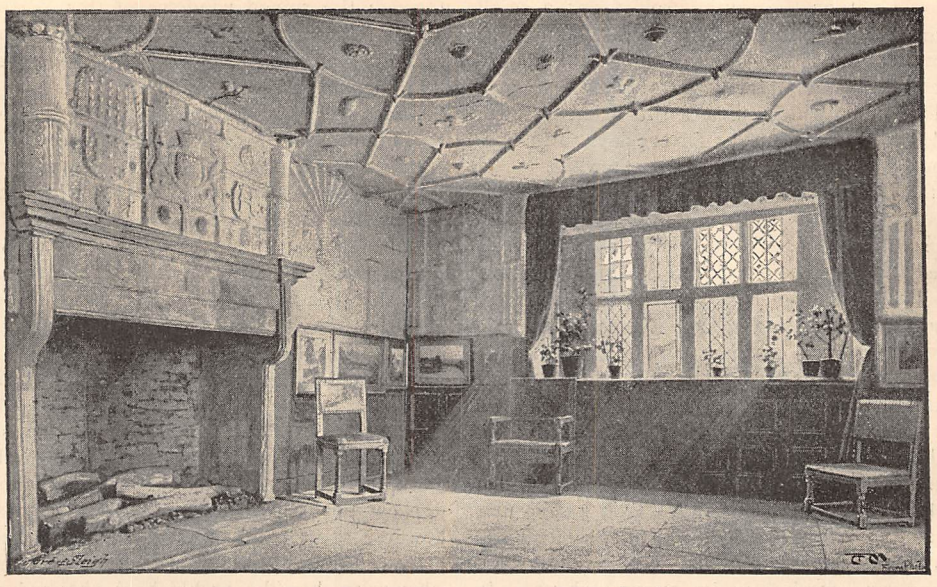
military defence. The smaller stream, the Gyffin, which borders it on the south, itself forms a small estuary, and the far-stretching Aber-Conway, or mouth of the Conway, protected on the east by the promontory which terminates in Great Orme's Head, forms a sheltered harbour, which, though somewhat shallow, would allow the small ships of former days to lie safe from attack immediately under the castle walls.

Here, then, in this strong position, men of old built a fortress, which gradually increased in size and strength, so that we have in Conway Castle, decayed and ruined though it is, one of the most magnificent secular buildings of former days which we possess in this island. The walls are from twelve to fifteen feet thick, and eight huge circular towers, each forty feet in diameter, guard its sides and angles. The entrance, which has been much altered and modernised, is on the west side, and is protected by a deep moat. Within, the castle area is divided into two large courts, the first and largest of which contains the magnificent building known as Llewllyn's Hall. This hall is one hundred and thirty-two feet long, thirty-two feet wide, and thirty-eight feet high. The first thing which strikes one on entering is its strange shape. It follows the line of the castle wall, which at this spot is that of an obtuse angle, and the hall is consequently of a bow shape. Eight arches, some of which still exist, supported the roof. Light was given by six tall windows looking into the court, and by another large one at the end. Beneath the hall were large vaults for stores, now open to the sky. The other apartments are much ruined and difficult to trace. The private apartments, and possibly the chapel, were at the east end of the hall, the usual arrangement; and there is a pretty view of the broad mouth of the river, with the high ground about Llandudno beyond, to be had through the ruined windows of this portion of the buildings. Probably few of the ladies' chambers of a mediæval fortress, or *bowers*, as they were called, had such a charming outlook.

The castle as we have it now was built by Edward the First to overawe the recently conquered Welsh, and was finished in 1284. But the tables were soon turned on the conqueror, for the king himself was besieged here only four years afterwards by Madoc, an illegitimate son of Llewllyn, and almost starved into surrender before ships and provisions could reach him. Another English monarch, Edward's great-great-grandson, the unfortunate Richard the Second, was here a short time before he was seized by his rebellious barons and carried off to Flint Castle, which is not far distant. In the civil wars between Royalists and Roundheads the battle of Conway occupied an important position. Williams, the Welsh Archbishop of York, held the fortress for the king, and appointed his nephew governor. The archbishop's relative was, however, superseded in his command by the appointment of Prince Rupert as Governor of North Wales, whereupon he (the archbishop) changed sides and joined the Parliamentarians, who forthwith besieged the castle. Their commander in this district, Mytton, with the archbishop's help, took the town by assault in August, 1646, and the castle surrendered to him in November. All the Irish in the garrison who were taken prisoners were tied back to back and flung into the river. The castle itself, however, seems to have



CONWAY CASTLE, FROM THE ROAD.
(From a photograph by J. Slater, Llandudno.)



PLAS MAWR, QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ROOM.
(*From a photograph by J. Slater, Llandudno.*)

escaped dismantlement at the time, and it was not until after the Restoration that the Earl of Conway, to whom it had been granted, took away the floors and roofs, and the buildings in consequence soon became wrecks. To add to its destruction, slate quarries were for a long time carried on in the rock on which the castle stands. Happily these quarries are no longer worked, and the massive walls and towers still remain firm, though six centuries have passed since they were built, and form a grand and picturesque mass, especially when viewed from the further bank of either of the bordering rivers.

At Conway there was a Cistercian Abbey founded by Llewllyn-ap-Jorwerth, Prince of Wales, in 1185. The present parish church, which stands nearly in the centre of the town, was the conventual church of this abbey, and is therefore in part probably of that date, and about one hundred years older than the castle. It has, however, been much altered at different periods. It is said that in Conway Churchyard the poet Wordsworth had the conversation with the little girl seated on her sister's grave, which was the origin of his verses, "We are Seven." The church, although it is in the midst of the town, stands well opened out. Indeed, open spaces abound in Conway, for its population of only a little over two thousand persons is easily contained within the walls.

There is one more interesting architectural antiquity in Conway. This is the remarkable Elizabethan mansion known as *Plas Mawr*—that is, the *Great House*. It is a building of about the date 1576, and sometimes goes by the name of Queen Elizabeth's Palace: for what reason is not known, except that initials said to be those of the queen and of the Earl of Leicester are to be found on some of the interior decorations. This fine old house should be converted into a local museum. It has already been used several times for an art exhibition, and it is to be hoped that antiquities from the neighbourhood will gradually find a home within its walls. It possesses a quaint pillared porch, large mullioned windows, and high-stepped gables. Inside there is much of the old ornament.

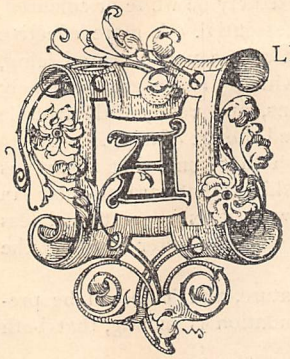
Conway was once famous for its pearl fisheries. They flourished in the days of Elizabeth, for Spenser speaks in the *Faërie Queen* of—

> "Conway, which out of his stream doth send
> Plenty of pearls to deck his dames withal."

There is but little trade left at Conway, and the quay outside the town walls does not present a very busy aspect. There are a few fishing-boats, and in the summer visitors from Llandudno hire pleasure-boats for excursions up the river. There is also a little—a very little—export trade in slates, and a little timber comes in. Even the life which revived in the coaching days, when the mails, to the disgust of Mrs. Hemans, crossed the Telford Bridge, has died away again, now that Conway is only a minor railway station, through which the express trains of the present day rush without stopping. But we may be glad of this. Should Conway ever become a flourishing and increasing place, its charm would be gone. May it long continue as it is, its castle and its walls untouched save by the hand of time: a delightful object to many a summer tourist in North Wales, and an antiquarian treasure to all who wish to examine a town still so much in the condition in which it was left by its mediæval builders.

NOVEL NUT CONFECTIONS,

AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.



LMONDS are very moderate in price just now, and the desiccated cocoa-nut, which plays so prominent a part in hosts of dainties, is lower than ever. Those recipes enumerated below are therefore within the reach of almost everyone. Their digestibility is another matter; though it is certain that many who find nuts indigestible when only half masticated may partake of them without fear when finely ground; and as this is the condition to which they are brought before they enter into the composition of the dishes, my qualms of conscience are somewhat quieted. Some of these sweets are quite simple, and not very costly when prepared at home, though expensive to buy; and so I feel sure that when a dainty out of the common is wanted, they will be appreciated.

Almost everybody knows and likes the almond paste, which forms all too small a part of bride cake, and nearly all like good chocolate; these combined, produce a real delicacy, that may crop up in all sorts of dishes. The combination is a very agreeable one, but careful mixing must be insisted on. Don't spoil the ship for the proverbial "ha'porth o' tar," but get the best chocolate your means allow.

Almond and Chocolate Paste.

Take half a pound of almonds; the Valencias answer for all cooking purposes as well as the more costly Jordans; they should be blanched by bringing them to the boil over the fire in a little pan of water, then rubbing the skins off in a clean cloth. Here are two useful hints in this connection: always put the almonds on in cold water, and always rinse them in cold water before rubbing them in the cloth. Then chop them very small on a clean board; any "foreign flavour" would ruin the delicacy of your dishes. The finer the better. Have ready in a basin an ounce and a half of fresh butter: the freshest of fresh, I should have said; the same weight of pounded sugar and a few drops of vanilla essence; the amount to use depends on the goodness of the chocolate: the more highly flavoured it is with the ever popular vanilla, the greater the chances of success. These are now to be worked to a smooth paste with the back of a wooden spoon; the almonds and the yolk of a large egg being added, a little at a time. Just a shake of grated chocolate must go in from time to time; an ounce will do, but some will like nearly double the quantity, then a little more egg yolk and butter will be wanted. Nothing short of a very velvet-like paste should satisfy you, and it cannot be prepared in five minutes. The best possible results are obtained when the almonds are pounded with a few drops of rose or orange-flower water instead of being chopped. I would also call the attention of busy people to the ground almonds sold in tins; these are, however, mixed with sugar, which must be borne in mind, or the dish may turn out too sweet to be pleasant.

The uses of this? They are many; here are just a few. Imagine a cake of any light kind, such as Madeira; place a layer of the paste on the top, making it level with a rolling-pin and rounding the sides neatly: points too seldom borne in mind, and which in themselves, if omitted, are enough to stamp the cake as the work of a novice. Then, if an expert in the use of an icing-bag and pipe, take a little coloured icing, and form any design; or finish off simply by sifting coloured sugar over the top. Would you attain still higher success? Then get some good chocolate fondants, and put them over in a pattern, sticking them on with a morsel of icing sugar, and raw white of egg beaten to a paste. Cream fondants are used in just the same way. A delightful addition to the "cake basket" is made by slicing a cake, and "sandwiching" some of the above paste in between the slices, and then cutting it up after pressing well together again.

Then all sorts of fancy shapes may be produced if some cutters are handy, and the cake trimmings will come in for biscuits if stamped with yet smaller cutters. I ought to say that there are lots of people who would like the paste better minus butter, and there is no reason whatever why their whim should not be indulged. Tastes vary, too, much as to sugar; it might be doubled in the foregoing recipe before the mixture would satisfy some; the thing to bear in mind in adding extra sugar is that less moisture in the shape of egg and butter is necessary.

Almond Aigrettes.

These are sure to enhance one's reputation, for they are of such all-round utility that they can be as well served for tea as luncheon or dinner, and hot as well as cold. They are made by blending a gill of tepid water, a tablespoonful of salad oil, an egg, a teaspoonful of castor sugar, three ounces and a half of flour, an ounce of ground or chopped almonds, and a few drops of essence of almonds. There is a right way, and the mixing is troublesome if it is not followed. The flour, oil, yolk of egg, and water are to be beaten to a smooth batter; the almonds and sugar follow, and the mass must be beaten for a few minutes, or the puffiness that should belong to the aigrettes will be lacking. The stiffly-beaten white of the egg goes in lightly at the end, and the mixture is put in well-greased patty-pans in little heaps, two forks being used; they should be half-filled only, and the oven must be hot. They are soon baked, and must be

served in a light pile, with plenty of sugar over, for it will be noticed that but little goes in the batter. These may be fried, but there must be lots of fat of good heat, and from the pan to the table is the motto; more flour will be wanted, about half as much again but the batter should be tested; it is stiff enough when it retains its shape in the fat and emerges brown and puffy. Drain on a hot cloth or paper. Almond essence is condemned wholesale by some people, but it is to be had free from poisonous properties and of guaranteed wholesomeness by the makers.

Almond Orange Cake.

This is simply delicious, as a trial will prove. The materials should be all in readiness, and here they are. Seven ounces each of chopped sweet almonds and fine castor sugar, an ounce of candied orange-peel chopped small, the grated peel of half a fresh orange, a quarter of a pound of butter, the same of fine flour, the same weight of rice-flour or potato-flour (but not *ground rice*), some orange marmalade, and yolks of eggs. The almonds and sugar are first to be blended with the white of an egg, then added to the other materials: enough yolks of eggs being added, one at a time, to make paste that can be rolled out on a board. The mass should look like rich shortbread. It is cut in rounds of four inches in diameter and half an inch thick, and baked in a very slow oven. The marmalade is spread over before serving, and some chopped almonds, that have been baked to a golden brown in the oven, are shaken over. These *may* be dispensed with, but the cake suffers. If for storing for a time, one good-sized thick cake can be made. Now for some very dainty

Dessert Biscuits.

Some of the last mixture should be rolled out as thinly as it is possible to roll it without breaking; the addition of a few drops of yellow colouring does much to add to the rich appearance. Then cut in a number of fancy shapes, and bake as slowly and carefully as possible; do not remove from the tins until cold. They may be sugared over, or served as they are, or piped with coloured icing. To convert them into fruit biscuits, place on half a cherry, or raisin, or strips of candied citron-peel, or little squares of candied fruit, as pine-apple, or ginger, or anything to taste. In the latter two cases, the baking is finished, and the fruit stuck on with icing sugar; in the other cases the fruit may be baked. Other biscuits that mix well with these are prepared by taking portions of the "almond and chocolate paste," and moulding into tiny birds'-nests; the circumference of a florin is the maximum size, and they may be smaller. Put in some coloured or white comfits to imitate eggs, and dry them on the plate-rack; they should not be baked. Very pretty little cakes, which are really cakes or biscuits, according to size, are

Dominoes.

Again the "almond and chocolate paste" is brought into use, but it is so excellent that there is no fear of tiring of it readily. The paste must be rolled out in a thin sheet; the size is a matter of taste; but the *proportions* of an ordinary domino should be observed. Then the decoration must be of a kind to imitate dominoes. The icing used may be white or coloured, and a very small pipe is essential. A more effective way is to go all over first with a pale-coloured icing, and put the dots on in white. These are extremely pretty for festive occasions, and really little trouble to those who have mastered the art of icing.

Here is a delicious dish that somewhat resembles the cakes of the same kind that are popular in Germany; and, by the way, it is a great deal less trouble than one would suppose after reading the directions.

The "filling" is the feature, and it should be prepared while the cake foundation is baking, that both may be ready together.

Walnut Cake.

Six ounces of flour, five of butter, a tablespoonful each of sugar and chopped almonds, the yolk of a hard boiled egg and that of a raw one, and two tablespoonfuls of skinned and chopped walnuts, form the materials for the cake; they are to be mixed with a light hand, just as for short pastry, and the less water used, the better. The dryness of the flour and the care exercised in the sifting, no less than the goodness of the butter, must receive attention. The tin for baking should be round, and the size of a dinner-plate, and *must* have a turned-up edge. These tins are called "sandwich pans," as a rule, and cost about sixpence each; they are useful for many purposes. After the paste is laid in, the bottom should be pricked, and the oven must be moderate, as the cake should not be dark in colour.

Now for the "filling." First put in a stewpan the yolks of three eggs, half a gill each of milk and cream, and three ounces of sugar, and stir over the fire until thick, but the boiling point is not to be reached. Then, off the fire, beat in the whites of the eggs and a quarter of a pound of chopped walnuts. This is to be put in the cake, the top made smooth and returned to the oven to set. All sorts of flavourings are added to nut cakes in the land where they are an institution. Spice is often used, but we advise that strict moderation be the motto; one does not want a nut cake to taste of spice and nothing more. If served hot, no garnish is needed; but in the cold condition, all sorts of dried fruits are suitable, or a dust of pink sugar is enough. A teaspoonful of chopped pistachios will give the dish a more highly finished appearance. Pistachios are expensive, but it is astonishing what a lot of ground a small quantity will cover in the chopped state, and how completely the dish is transformed.

Here are some biscuits that, for want of a better name, I call

Tip-Tops.

These are very good, and I assure you that they will keep any length of time, if allowed. Seven ounces of butter and five of golden syrup are first to be warmed together; five ounces of lump sugar to be

rasped on the rind of a fresh orange, crushed to powder, and added with half-a-teaspoonful of the best mixed spice that can be bought: that at two shillings a pound is really cheaper than spice at a shilling; nothing more certainly spoils anything than poor spice. Next put in a couple of ounces each of candied citron-, lemon- and orange-peel, very finely chopped: trouble in this direction is well bestowed; finally, two ounces of grated cocoa-nut and the same weight of walnuts or almonds, as most convenient, go in, with half a pound of pastry-flour and a quarter of a pound of corn-flour.

The mixture is then to be set aside to blend in a bowl, covered with a cloth, for a few hours; it will take no harm if left all night. When ready to bake, shake in as much more flour as will make it stiff enough to roll out and cut in shapes—fingers, or any other—then put it in a gentle oven, and remove when brown and crisp. Remember that everything containing treacle requires steady heat and watchfulness.

DEBORAH PLATTER.

THE SOCIAL DUTY OF WOMAN.—III.

A VISIT OF SYMPATHY.

VISITS of sympathy may be roughly divided into two classes. To begin with, there are the formal calls of condolence, where all you desire is to leave your card silently, or, if needs must, get through a few well-bred commonplaces, and escape as quickly as you conveniently can. If you are only a slight acquaintance, you do not ask for the lady of the house; and it is unnecessary to add that in any case you devoutly hope the card "with sympathy" may be all that duty requires of you. Either alternative is, at any rate, all that Society demands.

Real visits of sympathy, on the other hand, are like angels' visits: few and far between. It is a platitude to say that to be able to pay visits like these you must have a sympathetic, feeling heart. Unless you happen to be gifted with this "last best gift of Heaven," you will do more good by keeping away. It is a pity, I may here remark, that we do not know our own gifts and limitations better than we do. The poet was wise in his generation who wrote—

"The proper study of mankind is man."

And few accomplishments would be a better equipment for the journey of life than a thorough knowledge of ourselves.

To begin with mourning visits. None of our social duties demand so much from us as these. The really sympathetic visitor—whom we suppose in this case to be more or less intimate—must have sufficient tact not to intrude where she is not wanted; for as often as not, people like to be alone with their grief. There is nothing in which people differ more than in their way of meeting trouble. One woman (we speak of women, because they are mostly concerned in visits of sympathy) on the loss of a beloved relative will be excitable, wild, nervously anxious to see friends to discuss details; another, not less devoted, but differently organised, mourns solitary, like David for Absalom, and will not be comforted. It is all a question of temperament. The human machine is so complex that one rule will not do for all. But the sympathetic woman will understand both types, and will know that the first does not imply callousness any more than the second implies loss of reason. Kindly, but not far-seeing, people are very likely to misunderstand the peculiarities of grief; indeed, in one case which I myself recollect a visitor was much shocked because a mother who had only the day before lost her only child was fretfully anxious that the cook should have a new kitchen poker. The kitchen poker and the fretfulness were only the outcome of a troubled mind; but the friend ever afterwards persisted in thinking the mother deficient in feeling. A person of a different temperament, but not necessarily more affectionate, would probably have sat down in the ruins of her home, and felt it hardly worth while even to dress in the face of such calamity. Either case proves nothing. But if people with excitable nerves did not in ties of affliction "take it out" by fretting over trifles, the mind might in some cases become absolutely unhinged. The fretting is the safety-valve.

Next among visits of sympathy we must class visits to the sick and the convalescent. These, which used to be called one of "the seven corporal works of charity," are often a source of untold good, both to the visitor and the visited. And this not only as regards the rich, but the poor also. How many a girl has enjoyed her evening's pleasure all the more for having spent a happy afternoon with the inmates of some hospital for incurables, where she has sung and played?

A VISIT OF CONDOLENCE.

How many a lady of fashion feels her hour's reading in the children's ward to have given a "backbone" to a day that would otherwise have been wretched from very emptiness? It is, perhaps, a significant sign of the times that hospital and workhouse visiting have become, in a way, fashionable; and girls are no longer expected to lead empty lives, doing no good in their generation. Mr. Ruskin, in his celebrated "Letter to Young Girls," gave excellent advice on this subject. "Serve the poor," he says, "but for your lives . . . . don't preach to them. They are probably, without the least knowing it, fifty times better Christians than you; and if anybody is to preach, let *them*. Make friends of them when they are nice, as you do of nice rich people; feel with them, work with them, and if you are not at last sure it is a pleasure to you both to see each other, keep out of their way." Could anything be better or more outspoken than this revolt against the business-like way of visiting the sick poor that was prevalent in the old days? Readers of Dickens's "Bleak House" will doubtless remember, in this connection, the worthy Mrs. Pardiggle's visit to the unregenerate brickmaker and his sick family:—"Mrs. Pardiggle, who had been regarding him (the brickmaker) through her spectacles with a forcible composure—calculated, I could not help thinking, to increase his antagonism—pulled out a good book, as if it were a constable's staff, and took the whole family into custody. I mean into religious custody, of course; but she really did it, as if she were an inexorable moral policeman carrying them all off to a station house."

Visiting our sick friends—though it may be much easier than a mourning visit—yet demands a good deal of intuition. Sick people are often cross and irritable, old age is exacting; and we must make allowances for these failings. One cannot have a better example of want of tact than is given in the well-known story of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. Mr. Carlyle, as everybody knows, was immersed in his work, and did not very often see his wife when she was ill. She was suffering from violent facial neuralgia, which prevented her shutting her mouth properly. Mr. Carlyle meant well, but "he disliked an open mouth; he thought it a sign of foolishness." So he said: "Jane, ye'll find yerself in a more compact and pious frame of mind if ye shut your mouth."

Almost second to this in tactlessness is a story of a lady who visited a little sick cripple-girl of fifteen. She looked at the child with tears in her eyes, and evidently wished to say something kind, but knew not how. At last she took the bull by the horns. "Poor little girl!" she said; "how sad for you to have to sit still while others run about and play! But you are resigned, aren't you?" Now, this was about the most unfortunate speech that could have been made. The subject of her affliction had never been by any chance mentioned either by the child or by her friends. It was a fact that could only be made worse by being talked of. The reference was cruel, and most unintentionally so on the part of the visitor, who, happening to be herself the mother of nine children, ought to have known better. But, as Charles Lamb somewhere says, the real maternal feeling is not always—indeed, not oftenest—to be found among mothers of large families. A lonely spinster, with real sympathy, would not have made such a blunder as the foregoing.

Tact is a kind of second-sight—quite as extraordinary, when you come to think of it, as some of the wonders of the Psychical Research Society. Tact makes us know what subjects will be distasteful, and what pleasant. It is a kind of large unselfishness, a power of throwing one's self temporarily into other people's affairs, and of seeing with their eyes. If the sick friend you visit be in pain, it is better, however intimate you may be, to find out first from the servants whether she wishes to see you. No amount of intimacy justifies intrusion; and often it

happens that the sufferer will turn her face, like Hezekiah, to the wall, and only pray for silence. If you do see her, do not hold her hand or sit on the bed ; and if she be nervous, do not tell her with pride that you have no nerves yourself. And at the risk of seeming unpleasant, I must add, do not call her "Poor dear!" oftener than you can help. It is better not to be unduly commiserating ; I have often felt a quite distinct pain after a visit from a too effusively sympathetic friend. I need hardly add that it is unwise to dilate, as some ladies will, on their own and their friends' past severe sufferings and ailments. All this would argue kindliness, but hardly tact.

There are certainly some few people—few and far between—in the world who only show their kindest side to people in trouble. These, if you happened to be so unfortunate as, say, to break a leg in front of their door, would take you in and "do" for you with the greatest kindness ; but as long as you are happy and prosperous, they will take no notice of you. We need some such good Samaritans, for the world in truth is generally but too ready to "pass by on the other side."

The poor are more sympathetic as a class than the rich. Part of the cause of this is not far to seek. They are nearer together ; there is not so much "flummery" dividing them ; there is not a hall, two housemaids, or three footmen between them and the starving stranger at the gate.

"How hard it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven" would undoubtedly, if a census could be taken, be discovered to be the favourite text of the poor, who evidently derive some consolation from this assurance of equality in the end ; it comes in with their sense of the fitness of things. Our surroundings encircle us too much ; they keep our fellow-creatures' misery out of sight. A poor man, reduced to the lowest ebb, will more often beg from another as poor as himself than from the rich—

> "He turns from that cold succour which attends
> The unknown little from the unknowing great;"

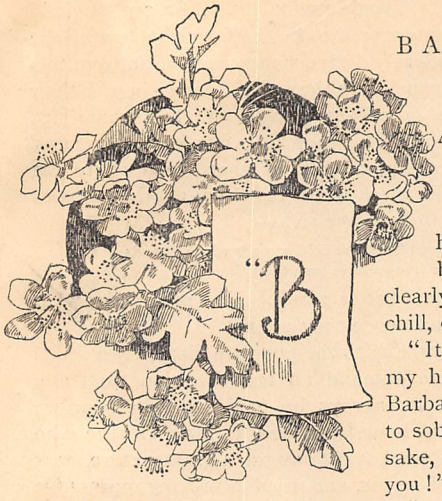
and often with a better result. The poor know what suffering is, and hence they are pitiful.

Visits of sympathy to the poor are distinctly a social duty, and these demand no less intuition than any other. They can always be paid, for "the poor we have always with us." It was, I think, Goethe who said that we should every day see a great picture, hear a fine piece of music, and read a stirring poem. It would be well to add to the above and pay a "visit of sympathy" to the poor, given of the charity

> "That blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

THE CONVALESCENT.

But, as Mr. Ruskin implies in his "Letter to Young Girls," before quoted, our duties are to poor and rich alike, and in all cases sympathy is needed. Sympathy is a great gift. In this connection we might transpose St. Paul's saying, and write that "if a woman have all other gifts, and have not sympathy, she is become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." After all, it is much like charity : "it suffereth long, and is kind" ; it "endureth all things." And unless you can "endure all things" in this sense, do not venture forth on visits of sympathy.



BARBARA'S SECRET.

BY A. M. AVENELL.

"BARBARA!" The voice came down from the hill above, but it sounded clearly through the chill, damp air.

"It's Tom—it's my husband," said Barbara, beginning to sob. "For pity's sake, get away with you!"

"Not without what I come for," said her companion. "Come, ten shillin' it is, and no less."

He spoke in a thick, husky voice, and the sight of him was like a blot on his surroundings; for he stood in a lane that ran steeply down between high rocky walls, and the crannies in the cliffs were full of ferns, mosses, and the thick green discs of the liverwort, all wet and fresh with the moisture of the autumn rains. The leaves were half gone from the trees, and the blue sky was dim and misty far above; the beautiful sound of running water filled all the air when the human voices ceased for a moment their discordant, passionate speaking.

"I can't do it," said Barbara, her pretty weak face wet with tears. "I haven't got the money, and it's truth that I tell you. But you wouldn't, no, you *wouldn't* go and tell on me? You're not so bad as that, Silas. What good would it do you to go and ruin me? He'd turn me out o' doors, so he would."

"You get me ten shillin', and you're safe, for me," reiterated Silas, doggedly. "Here you are, livin' comfortable, and enough to eat and drink every day of yer life, and yer fine 'usband as gives you everything you want; and here's me a-trampin' the country and livin' a reg'lar dog's life of it. If you haven't got any money, you'd better get it—and quick too—if you don't want me to come walkin' up to yer 'ouse and a-settin' down comfortable in the kitchen, and tellin' Mr. Tom Morris what a grand wife he's got, and how——"

"Barbara!"

The call came again in a deep voice.

"I can't stop—you must let me go. I'll try, I'll try," said Barbara, hurriedly breaking away from his rough touch. "Come to-morrow afternoon, and I'll try to give you something; but you must wait till then."

And without waiting for an answer, she turned round, and ran up the hill and round a corner, to where a low, cob-walled cottage stood, with a little garden in front of it, full of flaring yellow and orange marigolds. The cliff rose behind it like a wall, and the smell of burning wood hung in the damp air.

She was a slight little thing, with a pale face and light yellow hair, that blew back as she ran, it was so soft and fine; she stopped when she reached the garden gate, and leaned against the post, out of breath, with her hand to her side.

"You shouldn't run like that, Barb," said her husband gravely.

He always spoke gravely, and Barbara had never had the sense to understand the deep tenderness and love that lay beneath his gravity.

"What do you keep calling me like that for, then?" said she, pettishly. "It's hard that I can't run down just to see if there are any blackberries without being called after, as if I'd no business to set foot outside the door."

"Well, well, your mother is wanting her tea, and it's too late for you to be out with nothing on your head like that," said Morris quietly, leading the way into the little kitchen, where the firelight made a comfortable glow, and an old woman was sitting knitting beside the hearth.

"Why, where have you been, Barb?" she said anxiously. "You'll get a chill that'll be the death of you, standing about in them damp bushes."

"Do let me alone, mother," said Barbara, crossly.

Her weak little soul was oppressed and terrified, and could find no outlet except in speaking fretfully, and banging the tea-things about as she moved to and fro, setting the table. She would have given anything to have sat down and had a good cry; but she did not dare. Once she went to the door, and, opening it, looked anxiously up and down the lane; but the gathering darkness hid everything, and there was nothing to hear but the sighing and rustling of the trees, and the trickling of the water at the foot of the hill.

"Shut the door, Barb," said Morris. "What are you looking for out there?"

"Nothing," said Barbara. "I thought I heard a footstep: that was all."

"Why, whoever comes down here at this time o' night?" said her mother.

"Whoever comes down here at any time o' day, you might say," said Barb, in a high, fretful voice. "It's the dullest place I ever was in. It's all very well for you, Tom—you're going out again, I s'pose, just as usual; but me and mother, we sit here all day long, and never a soul to speak to."

"You're welcome to do my business for me if you like," said Morris, smiling down at her as he reached for his hat. "It's no pleasure I'm after. I've got to see old Heard about some work as he wants done to-morrow. And you keep the door fast shut, Barb, while I'm away. I saw an ill-looking sort of fellow about the village to-day—a tramp selling bootlaces, or something of the kind—a reg'lar bad lot he was, or I'm mistaken. But you've no call to be so frightened as all that, Barb. He'd better not come up here, or I'll have a word to say to him."

Barbara was looking up at him with a terrified face.

"Don't go near him, Tom," she gasped. "Promise me you won't speak to him if you see him!"

"I shan't see him," said her husband, patting her shoulder. "He's safe at the 'Three Crowns' by this time, you may be sure—and I'm going the other way."

He opened the door, and went out into the night, and Barbara fastened it carefully behind him. His heavy footsteps tramped down the rocky lane, and the two women listened in silence until they died away. Then they looked at each other, and fear grew upon old Mrs. Pascoe's face.

"What is it, Barb?" she said in a whisper.

Barb came and knelt down before the fire, holding out her hands to warm them.

"It's Silas," she said, whispering too. "It's Silas is the tramp he saw to-day. *I* saw him—I was talking to him when I was out."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear—I knew it!" cried the old woman shrilly. "I knew it was something bad when I see you come in looking like that."

"Don't call out so," said Barb, looking fearfully over her shoulder.

"Where's he going? What's he going to do? Why did he come?"

"He says he'll tell Tom."

"Tell *Tom?*"

"I've got to see him to-morrow; and if I don't give him some money, he'll come up here, and tell Tom all about it."

"He daren't. Tom 'ud pitch him down the lane if he set foot here."

"I tell you he will. Don't ye know Silas yet? Oh, mother!" said Barb, breaking down, "I'm frightened, I am! Tom'll turn me out o' doors when he knows."

The old woman sat staring at the fire, while Barbara cried. Sorrow, and labour, and hardship had drawn many wrinkles on her face; she had worked so hard all her life that her toil-worn hands could not keep from trembling as she folded them in her lap. The firelight flared and danced on the walls; a black shadow was flung behind Barbara as she sat sobbing on the floor; it reached up the wall, and nodded and menaced her as the flames leapt high or sank.

"Listen to me, Barb," said Mrs. Pascoe at last. "You'd better tell Tom all about it now."

"'I'LL NEVER DO IT,' SHE CRIED" (*p.* 917).

"Mother!" cried Barb. "Tell Tom! I wouldn't for all the world! I'd sooner run away!"

"You'd better tell him," reiterated her mother. "I know Silas better'n you do. I know the ways of him; and if he's found you out now he'll come back again and again, and you'll have no peace in your life."

"Oh, I know—I know," cried Barb.

"But if you tell Tom, he'll be angry with you, I don't doubt, and say hard things; but he won't hurt you. Tom isn't that sort. Maybe he'll send me away, but not you, Barb—not you. He'll forgive you. He's very fond of you. And then, if Silas comes to him with his tales, Tom will just half murder him—and serve him right too, the cowardly villain. I'd stay just to see it," cried the old woman, beating her trembling hands on her knees and raising her thin voice. "I'd go away cheerful to-morrow if I could just see the black-hearted wretch in Tom's hands.

All bruises he'd be—all bruises—and frightened to death! and we'd laugh at him, Barb, you and me, to see him pitched out o' doors after!"

"I daren't do it, mother," said the girl fretfully. "I'm frightened of Tom. No; I'll get him the money somehow; I can ask Tom for it, and say I want to buy something; and then perhaps Silas won't come back. Haven't you got any money?"

"Well—I've got a pound," said the old woman dully, all her excitement dying away.

"You give me ten shillings, mother, and I'll tell him that's all we've got, and I'll say that we'll tell Tom if he comes again."

"It won't be any use," said Mrs. Pascoe, getting up stiffly, and going to an old box that stood in the corner of the room.

She unlocked it, and took out several articles carefully, and, last of all, an old black stocking, folded together, which she brought over to the fire-light. She counted out ten shillings, made up principally of small coins, and gave them to her daughter, who took them without a word of thanks.

"You've got it now," said the mother, after the stocking was replaced, and the box carefully locked again. "That's money I've been saving to pay for my funeral, Barb, and it's took me a long time. I don't grudge it you if it'll keep Silas off; but if you take my advice, you'll tell Tom, and have done with it."

Barb shook her head, and sat still gazing at the fire when her mother had slowly climbed the steep stair in the corner of the room, and had gone for the night. The clock ticked loudly; the ashes fell with a click now and then; outside there was a swaying and rustling among the tall trees, and the wind came with a rush up the valley.

The room grew colder and colder as she sat there, with her arms clasped round her knees, and her eyes fixed on the dying fire. She didn't look pretty; all the girlishness and softness was gone from her face as she sat and thought, and the ugly inexorable past rose up before her.

Barb had always put it aside. She wanted to forget and to be happy, like other people; she did not see why she should be unhappy all her life because she had this one miserable chapter of it to look back upon. But now she was afraid and desperate.

It was past ten o'clock when she heard her husband's step on the stones, and she sprang to her feet, and ran quickly upstairs before he could open the door, that he might not see she had been crying. But even trouble cannot keep one long awake at twenty, and when Morris came upstairs, after smoking his pipe, he found Barbara fast asleep, as if no grief or sorrow had touched her.

Tom Morris was foreman at the saw-mills down in the valley. They were out of sight round the bend of the little stream, but Barb could hear the faint, singing, twanging whir as she stood at her door. She said it worried her, and wished that she could have lived in the village that lay further off—but Barb made many complaints in those days, and even regretted sometimes the narrow shabby street in Plymouth where she and her mother had lived before she was married.

Her mother had done work as an upholsteress, and Barb had helped her when she brought any home; the rough work had been hard for her, but it was not easy for Barbara to get a light situation of any kind; and they had to live. The two women thought it a fine thing when Tom Morris came to pay a visit to his cousin, in whose house they lodged, and fell in love with Barbara's pale, pretty face. It was all settled quickly, for Morris had to get back to his work again, and it never occurred to the grave, rather heavy, young man to make any inquiries about Mrs. Pascoe and her daughter.

They lived very quietly in one room, and worked very hard; they seemed to have no one belonging to them, and Barb wasn't strong. Tom Morris declared the country air would soon set her up, and that there was room in his cottage for the old woman too, and so it was all settled.

"What time are you going?" asked Mrs. Pascoe, as Barbara stood at the door in the afternoon, with her arms wrapped in her apron, listening to the drone of the saw-mill, and staring at the marigolds in the garden.

"I'm going at four o'clock," said Barb. "I told Tom I was going up to Nancy Carter's to tea, so it won't matter if he comes home early and misses me."

"Ye tell Tom nothing but lies now," said her mother bitterly.

"It's no lie. I can go up to Nancy's afterwards."

Her mother said no more, and at four Barbara put on her hat and went down the lane, holding her ten shillings tightly clasped in her hand. Mrs. Pascoe looked after her with a heavy heart; she was debating a great resolve in her mind.

Barbara went lightly down the hill. She had been telling herself how foolish it was to have been so frightened last night. She had put on her best dress, as she was going up to Nancy Carter's; it was a fine red, and Barbara was greatly comforted by putting it on.

She held it up carefully as she went down the hill, and told herself all would be well. She had the money—Silas would take it and go away, and that would be the end of it all. Yet, for all her reasoning, her old fear came back when she came to the rough little stone bridge that crossed the brook at the bottom of the hill, and saw the ugly figure of the tramp seated on a stile that led into a field at the side of the road.

He was smoking a black, evil-smelling pipe; his ragged clothes were grimy and uncared-for, and his neck was encircled by a frowsy red handkerchief. Barb felt her heart sink as she saw him watching her approach.

"Here, I've got it," she said, speaking nervously and quickly. "Make haste and go away—somebody might come along."

"Ye're mighty ashamed of yer old friends, Barb," said Silas, with a disagreeable grin.

He knocked out the ashes of his pipe on the top of the stile, and filled it again from a little screw of tobacco that he had in his pocket. But he made no move to take the money.

"Take it, if you want it," said Barb impatiently, looking anxiously up and down the lane.

"How much is it?"

"Ten shillings. That's what you asked for."

"You've got it easy enough, after all yer talk. But I didn't say ten shillin'. What's that to a man as has to earn his living hard like me? Give it here," said Silas roughly.

He snatched it from the frightened girl, and counted the coins greedily.

"That'll do for a little while," he said, putting the money in his pocket. "Now, when are you going to bring me some more—eh?"

"I haven't got any more," said Barb, bursting into tears.

"That's a lie!" returned Silas, lighting his pipe carefully.

"I'll give you ten shillings more, then," sobbed Barbara; "and that's every penny I've got. It's no use your keeping on coming here, for if you come a hundred times, and if you *killed* me, I couldn't give you any more—so there!"

"You can ask Morris, as he is so fond of you. He'll give you something to buy ribbons."

"I daren't ask him."

"Take it, then. Don't ye know where he keeps his money? It ain't nothing new to you, is it?" said Silas, with a sneer.

Barbara was silent. She was foolish and weak, but she was not thoroughly bad, and the deed suggested seemed too base, even to her terrified little soul. But what was she to do?

She stood still, staring straight before her at the green shadow under the trees where the little brook ran musically, and watching some yellow fallen leaves float past.

"You'd better do it," said Silas. "I'll have it all out with Morris if you don't, and where'll you be then? What are you frightened of? I didn't know you was so honest."

"And if I do get you a pound, will you promise me never to come back again any more?" said Barbara, with a beating heart.

Silas chuckled.

"That's as may be," said he.

The blood rushed up into Barbara's face.

"I'll never do it!" she cried, stamping her foot. "You've got the ten shillings poor mother gave me, and I was a fool to give it you. You won't get any more from me! I'll do as mother said. I shall tell Tom myself; and I would sooner die than take a halfpenny from him to buy you off, when he's so good to me. And if you dare to come up to our house, Tom will just kick you like a dog, and serve you right. You'd better try it, that's all!"

She was panting with indignation, and turned and ran up the lane, full of a new courage and determination.

Silas made an attempt to follow her, but soon thought better of it, and stopped short, with an oath. Barb ran swiftly on, and passed round the corner of the lane before she stopped to rest. It was a steep hill, and the running had given her a pain in her side, and made her cough.

She thought over what she was going to do as she went on more slowly. She would tell Tom, certainly. But what if Silas was frightened and never came—would there be any need then? She ought to tell Tom, she knew, but what *would* he say to her? She wrung her hands in irresolution, and by the time she reached the gate her determination had nearly oozed away. The gate had swung open, and as she went slowly up the little path her light footsteps made no sound. The speakers in the kitchen did not hear her approach; but Barbara heard their voices, and stopped short in breathless apprehension.

Her husband had come home early, after all; if she were going to speak, she had better do it now. As she stood wavering, her mother's voice fell clearly upon her ears.

"I've made up my mind to tell you all about it. If you're angry, I can't help it—but it's best you should know."

"Make haste, then, and get it over."

Barbara trembled, and shrank at the sternness with which Morris spoke. She could not go in now; she must wait and listen to hear what he said, and it was too late to stop her mother's story. She felt a fierce anger rise up within her as she thought how Silas might perhaps have gone away, and there might have been no need to speak—and now her mother had brought it all upon her! But she crept softly nearer, and crouched down in the little porch to listen. It was a dull afternoon, and the twilight was already beginning to fall.

"My Barb'ra, she was always a good girl to me," said Mrs. Pascoe, "but she was easy led into extravagant ways. She never meant no harm, poor dear. I 'prenticed her to a dressmaker, and she got led away by the other girls. We were very poor; she hadn't got a penny for herself, to get anything pretty like girls like to have—and it *was* hard for her. Many's the day she'd come home, and sit and cry, because some of the others, maybe, had got something she couldn't get: and she was the prettiest of the lot, too. For mercy's sake, Tom!" broke off the old woman shrilly, "how can I go on if you sit a-starin' at me like that?"

"Go on, and let me know what you're coming to!" said Morris's voice roughly.

Barbara twisted her hands tightly together. She cried miserably and silently; she was so sorry for herself.

"Well, then, one day some money was missing at the shop, and—and—they said my girl took it."

A dead silence. Then the mother's voice quavered on—

"And they took her—three pound it was—and I went on my bended knees to her mistress. I'd have worked day and night to make it up; but she

wouldn't hear me, and—and—so they sent her to prison."

Another silence.

"Did she take it?" said Barbara's husband, in a broken, husky voice. "Tell me the truth, now."

"Oh, oh!" whispered Barbara to herself, in an agony of fear. "Don't—*don't* tell him!"

"What are you waiting for? Have I married a thief?"

"I won't tell you!" burst out the old woman. "If you're going to be hard and cruel to her, I wish my tongue had been cut out before I told you!"

"You needn't trouble," said Morris bitterly. "It's plain enough."

"But now I've begun, I'll finish. I've got a stepson, Silas Pascoe—and a black villain he is, too! And he came down here on the tramp the other day by chance, and found out Barb. And he frightened her, and told her he'd come up and tell you all about it if she didn't give him some money. That was him you saw selling boot-laces, and I made up my mind then that I would tell you all, for I see it's the only way to keep things straight. I know Silas, and he'll never leave her alone till he's made some mischief. For she's afraid of you, Tom, and she daren't speak to you herself, I know."

"Where is she now?"

"She's gone out to meet him."

"Gone to give him money to buy him off telling me the truth!"

Barbara crept a little nearer, and tried to look through the crack of the door. Her husband stood with his back to her, his elbows on the chimney-piece, and his face buried in his hands. She couldn't see her mother, but she heard the thin anxious voice going on—

"You won't be hard on her, Tom? I know we ought to have told you, but I just thought it 'ud make no difference to you if you didn't know. She's a good girl; there's nothing against her but that. And she's your wife, you know."

No answer.

"Tom—you won't turn her out, will you? *I'll* go! I couldn't expect you to keep me now, 'cause it was all my fault. I can work well enough; but Barb—she can't. She ain't strong, you know, Tom. If you'll be good to her, I'll bless you always — I will—and never come across your path again. She wasn't more'n a child then; she didn't know. Tom——"

"'YOU ARE MY OWN LITTLE WIFE'" (*p.* 919).

Barbara heard her mother's voice break into a hard sob as she crouched and listened. She rose up softly and waited. It was growing dark, and the wind blew cold, with some drops of rain in it. She was cramped with stooping so long, and her pretty red dress had mud stains on it. She was very cold; inside there was warmth and comfort, if she only dared go in.

"I'll count twenty," she thought. "And if he says anything kind before I've finished, I'll go in."

She counted twenty very slowly, and then twenty more with a sort of pitiful expectation. And when that twenty was finished too, she turned very softly and went away.

The gate fell to with a click behind her.

"That's Barb!" said her mother.

But the moments went heavily on, and Barb did not come. Morris strode to the door, and flung it wide open. No one was there, and it was too dark to see the muddy marks of her feet on the doorstep.

"It *was* Barb—it was my girl!"

Mrs. Pascoe came to the door, and peered anxiously out.

"Where has she gone? Oh, Tom: if she heard what I said, and was frightened!"

Morris stood still and stared out into the obscurity. His whole soul was full of misery, and bitterness, and anger as the old woman sobbed and moaned.

"She'll get her death of cold!" she lamented.

As a dash of rain came suddenly in his face, he turned round, took his hat, and went out. His steps were stronger and swifter than Barbara's, and in a few minutes he saw the little dark figure in front of him, going slowly along in the rain. He hastened his steps, and she turned round.

"Where are you going, Barbara?" he said sternly.

Barbara uttered a faint cry, and fell back a step or two.

"I—I—don't know," she muttered.

"Come back at once. You'll kill yourself if you go on in this wet."

"I'd rather," sobbed Barbara.

But she turned, in obedience to his command, and tried to hasten her steps before him up the lane. It was hard work for her; she was very tired and wet, and the wind blew against her, and she cried as she went along. Morris felt his anger mingled with a great pity; she looked such a little thing, and so unfit to struggle by herself. But she had deceived him, and his heart was sore within him. At last her tired feet stumbled against a stone, and she nearly fell. Morris caught her, and held her fast.

"My little girl," he said—"my poor little Barb—don't be so afraid of me."

"Oh, Tom!" sobbed Barb, clinging to him. "Aren't you going to turn me out, then?"

"Hush, hush! don't think of such a thing," said her husband sadly. "I'll never turn you out, Barb. But you should have told me, dear."

"Oh, I wish I had," said Barbara drearily. "You'll never care for me the same again now."

The little pools gleamed pallidly in the road, and the damp fallen leaves swirled and eddied under the hedges. Barbara's fine dress dragged in the wet behind her, but she cared nothing about it.

"I told you lies, Tom," she went on. "And Silas, he wanted me to steal your money for him so that he wouldn't tell. But I wouldn't do that. I told him I'd die first. You *do* believe me, don't you? Indeed, I wouldn't, Tom. I'm not so bad as that."

"The scoundrel!" said Morris, between his teeth; "No, Barb, no—you wouldn't do it, I'm sure."

"But you don't care for me like you did, do you, Tom?"

Morris was silent for a little while. Something was indeed gone out of his love that could never come back again, though he could not even express to himself exactly what he felt; and Barbara couldn't understand. But he looked at her poor, tear-stained little face, as they stood for a moment at the cottage gate, and a great tenderness and pity for her came over him. He stooped and kissed her.

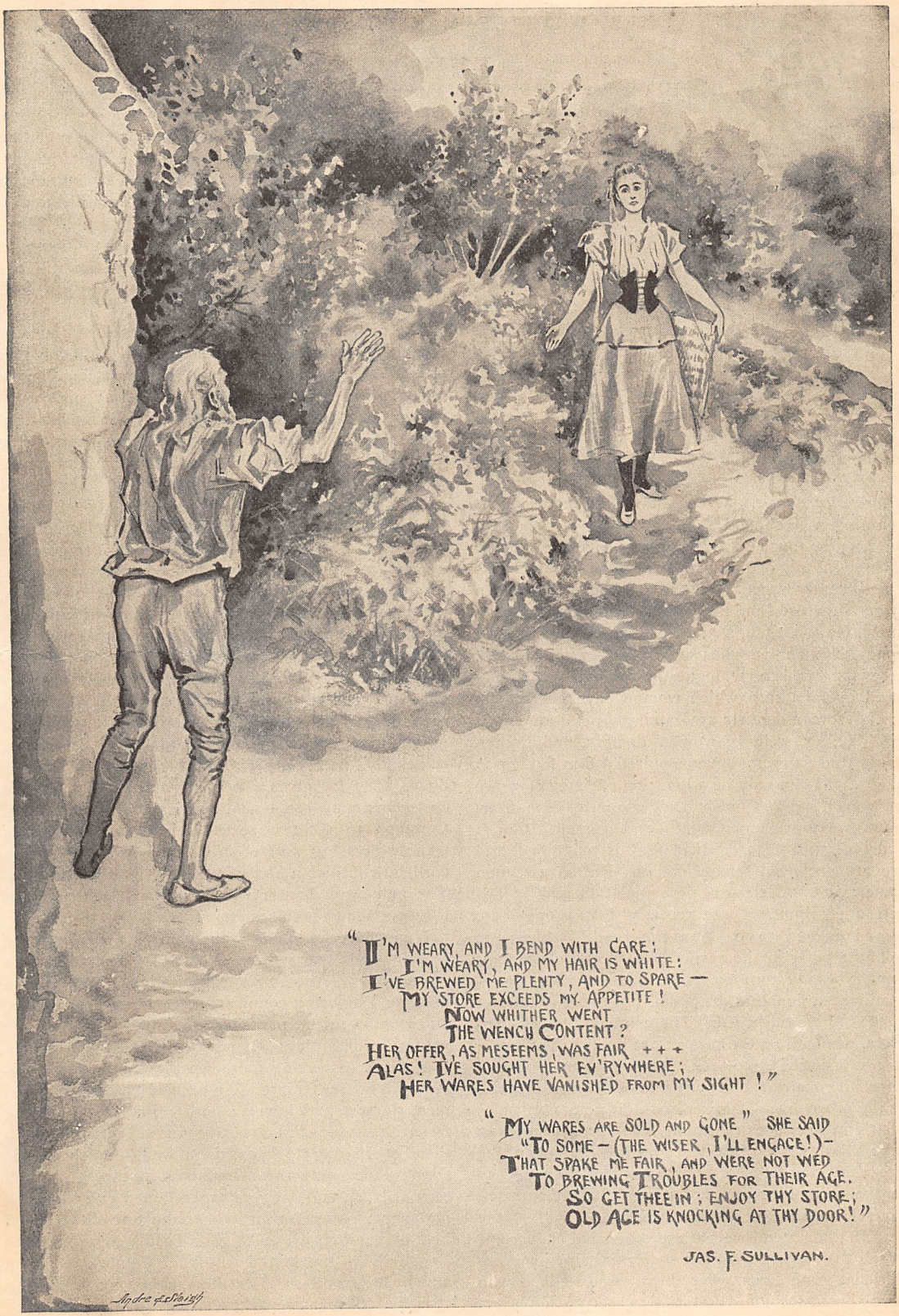
"You are my own little wife," he said, "and I love you, my dear."

And as Barbara smiled and brightened with returning hope, he put his arm round her and led her into the warm firelight of their home.

A-Brewing.

Said Miss Content "I've skies *so* blue,
And birds that sing the summer long;
The brightest blossoms, fresh and new,
And stars that twinkle—*such* a throng!
I've waving trees,
And lands and seas,
And balmy air, and sparkling dew:
I'll sell without reserve to you—
Come, you shall have them for a song!"

"I have no time for songs" said he;
Be pleased to take yourself away,
For I am busy, as you see,
A-brewing troubles all the day:
I have to brew myself a store
Against old age shall reach my door."



"I'M WEARY, AND I BEND WITH CARE;
I'M WEARY, AND MY HAIR IS WHITE:
I'VE BREWED ME PLENTY, AND TO SPARE —
MY STORE EXCEEDS MY APPETITE!
NOW WHITHER WENT
THE WENCH CONTENT?
HER OFFER, AS MESEEMS, WAS FAIR + + +
ALAS! I'VE SOUGHT HER EV'RYWHERE;
HER WARES HAVE VANISHED FROM MY SIGHT!"

"MY WARES ARE SOLD AND GONE" SHE SAID
"TO SOME — (THE WISER, I'LL ENGAGE!) —
THAT SPAKE ME FAIR, AND WERE NOT WED
TO BREWING TROUBLES FOR THEIR AGE.
SO GET THEE IN; ENJOY THY STORE;
OLD AGE IS KNOCKING AT THY DOOR!"

JAS. F. SULLIVAN.

NEW WAYS OF MAKING MONEY.

THE fortunate few with settled incomes can get more for their money to-day than ever before, but as the population increases, the difficulty of earning money becomes greater. All the old walks are crowded with persons making haste to get rich. The majority will never reach the desired goal unless they strike out new paths for themselves. Let us consider what new opportunities there are for making money. Civilisation has restricted these opportunities for end-of-the-century mortals, although its march cleared the ground for pioneers.

Place aux dames. Women have far greater means of earning a livelihood than formerly; but they get money not so much in fresh channels as at the expense of men. In only one industry, as shown by the census report recently issued, have the number of the women engaged decreased and the number of men increased—namely, glove-making; and this is to be explained by the fact that machinery has superseded sewing by hand. There is no need to catalogue the callings once monopolised by men into which women have effected an entry. Women dentists are gaining ground among us every day, as well as women doctors, and women parsons and lawyers have acquired a firm footing in America. It can only be a question of time before we have women judges who shall address juries of matrons—now sometimes empanelled—and women bishops: for already the office of deaconess is magnified, and there are surpliced female choirs. We have women commercial travellers—in perambulators and half-a-dozen other lines. Quite recently I saw one lady, whom I judged to be "on the road." She was smoking a cigar in the corner of a second-class compartment of a western express. The train was standing still at a junction platform, but the lady did not attempt to hide the weed. There are lady book-canvassers, who call on the proper "at home" afternoons, and are ushered into the drawing-room. Canon Ainger felt constrained to complain of this new practice only the other day. A lower class of woman intrudes similarly in the hopes of selling furniture polish; and I have heard of one of these who, while the lady of the house was being fetched, polished one of the chairs to show the merit of her nostrum. Lady guides flourished for a season, but are now, I believe, a thing of the past. In their stead we have professional chaperons, who sell their position in society (and their friends) to ambitious Americans. We have also ladies who relieve hostesses of all trouble in providing an entertainment when giving a party. This suggests, of course, that ladies are not above dining out for a fee, or calling in faultless carriages and pair at suburban "at homes." This last is expensive, but paying. Those who remember Mr. Du Maurier's picture of a suburban afternooon "at home" will readily understand that this novelty fills a long-felt want. There are women, too, who call from house to house to arrange the flowers on the dining-table and in the window-boxes, to superintend the cooking, to look after the pet dog, or to trim the lamps.

The number of girl clerks has increased enormously, especially since the typewriter has come into common use. Lady inspectors, imperial and municipal female officials, excite no comment now, except such as is written by the facile pens of the growing band of women journalists, who really are more enterprising than male members of the fourth estate. But women do not so much invent as adopt. That they should encroach upon the domain of professional sport is not surprising, and we have lady cricketers, cyclists, divers, swimmers, and scullers—all of whom compete for money—to say nothing of female teachers of gymnastics. Another sport they indulge in is telling the fortunes, reading the bumps, or palms, or the handwriting of the impressionable sex. We have lady pavement artists, flower-sellers (who do a great business in "button-holes" for City men), women who earn money by shaving, massage, and manicure. Everybody has seen in barbers' windows women knitting, with their magnificent hair over their shoulders, advertising somebody's hair restorer; and if they have a "smart" figure, they try on new bonnets and dresses, so that customers may see how novelties look when worn. Common to the two sexes are the occupations of window-dressing and of advising how to lay out a garden or furnish a house in the most artistic fashion. The autograph hunter who sells his ill-gotten gains is a disgrace to both sexes.

Men guests at dinners and dances are always in request, and Mr. Anstey's sketch of "The Man from Blankney's" is no great exaggeration. Men earn a livelihood by being connoisseurs in horse-flesh, wines, and what not; but parasites are no new breed, as any reader of old plays knows. A fresh departure in hygiene is inspecting for a fee the sanitary arrangements of houses for intending occupants. Professional men, doctors and lawyers, both enjoy large retaining fees. Neurotic old ladies pay medical men to call on them every day to keep them well — much as the Chinese do: only the celestials stop the fees when they fall ill; and lawyers are retained *inter alia* by newspaper proprietors who have the fear of the law of libel before their eyes. Signor Tosti's engagement to sing daily to the late Duchess of Cambridge was a novelty, too, and so is earning money by organising charity. Then newspaper cutting agencies, and such

a thing as the universal information bureau, are of mushroom growth. But my list in this direction threatens to be far too long.

All forms of sport are over-run with professionals. The Association game of football has become ruined by the inrush of paid players, who are bought and sold by rival clubs like so many head of cattle. Since 1881 the number of showmen (other than actors) and professional sportsmen, who are classed together in the census, has been augmented eighty per cent. We are all familiar with the pseudo-amateur cyclist—the maker's amateur—who receives a large retaining fee for always racing on a certain make of machine. This is a comparatively new calling. The whole cycling industry, indeed, has grown as fast as Jack's beanstalk. In 1881 there were 1,072 bicycle makers and dealers in this country; in 1891 there were 11,524. Billiard champions, too, enjoy a yearly stipend for only playing on certain tables, or with certain cues, balls, etc.

The profession of teaching is expanding rapidly; but, of course, within well-defined limits. University extension lecturing provides a livelihood for a deserving and able class. Technical education brings new grist to the mill. For instance, the County Councils have to employ secretaries for organising technical education. Again, the Northumberland County Council has been training fishermen in the mysteries of their craft—in coastal navigation, etc.—and after a few weeks "at school" these men have been sent home to impart their learning to their fellows in classes assembled. Then the education of deaf-mutes has at last been set on a proper basis, and new teachers are required for this department at schools. The specialisation of educational work tends to make this country—where, of course, State endowments are less liberal—resemble Germany, the land where professors in plenty be—

> The land which produced one Kant with a K,
> And many Cants with a C.

Similarly the profession of journalism, which is advancing in importance and dignity with rapid strides, affords many occupations of a new character. This suggests more dubious means of living by one's wits. If I were to treat of *chevaliers d'industrie*—old foes with new faces—at all adequately, this MAGAZINE would not contain the tale. There is little novelty in swindling, after all, although application of old principles are often novel. For example: a man was about to be sent to prison in Paris the other day, when it was discovered accidentally that he was personating the real offender, and had been supplied by an agency established for the very purpose. "Philanthropic finance," which has been so much before the public of late, is a very old thing. Street hawkers have increased very largely—with the population—but the class of wares which they sell presents no great novelty. Cheap toys and fal-lals have long been profitable merchandise, and the inventor of a new "line" in them, if he has been a business-like man, has generally reaped a good harvest. The penny-in-the-slot machines have interfered somewhat with hawkers' profits. The latest application of the penny-in-the-slot principle is to the electric light supply in the underground railway trains of London; and the mention of electric light suggests a large industry, expanding every week. Edison, who is so conspicuously associated with latter-day invention, has provided the class of men who used to give mild electric shocks for a penny with a new and profitable toy—the phonograph, which may be met with in the most unlikely places.

The census affords much food for reflection. In the first place, it shows that machinery has ousted men from factories, and that more than ever the English may be described as a nation of shopkeepers. From 1881 to 1891 shopkeepers—among whom the peerage figures — increased 27.9 per cent. Yet here every walk of life is being crowded out. Look at the tobacco trade. The hands employed in tobacco factories are nearly twice as many as ten years or so ago. This throws a side-light on cigarette consumption, for it is noteworthy that the total number engaged in the pipe trade has remained almost stationary. There are already far too many tobacconists. The number of male and female agricultural labourers (I know one gentleman who employs women gardeners under a male head gardener), on the other hand, has fallen off more than ten per cent.

The largest increase of all is in those following financial pursuits. Lotteries having been abolished, people gamble instead by means of the Stock Exchange. The country is suffering from a plethora of companies. Everything nowadays is turned into a limited liability company. "Bucket-shops" are no new institutions, but they have developed proportionately—with financial journals. The most remarkable increase is in the direction of insurance companies. Life and fire insurances have multiplied amazingly, and it is now possible to insure against burglary, frozen pipes, broken window-panes, burst kitchen boilers, and employés' dishonesty. Those who are unable to gamble in stocks and shares bet on sporting events. There never was, perhaps, more general betting than now. There is an enormous class of sporting men, as opposed to a very different set—sportsmen (a nice distinction, which most will fully appreciate)—who will wager on anything under the sun. A reader of sporting papers will be familiar with the challenges published in them to clean pewter pots, to wheel a barrow, to match singing canaries or linnets, to play mouth-organs, etc., for stakes to be held by representatives of the papers in question.

Not long ago an excellent authority in the East End, in the course of some conversation with me on present-day evils, laid emphasis on the disappearance of the apprenticeship system and the mischievous specialisation of labour. Mr. John A. Hobson, in a recent lecture on "Over Specialisation," wittily said:—"Once there was such a being as a watchmaker; now one man is about the three hundred and seventieth part of a watchmaker. Once it was said it took nine tailors to make a man; now it takes more than nine men to make a tailor. There is no such thing as a tailor—there are only 'cutters,' 'basters,'

'button-holers,' etc." When a man made a whole chair the article cost more to the general public; and as he could not make every part equally easily, from want of practice, there was a certain amount of time wasted in the process. Now, however, the man only makes—say—the legs; and as he does nothing else, he becomes as much a machine as the painters who in the Italian art galleries do nothing but copy over and over again the same work of some old master.* There is only one thing to be said in favour of excessive specialisation—it enables more men to earn wages, provided the demand for the articles produced is maintained.

I referred just now to the march of civilisation. An old sea captain of my acquaintance was deploring the departure of the days when steamboats and means of land transport were few. I remember that in one voyage this captain took out from England hundreds of ladies' ready-made dresses, for which he gave 30s. apiece. He sold them in various ports on the west coast of South America, obtaining from twenty-five dollars (£5) upwards for every one of them. The good old days when colonists could make fortunes without capital in very few years are gone for ever. Money is the true begetter of money now.

Where are we to look for new outlets? Inventors and discoverers are the saviours of society. The photographic art is modern enough to be a useful case in point. Photographers increased 41 per cent. from 1871 to 1881, and 59 per cent. in the following decade. New industries give rise to new wastes; and it was long before it was discovered that the precious metal used in the developing solutions could be recovered, or that the yolk of eggs, whose white was employed in providing albuminised paper, need not be thrown away as valueless, but would realise handsome prices from pastry-cooks. The history of waste products, indeed, is extremely instructive, and very pertinent to this article. Lord Palmerston declared that "dung was only gold in the wrong place." In some cases by-products have become the main products. Gas-tar—truly an unpromising material—now yields numberless products, as any science primer shows. From even more unlikely sources scents are obtained. As Lord Playfair once said: "Many a fair forehead is damped with the *huile de mille-fleurs* without knowing that its essential ingredient is derived from the drainage of a cow-house."

To the French belongs the greatest credit in discovering new means of making money. The Parisian *chiffonnier* is much sharper than his London brother, who does a queer trade in cigar ends and old hats, boots, etc., which are "faked" to look as good as new. It was a Parisian who first utilised old sardine tins, long regarded as worthless. He extracted the solder, and utilised the tin in the manufacture of toys and for beating into furniture. Another Parisian, an old soldier, collected old crusts and made them into bread-crumbs for cooks, and in time started a place of business, whence were supplied *croûtes au pot*, so dear to connoisseurs in soups. One of the latest novelties reported from across the Channel is a process for washing packs of playing-cards and renewing the edges. Unless the Government interfere, this industry is likely to become a large one, for the duty on cards makes the constant purchase of new packs a considerable item in the accounts of restaurants and other places of public resort.

Remember how trade has been affected by inventions such as Arkwright's spinning-frame or Howe's sewing-machine; and think what has followed from discoveries such as Sir Titus Salt's—that alpaca wool was not wholly valueless. Explorers abroad are constantly finding new worlds to conquer. We have it on Lord Salisbury's authority that Sir John Kirk, Her Majesty's minister at Zanzibar, discovered within his jurisdiction a plant that has yielded £200,000 worth of indiarubber a year since. To-morrow the handsome premium—many thousands of pounds—offered by the Indian Government, for a machine that shall extract the fibres from the ramie plant may be won, and the textile industries revolutionised.

It is easy to point the moral which adorns this tale. There is no royal road to riches, but there is one way of making money as new to-day as it was thousands of years ago. I mean by down-right hard work—the "gospel of grind." Carlyle's noble praise of work will be familiar to all, but none the less are Kingsley's sad words true:—

"Men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep."

R. M. L.

* A grim instance of specialisation is that of a man who ties down ginger-beer bottles—25,000 a week.

MISS CYNTHIA.

A COMPLETE STORY.

IT was at a little seaside place in West Cornwall that I met with Miss Cynthia Treleven. I never saw her before, and have never seen her since; yet in the short time of our acquaintance I think I was a witness of the one romance—the one pitiful little tragedy—of Miss Cynthia's life.

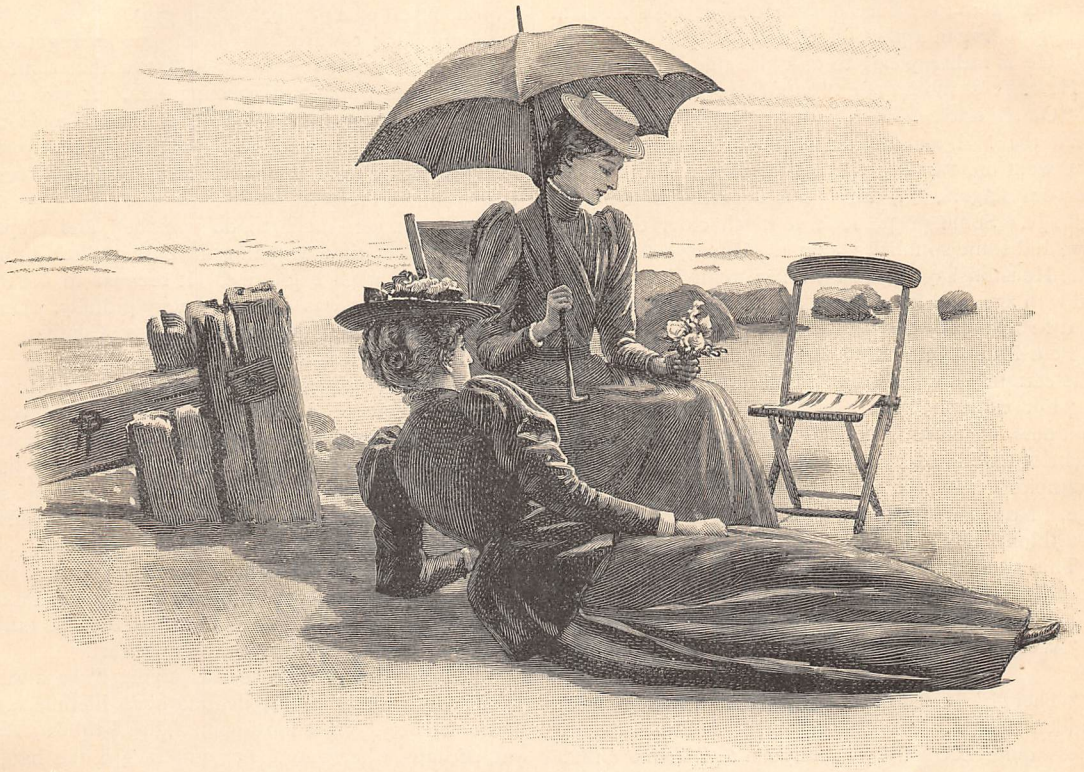
She was certainly a middle-aged lady, and yet that term gives altogether a wrong idea of her. Though her youth was past, there was still something girlish about her. She had preserved the shyness and innocence of youth, though its freshness and bloom had fled long ago; the bashfulness that was pretty at eighteen was a little awkward now; the blush that came so readily to her thin cheek was more painful than becoming. I don't think she could ever have

been pretty, but there was something taking about her, and I found Miss Cynthia a very interesting study at first. She was far younger than I, although her actual years must have numbered nearly the double of mine.

We happened to be staying at the same hotel—I with my mother, and Miss Cynthia with her brother, a stout Cornish squire, his handsome daughter, and a young man whose relationship I could not fix at all.

"Very much so, indeed," said my mother. "I think there must be some relationship, as it would be absurd to imagine anything else between them."

That evening I happened to pick up Miss Cynthia's book for her, and so commenced our acquaintance. We were seated in the hotel garden, in the soft summer twilight, and Miss Cynthia talked a good deal, in the nervous, flurried way that shy people have. Her



"I LOOKED AT HER HOPELESSLY" (*p.* 926).

He was a handsome young fellow, tall and dark-haired, with heavy, sleepy eyes; and he lounged about all day, in a fashion that made me long to shake him. Nearly all his time was spent lying on his back on the turf, smoking, or slouching about the little place, watching the coasters in and out of the harbour, and yawning. A French novel was always sticking out of his pocket; I never saw him read anything else.

"I *detest* that young man," I said with much emphasis to my mother one day, when we were seated on the downs with our books and knitting, with a good view of the gentleman in question lounging on the breakwater below us.

"I don't think he can be altogether bad," replied my mother gently. "There must be some good in a young man who is as devoted to his aunt as he is. I notice him always very attentive to Miss Treleven."

"I am sure she is not his aunt," I cried. "Is he really attentive to her?"

niece Maud had not been very well for some time, she told me, and so they had been trying what a little change of air would do for her.

"And I like to see a little of the world now and then," she said, hesitatingly. "Don't you think one grows a little old-fashioned, living in the country all the year round? We do not see much society at Polellan, and, for my part, I like to have some idea of the fashions."

I could scarcely help a smile as I glanced at her slim, lank figure and faded face. There was nothing fashionable about Miss Cynthia. She had curiously preserved the exact style of feature and manner which one sees in the Keepsakes and Books of Beauty which were young with her; and the style which was suggested by her appearance was that of limp braids, with a rose behind one ear, sloping shoulders with a scarf trailing off them, and sandalled slippers.

They had made quite a little tour, Miss Cynthia went on, and Maud was much better already.

"And does her brother like it, too?" I asked.

"Her brother? Oh—you mean Mr. Houston. No; he is no relation at all—that is—I should say, he is only a friend," said Miss Cynthia, nervously. "We made his acquaintance at Penzance, and he has formed one of our party since."

"He seems to find it rather dull," I remarked.

"Do you think so? Oh, no! I assure you he is *delighted* with the place," fluttered my companion, with a painful blush. "He doesn't care much for exertion, perhaps; but he says it is enough for him simply to *live* in a place like this."

"He is rather young to talk like that," I hazarded. "He can't be more than twenty-five or six?"

"Oh!" cried Miss Cynthia, "he is *much* older than that! I am sure he is much older; but then," she went on, twisting the corner of her shawl in her nervous fingers, "I think it is so difficult really to tell age. Some people look so much older than they are, and some so much younger. Don't you think so? Mr. Houston says that years have really very little to do with age, and it is only experience and knowledge that really signify."

Poor Miss Cynthia! According to that maxim she was certainly no more than eighteen.

"For example," she said hastily, with the curious boldness of bashful people, who often make confidences that stronger souls would shrink from—"for example, I am sure you would never guess *my* real age. Now, I wish you would tell me: how old should you think I really am?"

This was rather sudden. I gasped. There was nothing for it but prevarication; and with that anxious, faded face waiting eagerly upon my words, I said:—

"Well, it is really hard to tell; but *are* you thirty yet?"

"There!" cried Miss Cynthia, beaming with sudden delight. "I was right; it *is* impossible to guess quite correctly. I really am a *little* more than that; but appearances are sometimes deceptive, are they not? Is that you, Maud?" as a tall figure approached through the twilight. "Do you want me, my love?"

"It is too damp for you to be out, dear," said the girl. "Do come in now."

She spoke in a soft, pleasant voice; but I noticed a scrutinising glance at me as she came near, as if to see who it was that kept Miss Cynthia out so late. She acknowledged her aunt's nervous introduction with a very slight bow, and passed her arm through hers to lead her indoors.

I remained on my seat a little longer, meditating. Poor Miss Cynthia! Her secret was easily read, and I scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry over her; but I couldn't get her out of my head. From where I sat I could see the masts of the vessels that were lying by the lock, ready to go out with the next tide; the broad downs rose on the other side of the harbour, and I could see the constant flash of the white breakers at the edge of the greyness of the ocean. The air was full of the sound of the sea; it formed a sort of background to all the other sounds of the summer evening: the distant voices of children, the steps and greetings of passers-by, and the thin twang of the church clock that struck the half-hours and quarters high above the scattered little town.

Miss Cynthia's affairs seemed fantastic and rather ridiculous to me while I sat there in the twilight. As I mused, the scent of a cigar floated upon the air, and I heard a step down the road by the church. I recognised Mr. Houston as he lounged past the garden where I sat, with his hands in his pockets, and his cap slouched over his handsome eyes. I was sitting with my back towards the hotel, but as I gathered up my shawls and rose to go in, I saw that someone else had been watching the young man. A girl stood at the drawing-room window, a dark, handsome, sulky-looking girl, who was watching intently the lounging figure from under her straight-drawn brows. It was Maud Treleven.

I had not very much to do just then, and I spent a good deal of time watching the curious little drama that unrolled itself before me. It seemed to me that a great deal of it was explained very pitifully, when I heard from acquaintances that Miss Cynthia was quite an heiress in a small way.

Five hundred a year was a nice little income for an idle young man to pick up; and he certainly devoted to her all the time that he could spare from his novels and cigars. It was not hard work for him; a very little went a great way with poor Miss Cynthia, who, as she confided to me one day upon the sands, had never had a lover before.

He had brought her a little bunch of flowers that morning, and she held them in her hand as she talked to me, with a glance at them now and then so full of pride and pleasure that it went to my heart.

"You see, my dear," she was saying, "we always lived very quietly in my dear father's lifetime, and saw no society. It is hard upon a girl, I think. And yet, perhaps, when one is not quite a girl, the happiness seems greater. I never thought——" and Miss Cynthia's voice broke suddenly, and she looked straight out to sea with moistened eyes.

I looked at her hopelessly. She had begun to affect a certain juvenility of style which sat very badly upon her. She had curled her front hair lately, and as it was thin and soft it would not friz, but straggled in limp strands upon her forehead. A sailor hat was perched upon her head—exactly the same sort of hat as that which Maud Treleven wore upon her heavy black coils—and she wore a cross-over blouse which accentuated the flatness and angularity of her thin figure. It was hard to think of her as the heroine of a love affair.

"Dear Miss Cynthia," I said gently (I was so sorry for her), "I think you may be right, and that one *may* be happier to be engaged late in life; but don't you think one ought to be very sure—very certain, about it. A girl may get over things that an older person cannot, you know. One wants to be *sure*."

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Cynthia, with a happy smile. "Very sure."

There was nothing more to be said. And presently she went on :

"I don't think you know Mr. Houston very well, do you?"

I said that I did not.

"No ; he is not very easy to know. He says himself that very few people understand him. My niece Maud, for example, dislikes him very much. It is a pity, for she is such a dear girl, and it makes it *so* uncomfortable. I assure you she will scarcely speak to him, and is quite short with me if I but mention his name to her. And my brother too is very unkind. He says very cruel things sometimes."

I had noticed that Maud Treleven was almost rude in her behaviour to the young man, and that she threw every obstacle that she could in the way of his intercourse with her aunt. To Miss Cynthia herself she showed the tenderest affection, but she was always on the watch, and Mr. Houston seemed uneasy and awkward under the glance of her black eyes. Therefore it seemed the more extraordinary to me when, in two figures coming slowly along the sands towards us, I recognised Miss Treleven and her aunt's admirer.

We were seated under the shadow of an advancing ledge of rock which ran out into the sand in long points and reefs, and they passed by without noticing us. Miss Cynthia had not seen them ; she was very short-sighted, and they passed at some distance. We sat silent for some little time—I busy with my knitting, and Miss Cynthia fidgeting about in her usual nervous way—when suddenly a man's voice struck upon our ears from the other side of the long, jagged reef behind us—

"Hard? I should think it *is* hard—for *me*. Why *you* should care about it, though, I can't think. You threw me over first, or I should never have thought of it."

In a moment I understood. Mr. Houston and Miss Treleven had come up the other side, quite unconscious of our presence. I half rose, but Miss Cynthia sat quite still, and I sat down again doubtfully.

"Don't you understand that I will not bear to see her so deceived?" said an indignant, girlish voice. "How *can* you do it? It is shameful, disgraceful! I wonder you have the face to speak to her at all before me—knowing you as I do."

"And what do you know, then?"

"I know that you chose to make love to *me* once, thinking I was the heiress of my grandmother's money," replied Maud Treleven, with a scornful laugh. "I know that I found out the reason of your devotion, and 'threw you over,' as you call it, before you had time to find out your mistake and throw me over instead. And I know that, still anxious to get the money, you have made my dear old aunt"—(Miss Cynthia drew in her breath quickly)—"believe that you care for her, and you are going to marry her for the sake of it. But you shall not. I will tell her everything myself sooner than see it."

"You may tell her what you like. She will believe me, not you," said Mr. Houston, sullenly.

"That's the cruelty of it! Oh, you villain! You mean, treacherous villain!"

"Come, Maud," said he, with a roughened voice, "that's enough of calling names. Now listen to me. I'll tell you the truth. I did ask you to marry me because I thought you had money. But I got to care about you so much that I would never have given you up, even if I knew you hadn't a penny, only you never gave me the chance to tell you so. You would not hear me. I didn't know why you threw me over. Well, then I heard it was your aunt who had all the money. Why shouldn't I marry her, I thought. She isn't a bad old thing. I don't dislike her at all. But look here, it's *you* I want. I don't care a hang for all her money if you would only have me."

"How dare you insult me?" she cried. I could hear her quick, angry breathing. "Do you think I would take you—now?"

"You could make a better fellow of me, Maud."

"And she—oh, it is too cruel! She thinks you love her. She is so happy."

"Never mind her. Think of yourself. You *did* care for me at first, Maud."

The young man's voice had sunk to a pleading tone which poor Miss Cynthia had never heard before. I think she had forgotten I was there. She sat rigidly quiet, still looking out to sea beyond me. I never saw anything like the dreadful despair of her eyes, and she still held her little bunch of flowers, tightly clasped in her thin, trembling hand. They were drooping already. I did not dare to move or speak ; and the sunlight fell all round us, and the murmur of the sea filled the air, and the voices went on still behind the rocks.

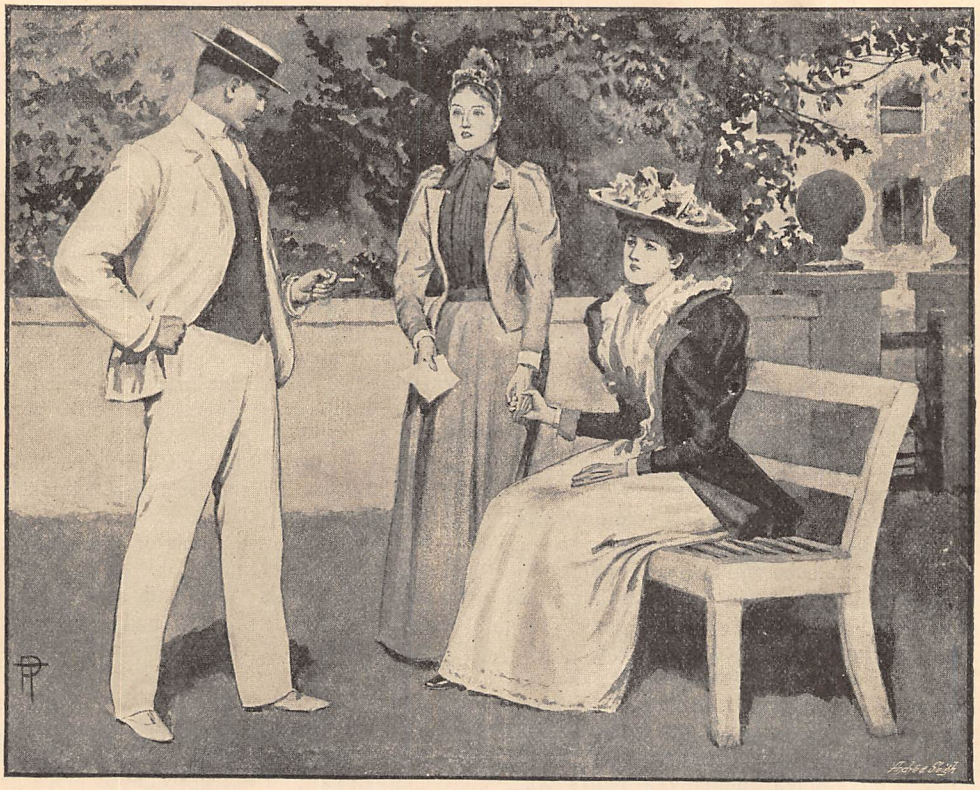
"I will not hear you," said the girl. I could hear her hasty rising, and the clatter of the loose stones that fell as she moved. Her voice sounded as if she was crying. "And you shall not make Aunt Cynthia miserable—poor old darling!"

"Take me yourself then," said the young man. "I tell you it's either you or her."

They were moving away. We could no longer hear the words distinctly, and soon even the sound of them died away. And then Miss Cynthia moved. She looked away from the sea at last, and down at the drooping flowers in her hand. Then suddenly she let them fall, buried her face in her hands, and burst into a dreadful weeping. Her thin, lank figure shook with the violence of her sobs ; her poor, silly little sailor hat got pushed all on one side ; and I got up softly and went away, for one should not look on at a breaking heart, and I could do nothing to comfort her. I looked back once, and she was still sitting there—a very pitiful figure in the bright sunlight.

I did not see Miss Cynthia again that day. She had a bad headache, her niece told me, and did not care to come down to dinner. Miss Treleven had very heavy eyes herself, and I noticed that she had not a word to say to Mr. Houston, who looked as black as thunder.

But the next morning I saw Miss Cynthia ; she



"HE MUTTERED SOMETHING ABOUT DEVOTION."

was sitting in the garden, upon the seat where we first made acquaintance; and as I came near her I was astonished at the change in her appearance. She wore a quiet grey dress, and the youthful fringe was gone: her thin, colourless hair was brushed smoothly down, and she had a bonnet on instead of the wide, flowery hat she had always worn in the garden. But the change was more than this. Something was gone that had been there; I think it was hope.

Nearly all the people staying at the hotel had gone upon a long excursion, and she was all alone in the bright morning. As I sat down beside her I saw that she held a letter in her hands, and she began to speak very quietly—not at all in her usual nervous, flurried way.

"I want you—I want you, my dear, to read this," handing me the letter; "you will understand."

I took it silently and read it. It was an offer of marriage, signed "James Houston," and I burst out into an indignant exclamation. But Miss Cynthia put her hand on mine—it felt very hot and dry.

"Please—*please* do not say anything. I want you to stay with me. I wrote a note to ask him to come here. I think I can do it better with you by me."

As she spoke her hand began to tremble, and a spot of bright red mounted to her cheek. I followed her glance, and saw the tall figure of Mr. Houston coming up the garden. He eyed me sulkily as he came near.

"I am afraid I intrude," said he, lifting his hat. "But I understood——"

"Yes, certainly, Mr. Houston," said Miss Cynthia. "I asked you to come here. But the presence of this young lady need not interfere. I think—I think there has been a little mistake."

She spoke in rather a high voice, and was holding my hand tight. Men are very stupid; I do not think Mr. Houston saw how she was trembling.

"Mistake?" he said, flushing a dark red all over his handsome face. "I—I don't think——"

"I hope indeed that it has been a mistake," said Miss Cynthia, looking very straight at him; "for I should be sorry to think you could suppose that I could really entertain such a ridiculous proposition. You are a young man, Mr. Houston, and I—I am getting an old woman."

She was very brave, but at the last sentence her voice began to waver, and she stopped suddenly and clasped her hands firmly together to steady them.

I never saw any man look so confused and thoroughly ashamed of himself as the young fellow standing before us. He looked at me angrily; I knew he would have given anything to get me away. He opened his mouth to begin a sentence, but only stammered and muttered something about devotion and his feelings. But Miss Cynthia had steadied herself and interrupted him.

"I am sure you must see yourself, Mr. Houston, how very absurd such a thing would be. I cannot believe you are serious—it would be so ridiculous!"

And Miss Cynthia began to laugh shrilly. I did not like to hear her; it was difficult for her to stop when she had once begun.

"I have sometimes been a little amused," she said, with trembling lips. "And do you know I sometimes thought that it was—that it was Maud that you really admired—and that you were making interest with her old aunt, as you were afraid to speak to her yourself. And if it were so, indeed I should be very glad. Maud is my heiress, Mr. Houston, and I should be glad to devote all I have to making her happy. As for me," said Miss Cynthia, quietly, "I am an old woman, and all the interest I have now is in seeing my dear niece happy."

Mr. Houston had turned very pale.

"Oh, Miss Cynthia—what can I say?" he began.

I think some real emotion stirred his selfish soul; but before he could say any more another voice broke in.

"What are you saying about me, Aunt Cynthia? I heard my name, I am sure."

Miss Treleven had come quietly round the corner of a side path and stood close beside us, with a flushed face and sparkling eyes.

"What are you saying about me, dear?" she repeated, kneeling down by her aunt and putting her arm round her protectingly.

Miss Cynthia faltered now, and the tears came into her eyes.

"Maud, my darling," she said, hesitatingly, "Mr. Houston and I have been talking about you. My dear, I grudge nothing in the world to make you happy. And I have always taken a great interest in Mr. Houston," she added, with gentle dignity. "I will go in now, I think. I am a little tired. You young people can have a little talk together by yourselves."

"But I am going in with you," said her niece, rising to her feet. "Thank you, Aunt Cynthia, but I have nothing to say to Mr. Houston, and I am sure he can have nothing to say to me. Nothing," she repeated, with emphasis, looking straight at the dark, handsome face before her.

I think I was almost a little sorry for him then; he had such a cowed, beaten look. But he recovered himself quickly.

"In that case," said he defiantly, "I will wish you all good-morning."

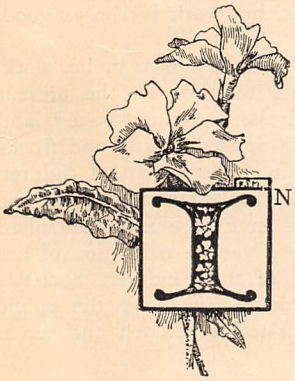
And with a hasty crunch of his heel upon the gravel, he lifted his hat and strode away down the long path and out of our sight.

"Oh, Maud!" began Miss Cynthia.

"And, oh, auntie! Did you think I would leave you—for *him?* I shall never, never be married, darling, and I'll stay with you always."

And Miss Treleven burst out crying, and buried her face upon Miss Cynthia's thin shoulder.

They went away next morning, and I have never seen or heard of them since. But a few months afterwards I saw in the *Times* the notice of the marriage of James Houston to Lavinia, widow of Sir Thomas Stubbs, of Moor Park, Hants. So I concluded that Mr. Houston had at last been successful in gaining that fortune in pursuit of which he had broken Miss Cynthia's heart.



WOMEN ARTISTS.

(HEADS OF THE PROFESSIONS.)

IN the front rank of English women who have deliberately chosen art as their career stands Lady Butler, who first became known to the world of picture-seers as Miss Thompson, the daughter of Colonel Thompson, a distinguished soldier who lived very much in touch with the leading literary spirits of his day. His gifted daughter was born at Lausanne, and when only five years old handled her pencil to such good purpose as to show a very strong artistic bent. Then the family lived long in Italy, principally in Florence, where the very air is redolent of art.

When it was necessary to return to England they chose Ventnor, and there behind the house, and under the shadow of St. Boniface, Colonel Thompson built his daughter a studio. From him she must have drawn the inspiration that led her to depict battle-scenes with such wonderful vigour and realism, and the picture which at once made her name famous was the "Roll Call," hung at the Royal Academy in 1874. "Quatre Bras" was exhibited the next year, and the famous remnant of the "Scots Greys at Waterloo" in 1882. "Evicted," which was much admired in 1890, was a picture entirely in touch with the times. Miss Thompson married Major-General Sir W. F. Butler in 1877, and they reside principally at Aldershot.

Madame Rosa Bonheur, the famous French painter of animals, comes of a family of artists. Her father, Raymond Bonheur, was a talented artist at Bordeaux, where he had a tolerably paying connection of pupils, whose fees enabled him to support his old parents. An attachment sprang up between him and a young lady to whom he gave lessons; they were married, and Rosa, their eldest child, was born in 1822.

She first showed her artistic tendencies by modelling in clay, and when her father removed to Paris, and the children used to go to the Bois de Boulogne

in charge of their faithful nurse, she was immensely fascinated by watching the splendid horses led out there to exercise by their grooms. All efforts to train her in domesticity failed ; she could not be taught to sew, and daily escaped from her tasks. At last her father placed her at a boarding school where he was drawing master, but she proved so turbulent and full of mischief that he had to remove her, and from that time she drew in his painting-room, and studied at the Louvre.

Here she was much encouraged by the praise of a visitor, who saw her copying the well-known picture "Les Bergers d'Arcadie," of which she sold replicas as fast as she could paint them. At the age of seventeen she began to frequent a slaughter-house that she might study the animals brought there ; her father taught her the *technique* of painting, and she worked under Léon Cognet.

Rosa's first picture in the *Salon* was exhibited in 1840, the subject being a couple of rabbits, and the following year she was further encouraged by a group of sheep and goats being well hung and favourably commented on. In quick succession she won the bronze and silver medals offered by the Art School at Rouen, and the gold medal offered by Paris.

Her "Bulls of Cantal" was exhibited in 1848, and sold to an Englishman. Her father had some time before been made head of the French Government School of Design, and on his death in 1849 Rosa succeeded him. Her next picture was "Ploughing in Nivernais," and it was bought by the Government and hung in the Luxembourg collection. The famous "Horse Fair," exhibited by Gambart, was brought to England in 1856, and was quite one of the wonders of the year.

Madame Rosa Bonheur lives chiefly on a property she has bought in the Forest of Fontainebleau, and dresses in a costume of the semi-masculine order, though when business or pleasure bring her to Paris, she wears skirts like other women. One of the most remarkable of her later pictures is "An Old Monarch," a wonderfully powerful study of a lion's head, and she pursues a course of quiet work, surrounded by as many animals as her grounds and out-buildings will accommodate.

Madame Henriette Ronner *née* Knip, the famous painter of cats, is Rosa Bonheur's senior by a year, having been born at Amsterdam in 1822. Her father had the misfortune to lose his sight when his daughter was only eleven, but he was a task-master who kept her hard at work from sunrise to sunset, and insisted that at noon she should take an hour's rest in the dark. Her studies were always of cat, dog, and still-life, but pussie is her favourite. She has won awards of merit in Holland, Belgium, France, Portugal, and the United States. Forty years ago she married M. Ronner, and now lives in Brussels, where, as well as in Paris, her pictures command a ready sale.

Mrs. Allingham, the daughter of a well-known medical practitioner, Dr. A. H. Paterson, of Burton-on-Trent and Altrincham, was born in 1848. After his death Miss Paterson lived with her aunt, Miss Laura Harford, an artist who in 1862 had practically opened the Royal Academy schools to women students. Her niece entered them in 1867, and made steady and rapid progress. She speedily did illustrations for the "Graphic," "CASSELL'S MAGAZINE," "THE QUIVER," and "Cornhill," for the last-named supplying the drawings to Miss Thackeray's popular story "Miss Angel." Miss Paterson's water-colours early attracted attention in the Dudley Gallery, and her picture "Young Customers" was hung at the Royal Academy in 1875. Many will remember her "Old Men's Gardens at Chelsea Hospital," which made its appearance at the Old Water-Colour Exhibition in 1877. Miss Paterson became a full member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours in 1890, after being an associate for fifteen years. In 1876 she married the late Mr. William Allingham, the poet, but poetry and art in the persons of husband and wife were not long destined to pursue their pilgrimage together.

Mrs. Allingham has painted many portraits, and among them one of the late Thomas Carlyle, which was extremely good. She has several times been the heroine of "One Woman Shows," one of which took place quite recently in New Bond Street, and attracted many visitors.

Mrs. H. M. Stanley, in the days when she was Miss Dorothy Tennant, frequently worked at illustrations of current literature. She showed special cleverness in representing children in action, and her series of juvenile street-arabs, published a year or two before her marriage, showed a marvellous insight into the tricks, the manners, and the habits of the London *gamin*.

Miss Mary Dicksee, like her brother Mr. F. Dicksee, belongs to a family of artists. Her talent is not only inherited but progressive, and though it may develop in unexpected directions, her work is always good, sound and interesting.

Miss Kate Greenaway is best known by her work. She may almost be said to have set the present fashion of children's dress, for the "poke" and "granny" bonnets, short-waisted gowns and frocks of the day, are all her own. Her groups of children and illustrations of nursery books are unique, and she has found many imitators in France and the United States. Last winter there was an exhibition of her dainty drawings in one of the Fine Art Society's rooms. She is not a woman who courts the public gaze, but is quite content to let her pen and pencil speak for her.

Mrs. Jopling-Rowe is a living example of how a woman may be "advanced" in the truest sense, without bearing the least resemblance to the being depicted by that word in recent fiction. She is wife and mother and *hausfrau*, as well as artist, and her Kensington home is well ordered and restful. The pretty sitting-rooms and her own private studio communicate and open by French windows on one of the most secluded of London gardens, beyond which is her spacious school of art. Her early art training was obtained in M. Chaplin's studio, and its influence is apparent in her work. She endeavours to bring her students face to face with Nature, and holds healthy

MRS. ALLINGHAM.
(*From a photograph by R. H. Macey, Hampstead, N.W.*)

MADAME ROSA BONHEUR.
(*At the age of Fifty.*)

MISS C. M. DEMAIN HAMMOND.

MRS. H. M. STANLEY.

MRS. JOPLING.
(*From a photograph by Walter Davey, Harrogate.*)

LADY BUTLER.
(*From a photograph by Barrauds, Ltd., Oxford Street, W.*)

MADAME RONNER.
(*From a photograph by J. Ganz, Brussels.*)

MISS MARGARET I. DICKSEE.
(*From a photograph by Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.*)

MISS KATE GREENAWAY.
(*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.*)

views of feminine occupation as an antidote to folly and worse. She is, perhaps, best known to the public by her "Five o'clock Tea," which was hung on the line at the Academy this year, and by "Jamie's Return," from the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray;" but her portraits in oil and pastel are the delight of many a home.

Miss C. M. Demain Hammond is a rising young artist and received her training chiefly at the Lambeth School of Art, and afterwards had three years at the Royal Academy Schools. While there she started illustrating in black-and-white on a small scale for the *Detroit Free Press*. She has exhibited several times at the Royal Academy, both in wash and oils, but considers black-and-white her *métier*.

Miss Hammond's thoughts were chiefly turned towards illustration by the Lambeth sketch clubs in which she gained several prizes, and by a steady course of hour and half-hour sketches organised by the students among themselves. The late indefatigable master, Mr. T. H. Smith, gave her much encouragement in her chosen career, and she has now as much work as she can do, and has illustrated not a few of the recent stories in this MAGAZINE.

THE TWO GUNNERS.

BY FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

THEY sailed away, two gunners gay,
All in the summer weather;
They never had known one day alone,
Since they were boys together.
And now they go to fight the foe,
Across the stormy ocean,
With life in hand for Queen and land,
In faithful free devotion.

"Good-bye to the mountains and heather,
Good-bye, sweet home, good-bye!
We'll serve our guns together,
And at our guns we'll die!"

The fight was hot with shell and shot,
The foe had broke his tether;
And side by side the two old mates
Still served their guns together.
Right sharp all day they blazed away,
With gun to gun replying,
Till side by side they dropt and died
Beneath the colours flying.

Good-bye to the mountains and heather,
Good-bye, sweet home, good-bye!
They have served their guns together,
And at their guns they die!

CATCHING A PROFESSOR.

A PRIZE STORY.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

A LITTLE AVERSION.

"AMERICAN?" said a woman's voice at Vernon Underwood's side.

"Oh, no! English to the tips of her fingers. No twang and a healthy complexion."

"She's flirt enough for a Yankee!" murmured the first voice quizzically.

"That's our fault. But her father is a professor of geology, an F.R.S., and no end of other initials as well. I saw his name in the visitors' book. As for her being a bit of a flirt, one could pardon worse things in such a beautiful girl," said the man, who seemed to Mr. Underwood suspiciously on the defensive.

He himself had arrived only an hour ago in the little town in the heart of the Belgian Ardennes, through which he was travelling in the somewhat aimless fashion of a solitary tourist. That he was alone was more his misfortune than his fault, though hitherto he had not felt his loneliness oppressive. Homely out-of-the-way places and inns are still to be found in Belgium, and he had chosen them in preference to the haunts of the British tourist.

Arriving at Forteroche that hot August day, he had expected to meet with the same type of old-fashioned *hôtellerie* in which he had previously lodged. Somewhat to his dismay, however, he was landed by the hotel porter in the midst of a little town, truly, but one crowded with visitors, and set down at *table d'hôte* with a polyglot array of several hundred tourists.

His own countrymen, according to their custom, were for the most part herded together at the long narrow table at which he found himself, and engaged, also as usual, in the congenial pursuit of criticising

each other, and surveying the foreigners with insular contempt.

Vernon lifted his eyes from the plate of grass-green *potage* before him, and glanced up and down the table in search of the subject of the foregoing remarks. It was not a difficult task to find her. The opposite side was occupied by three women pedestrians: emancipated females in masculine tweeds, shirt-fronts, and *pince-nez;* four men of varying ages and charms, a public-school boy, his young sister, and their mother, and lastly a girl—evidently *the* girl—and her father.

The geologist looked not unlike one of his own fossils, for with his long shaggy hair, dreamy washed-out eyes, withered skin, and absent manner, he conveyed all the impression of having been imbedded in a chalk cliff for half a century, and dug out under protest. But his daughter!

Vernon gazed at her with a feeling of fascination which was as much due to a certain piquancy of manner as to her unique style of beauty. To say that Mabel Ashley's face had a creamy skin with a wild-rose tint on the cheeks, that her abundant frizzy hair was a bright reddish-brown, and her large eyes and long lashes much the same hue, that her mouth was small, and her nose impertinently tip-tilted is to give a very poor impression of what he saw. Hers was a beauty not the less irresistible that the owner obviously required admiration by careless indifference, and accepted homage with the air of being to the manner born.

As Vernon sat enjoying his cup of coffee and his cigar outside the hotel after dinner, he saw her surrounded by most of the Englishmen in the house. Those who could not get near stood afar off, with jealousy gnawing at their vitals, as their sulky expressions indicated all too plainly. The young man's lip curled as he heard the badinage, and recalled the simile of the moths and the candle, thanking his stars that as one who had already had his wings singed, he had learned to keep away from such dangerous attractions.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said a prim voice at his elbow, "but may I take the liberty of asking whether you are any relation of Ralph Underwood, the author of 'Landslips and their Causes'? I saw your name in the hotel book, and could not forbear asking the question."

"He was my father," replied Vernon briefly, turning to face the watery-grey eyes of Professor Ashley, who was peering at him through a pair of large blue glasses.

"*Was?* Bless my heart! You don't mean to say—while I have been abroad, no doubt! Tut-tut-tut!" and the old geologist hastily sat down on the vacant chair opposite Vernon, and stared at him blankly. "Such a valuable—nay, an invaluable—contribution to the subject. And to be the last!"

He sighed so heavily that, despite his feelings, Vernon Underwood could hardly suppress a faint smile: it was so plain from the very beginning that the F.R.S. had but one idea in his scholarly head, and that he subordinated every other consideration to science in general, and geology in particular.

"Do you make a stay of any length? Deeply interesting neighbourhood, this," he went on. "Limestone, undermined in every direction by aqueous agency;" and evidently taking it for granted that Vernon shared the tastes of his father, he launched out into a lengthy and deeply-learned dissertation on the strata of the surrounding country.

Vernon sat and listened dreamily. He had some old-world reverence for grey hairs, and the professor recalled his father to his mind. The strains of music came from the drawing-room, and mingled with the droning voice; twilight fell, and lights began to glimmer round his sleepy eyes. In the midst, a bright young voice interrupted.

"Now, father, it is time you came in; it is getting quite chilly," and the clinging white frock of the professor's daughter gleamed in the dimness. "Oh! Has he been victimising you all this time?" and she looked inquisitively at the young man. "It is his way. I hope you did not trouble to listen?" she added softly, as her father came slowly back to consciousness from stalactite and stalagmite.

"On the contrary, I am much flattered by his conversation," replied Vernon formally, thinking that truly a prophet is not without honour save in his own country, and not knowing that in these moods the great man was utterly oblivious of his daughter's disrespect. She laughed gently.

"It's just as wicked to tell fibs in Belgium as in England, remember!" she observed coolly.

Her father rose slowly.

"So, as I told you, Mr. Underwood," he went on, holding out his hand cordially, "we are going to make an expedition to the great stalactite caves at Trou-de-Loup to-morrow—a small party only. I decline to race through such wonders with a company of tourists, but if you care to join, do so by all means; you will confer a favour on me. So far, I have met no one interested in these matters;" and he disappeared into the house without waiting for an answer.

Vernon's first impulse was to refuse. He had come abroad with a distaste for society which was due to more than one cause.

He could not forget the many pleasant runs over the Continent which he had enjoyed in his father's company. The two—but for each other, alone in the world—had been unusually attached, and in this, his first holiday without him, Vernon had felt a disinclination which almost amounted to disgust for other companionship.

His father—to use the common parlance—had been hardly cold in his grave before another blow fell upon his son. Netta Fanshawe, his *fiancée* of two years, had first "cooled off," then quarrelled with him on insufficient ground, and finally married another man. Vernon had ample reason for knowing that the income revealed by his father's will had influenced her decision; but though he called himself well rid of such a wife, the girl's faithlessness rankled deep. He

was himself independent of his father's means, for he was spoken of as a rising man at the Bar, and had written more than one successful and remunerative novel.

Still, Netta had married a wealthy baronet. He had shrugged his shoulders as he told himself that all women would do the like if they had the chance.

"This girl is just such another heartless flirt!" he said to himself next day, as he stood outside the hotel, idly tossing a coin to decide whether he should go to Trou-de-Loup by the professor's invitation, or should pack himself and his bag off from Forteroche. There was the usual morning stir about the hotel: the laden *char-à-bancs* driving hither and thither, their holland awnings waving in the breeze; tourists arriving and departing; voices chattering in English, French, German, Flemish, and Dutch; the odours of *café au lait* and *pommes de terre sautés* pervading the immediate vicinity of the hotel.

"Heads, and I stay; tails, I leave Forteroche," murmured young Underwood, throwing up a franc piece. "Heads it is! Three times, too! Well, so be it. I will go to Trou-de-Loup with the professor, for, to tell the truth, I prefer him to his daughter. H'm; here they are!"

The father and daughter made their appearance from opposite directions, and Miss Ashley was not alone.

The fair haired young giant whom Vernon already knew by sight as one of the most devoted of her many followers inspired in him no stronger feeling than pity for the weakness of his sex. To Mr. Deighton's elder sister, however, he took one of those instinctive dislikes which further acquaintanceship occasionally modifies, but more often deepens. Mrs. Lonsdale's well-preserved figure and complexion, not less than her careful toilet, combined to make her age a difficult question to settle. It would have required a woman's insight to see the evidences of "making-up" in the symmetrical form, smooth fresh skin, and bright blonde hair. Mr. Underwood's objections were chiefly to the gushing manner, which would have struck him as forced even in a school-girl, and still more to the smile—too perpetual not to be artificial—which yet failed to disguise the lines of a hard mouth, and the steely expression of her small blue eyes.

"'HAS HE BEEN VICTIMISING YOU ALL THIS TIME?'" (*p.* 933).

Vernon returned formally the stiff bow which was all that Miss Ashley condescended to bestow on one who had manifested no particular interest in her, and then awaited developments.

"Alan and I had planned to go alone," Mrs.

Lonsdale was saying, in her high-pitched voice, "but there is such a demand for *fiacres* that we absolutely could not get one! Under the circumstances, will you save us the horrors of a crowded *char-à-banc* and allow us to share yours?" imploringly.

The professor was either too dense or too honest to pretend to satisfaction at the enlargement of his party. He fingered his geological hammer with a doubtful frown.

"Mabella," he whispered, "I invited that estimable young geologist, and——"

"Pray do not trouble about me," interrupted Vernon, turning away in not unnatural pique. "I have seen stalactites before."

But the old professor was not to be diverted from his purpose.

"My good sir," he said, in an agitated voice, "you will spoil this expedition for me if you refuse. It is not often that I can enjoy the company of a kindred spirit."

"How *can* we manage it? *Of course* you must not be disappointed! I would rather be left out myself," ejaculated Mrs. Lonsdale, who was evidently bent on gaining her point. "*Would* you object to the box-seat, Mr. Underwood?" turning to him with a persuasive smile, and underlining her words as usual.

"I should prefer it," replied Vernon gruffly, and he prepared to mount as though he meant it.

The professor, who had planned to discuss the stalactite caves of Europe with his new friend during the half-dozen miles of their drive, was the only member of the party not wholly satisfied with the arrangement; but Mrs. Lonsdale's deference to his wishes disarmed him, and made him more ready than usual to respond to her efforts to draw him out. Vernon told himself that he had the best of it. He was spared a view of the flirtation which Mr. Deighton was endeavouring to carry on, despite the snubs of his fair *vis-à-vis*, and sitting where he did, he had the most uninterrupted view of the picturesque Ardennes scenery.

On either hand rolled the uplands, their summits clothed with soft springy turf, their sides alternately thickly wooded, or showing white and bare their limestone shoulders.

On every hand the mouths of caves gaped, revealing the fact that the apparently solid hills were in reality tunnelled hollow in all directions. Vernon had sufficient geological knowledge to feel interested in his surroundings, and the brisk air of the most bracing part of the country inspirited his somewhat sober mood.

By the time they had reached the Trou-de-Loup, as the mouth of the celebrated caves was locally termed, he was as ready to wonder and admire as the rest. A guide and a couple of youths bearing lights preceded them, and they descended forthwith into the bowels of the earth.

As might have been anticipated, the little party was instantly sub-divided. In the front marched Miss Ashley and her cavalier, illumined by the torch of one boy; Mrs. Lonsdale, who was mainly occupied in keeping her gown and boots clean on the muddy slippery path, monopolised another; while the professor, Vernon, and the guide brought up the rear.

Down, down, down many steep steps they toiled, and along many narrow passages in the semi-darkness, their voices echoing hollow, and the sound of rushing water falling incessantly on their ears, until a halt was called, and they found themselves in a huge hall-like space. Nothing hitherto could be seen of the stalactites. But then, what wonders broke upon their sight! The pure white drop-stone, stretched in pillars to the vaulted roof, grouped itself in fantastic masses on all sides of them, the dew-drops gleaming on the formations in the torchlight like so many diamonds. The professor had paid heavily for a leisurely inspection, and was determined to get his money's worth. Long after the rest of the party, with the exception of Mr. Underwood and the guide, had passed through the first hall, he was still tapping, measuring, meditating, and asking questions far too abstruse for the guide's comprehension.

For a part of the time Mrs. Lonsdale kept by them, professing an interest in geology which gratified Mr. Ashley and encouraged him in his long-winded comments, which, however, at last wearied her out. Finally, when Vernon ventured to suggest "moving on," and thereby roused him in a measure from his abstraction, his first inquiry was for their companion.

"Intelligent woman—Mrs. Lonsdale," he said to Vernon: "well-read and scientifically-minded."

Vernon smiled to himself as he recalled the exceedingly shallow nature of the remarks which the widow had addressed to him.

"She seems anxious for information," he said, with a cynical turn of his dark moustache, peculiar to himself. "No doubt she has gone on in advance with the others."

"Yes, yes," replied the professor, relapsing again into oblivion. "These masses of carbonate of calcium," he was murmuring, "cannot be purely due to rain percolation—at least, not at the rate at which the flow is at present progressing. They point either to a greater bulk of water deposited at some earlier epoch or to earthquake agency. The question is, Which?" And a very similar programme was repeated in the next space, and the next, *ad infinitum*.

By the time they had made the tour of the caverns Vernon had had enough of stalactite and stalagmite to last a life-time, and he breathed a deep sigh of relief on emerging once more into the open air, which, after the damp vault-like atmosphere of the underground regions, which they had inhaled for several hours, was delightfully fresh, and yet warm. Mrs. Lonsdale, who was rubbing her muddy boot with an air of disgust upon the grass outside, turned to them with a start.

"How tired I am, and hungry!" she complained to Vernon. "Three mortal hours have we spent in these wretched caves! Upon my word, sight-seeing is hard work!"

"Yet we have seen some of the wonders of Europe," replied Vernon sarcastically.

The professor, after presenting the guide with a liberal *pourboire*, approached with the absent air of one whose mind was still in the caves. He woke up slowly, after his manner, and, with a kindly glance at Mrs. Lonsdale, whose smile returned with marvellous rapidity, trusted she was not "over-tired." Vernon was moving off, but he could not fail to hear the gushing reply:

"*How* deeply interesting, dear Professor Ashley! A lifelong recollection indeed! But where is your daughter?"

The old man peered about him in his near-sighted way.

"Mabella? Oh, she was with your brother, I believe."

Then, anxiously addressing the guide:

"A young lady was of the party, and another gentleman. Where are they?"

"We were just looking for them, monsieur. Jan was lighting them. They ought to have kept up with us; they may be still in the caves, for all I know," said the guide, looking perturbed.

"Still in the caves!" ejaculated Vernon, with a vivid recollection of the innumerable windings and turnings of those intricate passages. "Why, they must have lost their way, for they were far in advance of us. We must go in search of them at once."

The guide hesitated.

"Monsieur and mademoiselle might have left the caves already," he said.

Jan knew his way. Would it not be better to wait, and see if they returned? To look for a needle in a bottle of hay was a trifle compared with hunting for anyone in these regions; this was the tenor of his reply.

"She ought not to have strayed from us," said her father.

"Oh, these wilful motherless girls!" interpolated Mrs. Lonsdale, in her high-pitched voice. "Let us be thankful, professor, that she is not alone. My brother will take every care."

"The torch-boy must be with them also, as he is not here," observed Vernon drily.

"She will inevitably catch cold by being so long in that damp place. She had pneumonia last winter," moaned the unhappy father. "Oh dear! oh dear!"

His look of utter distress appealed to Vernon's best self. He had not the slightest sympathy with the foolish, reckless pair, whose flirtations, as he told himself with scorn, had evidently rendered them temporarily oblivious of their surroundings; but the poor old professor's consternation was too real, as he stood wringing his hands and apostrophising the guides, not to rouse feelings of pity.

"We must go and hunt for them without further delay," Mr. Underwood said again, taking up a lamp authoritatively. "Some accident may have occurred to delay them. It is a terribly rough path. Accompany me at once," sharply to the man. "It will be worth your while."

He advised the professor not to be of the party, for he shrank with horror from the prospect of dragging the geologist once more through the wonders among which he had already lingered so long.

"She may be here in your absence," he observed, as he prepared for his second plunge into the darkness of the grotto, with a grim air of determination which showed that he did not believe his words.

He looked back as they entered the cave's mouth, and noticed Mrs. Lonsdale, standing with her hand in a consolatory attitude, on the professor's arm. A greater contrast than the unkempt-looking man, with his goggles and his long hair, and the trim woman in her orthodox serge, still speckless, could hardly have been seen, yet in Vernon's mind suspicion was roused at once.

"That woman is dangerous," he said to himself; "and ought to be marked so. But there's no fool like an old one; and she'll make a bigger one of him yet, or I'm a Dutchman!"

For some time he and the guide threaded the labyrinth-like paths which formed the ordinary route of the tourist through the cave almost in silence. The place had lost the charm of novelty, and Vernon now felt that a stalactite grotto formed one of the most objectionable of promenades. The paths were wet, slippery, and muddy. The frequent pools of water in the way had to be evaded with difficulty; the stalactites from above dripped on them at every step in cold drops, which glided down their backs in a chilling fashion.

The air reeked with moisture and smelt like a tomb. All these little drawbacks had passed unnoticed in the first glamour of the excursion. Vernon wanted to shout, but the guide assured him that it would be pure waste of breath, owing to the peculiarity of the acoustic properties of the caves. Vernon was not disposed to disbelieve him, but he called loudly, nevertheless, more than once, but without more result than a hollow echo of his own voice round the cavern.

They marched on until they had retraced their steps nearly half-way. The thought was beginning to dawn upon Mr. Underwood's mind that he was, after all, a fool for his pains. What if the whole affair might be a freak of this most charming young lady? It would not, he thought, be unlike her to wish to break the monotony of the day by a little excitement. To get lost when she was sure to be found was certainly a cheap way of gaining notoriety! Young Alan Deighton was her obedient slave, who would not have dared cross her will; and as for the link-boy, a bribe would easily have quieted him. Or, on the other hand, they might, as the guide himself suggested, have emerged already from the cave, and taken a stroll in the neighbourhood, impatient of the professor's long investigations. Even as he fumed at his own stupidity, the guide laid a hand on his arm.

"Hark! Listen! I hear voices," he said. "Here is an instance of what I told you."

It seemed, in truth, a most extraordinary example. The two searchers were in the loftiest part of the

cavern—the cave in which the stalagmite masses attained their largest proportions; the river, traversed by a rough bridge, loomed black at their feet; the roof of the cave was lost in the gloom. Here, though no one was to be seen, the voices of two people in conversation were as audible as in a room.

"It's a very odd thing!" said Miss Ashley's clear tones, "that in one fortnight I have had—well, how many offers of marriage do you think? Guess, now."

"You are most heartless and cruel!" began Mr. Deighton's voice, agitated and aggrieved.

She interrupted him.

"Seventeen! Yours makes eighteen. I can't imagine why there is so much talk about the scarcity of men, and so on——"

"Mabel, not one of them cares for you as I do," said the young fellow, in an impassioned tone. "If you would only——"

"But I won't!" responded Mabel Ashley, her voice evidently rising. "I would rather marry any of those I have refused. I don't believe one man among them would have had the meanness to take advantage of a sprained ankle to force me to listen to him against my will!"

"'THAT WOMAN IS DANGEROUS,' HE SAID TO HIMSELF" (*p.* 936).

The resolute voice choked, and Vernon felt hot all over him—partly with shame at his involuntary eavesdropping, partly with indignation at the unmanliness of the suitor, partly with sympathy with his victim.

"Wherever are they? Where can they be?" he asked eagerly of the guide, thankful that he, at any rate, could not have understood the dialogue. "Their voices sounded quite close to us."

The man smiled, nodded, and led the way in a diametrically opposite direction to that from which the voices sounded. Vernon followed quickly, though under inward protest. But the man's instinct was not in fault, and after five minutes' winding through a narrow passage, they turned a sharp corner, and stood face to face with the truants. Mabel was crouched in an uncomfortable attitude upon a damp mass of stalagmite; her lover, like the typical caged lion, paced in front of her; while the boy squatted near, eyeing his companions with stolid interest, his lantern sending out a glimmering radiance for a circuit of a few yards only.

Mabel made an involuntary start.

"Oh! so you've found us?" she said to Vernon, with evident relief. "I *am* glad! I managed to sprain or strain my ankle over one of those dark steps, and I have not been able to go on. The boy could not have found his way without his light, which, of course, we could not spare. Our only hope has been that we should be searched for;" and she rose, with a bravely-suppressed ejaculation of pain.

"Don't attempt to walk; you may do your foot lasting injury," Mr. Underwood said, with unusual gentleness. "Is the boot unfastened? May I?" and he stooped to loosen it.

"I wanted to unlace it," growled the lion, drawing jealously nearer, and evidently resenting the attention.

"But your ankle is swollen," said Mr. Underwood, cutting him unceremoniously short. "We must carry you out of this, I can see."

"I can lift her with ease by myself," again put in

Mr. Deighton fiercely; "and I begged her to allow me, but——"

"I won't! There!" pronounced the patient wilfully.

"You must, or we shall leave you behind," rejoined Vernon calmly. "Cross your arms with mine," he said to Mr. Deighton. "We must carry her so, unfortunately, or we shall not be able to see our way."

With a little assistance from the guide, the young lady was accordingly hoisted on their united arms, and the procession started. At another time she would have been convulsed with laughter at the ludicrous spectacle presented by herself carried like "the lady to London" in the children's game. But she was far more ready for tears than mirth at the moment, in considerable bodily pain, and even more injured mentally by the undignified figure she was cutting.

The two young men made their steps as even as possible, but to prevent jolting was entirely beyond them, and she was so white and shaken when they reached their journey's end that they were obliged to lay her prostrate in the carriage.

Her late companion in misfortune mounted the box, and Vernon (very good-naturedly, under the circumstances) drove home in one of the hotel omnibuses with a party of noisy French trippers.

He neither saw nor heard anything of the victim for the remainder of the day, though the adventure provoked no little mirth in the hotel. Next morning, however, as he was paying his bill preparatory to departure, the professor, looking more wide-awake than usual, approached him with a cordial shake of the hand.

"I have been looking for you, sir," he said, "in the wish to express my gratitude for your help and kindness yesterday. Yes, indeed"—as Vernon began a disclaimer—"we are both, my daughter and I, greatly indebted to you. Her ankle is painful and requires rest, but she is better than I expected."

"Will you give her my compliments, and say that I trust she will soon be recovered? You will dispense with a P.P.C. card under the circumstances, I suppose?" remarked Vernon, with a smile.

"Eh? What? You are leaving Forteroche so soon? Dear me! I regret it exceedingly;" and the old man looked sincerely concerned. "Shall we meet again? We propose going on to Spa when Mabella is well. I hear of a stalactite grotto in that neighbourhood."

"Ah! I think I shall eschew the beaten track, Professor Ashley," and Vernon shook his head. "Even Forteroche is too fashionable for me."

"But at least you will not refuse to allow my daughter to express her thanks in person? She is most anxious to do so."

"The flirt! Well, she will try her arts in vain, as far as I am concerned," was the young man's ungracious thought. "You have given me more than my meed already," he said aloud; but he hesitated.

Ah! we all know what happens under these circumstances.

The professor would not be refused. He absolutely buttonholed the young man, to whom he had taken a real fancy, and dragged him into the private sitting-room, which Miss Ashley's accident had rendered necessary.

She was lying on a couch by the window, and beyond a slight pallor, she did not appear the worse. The pink came back to her cheeks as he entered, however, and she apologised and thanked him so prettily for the trouble he had taken on her account, that he forgot she was a shocking flirt, and thawed at once.

"It must be awfully dull for you here," he said good-naturedly.

"Oh! I would rather be here than in the public rooms," she replied quickly.

Then, in response to his look of astonishment, she added—

"You wonder; but a ridiculous version of yesterday's business has got wind, and I am a perfect laughing-stock!"

A hot flush crimsoned her face.

"I can assure you, Miss Ashley, that I have never mentioned the subject to a soul," cried Vernon, with a disgusted expression at the idea. "Who can have had the meanness——"

"A woman, of course; no man would!" was the prompt reply.

He was silent. It was not difficult to lay the blame at the right door, and the words "Mrs. Lonsdale" escaped him involuntarily.

"Of course! And she has made merry over it with all the ill-natured old maids and jealous tabbies in the house," exclaimed Mabel, with more wrath than elegance.

"But Mr. Deighton would put a stop to that, surely?" said Vernon reflectively.

"He has not a grain of common-sense," she replied, in her outspoken way, "and is completely under his sister's thumb."

Vernon noticed her colour rise at the mention of his name, and drew his own conclusions as he rose to depart.

"Hotel gossip is ephemeral enough," he said reassuringly. "And you will not be here much longer, no doubt."

"There is no avoiding her, I am afraid," put in Mabel, with a short bitter laugh. "They talk of going on to Spa, too."

"Change your route," suggested Mr. Underwood.

"My father won't, on account of some cavern or other near there. So no doubt the description of my romantic exit from Trou-de-Loup will entertain many another party at *table d'hôte*."

"Women's wiles!" muttered Vernon to himself, as he quitted the room. "In less polite, but truer wording: 'Feline amenities.' If it did not look like such a threadbare plot, I might feel it a duty to my publishers to see the end of this love-story, or—who knows?—love-stories! As it is——"

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

MRS. LONSDALE'S "SYSTEM."

SPA was exactly the sort of place to suit a woman of Mrs. Lonsdale's tastes. Promenades, bands playing at all hours; smart people and smart dressing; a casino where concerts and *petits jeux* went on continually. All these were delights infinitely superior to tramping through underground muddy caves, even though it were to see "one of the greatest wonders of Europe." But in pursuance of her designs it was necessary that the professor and his daughter should follow in her train.

Mabel was not averse—what girl is?—to a spell of gaiety, though, as we know, she was seldom allowed to suffer from *ennui* in the dullest place. But her quickly-developed aversion to Mrs. Lonsdale made her vote for a move to any other spot under heaven than the bright little watering-place.

To the professor the resorts of fashion were Anathema, and he had to be otherwise tempted, in the form of a stalactite grotto. That it was not known to him at all was little to his discredit, for the cave in question had, as a matter of fact, only a local reputation. But such a bait was quite enough to lure him to any town, and his resolution to make Spa his next halting-place was only shaken by Mabel's—to him—inexplicable objections to it.

Her recent accident was to her father a potent reason for indulging her, and the younger woman might have outwitted the elder, and altered the course of this veracious history, had not Mrs. Lonsdale's resources again proved all-sufficient to effect her purposes.

Mabel, she told the professor, was looking pale after her seclusion. Would not a course of the chalybeate waters of Spa be the very thing to set her up? The old geologist was a fond parent, and though he failed personally to notice the signs of delicacy mentioned, he had full confidence in another woman's judgment concerning the "poor motherless girl" she so commiserated. He resisted his daughter's wishes, accordingly, with what he called "firmness," and she "horrid obstinacy"; and the result was that in a week from the time of Vernon's departure the *partie carrée* was established—on Mrs. Lonsdale's recommendation—at the Hôtel de Luxembourg.

Mr. Underwood had left Forteroche, telling himself that now he was going to enjoy himself in his old unsociable fashion. No more crowded *tables d'hôte*, no more stupid excursions in uncongenial company; but long solitary walks, and homely meals on whatever could be found in the larders of wayside inns. Unfortunately, the programme was not a success. Rain set in, and he had nothing to do but to read his Baedeker and an English paper several days old. He lighted on some most objectionable little *auberges*, too; and though he could endure a bread and cheese supper, he drew the line at eating the same from a dirty plate.

Finally, matters came to a climax one wet night, near Sart. At supper the bread was stale, the butter rancid, the cheese required a chopper to cut it; he was the only visitor in the place, and he knew the guide-book by heart. He was fain to retire to a doubtful-looking couch at eight o'clock, in a dark and desperate mood.

"No more wayside inns in this weather," he muttered; then mechanically rehearsing his next stage: "From Sart to Spa, twelve miles and a half."

The word awoke agreeable memories. Happy thought! He might go to Spa, and stay there until the weather changed. There would be something to do and see at Spa; he might possibly meet the old professor and—and——

He slept well on the resolution, and awoke in the same mood, albeit the weather had mended. To his conscience he excused his fickleness by saying that it looked still showery, and that he would go to a small and quiet hotel. But if he had any intention of this, his conduct was strange in asking at the first hotel he came to in Spa for Professor Ashley. He was told that no one of the name was staying in the house, and while hesitating where to put up, a gleam of ruddy hair, under a dainty flower-trimmed hat, struck him as familiar in the distance. To pursue the owner was the work of an instant, and Mabel Ashley turned and greeted him with one of the smiles she was in the habit of reserving for her most favoured friends.

"You here—the hermit!" she exclaimed rallyingly.

"I deserve to be regarded as a perfect model of inconsistency, I know," laughed Vernon. "But——"

"Oh, perhaps not!" responded the young lady, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I find Spa a dull tomb enough, especially as Mrs. Lonsdale has managed to pick out an hotel full of old fogies taking the waters?"

"The——?" queried Vernon.

"Luxembourg, this way—except for the company, it is to be recommended," said Miss Ashley, pointing out a large building overlooking one of the springs.

It was characteristic of her to take it for granted that he would elect to put up where they were staying. Vernon did not cavil at her "boldness," but rather told himself that it saved him the trouble of choice. Half an hour later he was seated beside Mabel at a *table d'hôte* of about a hundred people. Opposite to them was Mrs. Lonsdale, with the professor next to her, her brother occupying one end of the small table they had to themselves. This, it appeared, was Mrs. Lonsdale's arrangement.

She said it was so much more "home-like" than to sit at a long table with half-a-hundred others, and that the professor's wants could be better attended to. In fact, one of the first things which struck Vernon was her excessive and almost servile devotion to the old man's tastes.

Like many of his age, he was, or fancied himself, a trifle dyspeptic, and the widow accordingly took upon herself to frown away the waiters who offered any "be-sauced" dish, and to insist that the best and tenderest morsels of meat should be his share. On his side, Mr. Ashley was evidently gratified by

her solicitude; he beamed upon her from behind his blue glasses, and said, with a glance of reproof upon the laughing Mabel, that it was very pleasant to be so well looked after.

"One has to live a little longer than dear Mabel has done" ("So it had come to Christian names already!" thought Vernon) "to understand these small matters," said Mrs. Lonsdale, with her wonted sweetness of manner. "Young people are something like ostriches—they can eat anything!"

"Father himself resembles that omnivorous bird in one respect," put in Mabel pertly, "for he swallowed half-a-sovereign in some chemical experiment or other not long ago."

"Shocking waste of money!" observed Vernon.

The professor, who had relapsed into one of his brown studies, woke up at the words, which, as usual, he misapplied.

"You allude to the gambling, I suppose, that goes on in the name of *petits jeux* at the Casino?" he said, with unusual energy. "It is worse than waste of money—it is a crime, in my eyes!"

"Do they stake high here?" inquired Vernon.

"I do not know, but the principle is the same; and however small the sums, it is the thin end of the wedge."

"But scores of people only bet a franc or two, and when they lose it, never do so again," said Herbert Deighton, crumbling his bread rather uncomfortably.

"And to one in every score it is the beginning of ruin," returned the professor, in a low grave voice. "I had a brother thus shipwrecked at Monte Carlo—wrecked not only financially—so perhaps it is only natural that I should set my face against anyone connected with me playing at such falsely-termed games!"

He rose and left the room.

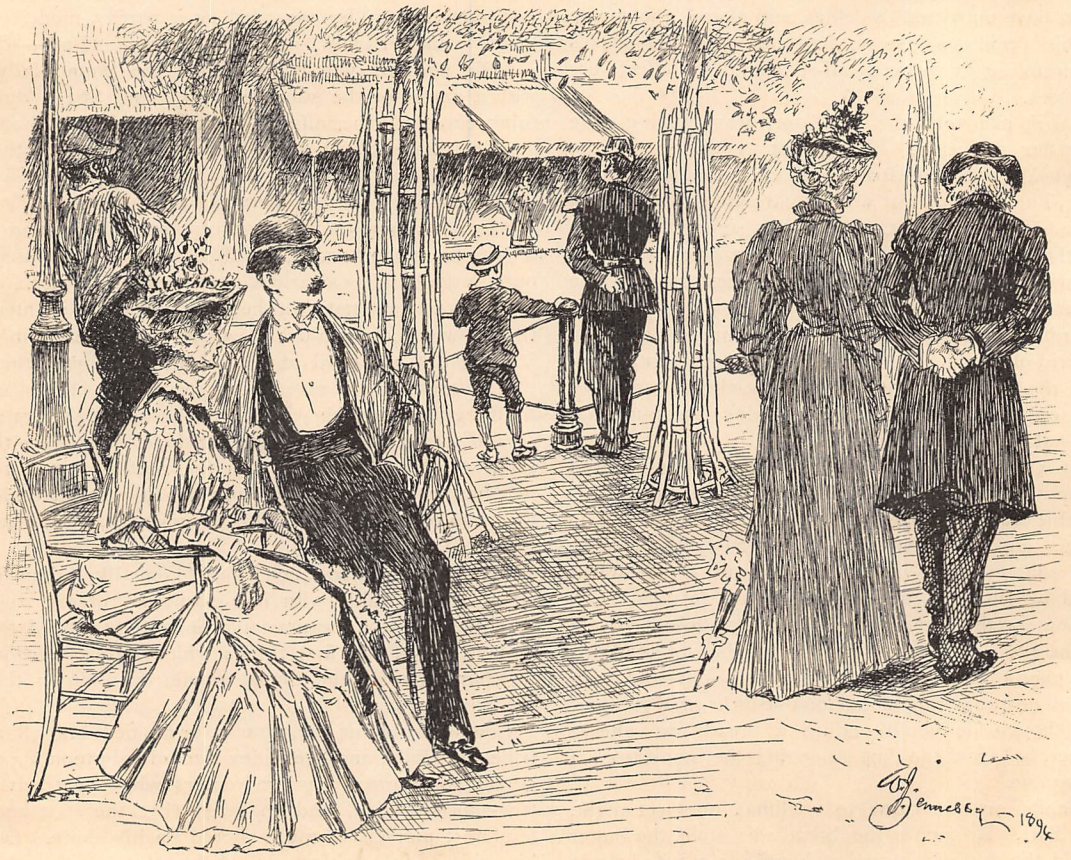
"Such nonsense of father to work himself up to such a pitch for nothing!" was his daughter's comment. "I only wanted to look on yesterday. I haven't any money to lose, so I couldn't 'gamble!'"

"I would have taken you to the Casino with pleasure, to see the business," said Vernon; "but of course, as your father feels so strongly about it, we ought not to go, Miss Ashley."

"Oh! it is not to be heard of," put in Mrs. Lonsdale emphatically. "Mabel must not think of such a thing."

The girl's eyes flamed, and her colour rose at the assumption of authority. She drew herself up, and faced the elder woman.

"I will not trouble you to express any opinion at all upon the subject. Mrs. Lonsdale," she said stiffly;



"'RATHER, IS MY FATHER SAFE WITH HER?'" (*p.*941).

"as, whatever I may owe my father, I am not answerable to you for my actions *yet!*"

The offensive final word was quite enough to show Vernon that the professor's daughter was not blind to the *petit jeu* being carried on under her eyes. It was also evident to him that she must have received considerable provocation to account for such an outburst. To use a diplomatic term, the relations of the party appeared to be much strained.

"I shall stay and see the matter out," he said to himself, as he lighted a cigar, and made his way to the "Promenade de Sept Heures," the favourite evening resort of all Spa—the long wide path in the park, overarched by trees, near where the kiosk, with the band discoursing sweet music, stood.

The Avenue was thronged with people, as usual, of all nationalities, on this warm summer's night. Quiet English people, sprightly French, stolid Germans, with Belgians, and Dutch seeming to share in the qualities of both—there were some of all. But Vernon was not long in discovering the party in whom he was particularly interested.

To these uncongenial scenes the old professor of geology had evidently been reluctantly dragged, accompanied by Mabel and Mrs. Lonsdale. It was obviously a case of "three is trumpery," for they one and all looked bored, and relieved to meet him; and Mabel fell behind the other two at once with him. Whether she was tired or not well, or whether the coloured lamps affected her complexion, it certainly struck him that she looked unwontedly pale and weary-eyed.

"Shall we sit down?" he suggested. "You don't look up to much."

"Oh! don't let *her* hear that," retorted Mabel, with a vicious glance at the widow's elegant figure before them. "We are supposed to be here for my special benefit."

"Are you taking the waters, then?" asked Vernon.

"You may lead a horse to the river, you know, but you can't make him drink. They have dragged me here, it is true, against my will, but I am mistress over my own throat," replied Miss Mabel coolly.

"Here are some vacant chairs," said Vernon; "if your chaperone will consider you safe with me?"

"Rather, is my father safe with her?" returned the girl bluntly.

"Oh! Is it a case of that already?" said Vernon quizzically.

"I expect to hear that she has proposed to him every day," said Miss Ashley.

The mock-tragic gesture did not deceive Vernon into thinking the matter any joke with the girl, and her downcast dewy eyes and the slight quiver in the voice confirmed his opinion. Mabel would brave out any trouble, but probably she would feel it the more for her outward indifference. Then he thought of the old professor; for it was, after all, he who was mainly concerned in the matter.

"Is it possible that she can be calculated to make him happy?" he said, speaking half to himself.

The girl heard the words.

"Never!" she said. "Mr. Underwood, it may be my prejudice, but she doesn't ring true."

It was the very point which had repeatedly thrust itself upon his own convictions; but he was silent. He could not take away a woman's character on such slight grounds as had come under his notice. Petty spite, petty jealousy, petty falsehoods and vanities, his experience told him how many women's natures are made up of these rather than of greater faults.

"You have seen more of her than I," he said evasively.

"Yes; and her worst side, no doubt," returned the girl. "Mr. Underwood, I don't know why, on this short acquaintanceship, I should bore you with our affairs; but——"

He made a disclaiming gesture.

"But I have found out that she and her brother are alike shallow and utterly heartless, except as concerns their own interest—very entertaining as casual acquaintances, perhaps, but as anything more——"

She shrugged her shoulders expressively.

Vernon eyed her keenly, with increased respect for the opinion which coincided so exactly with his own. He knew, of course that she had once refused young Deighton; but it was plain that he had not improved his position since.

"Then she has deceived my father into thinking her a clever, scientifically-minded woman, who will be the help to him in his work that I can't be; whereas, in reality, she cares for nothing but '*chiffons!*'" pursued the girl, breaking into the first expression for vanities which came into her head.

"How shall we open his eyes?" meditated Vernon. "It is impossible, I am afraid."

"Yes! She is as sharp as a fox, and he is as blind as a bat, and as simple as a child! A designing woman is no match for him," rejoined Mabel. "Here they are coming back again. Thank you for listening—and—sympathising. I felt as if I *must* talk to somebody."

The conversation filled Vernon's thoughts during the next day or two; but though much of his time was passed in Mabel's company, she did not recur to the subject. The reasons prompting his adherence to her side of the battle matrimonial were somewhat mixed.

His instinctive antipathy to Mrs. Lonsdale was a strong factor in his desire to frustrate her designs—as strong as his inclination to save an obtuse old *savant* from having his latter years made, if not wretched, at least desperately uncomfortable.

"She would drag him about to all manner of uncongenial places, twist him round her little finger, spend his money," thought Vernon; "and make his daughter's life a burden," with a very keen pity for the girl's existence with such a stepmother.

His lately acquired dislike to womankind was in abeyance as regarded Miss Ashley. He saw none of

the ways of the typical flirt in her. She treated him—as she did all men—as frankly as though he had been a girl-friend or a brother. In fact, it was her blunt, straightforward speech, and lack of emotionalism and gush which made her more fitted to be the companion of men than of girls, with whom, as a rule, she did not get on, owing partly to these characteristics, and partly to the fact that a beautiful woman is seldom popular with her own sex. A feeling that he had misjudged her by comparing her with the girl who had bred such dislike and distrust to her kind in him was growing daily.

A day or two later, Mabel complained of headache, and Vernon, vaguely conscious of *ennui* in her absence, wandered in the dusk of the evening into the little town alone. There was a concert at the Casino, to which Mrs. Lonsdale and her brother had gone, and he paid for a ticket and went in.

It was during the interval between the parts; and according to foreign fashion, the hall was empty, the audience having strayed into the adjoining rooms devoted to *petits jeux*. The race-game table was thronged with eager spectators, many of them betting on the horses—sums varying from one franc to twenty.* Some of those present were established in chairs round the table, evidently with the intention of making an evening at it.

These were staking high—gold; sometimes gathering up a little pile of coin with a smile of satisfaction, sometimes witnessing the croupier sweep it away into the bank with the best grace they could. Vernon had seen gambling where it is to be found on the largest scale, and would have moved away in favour of somebody more profitable to the establishment, but that, seated at the farthest end, he saw Mrs. Lonsdale. She did not notice him, being occupied at the moment in picking up four or five twenty-franc pieces; and his first instinct was to prevent her knowing that he had seen her, while still watching her stake.

She was obviously betting on some system which was successful enough to draw the notice and envy of the bystanders upon her. Time after time the croupier pushed the gold pieces over the green cloth for her to pocket, with a triumphant jerk of the white arms showing through the black lace sleeves, and the impassive expression of the practised gambler, to whom it is a point of honour not to betray his feelings.

He turned and spoke to a young Englishman near him, who had lost five francs, and was turning away with a rueful smile.

"That woman who is winning a good deal has some plan, I imagine?" he said.

"Yes; and it always seems to answer," said the young fellow. "You mean the one in the black lace? She is one of the most regular *habituées* of this place. I've seen her half-a-dozen times before. I wish she'd show me her method, if she has one; though that fair fellow beside her made a jolly mess of it the other day."

* The writer believes that high stakes are no longer permitted in this place.

"Oh! He plays too, then, does he?" asked Vernon, with a suggestive glance at Deighton. "He isn't doing so to-day."

"No; I heard him say he was 'stone-broke' last evening. He lost no end of money," responded the other man, moving away.

The concert was re-commencing, and Vernon returned to the hall with many things on his mind beside the music. He watched carefully, but did not see Mrs. Lonsdale re-enter. However, she was, no doubt, more profitably employed.

It was a strange chance which had thrown her and her brother thus into his hand. He debated seriously with himself whether to warn her in private that he had seen her at her remunerative profession, and thus to frighten her off her prey without public exposure; or to tell the professor of her little predilection for gambling—his *bête noire*—and to leave him to act.

To shield a woman—even a bad one—is a man's natural instinct, and but for a lingering conviction that there was nothing to prevent her denying having staked a single centime, and only his word against hers to support him, he would have followed his first plan without delay. As it was, and while he was mentally "chopping and changing," matters arranged themselves.

The very next day a number of outside visitors came in to the mid-day *table d'hôte* at the Luxembourg, and among them happened to be the same young man to whom Vernon had been talking in the Casino on the previous night.

The dining-room was very full, and there being room for one at the professor's little table, the new-comer slipped into the vacant place. They all fell into conversation, and the last evening's musical entertainment came at length upon the *tapis*. Mrs. Lonsdale sweepingly pronounced it second-rate, but Vernon upheld its merits.

"Especially the second part," he said meaningly.

"Oh! were *you* there? I thought you said you were not musical, Mr. Underwood," returned she sharply.

"Perhaps that was why I liked it," he said coolly.

"The music often is poor at these affairs—a mere excuse for the gaming," put in the new-comer.

"I hope you don't gamble, young man," said the professor impressively; "a most pernicious——"

"Well, I did last night to the extent of five bob—I mean francs—which, as I lost, I certainly shall not stake again," he replied, laughing. "Some people have such luck; or is it method? Now I believe you won every franc you betted," with an interrogative glance at Mrs. Lonsdale.

For a second there was an ominous pause, during which Vernon almost held his breath. The Ashleys stared blankly, first at Mrs. Lonsdale, then at the innocent speaker, who went on in entire unconsciousness of the bomb he had projected into the camp.

"I suppose it isn't fair to ask if you have any plan, like the people who play at Monte Carlo, and——"

The blood which had risen to Mrs. Lonsdale's

carefully powdered cheeks receded, leaving it of an almost deadly pallor. She drew herself up, however, with dignity, and asked, with wonderful composure—

"Are you aware to whom you are speaking?"

"I haven't the pleasure of knowing your name, of course," said her *vis-à-vis*, hardily. "But I've noticed you very frequently in the Salle des Petits Chevaux; and you were there last night."

"Certainly; I saw you there myself," put in Vernon.

"You have mistaken me for somebody else," said Mrs. Lonsdale firmly.

Vernon shook his head incredulously.

"This is an organised attempt at slander!" cried the widow, shaking with indignation. "Professor, will you not see justice done to me?"

But to act on an emergency was exactly what was impossible to the man of science. He shuffled, mumbled, stared helplessly about him, hemmed and hawed, but got no farther in her defence.

"Why don't you appeal to your brother for protection?" said Mabel's clear scornful tones.

For his own answer, Herbert Deighton rose from the table, saying gruffly that he would not deny betting on the horses. It was "nothing but fun," and he was answerable to nobody! Whereat he left the dining-room with his hands in his pockets.

There was an uncomfortable pause at the little table after his departure.

"The croupier and other men in charge of the *petits jeux* might be appealed to to settle the matter," suggested Vernon at last. "I will willingly accompany you to the Casino with the professor, and establish your innocence."

"I will not trouble you," replied Mrs. Lonsdale haughtily. "If my friends choose to believe the first trumped-up tale they hear against me, they may!"

She glanced appealingly at the professor; but such lofty virtue was not as convincing under the circumstances as it should have been, and the old man looked worried and unhappy.

"Will you not clear yourself?" he asked at length, with an imploring expression on his wrinkled face. "Surely you do not frequent this den of vice?"

"She dare not deny it," said Vernon sternly, "or she would face the Casino authorities."

He had the final word, for the last course had been taken round, and the move from the heated room became general, and closed the still more heated discussion.

"THEY SAUNTERED ON TOGETHER."

Mrs. Lonsdale lingered a moment, and Mabel fancied hearing her ask for her bill. At any rate, later in the afternoon she and her brother turned their backs on Spa, leaving peace inexpressible behind them for the conquerors.

They humoured the old professor that evening, and went for a long country walk with him. He was unstrung by the disturbance of the day, and a geological investigation as to the denudation of the rocks from whence the iron springs emanated was best calculated to soothe his nerves.

As for Vernon and Mabel, they were on the verge of the state in which external surroundings are comparatively immaterial. They sauntered on together, leaving Mr. Ashley to hammer and chip to his utmost satisfaction, talking, however, very little until their return homewards.

There, in the Promenade d'Orléans, the wind whispered softly among the branches of the overarching

trees in the pleasant twilight, and the stream bubbling over its rocky bed seemed to murmur more restfully than in broad daylight.

The increasing silence between them made Mabel unusually nervous, and she spoke more from a wish to break it than *à propos* of anything in particular.

"Odd company one gets into abroad!" she said awkwardly.

"Ah, yes! Witness your eighteen proposals in one fortnight," put in Vernon quizzically; for he had told Mabel of his involuntary eavesdropping.

Mabel flushed crimson, however, and fired up at once.

"You are perfectly horrid to infer that only 'queer' people would do such a thing as propose to me!"

"Well, I am not going to be the nineteenth; nineteen to one is too long odds!" he said suddenly.

Mabel's face faded from rose-colour almost to white, and her eyes filled with tears. Oh! he was cruel—unspeakably cruel—to insult her—to go out of his way to tell her he hated her! With her almost masculine aversion to showing her feelings, she turned abruptly back, and striving to conquer the shame and anger which had forced those stinging drops from her, she walked towards where the professor was stooping hammering a bit of rock near the brook. As she went, however, she threw her insolent companion a last word.

"You needn't trouble to speak," she said defiantly; "for I wouldn't listen to you on any account!"

Oh, Mabel, Mabel!

Vernon heard the voice break, and changed his tone as he followed her.

"Dearest," he said softly, and taking her hand, "I am not going to *ask* you to marry me—you seem to have had enough of that—but I shall demand you as a reward for saving you from such a stepmother!"

Mabel stopped short, undecided whether to give way.

"Oh, if you make it a debt," she said, half-laughing through her tears at last, "I shall have to pay you, I suppose, and——"

In the midst of this extraordinary love-making, the professor's voice was heard calling—

"Come here, Mr. Underwood, and give me your opinion of this stratified limestone! Does it not strike you as fossiliferous?"

Mabel and Vernon were very close together, but she gave him a gentle push.

"Go to him," she said. "He brought us together in the first instance—fancy father a match-maker!"

BESSIE E. DUFFETT.

MAID MARIE.

SITTING 'neath an aspen-tree,
In a twilight fantasy,
Maid Marie, with eyes of blue,
Sang as birds in summer do.
At a castle old she gazed,
By its lordly grandeur dazed;
While around it gardens fair
Teemed with roses sweet and rare.
But the wind from o'er the lea,
Sighing through the aspen-tree,
Whispered, "Maid Marie, beware!
Thorns lie hid 'mong roses fair."

Opened then the portals bright,
As the maiden saw a knight,
Bidding her, with outstretched hands,
To his heart and wealth of lands;
While a ring of shining gold
Seemed to tremble in his hold,
As there rose upon the air
Sound of bells and music rare.
But the wind from o'er the lea,
Sighing through the aspen-tree,
Whispered, "Maid Marie, beware!
Gilded portals lead to care."

Then, with singing turned to sighs,
Maid Marie with strainèd eyes
Watched the twilight chased away
By a cloud of leaden gray.
Veiled was then the castle grand,
Veiled the knight with outstretched hand;
And she listened with a start
To the beating of her heart,
As the wind from o'er the lea,
Sighing through the aspen-tree,
Whispered, "Maid Marie, beware!
'Tis a castle in the air."

LOUISA GRAY.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

NOVEMBER.

CLOTH COAT FOR CHILD OF NINE YEARS.

AS Nature is proverbially dull and grey during the dreary months of November, it behoves us to appear pleasantly clothed in cheerful colouring and rich warm materials: many and varied are the handsome melton and zibelline cloths, cheviots, and homespuns that are now available for late autumn and winter costumes.

The season's colourings are rich bright tones of hyacinth blue, sapphire and cornflower, soft greens, and heather purple. Characteristic, too, are the checks and plaids a quarter of an inch square, in the leading combination of colours; for example, purple checked with black, green with brown, bright red and black, Prussian blue and black, the diagonal cloths also showing the like combination. Homespuns in bracken and moss, or blue and Lincoln green, are closely flecked with white, and others in multi-coloured weaving are successful in effect and durable in wear; excellent in style is a rich satin-faced cloth patterned over with a minute scale pattern in black, or purple and green, with narrow border trimmings of caracal and braidings in a handsome pattern on skirt and coat. Smooth and satin-faced cloths are preferably worn to those of rough surface, and a new and pretty effect of two colours shot appears in the winter covert-coating.

Winter Coats for Children.

At this season of the year a topic of great interest is the outdoor apparel for the children, and the study of the present fashions reveals the fact that the jacket-coat entirely covering the frock, and made fitting to the back, with fulness below the waist, and loose double-breasted fronts, large sleeves and turned-down collar, is the prevailing design for materials of woolly texture, thick and warm, in blue, grey, green, brown and checked greys, the line of the check in a bright contrasting colour.

A pretty green serge, with silky surface, was admirably adapted to the coat into which it was fashioned for a child of seven years, cut double-breasted, fastening with two rows of smoked pearl buttons, and a deep cape of grey pin-curl astrachan, of which also were the turned-down collar and wide deep cuffs. The sleeves were made with one seam, and fitted comfortably to the arm below the elbow. Accompanying this coat was a large hat of grey beaver neatly edged with grey astrachan, and broad bows of satin ribbon, and ball pompons across the front and at the back.

The design we give is for a coat of zibelline cloth for a child of nine years, in mastic colour, with capes outlined with caracal and deep turned-down collar, and shaped cuffs of the same, the coat being lined throughout with pale green silk, and the double-breasted fronts fastened with mother-of-pearl buttons. The stylish shape of the three capes is shown in the opening on either shoulder, revealing the large puff of the sleeve fulness, set into pleats at the arm-hole. The coat skirt, at the back, is set into three flute pleats, up

SATIN DINNER GOWN.

the centre of each is sewn a line of the fur, and each finished at the waist with a button. A becoming hat of beaver, dyed to match the cloth, has a border of the fur, black satin ribbon bows, and fur balls ornamenting it. The stockings and boots are black.

An effective and certainly less expensive manner of making this coat is to substitute brown velveteen in place of the fur, each cape being pounced at the edge, and mounted on a border of velveteen one and a half inch wide ; the collar and cuffs would be entirely of velveteen, and the lining sateen with an interlining of dometts.

A fascinating little coat for a child of four or five years, is composed of white velveteen—which, take note, is washable—lined with red wool, the fronts double from shoulder to shoulder, and the deep pointed cape opening on the shoulders, outlined with a line of blue grey fox, with round collar and pretty cuffs of the same. The sleeves are made in one large round puff, and the back of the coat hung straight and full. A white beaver hat, with large brim, raised off the face and trimmed with grey ribbon and white tips, completes this pretty suit.

Another for the same-aged child was wholly of white fur fastened across with cords and ornaments, and lined throughout with pink silk. A close-fitting round turban of the white fur, with a bunch of cords and pompons at one side, and a cosy fur muff and pink woollen gloves, little tan boots and stockings.

Home Dinner Gown.

There is a novelty in satins, showing a rich effect of two or more colours shot ; dark purple, black and gold, or blue, green and black, with the surface freely scattered with irregular infinitesimal dots woven in gold silk with charming and becoming effect, particularly when trimmed with lace and plain satin to the tint of the leading colour. The accompanying sketch (on page 945) illustrates a fashionable design for these materials and being simple but effective, adapts itself to the requirements of home dressmaking. The skirt, fitting close to the hips, sets out at the hem, and is pleated into three pleats at the back, the band of satin being carried up each of these pleats at unequal lengths, a little pleating of lace or narrow ostrich feather trimmings, or two lines of jet, border the satin band, and also the two straps of satin that ornament the bodice each side of the vest. These are fastened with handsome steel buttons to perforated patent dress steels, that are now utilised in lieu of whalebone in the bodice fastenings. The deep collar is in lace, but would look equally becoming if made in satin with border of lace to fall over the large puff of the sleeve which terminates at the elbow ; a collar in folds of lace is fastened with rosettes of tiny satin ribbon centred with steel.

Ribbons are drawn through the lace sewn to the edge of the gloves, and fastened in pretty elbow bows and ends ; these, and other pretty additions that are much affected for evening wear, giving a dressy appearance, will be found fully described and amply illustrated in our new journal of fashion, "The Paris Mode," the first number of which will be issued on the 31st of October.

"Musical Evening" Gowns.

The soft clinging folds of the cashmeres supply an elegant grace to the figure, thus imparting an additional charm to the young violinist, and prove of indubitable value to the pose of the figure during recitations. Illustrated is a princess robe of Nankeen blue cashmere, with vest and sleeves of velveteen, the embroidery being in white and silver. Two little frills border the skirt, headed with a narrow band, embroidered, and the same design appears on girdle and sachet. Fastening at the back, the bodice is ornamented in front with embroidery, rosettes of very narrow white ribbon, edged with tiny blue beads, and cords of twisted blue and silver connecting the two halves ; the neck is cut low and round with necklet of pearls or Oriental beads, and narrow edging of old lace. The crinkled wool crêpes, now much worn, would prove excellent material for this style, green crêpe and brown velveteen, with gold embroideries, relieved with a little blue—each colour well chosen—would look successful ; or black, white, and silver.

YOUNG LADY'S "MUSICAL EVENING" GOWN.

Artistic Dress.

Opposing the stiffened and ponderous costumes of exaggerated dimensions, donned by the fashionable of to-day, are the exquisitely feminine, softly-draped cashmeres and velveteens arranged in the outline and colouring best harmonising with the individual style of the wearer, made complete by the perfect taste of the beautiful hat in velvet and plumes that crowns the whole. For instance, the Liberty hat, portrayed on this page, imparts a grace and charm to the face by its lovely colouring of rich dark brown and artistic outline of curving brim, softened by a drooping plume of lighter tone at the left side, the full crown being ornamented to the front with group of plumes to correspond. Associated with this hat is a coat of brown Indian cashmere, lined throughout with golden tinted silk, and ornamented at the neck with a sable necklet and deep cape collar of velveteen, a double row of large buttons fastening the front of the jacket, which exactly fits to the figure, and has a deep skirt basque and full pleats from the centre of the neck at the back, forming a watteau pleat. Full, elegant sleeves terminate at the wrist in new and beautifully designed cuffs, also ornamented with buttons in velveteen, pleated at the back seam, and drooping over the hand, the cashmere skirt cut round with fulness hanging in elegant folds. Equally graceful in design is another costume of cloth in a rich soft green, with velveteen introduced in yoke and deep square epaulettes upon the three-quarter cape, which this season divides the favours with the full-length pelisse, of which more anon. The fulness of this cape was gracefully arranged over the large bodice sleeves, and set out at the edge in a stylish manner; long stole ends of embroidery passing over the shoulders to the knee, finished with a deep fringe. But the great charm of this costume was the lovely hat of green velveteen, with waved brim raised off the face, and large full crown; the handsome feathers upstanding in front, and drooping over the brim at the back. Nothing could surpass the elegant grace of a pelisse in warm brown cloth, perfectly modelled to the figure, with slight fulness set in to the centre of the front to the deep pointed yoke of velvet, with upstanding collar enframing the face, lined with sable; broad loops of velvet strapping the large full upper puff of the sleeves, which were close fitting from elbow to wrist, and finished with a deep hoof-shaped cuff. The wide-brimmed velvet hat, set straight on the top of the head slightly forward, turned upwards in a graceful curve, and was cloven in the centre of the front, revealing a handsome ornament that clasped the three plumes, the centre one upstanding, and the two side ones curving around the crown to right and left. Passing from gowns for out-door wear, much could be said in favour of the artistic style for

BEAUTIFUL HAT IN VELVET PLUMES, FROM MESSRS. LIBERTY & CO., REGENT STREET, W.

(From a photograph by Walery, Limited, Regent Street, W.)

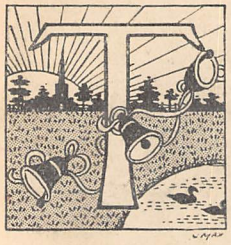
Furs and Millinery.

Sable, heading the list of fashionable furs, affords those an opportunity of wearing to advantage the treasured store of tippet, muff, or bordering of this handsome fur, that, in its costly beauty, has been handed down to them as an heirloom; others not so favoured are contented to wear the pretty sable neck boa that has so firmly established itself in favour this winter. Seal-skin jackets are more becoming than in previous years with their pretty full basques, large revers, and sleeves. As I stated before, caracal, black, bright, and curly, will be much worn, not only as pèlerine with long ends but also entire jackets and capes lined with brocaded satin in bright purples and green. Blue fox and chinchilla are beautiful furs for borderings, but perishable; muffs are large, and turned-down collars and deep cuffs of fur will be mounted on cloth jackets, with strapped seams.

Sable tails appear on all the best bonnets, with effective charm ornamenting the crown of velvet or satin embroidered thickly with jet or steel. The wide boat-shaped hats of beaver or felt have a decided box-crown, and are invariably trimmed with broad satin ribbon and handsome quills, a narrow line of satin binding the brim. Felt hats, with wide brims, are dyed in bright shades of the fashionable colourings, and are trimmed wide across the front, and ornamented with jet and fancy pins.

Next month will be commenced a new and improved series of articles on Dress and Fashion, with original designs.

Gossip from Bookland



THE books for children which Mr. Andrew Lang edits have become quite a feature of each winter season during the last few years. Here is the "Yellow Fairy Book" (Longmans), illustrated abundantly by Mr. H. J. Ford. For older readers, the most interesting feature of the book is Mr. Lang's prefatory chapter in defence, first of fairies, and secondly of new fairy tales as distinguished from the legends of folk-lore. But for all young readers the whole book cannot but prove interesting, and I am quite sure that Mr. Lang would be safe before the jury of children to whom he proposes to appeal against the pedants of the Folk-Lore Society.

"Campaigns of Curiosity" is the apt title which Miss Elizabeth L. Banks gives to her chatty account of her journalistic adventures in London. Her experiences as a domestic servant, as a laundry girl, and a crossing-sweeper, are certainly original, and so far as they throw any light upon the surroundings in which she found herself are useful as well as interesting. The chapters upon Miss Banks's experiences "In Cap and Apron" are the most important and most extended in the book, and will probably be not the least popular among our readers. The book, which is illustrated by photographic portraits of the author in her various disguises, is published by Messrs. Cassell.

"In Farthest Ind" is a story which has a special interest for readers of the MAGAZINE, because it is written by one of our own contributors, the author of "Richard Jenkins, Master." This present story, which is published by Messrs. Blackwood, is a tale of adventure in the East at the close of the seventeenth century. Good as it is in itself, it would have been more readable, I think, had the author strained less after the contemporary spelling and other fiddling archaisms. In a story of adventure it is the "pace" which tells, almost as much as the realism, and such tiresome forms of expression act rather as a drag.

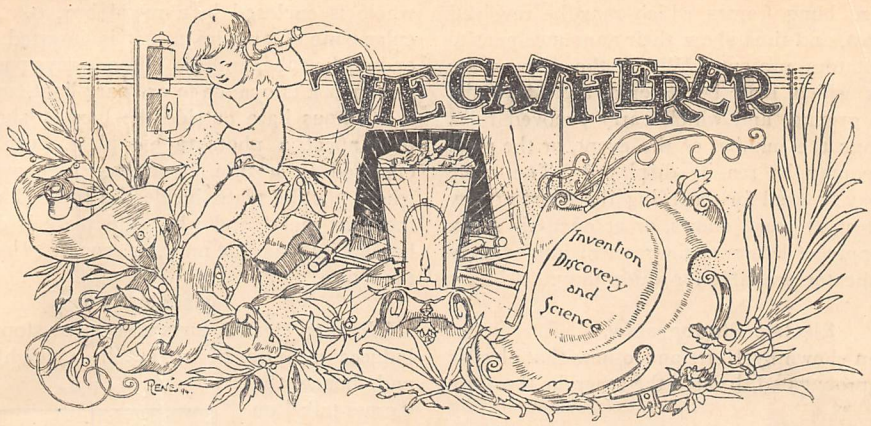
Two useful educational books, of very different grades, have just been published by Messrs. Longmans. First is a comprehensive manual on "Hygiene," apparently intended for elder scholars, and written by Messrs. Notter & Firth. Good books like this on such a subject can but quicken the growing interest which is already being taken in it, and the end can only be the public gain.—Mrs. S. A. Barnett is the author of a children's book on physiology and anatomy, which, under the title of "The Making of the Body," is the second educational book I spoke of. In its way, it is as important and as practical a book as its more imposing companion.—May I say a word here of another book from the same publishers which is only indirectly educational? "A Journey in other Worlds," by John Jacob Astor, is wisely called "a romance of the future." It is a medley, though not an unreadable one, of science and sensation, after the fashion which M. Jules Verne made popular, and is accompanied by very telling illustrations.

Dressmaking is, apparently, not only an art; it is fast growing into a science, and already we find Miss J. E. Davis writing a manual for the amateur and the professional on "The Elements of Modern Dressmaking" (Cassell). As the author is Principal of the Women's Work Department of the Manchester Municipal Technical School, she is entitled to a respectful hearing, and her work is well worthy of it.

Of single-volume stories we never grow tired. The latest addition to Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Pseudonym" Series is "A Husband of no Importance," by "Rita," who tells a very choice story of a talented wife and a "commonplace" husband, who in the end gets his deserts.—Thackeray's "Esmond" in itself is out of the reach of criticism, but one may notice with satisfaction the issue by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., of a cheap "Waterloo" edition of this peerless story with its illustrations.—"A Toy Tragedy," by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, is a new story in a single small volume, which Messrs. Cassell have but lately issued. There are strong pathos and some good character-drawing in this pleasant story.

The first volume has just been issued of Cassell's Gazetteer of Great Britain and Ireland, richly illustrated by black-and-white vignettes and coloured maps. It is, indeed, what its sub-title claims for it, a complete Topographical dictionary of the United Kingdom, and will be an invaluable addition to any library.

BOOK-MARK.



Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Low-Level Inkstand.

The "Atmos" inkstand, which we illustrate in Figs. 1 and 2, always gives nearly the same low depth of ink and thus keeps the pen from becoming soiled. The action will be understood from the section shown in Fig. 2. The stand is filled by inverting it and closing the mouth of the well with the stopping-plug in the lid (Fig. 1), then pouring the ink through the plug-hole seen below. Air enters by channels provided for it and helps to keep the level of the ink fairly constant. The reservoir holds seven ounces—a supply which lasts for months and even years, according to the demands upon it.

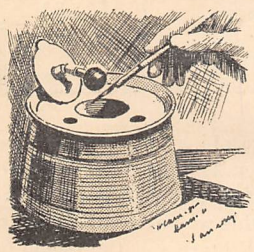
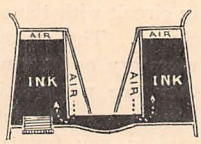


FIG. 1.

The Sense of Touch.

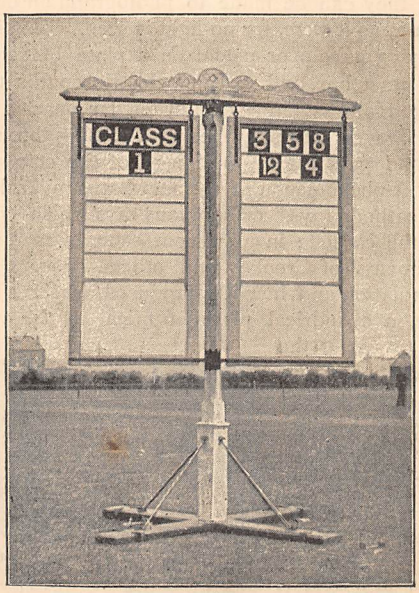
It has been clearly shown that our sense of touch is the true educator of the eye. Professor Dufour, the eminent oculist of Lausanne, has compared a blind person receiving sight to a telegraphist who tries to read a telegram in an unknown code. A grown man, blind from his birth, who had gained the use of his eyes, was unable to tell what he was looking at until he had felt the object. By the sense of hearing a blind person can tell a small tree at a distance of two or three yards, a jet of gas at a yard, and a house at twenty yards, from the sound of his steps or his stick upon the ground. He can tell the height, character, and age of a person from the sound of his voice ; and in a very dark place has a decided advantage over those who can see. It is more difficult to believe that a person both deaf and blind can be taught a trade solely by the sense of touch ; but Edward Meystre, a Frenchman, learned turning, and Helen Keeler, an American, has taught herself to read and write, although they are both deaf mutes. Helen Keeler is a girl of fourteen, and strange as it may appear, is much better informed than most girls of her age. No doubt she is highly intelligent, and her instructors have taken a pleasure in educating her ; but the example shows what can be done by proper training even with those who appear so heavily handicapped in life.



A LOW-LEVEL INKSTAND.
—FIG. 2.

An Indicating Signal Board.

The signal board for use on football or cricket grounds, at athletic meetings or at shows, which is pictured in our illustration, was recently patented by its inventor, Mr. Jowett. To the central post of the



AN INDICATING SIGNAL BOARD.

apparatus are hung frames which may be revolved round the post, and thus show their announcement to all the spectators present. Within the frames are fixed sashes which may be lowered almost to the level of the ground, and which carry grooved rails. By their means the number of the event, or the state of the score, may be readily displayed. The same apparatus may be used for recording the score at any athletic contest, at stock shows, or at open-air sales. An extra supply of letters or figures will immediately make the indicator available for a new duty.

Electric Photography.

It has been shown by Hertz and others that electric induction is propagated through the ether in the form

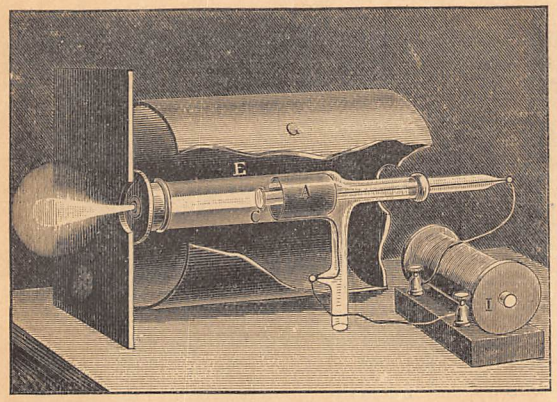


FIG. 1.

of waves, which are similar to those by light, except that they are much larger. If the electrician could produce them of the proper size they would simply be light. As it is they are too large to be visible by the eye, but they can decompose chemicals like light, and hence they can be made to photograph an object in the dark, as it were, for no light is seen. This is done by laying a coin or medal on a plate of sensitised paper in a box, and causing electric sparks to pass from a Holtz machine or Leyden jar near it. The etheric waves, set up by the spark passing through the coin and paper, leave an image of the coin on the film. A phenomenon of a somewhat similar kind is the "cathode rays," or luminous rays which emanate from the cathode in a vacuum tube, as seen in the experiments of Crookes and others. Fig. 1 shows this radiation and how it is produced, where A is the anode, a cylindrical plate of metal in the vacuum tube, E, and C the cathode, a circular plate of metal also in the tube. The anode is connected to the positive, and the cathode to the negative pole of an induction coil, I, by means of wires as illustrated, and the whole is enclosed in a metal box, G. A small circular pane of aluminium foil is inserted in the right end of the tube, and the cathode rays pass through it, although it is opaque to ordinary light, and appear as a luminous haze outside the box as shown. These rays affect a photographic plate, even when it is enclosed in a thin metal box, as shown in Fig. 2, where P is the plate, inside the box. They penetrate the thin metal, and when the plate is developed the luminosity is visible on it, as seen at P^1 on the right of the figure.

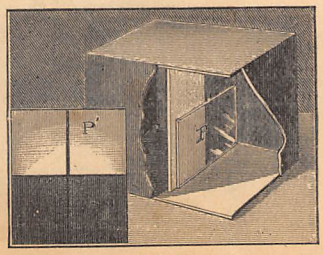
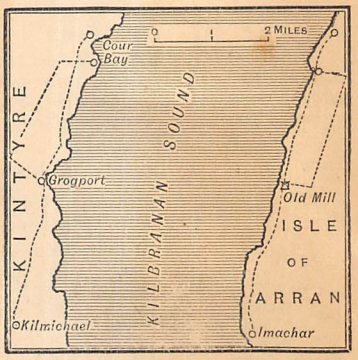


FIG. 2.

Invisible Signals.

When an electric current starts or stops in a wire it induces a pulse of current in a neighbouring wire, and hence the "cross-talk" on telephone lines near each other. The electrical influence is propagated through space from one wire to the other by the ether, as electricians believe, and in the form of "waves" or displacements. This fact is the basis of the new methods of telegraphing from wire to wire through space by invisible signals independent of wind and weather. The post-office electricians have recently made experiments in this way across Kilbranan Sound, between the Mull of Kintyre and the Island of Arran in Scotland, through a distance of four to five miles. Our plan shows the telegraph wires on each side of the water by dotted lines and the telegraph stations on these wires. The short lines shown with dashes were made of gutta-percha covered wire laid along the ground at a height of 500 feet above the sea level and five miles apart. Nevertheless when a telegraphic message was sent in the ordinary way by the Morse Code through one of these lines it was distinctly heard and "read" in a telephone connected in circuit with the other on the opposite shore of the Sound. The currents used in the experiments are vibratory or intermittent in character, that is to say, they are not continuous, like battery currents, but broken up into jets succeeding one another very rapidly, say 600 a second. Such currents produce small waves of induction which evoke a musical note in the distant telephone, and when they are broken up again into the "dot" and "dash" currents of the Morse Code the musical note heard in the telephone is broken up in the same way. Mr. W. H. Preece, C.B., F.R.S., the engineer-in-chief of the Post-office, declares that he has reason to believe that some of the electrical disturbances in our telegraph lines are due to electrical disturbances in the sun's photosphere, propagated by the induction in this manner through the ninety-two million miles of ether which separate the